

MEMORIES

BY STEPHEN COLERIDGE



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MEMORIES

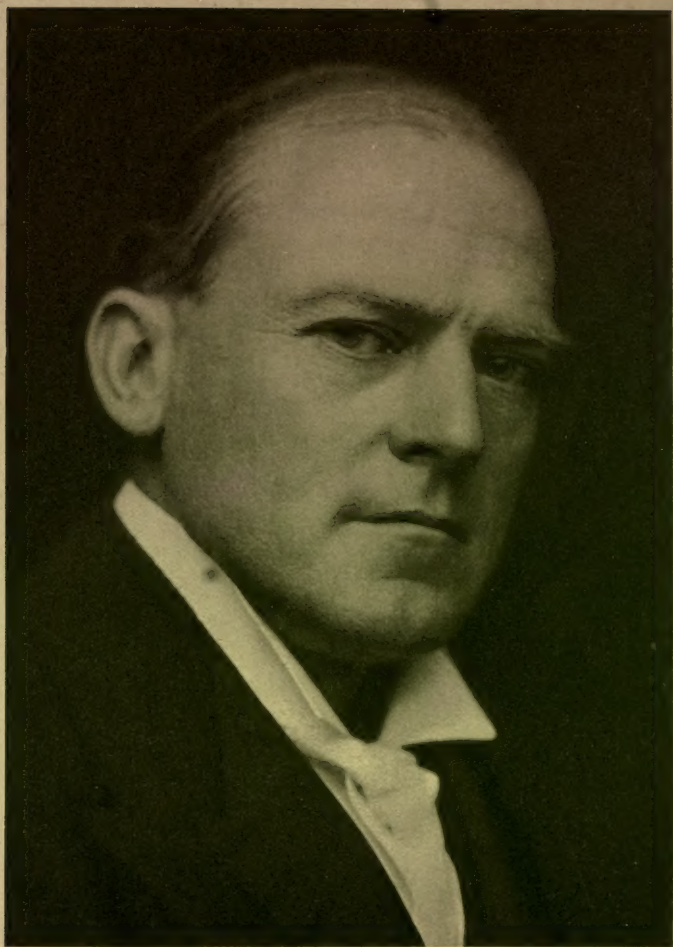
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

DEMETRIUS

THE SANCTITY OF CONFESSION

SONGS TO DESIDERIA

NEW POEMS



Stephen Coleridge.

MEMORIES

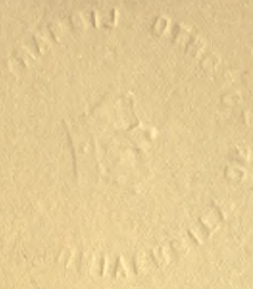
BY THE HON. STEPHEN

COLERIDGE

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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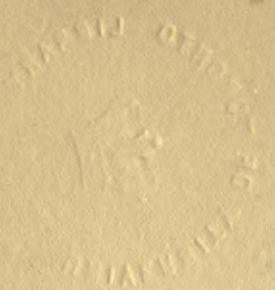


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AD TRES FILIOS

CORRIGENDUM

Page 89, *for* "Pretender" *read* "Protector."



AD TRES FILIOS

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QUAMQUAM HÆC VINCULA RUMPET, MORS IPSA
INDOMITA TANTUM AMOREM NON EXTINGUET; IMMO
ETIAM, UNI QUUM HORÆ NON EXORABILIS ACCI-
DERIT EVENTUS, CÆTERORUM AMOR DESIDERIO
DULCI INDIES ROBORABITUR.



P R E F A C E

I N this book will be found letters and memorials of no one now living. Herein it is old fashioned, for in these indecorous times public men without a blush connive at the publishing of panegyric lives of themselves, which they give away to their friends.

It has been my lifelong habit to preserve and bind letters of interest written to me ; and during the years that I lived in my father's house when it was the meeting-place of many of the great men of his time, I began to record in my diary their conversations and opinions.

This diary was in two volumes, the second of which by some strange misfortune has been lost. The missing volume contained records of many persons who were not among my father's own circle, but who nevertheless condescended to confer upon me the distinction of their friendship. Fortunately the preservation of their letters mitigates the loss.

PREFACE

The publication of this book is due to a kindly suggestion from my friend Lovat Fraser, of the South Wales Circuit, who has not permitted his literary tastes to be submerged by the exacting demands of our common profession, and I harbour the hope that the reception given to it will not lead him to regret the responsibility that attaches to him.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

7 EGERTON MANSIONS, S.W.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
EARLY DAYS AND TRAVELS	I

CHAPTER II

LISBON—RIO DE JANEIRO—STRAITS OF MAGELLAN	9
---	---

CHAPTER III

CHILE—PERU	16
----------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU	27
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

DEPARTURE FROM PERU—GUAYAQUIL—TUMACO—PANAMA —COLON—NEW YORK—HOME	36
---	----

CHAPTER VI

MATTHEW ARNOLD—CARDINAL NEWMAN	45
--	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VII

	PAGE
SHAFTESBURY—TOLSTOY—GEORGE MEREDITH—CARDINAL MANNING—ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE—ARCHBISHOP BENSON —ARCHBISHOP TAIT—GENERAL BOOTH	58

CHAPTER VIII

DEAN VAUGHAN—DEAN STANLEY—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE —SIR LEWIS MORRIS—SIR EDGAR BOEHM—BISHOP PHILLPOTTS OF EXETER—WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD	71
--	----

CHAPTER IX

SIR WILLIAM BOXALL—SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE—MR. JUSTICE MANISTY—HENRY SMITH—SIR GODFREY KNELLER—LORD OVERSTONE—CHARLES ROUFELL— BOB LOWE	84
--	----

CHAPTER X

ROBERT BROWNING—JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL— ARCHBISHOP TRENCH—JENNY LIND—SHORTHOUSE— LORD LEIGHTON—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—SIR GEORGE LEWIS	95
--	----

CHAPTER XI

GOLDWIN SMITH—RUSKIN—GLADSTONE—DISRAELI—SIR JAMES PAGET	108
--	-----

CHAPTER XII

HENRY LABOUCHERE—WHISTLER—LORD LLANGATTOCK— G. F. WATTS	122
--	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XIII

	PAGE
ROBSON—PHELPS—CHARLES WARNER—HERMANN VEZIN	138

CHAPTER XIV

IRVING	145
------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.	165
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA	184
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII

MY LIBRARY	203
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVIII

TEMPORA MUTANTUR	225
----------------------------	-----

INDEX	241
-----------------	-----



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE AUTHOR	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
LADY COLERIDGE'S PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN	8
LADY COLERIDGE'S PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN	45
PORTRAIT OF LORD SHAFTESBURY (BY FREDERICK SANDS)	58
LADY COLERIDGE'S PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD	82
LADY COLERIDGE'S PORTRAIT OF SIR WILLIAM BOXALL, R.A.	84
SIR WILLIAM BOXALL'S PORTRAIT OF LADY COLERIDGE	94
LADY COLERIDGE'S PORTRAIT OF LORD COLERIDGE, CHIEF JUSTICE	165
THE AUTHOR'S LIBRARY AT 7 EGERTON MANSIONS, S.W.	203
S. T. COLERIDGE, FROM THE DRAWING BY D. MACLISE	209
HARTLEY COLERIDGE WHEN A BOY	217
THE AUTHOR'S BOOK PLATE	224



MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS AND TRAVELS

“WHEN that I was a little tiny boy” I used to run about in the garden of Park Crescent at the top of Portland Place, for my grandfather, the first Coleridge Judge,¹ lived at number 26. The gardens of the Crescent and the square across the Marylebone Road were connected by a tunnel, the bottom of which must now be very close to the top of the Underground Railway tunnel below it.

Mr. Charles Manners Lushington, M.P. for Canterbury, and sole surviving son of Sir Stephen Lushington, used to walk in those gardens, and one day he brought there and gave to me a fine box of oak bricks. He died five or six years later, and he could not have dreamt that the little boy to whom he was then so kind would marry his daughter, then unborn, and that his grandchildren

¹The Right Honourable Sir John Taylor Coleridge, born 1790, died 1876.

MEMORIES

by that union would in their turn play with those very bricks.

Thus may any small deed of kindness to a little trot of three years old come to be treasured in after-time as a kind of act of unconscious benediction never to be forgotten.

Such of the family history of the Coleridges of Ottery St. Mary, as may becomingly be dealt with in public, has been reverently recorded in my brother's book, *The Story of a Devonshire House*, and no more of myself need be said than that I am the grandson, the son, and the brother of the three Judges of my house, and the great-great-nephew of the poet.

Standing in the shadow of this great name I may be pardoned for expressing a grateful pride in the hereditary right to bear it.

My two grandfathers were at Eton together, and I have at different times heard each of them speak of Shelley, who was there at the same time. My grandfather, the Judge, like other boys, had not much sympathy for the eccentricities of genius at that age, and I am afraid he did not exert himself to prevent a diversion known as a "Shelley hunt," in which the poet was chivied about, and any handy missile thrown at him.

My other grandfather, my mother's father, Mr. Seymour, once told me that he was some way from

EARLY DAYS AND TRAVELS

Eton up the river one day and came upon Shelley, who had been out duck-spearing, but that the poet had somehow speared his own leg instead of any duck, and was lying quite helpless, unable to walk. Whereupon my grandfather hoisted him upon his back and carried him all the way back to school.

This grandfather lived for some years at Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight, in the house afterwards made famous by the long residence there of Tennyson. My mother was married from that house.

My father and Tennyson became known to each other first, when the poet bought the house from my grandfather; but my father was a busy man in London, and Tennyson a recluse who seldom left his two homes, and they did not see much of each other. When Tennyson came to be made a peer, he asked my father to lend him his robes in which to take his seat in the House of Lords; as my father was six feet two, the robes proved rather long for the bard, but it was better than if they had been too short.

In 1859 my grandfather retired from the bench, and got rid of 26 Park Crescent.

My father lived at 6 Southwick Crescent from 1859 till 1868, when he moved to 1 Sussex Square, which he retained till he died there in 1894. When I was nine I went to a school at Brighton,

MEMORIES

and at eleven years old I went on to a horrible school at Honiton, conducted by a monster of cruelty named Izod. The scenes of horror and torture I there witnessed, and in which I participated, still fill me with a sickening rage. I have seen a boy's ear cut in two by a smashing blow on the side of the head with a long string-bound cane. I was struck behind the knee myself with such ruthless violence as to lame me for a fortnight.

One miserable little boy summoned up enough courage at last to run away to his home, but his inhuman parents brought him back; he ran away again and was heard of no more. I hope his fine youthful audacity has led him on to high fortune in life.

Some years afterwards, when I was far beyond the reach of that man's brutal arm, some one in a fit of ugly pleasantry set about collecting money for this Izod for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial, and wrote to me for a subscription; it gave me peculiar pleasure to reply, that I could only contribute on the specific condition that the testimonial should take the form of a rope with which for him to hang himself. Detestation of cruelty was grafted deeply into me by the two years I endured in that den of suffering.

From there I went to Bradfield when I was fourteen, and from Bradfield to a private tutor at

EARLY DAYS AND TRAVELS

Berkswell, near Coventry. He was a rector with a beautiful old house, a high Wrangler, and taught me Conic Sections and the Binomial Theorem ; and thence I went to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Thompson was Master of Trinity in my time, and from his immobility and general appearance of inanition, we used to call him the "Corpse." The undergraduates were entirely ignored by the Master and Dons of the College ; I suppose it was beyond the powers of any Master to become personally acquainted with 600 young men, but it is manifest that the Dons of a College can have no influence of any sort if they have not even a nodding acquaintance with the undergraduates.

Ever since Henry VIII. founded Trinity, the Master's Lodge has been supposed to be a Royal residence lent to the Master when the King is not there ; and in virtue of this curious tradition, the judges on circuit have from the foundation of the College taken possession of the Lodge as the representatives of the King when they have come to Cambridge, and the Master, for the time being, becomes a sort of guest in his own house, retiring from the chief apartments, which are occupied by the judges and their retinue.

It so happened that my father came thus on circuit when I was at Trinity, and he asked me to dinner, where and when I met the Master for the

MEMORIES

first time as a fellow-guest in his own house, and was solemnly introduced to him by my father, who was much diverted at the absurdity of the situation. He then introduced me to Lightfoot, whom he had asked to dinner, and who was also then a Don of the College. The acquaintances thus initiated, however, ripened no further.

Soon after this amusing episode, Farrar came to preach the University sermon, and the Master was constrained to entertain him at the Lodge, though without enthusiasm. He also felt an obligation to go and hear the sermon, which further depressed his cordiality as a host. They returned to the Lodge together in a cold silence, and upon the hall table they discovered the card of Professor Henry Smith, taking which in his hand the Master remarked, "Henry Smith! He didn't want to see me or hear you."

I had rooms in the great Court opposite the Hall, and among all the pleasant memories of those now distant years, that which comes back to me most hauntingly is the quiet continuous splash of the fountain on still summer nights, when I leant out of my window, and the moon flooded the old Court with its silver benediction.

In 1878, after taking my degree, I went to Egypt by sea, stopping at Gibraltar and Malta. In those days there was no thought of English or French

EARLY DAYS AND TRAVELS

occupation, and something of the atmosphere of the Arabian Nights survived at Cairo and in the Delta.

The Nile then flowed from no one knew where, the Sphinx was buried to the chin in the desert sand, and at sunset prayer carpets were spread and every one bowed to the ground towards Mecca.

I landed at Larnaca with the first troops who occupied Cyprus for the English Government, and was immediately struck down with fever. The troops made no long stay ; as soon as enormous quantities of stores had been landed, sufficient for the supply of ten thousand men for many months, away went the soldiers again, leaving the mountainous piles of rice and other comestibles to rot upon the shore where they had been dumped.

Captain Seymour¹ of the *Orontes* first discovered to me that overwhelming hospitality that seems to be the inseparable characteristic of the Navy, by sending four blue-jackets ashore with a cot with orders to fetch my fever-wracked body on board his ship, which was taking cavalry away to Malta. And no sooner was I slung on board than a young officer named Tate,² recognising in me an old schoolfellow, insisted on turning out of his own cabin and installing me in it.

¹ Now Admiral the Right Honourable Sir Edward Seymour, P.C., G.C.B., O.M.

² Now Vice-Admiral A. G. Tate.

MEMORIES

The ship's doctor cared for my body, the Bishop of Gibraltar, who was on board, comforted my spirit, and the ship's carpenter fashioned me a pair of crutches with which I hobbled ashore at Malta.

Two poor fellows taken from Cyprus like myself, and in like case, died and were dropped into the sea off the coast of Crete.

The fever, which had concentrated in my knees, began to abate as soon as I was on board, and after a week at Malta I shipped again for Marseilles.

On the way the steamer made for the Straits of Bonifacio, and as we entered it the night fell turbulent and stormy, the wind and currents swirled the vessel about till the captain deemed it safer to abandon the attempt to pass through the narrow channel ; but clear and steady shone over the tossing waters the beam from the same lighthouse that Newman had gazed upon many years before, on that wonderful night when he wrote "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," and I was glad to have been there and to have witnessed the same solemn scene that inspired that immortal poem.

The ship passed up the east coast of Corsica, and in the morning we were rounding its northern point and changing our course from north to west to make Marseilles.

I reached Charing Cross still unable to walk, and unrecognisable with a beard.



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN
From the portrait by his mother, Lady Coleridge



CHAPTER II

LISBON—RIO DE JANEIRO—STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

ALTHOUGH the purpose of this book is to record memories of the notable persons it has been my good fortune to know, yet I may, I hope, be forgiven for a few more preliminary digressions concerning my travels the world over after I left Cambridge, and before I settled down in London.

On the 16th of April 1879 I sailed away from Liverpool in the *Britannia*, one of the ships of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, bound for Pauillac, Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video, the Straits of Magellan, and Valparaiso.

We passed near the Land's End, and I remember watching that last piece of England sink below the north-eastern horizon as the evening closed in grey and gloomy.

We steamed up the estuary of the Gironde, and anchored opposite Pauillac, where we went ashore and walked a mile or so up a long white road between the far-spread vineyards, and then sat and read books by the roadside till it was time to return. Towards evening the sky became wild and stormy,

MEMORIES

and we sailed out into the Bay of Biscay to face a tumultuous sea, with the sun setting in front of us amid rugged storm clouds. It blew a big gale all night, and the water came in over the bows and poured along the deck. A ship only had one regular deck in those days. We were all battened down with everything tight shut.

Next day, the 21st of April, off Cape Finisterre we passed out of the storm, the sun shone, and the sea became quite smooth. We passed close under a cape of Portugal on the top of which was a large convent with a high wall to landward, and precipices to the deep sea in front, and on the slopes above the cliffs we could see the nuns seated about on the grass.

Next we sailed up the Tagus, and anchored opposite the beautiful city of Lisbon, which is built all up the steep hills that line the bank of the river. Mail steamers never seemed pressed for time in those days, and passengers were always invited to go ashore for several hours at each port at which a call was made.

We wandered about the city and saw its churches and public buildings, and a dignified statue of Camoens.

Then on the 22nd of April, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the great plunge was made for the New World, and except for a wonderful passing glimpse of the Peak of Teneriffe away above the clouds, we

RIO DE JANEIRO

saw no land till, nearing Rio, we picked up the coast of Brazil on the 3rd of May.

When passing down over the Equator we traversed a belt of absolute calm, where the ocean was as flat as a pavement, and the wake of the ship stretched behind us visible to the horizon. Here and there we saw around us becalmed sailing vessels, with sails all set and hanging motionless. On the bridge with the captain, I asked him to take us close to one of these lonely silent crafts, and we steered a little out of our course so as to come within fifty yards of a large three-masted vessel. The decks were absolutely deserted, no one was even at the wheel, but not far from it sat a big man in a deck-chair with a book on his knee. He waved his hand to us, and I called out to him, "Good luck, and God speed to you!" "The same to you, sir," he called back; "we've been here three weeks!"

The wash from our ship gave his vessel a slow heave which flapped all his sails, and soon he was far astern, then a speck on the far horizon, and then gone down over the round edge of the world of water.

I often wonder where that man is now with whom I exchanged greetings in that infinite tropic sea, and whether he remembers.

The harbour of Rio, which we reached on the 7th of May at 1.30 p.m., is one of the wonders of the world; you enter a narrow strait, marked miles

MEMORIES

away by a towering conical mountain, and discover a glorious inland sea, surrounded on every side by abrupt and precipitous mountains, many of them with the most fantastic outlines, reaching twenty-five miles inland and many miles wide. I should imagine that all the fleets of the world might anchor there in safety.

In the early seventies a couple of English blue-jackets in search of adventure, climbed to the top of the pillar mountain that guards the entrance, hauled after them a flag-staff and a Union Jack, set up the pole on the summit, and unfurled the flag to the breeze.

The astounded and indignant Brazilians awoke one morning to find this alien bunting flying over their territory from its most conspicuous eminence. Protests were lodged with the English Minister, who with the utmost politeness apologised for the thoughtless escapade of some entirely unknown person or persons who it seemed might probably be British subjects, and gravely told the Brazilian Government that of course he would have no possible objection to the prompt removal of the flag and pole. The Emperor, however, could find no subject in all his wide empire who would volunteer to make the ascent to the summit of the pillar mountain, which had always been recognised as quite unassailable. In this embarrassing dilemma, the Brazilian Government determined to knock over the staff and flag by shooting at it. The Brazilian

RIO DE JANEIRO

fleet was ordered to shoot the offending pole off the top of the mountain, but whether it was that they could not train their guns to the required angle of elevation, or that the target was too narrow for a successful shot, the flag remained braving the battle and the breeze till it rotted away.

We stayed twenty-four hours at Rio, and drove on the top of an old-fashioned diligence with six mules up into the mountains to a little place called Tijuca. The mules scrambled along, guided and controlled only by the voice of the driver and his whip, there were no reins used at all.

The luxuriance of the tropical forests which clothed the mountains was amazing, palm trees growing in some places right to the top of the peaks, which were about six thousand feet high.

From Rio we sailed south on the 8th of May at 11.30 in the morning to Monte Video, which we reached on the 12th of May, where no one landed because of yellow fever, which was raging ashore.

The town is built about a low round hill, which is conspicuous owing to the surrounding country being a dead flat for miles. Then we plunged into the cold antarctic latitudes of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, and entered the Straits of Magellan in a freezing mist on the 18th of May; the eastern entrance is between low flat sandbanks.

There were no lights to guide ships at night, and

MEMORIES

therefore when darkness fell the ship was steered into a bay at the side of the strait, and tied up to the trees by the bows and stern. The straits are narrow, occasionally hardly wider than the Serpentine at the big end, but they are very deep throughout, and surrounded by towering mountains, with glaciers here and there coming down the gullies and ending in cliffs of ice into the water, deep unknown fiords stretch away here and there from the main channel. In those days these fiords had never been fully explored, and the Admiralty Chart indicated their probable direction with dotted lines. Naked Terra del Fuegians came out in a canoe, with a little fire in the bottom of it, and held up skins to barter with us. These are the only cannibals I have ever seen. A little time before we passed through, a sailing vessel had been driven upon the desolate coast from the west and had run into an inlet among the islands; the captain seeing no signs of life foolishly went ashore, and as he did not return some of the crew went to look for him, and all they found was his leg in a heavy sea-boot, from which apparently the natives had been unable to extract it.

On the old Admiralty Chart of that date which I took out with me there is a notice: "Seamen are cautioned not to make free with these shores, as they are very imperfectly known, and from their wild desolate character they cannot be approached with safety."

STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

The snow-line here came down to about fifteen hundred feet, and for desolate grandeur the Straits of Magellan remain one of the most majestic spectacles in the world.

Though the water appeared to be as still as glass, the ship began to rise and fall with the distant swell of the Pacific Ocean when we were still a hundred miles from the western opening of the Straits. As we came out into the Pacific on the 20th of May, we were met by flocks of albatrosses, which surrounded and followed us for miles up the west coast. It was perhaps natural that I should take a greater interest than the rest of the passengers in these glorious creatures, and I spent many hours watching their wonderful flight as they rushed over the waves, never flapping their immense white wings, which measure from tip to tip about nine feet.

In my travels in South America I saw the three most magnificent birds in the world, the albatross,¹ the condor, and the frigate bird. Two condors I saw when staying at Matucana in the Andes, a place seven thousand feet up, from which at the time I was climbing at a height of about thirteen thousand feet.

The frigate bird I saw floating at an immense height over the sea off Panama.

¹ The albatross is now disappearing from the world through the ruthless vanity of women.

CHAPTER III

CHILE—PERU

WHEN I reached the west coast in 1879, the extraordinary career of Enrique Meiggs had just come to an end. He died in Lima a few months before I reached Peru. He began as a merchant, self-made, in San Francisco, and had achieved a good position and a respectable mercantile credit when his first startling "scoop," as the Americans call it, was perpetrated.

He possessed a yacht which lay in San Francisco Harbour, and having liquidated all his possessions and taken on board his yacht the accumulated money thus acquired, he sailed away into the Pacific Ocean and disappeared from view, leaving the country for good.

No one knew what had become of him, and his disappearance was a nine days' wonder, and was soon forgotten in the Golden City. Meiggs and his yacht in a month or two sailed into Valparaiso Harbour, where no one knew anything of him. Henry Meiggs immediately, with his wealth and undoubted

CHILE—PERU

business energy, ingratiated himself with the Government of Chile, and before long had acquired for himself a contract to build a railway from Valparaiso up to the capital at Santiago.

This was a difficult engineering venture, but was most efficiently performed, and Enrique Meiggs became a powerful and popular figure in the country. His quite legitimate profits on the building of this important railway were considerable, and he proceeded to build himself a sumptuous palace ; other profitable business came to him, and when there seemed to be no more large ventures in Chile in immediate view, the enterprising Enrique cast his eye on Peru as a more inviting field for his abilities.

Once more he liquidated all his wealth and transferred it away from Chile. There remained immovable, however, the celebrated "Casa Meiggs," and the ingenious owner launched a national lottery for the purchase of it. £30,000 was the price he fixed for the palace, and in a very few days all the tickets were sold ; every one in Chile scrambled for the chance of winning "Casa Meiggs" for a sol.

The day for the drawing of the lottery was observed as a public holiday, and a platform was erected in the great square at Santiago, upon which was visible to all a great barrel containing all the lottery numbers.

MEMORIES

The barrel was rolled round and round to mix up the numbers completely, then a little ragged boy was openly called up out of the crowd, a small trap door in the side of the barrel was opened, and the boy was bidden to plunge his hand into the barrel and pull out the winning number.

The ticket being thus duly extracted its number was put up in large figures on a board for all to see.

There ensued a tremendous period of excited suspense, while all Chile waited to hear who might be the lucky owner of the winning number.

Meanwhile Enrique Meiggs and his family had sailed away up the coast bound for Callao, and in the evening of the memorable holiday the diverting announcement reached the papers and the public that "Casa Meiggs" had been won by Miss Meiggs, the owner's daughter. I expect she sold the palace again!

So ended Meiggs's brilliant career in Chile. His exploits in Peru put everything he had achieved before in the shade.

He quickly ingratiated himself with the President and the Government, and under his auspices and advice the first Peruvian loan was floated in London; it amounted to some fifteen millions sterling. We may surmise that the guileless bondholder in London hardly realised the real destination of his

CHILE—PERU

money! Meiggs, however, went to work building railways, and that to Arequipa from the coast was efficiently and skilfully engineered.

When it was ready to be opened, Meiggs chartered a steamer of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and put on board it brass bands and rivers of champagne, and proceeded down the coast to the sea terminus of the line at Mollendo.

On board as his guests were all the independent and honourable members of the legislature, with suitable ladies to decorate and embellish the glorious expedition. Down the coast they danced to the accompanying strains of the brass bands. Up the railway they were conveyed in gorgeous saloon carriages, and entertained for a fortnight at the hotels of Arequipa. On the last festal day before the return was begun, the great Meiggs appeared upon a lofty platform erected before the cathedral, surrounded by bags of silver soles, and for half an hour the perspiring philanthropist was diving his fists in the sacks and throwing the bright coins promiscuously into the cheering crowd.

Such was the destination of some portion of the fifteen millions subscribed by the silly "Gringos."

The gorgeous picnic over, back to Callao sailed the independent legislators and the decorative ladies, and Meiggs's first great Peruvian enterprise was prosperously concluded.

MEMORIES

A railway was next begun whose destination was a silver eldorado over the first range of the Andes, and in a distant valley in the interior ; and now for the first time was the career of this remarkable man stained with cruelty. Chinese labour was imported, and the unhappy Chinamen were secured by Meiggs's agents in China on "free labour contracts." The Chinamen were landed at Callao, huddled into trucks and sent up into the desolate gullies in the Andes, where, at elevations rendering respiration laborious, they were driven into tunnels with whips, and made to labour till they dropped. A horrible disease called "verugas," the result of turning up the virgin soil, attacked the miserable Chinamen, and carried off thousands of them. The percentage of mortality was appalling. In five years over seven thousand captive Chinamen perished of misery, disease, the lash, and suicide. But for a time the gaps caused by the frightful conditions were filled up with fresh importations of Chinese labourers.

But at last the news of what was happening in the mountains reached China, and the Government would not allow any more of their subjects to be shipped to Peru.

This gradually brought the building of the railway to a halt ; and when I was in Peru, the permanent way, without rails on it, ended in the snow at about

CHILE—PERU

16,000 feet, having passed through a tunnel at an elevation about equal to the top of Mont Blanc, but the rails reached to a spot named Chicla at 12,000 feet, and to that spot a train went up one day and down again the next.

Meanwhile the fifteen millions had disappeared, and Meiggs set about the negotiation of the second Peruvian loan.

The representatives of several of the most reputable English business houses in Lima now determined to do their best to defend the English investor from further losses, and they commissioned a leading Peruvian advocate of the name of Arguedas to go to London, and confidentially to inform the committee of the Stock Exchange of some facts of the past and probabilities of the future in connexion with loans to Peru.

Two days before Arguedas was to sail for England he received a pressing summons to Enrique Meiggs's house. He went there. Meiggs received him in a calm, business-like way, and told him that he had unfortunately disagreed with his next-door neighbour about a certain door-post, and as he did not mean to give in, a law-suit was inevitable, and he desired that Arguedas should undertake the case for him in the courts. Arguedas replied that he was sorry to have to decline to represent him on this occasion, but he unfortunately was precluded from under-

MEMORIES

taking the case because he was just starting on a visit to Europe.

Meiggs replied that he was desolated by the news, as he had set his heart on securing the able advocacy of the celebrated and brilliant Arguedas; that Arguedas perhaps had heard that when he, Meiggs, had made up his mind about a thing, whether great or trifling, he habitually was indifferent what it cost him to achieve his purpose, and indeed in this case, foreseeing that perhaps the illustrious Señor Arguedas might have to give up other more important engagements if he consented to undertake the matter of the door-post, he, Meiggs, had determined upon a suitable fee for so interesting a case, and had drawn a cheque for half of the fee, which he begged Arguedas to receive in advance, and the other half he would disburse on the conclusion of the trial. "Here," he concluded, "is the first half of your fee, and I harbour the hope that you will not go to Europe." And he handed the ingenuous advocate a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

Arguedas, in the exercise of a wise discretion, stayed in Lima, and was so fortunate as to settle the dispute about the door-post out of court; and the second Peruvian loan was successfully floated on the London Stock Exchange.

Enrique Meiggs, in spite of his somewhat romantic attitude towards strict finance, was a man

CHILE—PERU

of many fine personal characteristics. He was entirely without vanity, self-esteem, or bombast. He was kindly and friendly to all his subordinates and employees in business. He never went back on a friend, or failed those who helped him. He was free from the infirmity of smaller men who entertain a secret resentment against any who have laid them under obligation. Many undertakings placed in his charge he executed with masterly ability. He was a man of magnificent ideas, and simple life. He was big-hearted, and dressed generally like a navy.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, which we reached on the 26th of May, lies in the centre of a vast plain surrounded on all sides by mountains ; to the north-east of it towers Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the Americas, North or South, and when I was there it had never been ascended.

In the middle of the city there stands a miniature mountain in the shape of a cone, and on its rocky summit there was a little house with large windows facing to the four quarters, from which one of the most wonderful prospects in the world was commanded.

I have seen most of the great cities of the earth, and the position, site, and surroundings of Santiago have always dwelt in my memory as the most majestic in the world.

The city itself is finely conceived, with wide

MEMORIES

avenues and a large square ; and is quite remarkable for the number and beauty of its public monuments and statuary. Some may still remember the awful calamity that fell upon the city when its chief church was burnt and the vast congregation perished in the flames, only a very few escaping.

By universal consent the building was never re-erected, but the ground where it stood was laid out in a simple plateau of grass in the shape of a vast coffin, and in the middle of this solemn flat of grass a monument was set up in memory of all who perished there, and a most affecting and moving figure with arms uplifted to heaven crowned the monument, symbolising the souls of those destroyed at their prayers.

Hardly a family of importance in Santiago escaped the loss of some member of it in this overwhelming disaster, and this beautiful memorial will always remain one of the most noble records of a great sorrow in the world.

In the fight for independence Chile owed much to Lord Cochrane at sea, and O'Higgins on land, and a very dramatic and successful statue of the latter adorns one of the splendid avenues of the city. He rides a high-mettled charger, and is represented as turning round in his saddle and calling on those behind to follow him to the charge.

The horse and man are startlingly alive and vivid, and the monument forms a very noble memorial

CHILE—PERU

of a national hero. There is a statue to Cochrane near the harbour of Valparaiso, but it is of no artistic value.

When I left Chile on the 31st of May for Peru the war between those countries was in full swing, and as we crept up the coast, calling sometimes twice a day at the little towns under the great wall of the Andes, we came upon the Chilian fleet blockading Iquique, and were ordered to proceed on our course without touching there.

The war at first was waged almost entirely at sea, the sea being then the only highway from one country to the other ; railways there were none connecting them, and the roads were no more than mule tracks.

Admiral Grau was the commander of the Peruvian navy, and his ship, the *Huascar*, after many vicissitudes, was hemmed in by three of the Chilian vessels. Grau, however, was blown to pieces in the conning-tower early in the engagement ; the next in command was then killed ; and the third in command seeing that his position was hopeless gave orders to have the ship scuttled. He was then killed ; and the Chilians who descended upon the ship and boarded her just in time to save her from sinking, found the fourth officer in command of her. There can be no doubt that very fine courage was displayed in this notable fight.

MEMORIES

A leg was all that could be discovered of Grau's body, and it was brought back to Lima amid great national homage.

After a solemn service in the cathedral over this fragment of the heroic Grau's body, it was taken out to burial.

As a last honour a volley was to have been fired over the grave, and the files of soldiers for this function were drawn up opposite each other across the grave, when suddenly the salute was countermanded.

Much speculation followed as to the cause of the sudden abandonment of this last tribute to the courageous Grau, and it finally became known that the soldiers had been served with ball cartridge. The blank cartridges intended for such salutes had been sent to the front!

CHAPTER IV

WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU

THIS war eventually brought great loss to myself. I had started a business with one Robert Remmett, who had been in the house of Gibbs in Lima for many years, and was a cousin of Henry Gibbs, who afterwards became Lord Aldenham, a very old friend of my father. He was head of Anthony Gibbs & Sons, of Bishopsgate Street Within.

We started trading with Peru, and had opened a house in Lima to which we shipped all manner of things from London, and it was the outbreak of the war that caused my voyage to South America, where I hoped to save some of the property stored at our house.

At this time the affair was tragic, but at a distance of over thirty years some of the incidents can be seen in their humorous aspect. Our agent in Lima was a worthy honest man, of the name of Jorge Holcombe; and we put him in possession of a delightfully miscellaneous collection of property for sale.

The history of twenty pianos was from first to

MEMORIES

last very diverting. Remmett and I, determining to try our fortune by shipping out twenty upright grands, repaired to a piano-seller in Cheapside, where we tried several instruments while the proprietor pressed us to purchase one.

Having settled on a sample we suddenly planted upon the astonished shopman an order for twenty !

We were youthful and of irresponsible appearance, and the man instantly concluded that we were making fun of him. He became dignified, suspicious, and indignant ; also rather puzzled ; and our amusement at his condition of mind added to his conviction that we were indulging in a practical joke. Suddenly he hit on a way out of his dilemma, by saying that of course before he took such an order he must ask us for unexceptionable references. "By all means," I said quite politely ; "we give you as references the Lord Chief Justice of England and the Governor of the Bank of England."

This of course confirmed the poor man in his certainty that we had come in to have a jest at his expense. Remmett and I sat down on music stools and laughed till our sides ached. I think he was very nearly sending for the police to have us turned out, but at last we became grave and told him that he might take our order or leave it, but that he must make up his mind at once.

By and by he saw we were serious, and the

WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU

twenty pianos were duly selected and consigned to Jorge Holcombe in Lima. Their ultimate fate was to be dragged out of our store into the street and used as barricades. When they were put to that ignominious use I was not there, but the music of battle must indeed have resounded in the street as the bullets rattled among their wires.

We were not always happy in our selection of articles for export. When the English Government first took possession of Cyprus, hearing that Larnaca lay in swampy land, we hit on the brilliant idea of shipping out thousands and thousands of drain pipes, which we bought at Doulton's Pottery at Fulham. We chartered a ship and filled it with these pipes and Portland cement and other things needful for the building operations it seemed certain must follow the English occupation.

All the world was speculating of harbour building and what not there ; but as I have already said, after landing ten thousand men for six weeks, Disraeli shipped them all away again, and Cyprus was forgotten, and has remained forgotten ever since.

No one built harbours or drained swamps, and the only sale for our drain pipes was by twos and threes, to stick upright on top of each other for chimneys.

We reached Lima, the capital of Peru, on the 11th of June 1879, and stayed there till the 1st of January 1880.

MEMORIES

As the war made progress and the Chilians worked their way steadily up the coast capturing port after port, the condition of Lima became more and more unsettled, until a revolution broke out to put Pierola into the Presidentship.

We were offered asylum at Callao at the house of Mr. Firth, the manager of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which stood on the beach beyond the town on a strip of land on which no natives were permitted to build, because having the sea on each side of it like the chesil beach at Portland, it was liable to be swept clean by any earthquake wave which might come.

Callao was originally built on this strip and had been swept clean away in an earthquake. Mr. Firth had a little mole of his own in front of his house for landing and embarking, and he erected a shield of bullet-proof iron sheeting all the way from the house to the end of the mole on the side towards the town, so that if the fort close by was attacked by the revolutionists, which would involve the house in a hot zone of fire, we could all get away in boats in safety.

Stray shots from the town aimed at the fort frequently came singing over the house, which being behind the fort was safe from being hit from that direction.

Mr. Firth showed us the greatest kindness and

WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU

courtesy, and I shall always recall our days of refuge with him with gratitude and pleasure. I have never seen or heard of him since those far-off days, but if he be still alive and these words ever come into his ken, I here extend to him my cordial greetings.

Meanwhile my father in England began to feel an anxiety about our safety, an anxiety shared by Sir Stafford Northcote, my wife's uncle ; they both spoke of the matter to Lord Salisbury, who was then Foreign Secretary, and unbeknown to us orders were sent out to the commander of the English war-ships in Callao Harbour to keep an eye out for our safety.

The result was that suddenly Admiral De Horsey sent his pinnace to Mr. Firth's mole, with a request that we should immediately come on board his ship. He was very kind to us, and in a couple of days he dispatched us for Panama in a mail steamer, which I afterwards learnt was the last vessel to leave the port before the Chilian fleet arrived and strictly blockaded the town.

So we passed away from Peru after a stay of some six and a half months. It is a country that stands for ever bearing witness against Spain and papal Christianity.

The deepest impression left on me by my travels in South America was the awful desolation wrought by the Spanish conquest of this country.

MEMORIES

Far away in the heart of the Andes, at elevations up to eleven, twelve, and even thirteen thousand feet, the sides of the mountains, wherever not precipitous, are cut into innumerable terraces to which the water was brought in some way or other, not at present known, by a teeming population of industrious natives.

They have been swept out of existence for ever, and the rainless slopes of the mountains have returned to a bleached desolation.

Las Casas wrote: "With my own eyes I saw kingdoms as full of people as hives are full of bees, and now where are they?"

The blameless, peaceful Incas who worshipped the Sun as the visible manifestation of the Creator were put to nameless deaths by the ruthless Christians, and I can never think of Peru without a feeling of admiration for Atahualpa, the last great Inca, who, when called upon to abjure his faith before he was strangled by Pizarro's orders, replied, "Your God, you say, was killed by those He made, but mine still lives in the heavens."

In the war between the two South American Republics, although the Peruvians were beaten and had to give up Iquique to Chile, they displayed great adroitness on several occasions, and succeeded in sinking two of the Chilean men-of-war by extremely clever devices.

WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU

Soon after the Chilian fleet had settled down to the blockade of Callao, there was perceived in the bay one morning when the sun rose a large barge of fruit which had obviously got astray from the shore. The Peruvians put out in boats and steam pinnaces to bring the drifting barge back to the shore, and the Chilian fleet seeing what was happening also sent out pinnaces and boats to intervene and capture the drifting barge. A fierce fusilade was kept up between the hostile boats, and neither side intervened with their heavy guns for fear of hitting the boats of their own party.

Many were killed and wounded in the fighting boats, but at last the Peruvians drew off and left the barge in the hands of the triumphant Chilians, who towed it off to their fleet amid the cheers of the crews, who had watched the fight with keen interest.

The barge was brought alongside one of the big men-of-war, and the cargo of luscious fresh fruit was eagerly hauled up the side in baskets ; when about half the cargo had been taken on board, a terrific explosion shook the bay, and an enormous hole was blown in the side of the great ship, which sank instantly like a stone with all hands.

By an arrangement of springs and balances, a huge charge of dynamite in the bottom of the barge was ignited when a certain amount of the weight of

MEMORIES

the cargo was removed ; and of course the fight for the capture of the barge, though waged by the Peruvians with fierce persistence, was never intended to be successful.

A few weeks later a large man-of-war was sent up the coast to land and capture anything worth having at Huaco. On the appearance of the vessel, the inhabitants drew all their boats far inland, and, taking all their valuables, fled into the interior. One boat, a new one, larger than the others, they were seen by the Chilians to haul some little way up the beach and then abandon it as being too big and heavy to move any farther. After pillaging the place, they came and looked at the boat, which was entirely empty, oars, and sails, and mast, and rowlocks having been all removed. They looked it all over to be sure that there was no dynamite in it, and then towed it away to their vessel, davits were run out and ropes put round the seats at the bows and the stern, and orders given to haul it on board. It was the last order ever given on that ship, for the moment the ropes tightened the ship was blown to pieces and disappeared in seventy fathoms of water.

A false bottom concealed a tremendous charge of dynamite which was arranged to ignite on any upward force being applied to any of the seats. The inhabitants of the town, who had watched their wits destroy an entire man-of-war without the smallest

WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND PERU

risk to themselves, returned hilariously to their houses with songs and dances.

I believe in both these cases the plan originated in the ingenious mind of a citizen of the United States sojourning in the South.

CHAPTER V

DEPARTURE FROM PERU—GUAYAQUIL—TUMACO—
PANAMA—COLON—NEW YORK—HOME

FOR seven months we had seen no rain, and I remember, when we came off the mouth of the Guayaquil River, on the 4th of January, rushing up on deck and standing in a shower with my mouth open and hat off, and letting the rain pelt on me and down my throat with delight.

We steamed up the river Guayaquil to Guayaquil city between flat banks covered with dense forest, the muddy shores being covered with alligators.

As the state of Equador was also at this time indulging in a revolution, and I did not want any more attentions from the Foreign Office, we did not go up to Quito, but remained on board and proceeded up the coast. One little place at which we put in on the 7th of January, remains in my memory as the most lovely spot on all that far-spread coast. It was called Tumaco, and at the entrance to the little harbour there stood a house built on the top of poles with a ladder for its front drive, and in this

TUMACO

romantic dwelling there lived an old retired English sea-captain, and as we passed he came out on his broad balcony and waved us a greeting.

The arrival and departure of the fortnightly mail boat was the only event that connected him with the outside world.

Our captain said he had lived there for many years and was quite happy.

Mangroves grew down into the limpid water all round the landlocked port, and the natives swarmed round the ship in canoes with diamond-shaped paddles.

I cannot define what it was beyond lovely colour, and a sense of the peace of Eden that made Tumaco so strangely beautiful, but as we raised our anchor and turned away from it and dropped down into the blue Pacific, I felt a great sadness that I should certainly never see it again.

By a strange chance our arrival at Panama synchronised with the ceremony of the cutting of the first sod of the canal across the isthmus by M. de Lesseps.

I could see enough in the few days I was there to form the conclusion that a level sea canal similar to that at Suez would never be made.

I cannot doubt that Lesseps must have perceived the impossibility of the scheme himself, but he was already an old man and in any case could not live to

MEMORIES

witness the ultimate failure of the attempt, so I suppose he relied on his reputation of having suppressed one isthmus to enable him to float his vast company for suppressing another.

The simple French peasants, who subscribed their millions, were not told that a level sea canal required a cutting through solid rock four hundred feet high for over a mile to get down to the average sea-level, and that after that forty feet more would need to be dug out to make the canal itself. Anybody who has ever seen Salisbury spire, which is 411 feet high, can instantly recognise that the proposition is absurd : and so it has proved.

A canal with locks is, of course, a totally different scheme, but even with locks I should doubt whether ships will be able to pay dues sufficient to leave much profit on the enormous capital that must be sunk.

In crossing the isthmus by the forty-five miles of railway I noticed that the whole permanent way was covered with sensitive plants which shrunk away as though in pain all round one's foot at every step. The heat was great, and the natives appeared often completely naked, women standing in the doorways of their cottages nude and unashamed.

At Colon I encountered the first memorial to the great Columbus in all my travels to Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video, Valparaiso, Santiago, Lima, and many

COLON

other South American cities. It was a statue which apparently had been presented to the state of Columbia by some one or some country, and had been put ashore at Colon, and when I saw it it was sinking sideways into the mud where it had been dumped.

Colon is, I think, the only city named after that wonderful man in all the two American continents, and the New Yorkers have for many years been making efforts to expunge his name even from this one city, and to substitute for it the name of some tradesman of the name of Aspinwall.

These efforts have been resisted, I am glad to say, by the English Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, who decline to suppress the great navigator in favour of Mr. Aspinwall, and have retained the glorious name of Colon in all their dealings with that city.

At Colon we embarked on a steamer bound for New York, and sailed away up through the Gulf of Mexico. It was a slow craft and had a deck covered with grey-painted canvas, and was generally grubby; but in those sunny seas with Nautilus floating around the ship in the daytime, and at night a bright phosphorescent track reaching away behind over the heaving deep to a dim horizon, any old tramp steamer partakes of something of the enchantment of such surroundings.

Off Cape Hatteras we suddenly came to an end

MEMORIES

of the sleepy lotus days and nights, and plunged from the dark blue waters of the Gulf Stream, upon which we had been floating for days, into the green polar currents that crawl down the American coast from Greenland. The green water can be seen ahead of the ship for a couple of miles before it is reached. The two currents—blue and green—swirl against each other in great surging eddies, and the ship suddenly passed from one great ocean river to the other, and in half an hour the temperature on deck fell from 85° to 40° . For many hours, however, the internal heat of the ship's saloon and cabins was maintained.

The following afternoon, on the 21st of January 1880, we reached New York Harbour; and found the hard frost there rather startling after so many months under the Equator.

On landing we went to the Brevort House in a cab, for which we had to pay the equivalent of sixteen shillings.

Next morning I received a most courteous invitation from Longfellow to visit him in his home. It is one of the regrets of my life that I did not accept it.

We were travel weary, home-sick, with clothes all worn out, and in a moment of lassitude that overmastered all other considerations, I wrote and declined on the perfectly truthful ground that we were instantly sailing for England.

HOME

We booked for Liverpool on the *City of Berlin*, one of the old Inman Line, within a week, and I went alone to see Niagara, and returned, and then embarked on the 28th of January. The voyage occupied ten days, and in some ways leaves a more agreeable memory than subsequent passages I have made in five days in the tremendous *Mauretania*.

The *City of Berlin* was "full rigged" to my landsman's eyes, and our speed was so moderate that whenever the wind was astern it was worth while to set the square sails. She was not so big as to carry more than some forty to seventy first-class passengers, and a ten-day run made it natural for pleasant relations to be established among them. Thirty years later I have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in the *Mauretania* and am duly impressed with the extraordinary change wrought in sea-travel in that interval of time.

The ship is run more like a big hotel, such as the Metropole in London, than like a ship. Moving through the water faster than any motor car can continuously travel on the roads in England, viz. over thirty miles an hour the whole way from shore to shore, the voyage is so short that the passengers have hardly time to settle down and form habits before they are landed. Five, six, and seven hundred saloon passengers do not make the advances towards making acquaintance with their fellow-

MEMORIES

passengers which arise naturally on a longer voyage with only a tenth of the number in the saloon.

Of the improvements in physical comfort there can be no question. Telephones, lifts, and all the conveniences and luxuries of a model modern hotel surround the traveller. If he is cold he has only to press a button and an electric stove instantly sheds a warm glow around his cabin. He can have hot and cold baths of fresh or sea water. He sleeps no longer in a wooden bunk two feet wide, but in a brass bedstead with a box spring mattress. Cold storage has enabled the meals to be served very much as though ashore. Milk, which was unknown in the old days, is now taken on board frozen and served fresh every day. No one now brings his own deck-chair for the voyage, there being hundreds of chairs supplied by the ship.

But something of the sense of romance has gone ; one never hears the bells that mark the hours day and night. I suppose the bell is duly struck at two, four, six, and eight bells somewhere on the vast vessel, but it happens so far away that it is not heard on the first-class decks. There being only two bare iron tubes for masts, whose only function is to stretch the wireless message apparatus between them, the music of the wind in the shrouds is no longer audible ; and the cries and whistles of the

HOME

mate when sails were set and reefed are heard no more.

We reached the bar outside Liverpool in a thick fog and lay lopping for five hours. At last the ship drew in over the bar, and came to anchor amidstream opposite the landing stage, to which we were transferred in a tug.

In those days the railway did not come alongside, and the voyager had to land and drive through Liverpool to the station.

A great surprise awaited us. My father happened to be on circuit at Liverpool when we arrived, and having ascertained when we should land he had sent the Sheriff's carriage to meet us, and we were escorted with ceremony to a magnificent cinderella coach, with a bewigged coachman and two gorgeous footmen up behind. In our travel-stained condition this reception was highly diverting. After a short stay at the judge's lodgings we departed for London, and so ended this memorable year of travel.

Sixteen thousand miles of ocean had been traversed by us since we had sailed away from Liverpool in April 1879.

I have not said much, in this brief account of this great adventure, concerning my dear wife, who accompanied me throughout and shared all the discomforts and all the dangers that were encountered.

MEMORIES

The discomforts never disturbed her or affected for a moment her complete serenity.

As to the dangers, which were occasionally considerable, it would not adequately describe her attitude to say that she faced them with fortitude. Her courage was of that kind which seems more to be oblivious of the existence of danger than to be calm in facing it. She was quite without fear in circumstances that would have blanched and terrified other women; and after our return to England I wish to record that she discovered remarkable qualities of organisation which were for years devoted to the service of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and that her leisure was occupied in the beautiful crafts of wood-carving and bookbinding, in both of which she displayed a finished excellence. My house is filled with exquisite examples of her handiwork, and her sons have inherited a large measure of her taste and dexterity.



CARDINAL NEWMAN

From the portrait by Jane Fortescue, Lady Coleridge

CHAPTER VI

MATTHEW ARNOLD—CARDINAL NEWMAN

MY ventures into the world of commerce having failed disastrously, my father made me his private secretary, which post I enjoyed for eight years, from 1882 to 1890, when he gave me the vacant office of Clerk of Assize on the South Wales Circuit.

My diary during these years filled two stout volumes, the second of which has unfortunately been lost.

A great number of men distinguished in the world of politics, letters, and the Churches frequented my father's house in those years. He was a most genial host, and a most amusing teller of stories; he possessed great powers of mimicry and much natural dramatic instinct; as a reader of fine prose or poetry I have never met any one comparable with him. He was no mere Judge, he was a brilliant scholar and man of letters, with an astonishing memory. Law was only one field of his wide knowledge, but his dramatic appreciation of the

MEMORIES

splendid stage afforded by his great office led him to bring to its service all his gifts of voice, gesture, and personal dignity, with which he so adorned it as to make it difficult for those who followed him to maintain undiminished its stately distinction.

His father before him had been the friend of Keble, Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth, and many other of the literary men of his time, and had never allowed the Bar or the Bench to diminish his scholarly interests.

My father, therefore, from his early youth moved in the most cultivated society, an advantage not always enjoyed by those who successfully follow the Law and ascend the Bench. Among his oldest and most intimate friends was Matthew Arnold. He was a constant visitor at 1 Sussex Square; of the poets I have known in the flesh he was by far the most interesting and charming. Full of humour and geniality, with a blend of Olympian manner that was perfectly delightful to all who understood him.

Children were never afraid of, or shy with him, and he would discourse with them magnificently about their toys, assigning startling qualities to them with a twinkling gravity till the children discovered new wonders about the familiar playthings never before suspected.

He persuaded my son, Johnnie, when he was

MATTHEW ARNOLD

about three years old, that he, Matthew Arnold, was his horse, and kept up the joke at succeeding visits, and sent him books with inscriptions, "Johnnie, from his affectionate horse."

Every one loved him who really knew him ; I never saw him put out, or his serene urbanity for a moment ruffled ; and in conversation I never knew him become vehement or even exhibit evidence of any strong feeling or very earnest conviction. I believe there are people who mistook his diverting magnificent air for superciliousness, but that was entirely to misunderstand him. No one was more merciful to a fool, or more patient with a bore. He never talked down to any one unless it was done manifestly for fun, and then it would be fun with no acid in it. He went through the world with a philosophical cheerfulness, and a serene kindness. It was difficult to discern in him any trace of that strain of sadness that pervades so much of his poetry.

When I had a cottage at Addlestone, his house at Cobham was not far distant, and I often used to drive over in a little pony trap and spend several hours there in the summer. Once or twice I played lawn tennis with him and found him a most forceful opponent.

His garden melted as it were into the spacious park of the Leafs, so that his views from the

MEMORIES

windows had all the advantages of such a prospect ; and in those days the whole place was secluded and peaceful, but being right upon the main road from London to Portsmouth, it is now passed by hundreds and hundreds of motor cars from morning till night, which hurl their dust over the paling into the little garden ; and not one in a thousand who hurtles by knows that the little house was for so long the abode of Matthew Arnold, and if they were told I dare say hardly any of them would be any the wiser.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

21st of June 1882.—This morning Matthew Arnold dropped in unexpectedly to breakfast. He was as amusing as ever ; told us that the other day he was talking to the Archbishop of Canterbury about Bradley, the new Dean of Westminster, and that he, Matthew Arnold, had remarked that he had rather hoped to have succeeded Stanley himself as a lay Dean, to which Tait had gravely replied that he had always understood that it was *his* post he had aspired to rather than the Deanery of Westminster.

At this the Archbishop of Dublin,¹ who is staying here, faintly chuckled.

The 2nd of December 1882.—Matthew Arnold came to-night to stay for a few days. He says Hallam Tennyson has written to him asking him

¹ Archbishop Trench.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

to go and see *The Promise of May*, and that in the letter, complaining of the reception accorded to it, he says that his father regards the howling with which the audience received the high moral sentiments of the play, as quite as shocking as would be the spectacle of a mob hooting the Archbishop of Canterbury when he was administering the sacrament.

He was, of course, the greatest critic of his time ; and when I published *Demetrius*, my first serious effort as an author, in 1887, he found time in his busy life, not only to read it, but to write to me about it. The letter is a fine example of his great kindness.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE,
COBHAM, SURREY,
3rd November.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,—When I saw *Demetrius* at Ottery the other day, the conviction flashed upon me that I had seen the book before. A copy of it came into my hands just as I was leaving home for a visit ; I just opened it, and then laid it down again and departed.

However, your father gave me the book, and I have since found my own copy at home. I have read the book through ; it is a fine story. I remember looking at Schiller's *False Demetrius* years ago, but have forgotten all about his treatment of the subject. Your story is very well written ;

MEMORIES

but I soon discovered that it has been composed as a play, and that the blank verse of the speeches, though not printed in verse, remained. This tantalised me; and I think injures the effect of the book. The verse is good, and the prose narrative is quite particularly well written, so either the one or the other treatment would probably have in your hands been satisfactory, but the mixture of both treatments is not. I remember how the feats of Dickens, in the way of long pieces of disguised blank verse, used to put me out in some of his works.

The public abhors plays for the closet, so you should try a story, a fine story, in a sustained prose style, which is a very effective thing. I am sure you could do it well.

My love to your wife, and a kiss to that sweet little Johnny.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

When next I met him after receiving this letter, it was in his own garden at Cobham, and he talked somewhat sadly of the existing state of letters in England, and of the indifference of the public towards anything but exciting fiction; and certainly, as he was then perhaps the most distinguished man of letters in England, it was remarkable how little even he could rely upon his pen for an income, for he said that he did not think he had ever made more than £500 in any one year from his writings.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

From this we came to the discussion of the strange disparity in value to the world measured in money of the respective work of masters in different fields of effort ; and he compared the commercial value of a poem of four or five pages, say, of the nineteenth century, with that of a portrait, both the works of the best living executants ; and said that the painter would certainly receive quite ten times as much as the poet.

Matthew Arnold died of heart disease when running to catch a tramway or train. He thus was granted half of his desires as expressed in his poem "A Wish," for he was spared "the whispering crowded room," the doctor who shakes "his sapient head," and his brother "doctor of the soul."

He was buried in the quiet little churchyard at Laleham, by the Thames, and certainly never before nor since has there been gathered together in that little church such a concourse of famous men as met there to pay the last tribute of honour and affection to this universally beloved man of genius. I went with my father, and in the circle round the grave I found myself between Jowett and Lecky. His grave is entirely open to the sky towards the east, so that the morning sun must always fall on it ; immediately to the west of it stands an ancient yew tree. A plain marble cross now marks the spot, and upon it is written : "There is sprung up a light for

MEMORIES

the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true hearted."

My father's house was one of the two at which Cardinal Newman came to stay on his rare visits to London after he had taken up his abode at Birmingham. The other house being the Duke of Norfolk's. He used to write some time beforehand and ask whether it would be convenient if he were to come for a night or two at such and such a date. My father always found it convenient.

His presence at Sussex Square was always kept a secret as long as possible, as the moment his being in London was noised abroad countless people made efforts to see him, and he forthwith departed back to Birmingham.

He came on one of his periodical visits when my boy Johnnie was about three years old, and about the middle of breakfast according to custom he was brought down, and sat as usual on my wife's knee, who was just opposite the Cardinal at the table. I do not think the old man saw any little children very often in an intimate way; and I am sure he could seldom have seen any young mother and child more fair and beautiful to look upon. Certain it was that after gazing at them silently for a little while he became visibly moved, and rising from the table he murmured in a low voice half introspectively as it were, "I think I must bless him." He came round the table

CARDINAL NEWMAN

and laid his hand on the little child's head and said a few inaudible words of benediction.

I think every one present was touched, and glad to have been present at so beautiful a moment.

I have this entry in my diary, which records his last visit to Sussex Square :—

The 29th of May 1883.—Cardinal Newman is now here on a strictly private visit. He is weaker, and a little more deaf, than when he was last here ; but the magic halo is still about him.

To-day he said he would like to take my little boy Johnnie to the Zoological Gardens, and together they went, and hand in hand wandered about there. Johnnie has no fear of him, and prattles away to him while the old man allows the boy to draw him on from cage to cage. This was in the morning ; in the afternoon he went away, and every one in the house came and stood in the porch to take a last farewell of him. He leant on my arm down the steps and into the carriage ; and while Johnnie kissed his hand to him from the pavement, he half lifted his hand to give us his benediction as the carriage moved away. I fear we shall not see him again.

I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to make some respectful effort to record my impression of this wonderful man.

He bore about him the perfect humility of true greatness. His face had a strange wistfulness, and

MEMORIES

his eyes seemed habitually to be gazing beyond and through the visible things of the world about him to some vision far distant and unsubstantial. There was always a sense of deep power behind his unruffled gentleness and urbanity. When he entered a room full of people, and those not undistinguished, every one else instantly seemed to become by comparison insignificant and ordinary ; and this before he had spoken a word.

Men who accorded no more than a courteous equality to every one else were unable to escape a compelling sense of reverence in his presence.

He was manifestly and indubitably one of the Saints of God.

But he incorporated with this stainlessness all the fine and customary characteristics of a gentleman and a scholar. He fulfilled in his own person his own definition of a gentleman as "one who inflicts no pain."

He was often very humorous in a gentle, winning way. I remember once his telling us after dinner about some High Church Anglican, whose name I have now forgotten, who travelled to Italy, and when he got to Rome went to a service in one of the churches, and being an advanced churchman essayed to participate in the ceremonial, kneeling when the priest knelt, and standing when he stood ; and just at the conclusion of the service he noted on

CARDINAL NEWMAN

looking round that he was the only man in the congregation ; all the other worshippers being women. "The fact was," said the Cardinal, "he had been churched."

Matthew Arnold and the Cardinal, met for the first time at my father's house ; I do not know whether they ever met again.

They had each expressed a wish to meet the other, so my father arranged it apparently by accident. With perfect taste and by common consent they talked together as a pair of ripe scholars, and no one would have supposed they were not old and familiar friends. They even with great urbanity delicately quizzed each other, though Matthew Arnold never for a moment departed from the sort of attitude of a favoured pupil discoursing playfully with an honoured master.

Each parted manifestly delighted with the other, and subsequently they each in turn expressed the pleasure they had found in the society of the other. So my father was gratified at having made his house the scene of this interesting meeting.

Of all the portraits of the Cardinal, I believe it is generally conceded that my mother's gives the most faithful conception of his wonderful face. Cousins engraved it, and the print was, I believe, the largest engraving of a head he ever achieved, and I think it was the last he completed before his death. I

MEMORIES

watched the execution throughout, first of the picture, and then of the engraving.

Like all my mother's drawings it was sent to, and hung in the Academy. But I forget the date of its completion and exhibition.

The Cardinal when I first saw him was already of a venerable old age, and had long left his great battles behind him ; it was many long years since he had penned his tremendous *Apologia* and his, "Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, into space !" And the noble wrath with which he had impaled that unhappy man and had ridden round the arena with him on the end of his lance, belonged to a distant past.

But my father told me that there had hung in his study a large print of Oxford and that beneath it written on the margin in the Cardinal's hand were these words :—

"Son of man, can these dry bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest."

But of the man who could wield such a terrific battle-axe as this, there appeared no trace in the later days when it was my privilege to be often in the house with him.

I think he had relegated all storm and stress to a dim and disregarded past, mellowed by many years of peace ; he had piloted himself safe to the desired

CARDINAL NEWMAN

haven where he would be, and with his eyes steadfastly fixed on his approaching end he moved "amid the encircling gloom" with the words of his own immortal poem ever in his heart: "Lead Thou me on!"

CHAPTER VII

SHAFTESBURY — TOLSTOY — GEORGE MEREDITH —
CARDINAL MANNING — ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE —
ARCHBISHOP BENSON — ARCHBISHOP TAIT —
GENERAL BOOTH

LORD SHAFTESBURY was the first President of the National Anti-Vivisection Society ; and when I became connected with it and joined its committee, my father, Cardinal Manning, Tennyson, Browning, and many other men prominent and distinguished were vice-presidents of it ; and from the first I fell into the habit of going to Lord Shaftesbury's house in Grosvenor Square to learn his wishes and views when he was unable personally to attend the committee meetings ; so that I might know more than my youth and inexperience could teach me. He was very kind to me and always ready to see me and tell me his opinion and judgment on any difficult matter.

He possessed a lifelong experience and a deep intuition, and I remember well how his superior wisdom once deprecated the exposure on the



EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

From an engraving by W. J. Edwards after Frederick Sandys



TOLSTOY

hoardings of pictures of a rabbit being vivisected, which although entirely accurate, because transcribed faithfully from the work of a vivisector, and perfectly just because it was proposed to state that anæsthetics were asserted to have been administered to the animal ; yet in his opinion would do more harm than good.

His view was that pictures intended to disgust and horrify the public with the practice of vivisection might produce the very opposite effect with morbid natures, and acting by "suggestion" create a desire to do the very acts it was our wish to suppress and render odious to mankind.

In deference to Lord Shaftesbury's opinion, which I have no doubt was wise, I have myself never sanctioned, or been associated with, any exhibitions of stuffed animals stretched out for vivisection, or any public pictures on hoardings or elsewhere that I thought might possibly act by suggestion in the way indicated by that great and good man.

My combats against vivisection have brought me into contact with many other great and good men. In 1907, some one having suggested to me that Tolstoy's opinion was not known, and should be ascertained, I took the liberty of writing to him on the subject. The old man's ardour was so

MEMORIES

impatient to proclaim itself that he could not brook the delays of the post, and telegraphed instantly to me :—

Always considered vivisection useless cruelty.

TOLSTOY.

More measured was the judgment of George Meredith on the subject, but it is none the less valuable for that. After he had studied the Bill I had prepared for Parliament, which had once got as far as the second reading, he wrote me the following most interesting letter :—

BOX HILL, DORKING,
13th Oct. 1906.

DEAR MR. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.—Your draft of a Bill giving the laboratories a free hand as long as there is a certainty that anæsthetics are in use to render the operation painless, if that may be, should have general support, and certainly have mine to back it, small in value though my name may be. I had the impression that all operations upon animals for scientific purposes were under compulsion to spare them the infliction of pain. For I know how ruthless the goad of scientific investigation can make certain men among us. But the majority are humane and will hardly oppose you I should think—shall hope.

When I read of pain caused to one of the beasts, I am struck through the frame ; so you can imagine

CARDINAL MANNING

that in not immediately seconding you I went against my feelings.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

With Cardinal Manning also my association was intimate and constant, it being my wish to have his advice and good counsel in all matters concerning the cause of humaneness to animals. This amusing little note refers to one of the meetings of the committee of the Anti-Vivisection Society :—

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.
27th February 1890.

MY DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—I am vexed at what you tell me of our friends in Victoria Street. I thought they were nearly vivisecting each other the last time we met.

You saved us from a great mess.

I shall read your book with much interest. Gladstone ought to review it as a pendant to Ellen Middleton.—Yours very truly,

HENRY E. CAR., ARCHBP.

The *Pall Mall* is much changed and not for the better.

I was often round at the Archbishop's house. This, of course, was long before the building of the great Roman Catholic cathedral.

The house had an air of extreme austerity about it ; the stone stairs had no carpet on them, and the great room where the Cardinal saw visitors was bare

MEMORIES

and severe. Straight-backed chairs and a single large table seemed to be its only furniture. There was a drawing of the proposed cathedral, and if I remember it was entirely different in design from the building now erected.

I think the drawing represented a Gothic church with a spire. Anyway I quite distinctly remember pointing to it one day and asking the Cardinal when he was going to begin it.

“When I have no more poor to care for,” was his reply. And indeed the most eloquent endorsement of his care for the poor was the discovery at his death that his entire worldly possessions amounted to sixty-eight pounds! He had laid up his treasure where no rust and moth doth corrupt.

He dined occasionally at my father's house, or rather responded to an invitation to do so and duly sat at my father's table, but he never ate anything whatever; he sometimes crumbled a little bread in his thin fingers, but nothing passed his lips.

No attention was drawn to it, and no one pressed him to eat or drink anything.

He must have eaten very little anywhere at any time, for his emaciation was extreme.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

We have been fighting against a vote at Oxford for money for Professor Burdon Sanderson's vivi-

CARDINAL MANNING

secting laboratory ; of course we were beaten, but we brought up a respectable minority of 244. My uncle, the Bishop of Oxford, spoke and voted for us. I went to see Cardinal Manning before the voting to see if he would go down, but he said he was no longer a member of the University. "Hope and I," said he, "were excommunicated, you know, a long time ago together."

He told me while I was there that after his speech at our Society's meeting last year, Ponsonby had communicated with him informing him that the Queen wished to have the authorities upon which he founded his speech, and that he had sent several documents.

I went on from the Cardinal to Lord Shaftesbury to show him a letter I contemplated sending to the *Pall Mall*. He heartily approved of it and told me to say that he did so to the Editor.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the two great English cardinals. I have already described Newman ; and Manning was everything that his great colleague was not.

He gave the impression of a consciously eminent ecclesiastic, who was determined to lift his Church into greatness in England by all means in his power ; his appearance was ascetic, distinguished, and memorable ; he was manifestly a man of direct nobility of life, and most lofty purpose. A great statesman for his Church, leading an austere and

MEMORIES

detached life as an example in every detail for the faithful in his community. A prince of the Roman Church, fulfilling his august function so conspicuously and faultlessly that to the public eye he seemed to challenge a comparison with the more comfortably fed and sumptuously housed, or rather "palaced," prelates of the English hierarchy, which left them somewhat depressed, undistinguished, and rotund.

I have known three Archbishops of Canterbury—Tait, Benson, and Temple. They were all big men ; and the last a man of very powerful physique. When he was Bishop of Exeter I went long walks with him on Dartmoor, and proved him a very sturdy pedestrian. Many are the gates I have seen him vault rather than climb, with apron in one direction and eyeglasses flying in the other.

I have an extract from my diary which recounts a visit of Temple and of my uncle of Oxford to Sussex Square to vote in the Lords against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—

*The 12th of June 1882, 1 Sussex Square.—*Went to the House of Lords to hear the debate on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. The Prince of Wales and his two brothers, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany, were on the cross benches intending to vote for it.

After Dalhousie, Balfour of Burleigh, Water-

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

ford, and the Bishop of Peterborough had spoken, the Prince wanted his dinner, and, it seems, intimated to the Lord Chancellor this interesting gastronomic fact, and the Chancellor promptly took a division, a course which I expect several noble lords will dislike, as being a novel form of *clôture*. The House was fuller than it has been since the Afghan debate when Dizzy made his last speech about the ten thousand blankets. The Bill was lost by only 4 votes in a House of 260.

The Bishops of Exeter and Oxford came here afterwards to dine and sleep. Much talk about the ritualists. The Bishop of Exeter thinks that the laity are not with them at all, that the average churchgoer sets great importance upon uniformity of ceremonial, in which he must, as it were, positively form a part, and that in these days, therefore, if there comes a real split it will be over ceremonial rather than over doctrine; inasmuch as a man may sit and hear anything preached, and agree or not as he likes, and does not feel that he is in any way involved in what is said contrary to his beliefs, whereas he cannot but feel involved in a ceremonial in which he actually takes a part.

He told us some bulls the Dean of Exeter had let off in the Cathedral pulpit. One was that in referring to the supposed agreement among the fathers on doctrinal religion, he waxed warm in its refutation, finally closing a brilliant period with—"There wasn't a single one of 'em that had any unanimity at all."

MEMORIES

Streams of Irish stories followed—Grattan, in the middle of a great speech in the Irish parliament, declared that “he was the keeper of his own honour.” At which Sir B. Roche rose and interjected in the broadest brogue, “I cannot help rising to congratulate the honourable member on his sinecure.”

My uncle of Oxford had a good story of the schools, that a young wag of New College on approaching Freeman to be examined in *vivâ voce* was received by him as follows :—“I think, sir, you are the gentleman who in his papers has endeavoured to conceal his ignorance of his subject by a copiousness of language?” To which the facetious undergraduate replied, “And you, sir, are, I believe, the gentleman who endeavours to conceal a good heart under a rugged exterior.”

Archbishop Benson I came to know when he was Bishop of Truro, through a correspondence concerning a certain clergyman in his diocese; subsequently wishing to speak with him about another private matter when he was Archbishop, I accosted him in the Row where he was riding, and introducing myself opened the matter to him. On this and on the former and on subsequent occasions he displayed the greatest care and attention to the matters in hand and a most winning courtesy and urbanity. He was a very handsome man and made

ARCHBISHOP TAIT

a fine figure on his horse. I do not remember any other Archbishop riding in Hyde Park.

Archbishop Tait was a picturesque figure in the House of Lords, and no one hearing him speak there would have guessed that he had any sense of humour ; but my father had a story of him when Bishop of London that showed that he had a very light touch when he liked.

A clergyman in Soho, who had many Jews in his parish, found himself in a dilemma which brought him to Fulham for advice.

A Jew desired to marry a Christian girl who was Mr. Blank's parishioner, and the girl would not accept the man unless he became a Christian. The Jew proceeded to Mr. Blank to be converted, and all went well till they came to the question of a personal Devil. This article of faith the Jew could not and, being an honest man, would not accept, and with much expression of regret announced to Mr. Blank that if he could not be admitted as a Christian without believing in a personal Devil he must stay outside the fold and give up the girl.

This was the case brought to Fulham, and Mr. Blank asked the Bishop whether he could christen the Jew without insisting on a personal Devil.

"Well, Mr. Blank," said the Bishop, "do you find an allusion to a personal Devil in any of the three creeds?"

MEMORIES

Mr. Blank considered a moment, and then admitted that a personal Devil had not intruded himself into any of the creeds.

“I think,” said the Bishop, “we may regard the creeds as sufficient for your Jew.”

Mr. Blank rose delighted with this quick and happy solution of all difficulties, for he was a kindly man and wished the young people well; and as he got to the door after taking his leave of the Bishop, the latter dryly remarked, “I expect, Mr. Blank, a day will come when your Jew will believe in a personal Devil!”

William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, was a man whose personal character and religious methods afforded a notable contrast to those of the dignitaries of our own Church and that of Rome, and his ultimate efficiency was amazing and glorious.

He always extended to me his cordial sympathy in my efforts against the torture of animals, and I was present at his invitation when he made his last important public appearance on the 7th of December 1911. A large hall and institution were then opened and dedicated on the south side of the Thames. The Duke of Argyll took the chair, and many well-known people were there.

First we visited a hall with 700 men collected in it, every one of whom had been rescued from abject misery of mind and body and set upon his

GENERAL BOOTH

feet by the Army, and made fit to fight the battle of life with courage and hope. And when they all sang together at the invitation of their General the effect was magnificent and moving.

Then we passed into the institution, where speeches were delivered by Sir Edward Clarke and Sir George Askwith, and lastly the General made what I imagine was his last great public effort.

The venerable old man, nearly blind, and suffering from manifest bodily weakness, was lovingly guided to the front of the platform by his lieutenants, where he could grasp a supporting desk with both hands.

His face had the pallor of extreme old age, his voice had lost the volume and power of vigorous manhood, his tall form was bowed with length of days ; but when he began to speak, the indomitable spirit within him seemed to lift from him his bodily infirmities, and for nearly an hour, with astonishing animation, he spoke to us of the great work of his long life.

He told us of the small beginning far away in the old century, how he had stood up alone in the East End in the midst of darkest London with none to help him but God, who never yet failed those who really trusted Him ; how little by little, but with never a pause or a relapse, the work had grown and grown ; how ridicule had failed to check it, how fierce and angry onslaught had failed to check it,

MEMORIES

how all the forces of darkness had failed to check it, until by the blessing of Almighty God the Army had spread over all the habitable globe bringing comfort and consolation to the lost and forsaken, and leading into the fold innumerable souls hardly to be counted, as the sands of the sea in number.

Simple joy and gladness and gratitude irradiated from the inspired old Soldier of Christ, the creator and upholder of this vast organisation for the salvation of submerged mankind. Breathless and exhausted at last he was led away back to his seat, where he sat very still for some time beside the Duke of Argyll, clasping his hand in his own, a gesture the simplicity of which was truly affecting.

I stayed afterwards to say a word to him in a little room behind the platform, and departed glad to have been present at such a scene, and to have received a few kindly and encouraging words from the old warrior Saint whom I felt I should not be likely to see and hear again.

CHAPTER VIII

DEAN VAUGHAN — DEAN STANLEY — SIR STAFFORD
NORTHCOTE — SIR LEWIS MORRIS — SIR EDGAR
BOEHM — BISHOP PHILLPOTTS OF EXETER —
WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD

DEAN VAUGHAN, Master of the Temple, was one of my father's friends, who extended to me also a very kindly consideration, and for many years whenever my circuit took me to Cardiff, it was my custom to go out and spend a few hours at the Deanery.

The Dean rather overshadowed the Bishop, Dr. Lewis, in the public eye, though the latter filled his position with conspicuous success, and combined with his bishopric the traditions of an ancient family and the genial courtesy of a man of the world.

Dr. Lewis always punctiliously maintained the venerable custom of inviting the Judges of Assize to dine at the Palace, a custom discontinued by his successor, and at these dinners the Dean was often present. I remember on one occasion when my father was on circuit, both the Dean and the Arch-

MEMORIES

deacon of Llandaff were among the guests, and the latter in support of some argument quoted a few words of Greek ; Vaughan thereupon in his silkiest tones remarked, "Dear me, Mr. Archdeacon, that sounds like Greek !" The Dean was a very fine scholar, but this seemed rather a cruel attack.

It was, of course, as Master of the Temple that he achieved his high reputation in the world. He was distinctly a formidable person ; he delivered mortal blows in a tone and manner as though he were gently conferring benedictions, and the victim not seldom failed to perceive what was happening to him.

When the second Tichborne trial had proceeded to the point where all the evidence was concluded, and the summing up to the jury was the next incident, the Chief Justice (Cockburn) was laid up with a convenient illness to enable him to do justice to so important an opportunity, and it so happened that a grand night at the Temple synchronised with this period of the Chief Justice's indisposition ; he recovered suddenly, however, just for that evening sufficiently to appear at the dinner, where the Master stepping forward to receive him with every manifestation of anxiety for the distinguished invalid's health, and taking the Chief's hand tenderly in both of his own, exclaimed, "I am indeed rejoiced to find you well enough to join us to-night, my dear Chief Justice " ; then he added in an aside that all could

DEAN STANLEY

hear, "You will let me have an early copy of the summing up, won't you?"

My father always addressed him and instructed me to address him on his envelope, as "The Valiant, The Master of the Temple," which, I believe, is an ancient and noble prescription attached to the office. His successor, when similarly addressed by me, wrote begging me not so to describe him, so I suppose one more unique and distinguished title has now disappeared, with so many other picturesque characteristics of English life.

Dean Stanley was a frequent guest at 1 Sussex Square; and seemed to have the power of attracting to himself the true affection of every one with whom he came in contact. Matthew Arnold was very much attached to him, and I remember hearing him allude to him as "the little dear."

When I was a young Cambridge undergraduate, Dean Stanley was dining one night at home when I was up for a vacation in London, and at that time being very ignorant of London people and affairs, and hearing him addressed as "Mr. Dean," I jumped to the conclusion that he was Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, with whose son I had been at school some years before; and on the way up from dinner, finding myself contiguous to the Dean on the stairs, and with the intention of being pleasant, I remarked, "I think, Mr. Dean, I must have been at school

MEMORIES

with a son of yours." The Dean who had not induced Lady Augusta to present him with any offspring, looked at me for a moment silently, saw my innocent youth, and replied gently, "God has never blessed me with children." My confusion was complete, but I thought it best, as I had begun, to go on and tell him I took him to be the Dean of St. Paul's. He patted me on the back and put me at my ease in the most winning manner, and was always very gracious to me afterwards in spite of this unfortunate beginning!

It so happened that the last time I met him was at dinner at Dean Church's. This was after Lady Augusta's death. I remember we waited for half an hour, and then went down without him; and he arrived after the fish. He seemed lost and absent all the evening; and it was not long after this that he died. I went to the meeting to consider a memorial to him, and my father's and Lowell's speeches seemed to me to be best on the occasion.

Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards Lord Iddesleigh, I knew intimately all my life until he died. He was my wife's uncle, and he lent us Pynes for our honeymoon, in 1879. I was at school at Brighton as a little boy with his son Oliver, and I went sometimes to Pynes in those now far-away holidays in the sixties.

My father and Sir Stafford were at Eton and

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

Oxford together. My grandfather and Sir Stafford's father were intimate friends, as were my great-grandfather and Sir Stafford's grandfather. I always heard it said at home that Sir Stafford was born in our old house at Ottery, it having been lent to his father for a time.

When I was a youth at Cambridge I went on a visit to Pynes, which has always remained in my memory. Sir Stafford in his home was very fond of charades, dumb crambo, and such like diversions; and one evening when I was on this visit I remember he entered his own drawing-room during one of these amusing games, on all fours baaing like a sheep. Soon afterwards a clock had to be indicated somehow in dumb show, so I was selected as being long and light to represent a pendulum, and Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford stood on chairs and holding me under the elbows swung me solemnly backwards and forwards, while Gathorne Hardy patted a poker and tongs together to represent the ticking of the pendulum. Sir Stafford was at that time (1875) Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Salisbury was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Gathorne Hardy (afterwards Lord Cranbrooke) was Secretary of State for War.

Sir Stafford took a double first at Oxford, and was a man of wide and varied cultivation; he took a great interest in French literature, and in many

MEMORIES

varied fields of learning. He was truly and deeply beloved in Devon, where he represented an ancient family long identified with the county. He had an immense store of Devonshire stories, told in the racy vernacular of which he was a past master.

He led his party in the House of Commons for many years, where he was regarded with real affection by men on all sides of the House. I cannot believe that he ever could have made an enemy in any walk of life, and when the Fourth Party harassed him it cannot have been from any personal animosity.

I believe that in Devonshire they liked to think of him as their eighth baronet better than as their first Earl, and perhaps he himself would have preferred to remain in the Commons.

His death was tragic, and occurred in a manner and in circumstances that must have left a troubled sense of sorrow and regret in the minds and hearts of some of those who were his political associates.

For many years I saw a good deal of Lewis Morris, the poet. He lived at a house on the hill opposite the town of Carmarthen, which I have visited three times a year since 1890; and until his death I was in the habit of walking up in the evening to see him after the Courts had risen. He experienced two great disappointments during those years. The first was his rejection as a candidate for Parliament; and, indeed, one would have supposed

SIR LEWIS MORRIS

that if a distinguished Welshman, who was certainly a very well-known poet the world over, was willing to go to Parliament, any Welsh constituency ought to have been proud to return him ; it was uncouth of them not to be imaginative enough to elect him when he offered to serve them as their representative. Moreover, there was no political difficulty, for he was a good Liberal, and stood for a Liberal constituency.

The second and more poignant disappointment was when the ingenious author of the "Ode to the Jameson Raiders" was made Poet Laureate, before he had even established his reputation by that great performance. Lord Salisbury's tastes were always reputed to lie more in the direction of chemistry than the Muses, and there could be no doubt of the sound political credentials of the amiable author who subsequently bid the young gentlemen on horseback "hurry up for pity" to save "the girls in the gold-reefed city" from whatever it was that Mr. Paul Kruger contemplated inflicting upon them. Lewis Morris's chagrin was somewhat assuaged with the solatium of a knighthood, but that anodyne never really sufficed to heal the sore. I suggested to him as a consolatory explanation of what had happened that it might have been the difficulty of deciding between him and Swinburne that led to the selection of neither.

MEMORIES

Certainly he was a blazing luminary in the surrounding gloom of Carmarthenshire, and my own vanity was flattered by the manner in which my visits were hailed as memorable events in a dreary world.

We browsed about together among his books, and talked of the lives and works and loves and calamities of authors ; of the best title for his next volume, of predestination, of freewill, of creeds outworn, and what not, about it and about, and then he would walk with me to the edge of the hill, where we could look down together upon the lights of dull Carmarthen, and so part till the next circuit.

Carmarthen has never been the same to me since he died ; I never stay there now an hour longer than I can help.

I often went to Boehm's studio in old days ; he was an extremely agreeable man, entirely English in his appearance, with a pleasant open expression, and a keen eye. He did an immense amount of work, and had a whole range of studios. Of the work of his that I have seen I regard the recumbent Gordon in St. Paul's as the finest ; and it certainly bears upon it what seems to me the most glorious inscription in the world :

“He gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God.”

SIR EDGAR BOEHM

I have a note in my diary of December 1882 :—

I saw at his studios a Sir Francis Drake for Tavistock, and a replica for Plymouth in marble. A Darwin lying in clay. A Dean Stanley recumbent for his tomb in the Abbey, and another with a slight variation for Rugby Chapel. Several Royalties, the Queen with large marble ear-drops, necklace, and cap-strings.

We discussed the awful Brunel on the Embankment, and he agreed it seemed incredible that the same man should have done it and the Cœur de Lion outside the House of Lords.

I asked him if he knew the Turin statue with the sword going slam into its scabbard? Aye, did he not! I suggested that some of Blake's drawings might lend themselves well for sculpture. "Yes," he said, "for bas-relief, not for anything else."

He thought Blake a marvel of insight and imagination, and that for a man who never went to nature at all for his models or anything, his drawing was wonderfully correct.

We passed about through five large studios while we talked.

I remember on another occasion when I was at his studios, he told me he was so disgusted with his statue of Lord Lawrence opposite the Athenæum that he had earnestly requested to be allowed to take it away and execute another at his own sole cost. This finally was done.

MEMORIES

He died with tragic suddenness while an illustrious friend was visiting his studios, and left a very wide circle to mourn his loss, for he had very winning qualities and not an enemy in the world.

Bishop Phillpotts reigned at Exeter when I was a boy at Ottery, and many were the sallies of his biting tongue that were recorded all over the diocese.

He came to stay with the then Sir John Kennaway at Escot, and for some reason made up his mind to give his blameless and amiable host something to remember when he was gone ; he was entirely polite until his episcopal chariot was at the door to drive him back to Exeter, then with one foot on the step he gave a comprehensive last look over the front of the house and the lake beside it, and taking his host's hand he remarked with slow deliberation, " Good-bye, Sir John, I have much enjoyed my visit ; I have only two suggestions to make for the improvement of your home and park, I should pull down the house, and fill up the pond with it," and with that he mounted his seat and drove away before the astonished Sir John could say a word in retort.

There was a Bishop of Worcester contemporaneously with himself whose name was Philpott, and to indicate his sense of his Right Rev. brother's inept impertinence in intruding upon the episcopal bench

BISHOP PHILLPOTTS

with a name so similar to his own, he always alluded to him at Convocation or in the House of Lords as "My singular brother of Worcester."

When Phillpotts was Bishop, Lord Midleton was Dean of Exeter; and although the witticism has been assigned to other times, places, and persons, my father told me that Phillpotts was undoubtedly its author.

Lord Midleton being a viscount took precedence of the Bishop, which may not altogether have made Phillpotts like him the more, and a discussion having arisen as to the advisability of paving the space in front of the west door of the Cathedral with wood blocks, the Bishop, at a meeting called to consider the matter, said—

"In my opinion, if the Dean and Chapter would put their heads together the thing would be done."

The Sir John Kennaway who was the victim of Bishop Phillpotts's valedictory recommendation concerning his house and lake, soon after the euphemously termed "restoration" of Ottery St. Mary Church by Butterfield, built a little church at the end of his park at Escot, but Butterfield was not the architect whose assistance he invoked. After the church in the park was finished, Butterfield, who was staying with my grandfather at Ottery, was driven over to Escot to call. Sir John Kennaway drew him out on to the terrace from which the little church could

MEMORIES

be seen, and pointed it out to him in the distance enbosomed among the trees. Butterfield remarked, "Yes, I see it ; I suppose if an artist were to paint this view he would leave the church out."

Butterfield was a perplexing and challenging person. It seemed almost incredible that the same man should create All Saints, Margaret Street, and sweep away immemorial and magnificent carved oak seats from Ottery St. Mary Church, and substitute for them cheap deal benches that are as offensive to the eye as to the body. Cromwell was execrated for breaking the windows and smashing the statues of the church, but his passing acts of destruction were nothing to the final ruthless desolation inflicted upon this beautiful building by Butterfield. With cold cynicism the vandals of the middle of the nineteenth century spoke of "restoring" churches, when as a fact they swept away and utterly destroyed rare and priceless work, substituting for it their own ineffable vulgarities. They "restored" nothing. That such squalid deeds of blind destruction should have been done to the beautiful works of our forefathers by a man who could build so nobly from the ground himself must always remain inexplicable.

A lady staying at Ottery with my father when Butterfield was also there took him soundly to task one Sunday after church for the extreme discomfort



WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD

From the portrait by Jane Fortescue, Lady Coleridge



WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD

of the seats : " But are you not a little undersized ? " was the inquiry of the caustic architect.

As a man he commanded universal esteem, no one doubted his high character and scrupulous integrity, he was shy and yet carried firmness to the point of obstinacy in his craft and everything else. I never remember his admitting that he had changed his mind about anything in the world, and had he ever made such an admission, I am sure his friends would have received it with incredulity. He never married, and lived austerely in Bloomsbury in grim discomfort, without carpets.

CHAPTER IX

SIR WILLIAM BOXALL—SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE—
MR. JUSTICE MANISTY—HENRY SMITH—SIR
GODFREY KNELLER—LORD OVERSTONE—CHARLES
ROUPELL—BOB LOWE

AT the present day the name of Sir William Boxall the painter is, I suppose, nearly forgotten, but for years he was Director of the National Gallery, and in his day had a wide reputation as a portrait painter.

I do not remember any time of my life till his death when he was not constantly at my father's house. He was one of his most intimate and affectionate friends. And I well remember how long it was after he was knighted before we could get used to calling him anything but Mr. Boxall, so familiar was his name to us.

A wonderful place was his studio in Welbeck Street, No. 14. Canvases of all shapes and sizes leaned twenty deep against the walls all round the room, which was thus turned from a large into a small one. Farthest back, towering up against the



SIR WILLIAM BOXALL, R.A.
From the portrait by Jane Fortescue, Lady Coleridge



SIR WILLIAM BOXALL

wall, loomed the upper parts of the great cartoons which he did for a former Lord Pembroke for the church at Wilton, and which the Bishop of Salisbury of that date forbade to be put up after Boxall had at great pains finished them! Two of these cartoons are now in my brother's house at Ottery St. Mary.

Year after year the canvases remained piled there one against another, never desecrated by the profane hand of any housemaid, until a time came when the hands that had put them there lost the strength as well as the will to move them. There they lay till he had long forgotten what most of them were.

So little did he care what became of his work that a very fine picture of the "Return of the Prodigal Son" was discovered by my father rolled up, with tears and holes in it, behind the door of a disused closet. When my father brought it out, unrolled it, admired it, and expressed a wish to buy it, the old man said—

"Well, my dear Coleridge, if you *want* a picture of mine of that sort, I have somewhere or other about the house an 'Adam and Eve' that is very much finer than that."

My father hunted high and low, but the "Adam and Eve" was never found. After his death, when the old studio was turned out, it was hoped that the "Adam and Eve" would come to light, but it did not, and never has to this day.

MEMORIES

But though he was thus careless of what became of his works, he was sensitive to an extraordinary degree to any discussion of them by persons wanting in knowledge of art.

A fine full-length picture of Mrs. William Gibbs in white satin, with her child at her side, he had nearly finished when Mr. Gibbs called to see it, and unfortunately permitted himself to say, "Isn't it rather white?" Whereat no sooner had he got into the street, than Boxall squeezed out a large tube of ivory black, and seizing the largest brush in the studio painted out in a few seconds the work of weeks, and then grimly awaited the next visit of his sitter. Of course this meant a quarrel which to the end of his life was never made up.

When Mr. William Gibbs died, the old pictor might very likely have softened, but the Gibbs family somewhat infelicitously wrote and asked him to let them buy that part of the canvas that had the child on it—which had escaped the ivory black, because Mrs. Gibbs had exhausted all the tube. This only made matters worse than ever, for the painter's soul groaned at the suggestion that he should cut out a portion of a composition. "Do they think I sell pictures by the square foot?" was his indignant comment.

He had a caustic humour, and was excellent company at dinner. I remember one night when

he was next me at the table and Ruskin was being discussed, I observed that he contributed nothing to the comments and criticisms, and said to him, "I notice, Sir William, that you are silent about Mr. Ruskin." Upon which he turned to me, and remarked, "My dear young man, when I was in Venice forty years ago he was glad to pick up a crumb from me—now he stones me with it!" This was an amusing sally, but I knew that he really quite appreciated Ruskin.¹

He was very kind to the younger generation of painters. For years Mr. Oules used to bring his pictures round to Welbeck Street for the old man's criticism and advice before they went to the exhibitions.

My mother much valued his criticisms of her work, and she would place him in a chair before the portrait she might at the time be working upon, where he would talk about anything else but the drawing for quite ten minutes, and not till then speak of it; and then his suggestions were few but invariably safe to follow; as far as I remember they had regard usually more to details of light and shade rather than to matters of outline and drawing.

¹ "A much regarded friend, Mr. Boxall, R.A., came on to Venice at this time (1845) after finishing at Milan the beautiful drawing from Leonardo's Christ. I got some most refined and right teaching from Mr. Boxall."—Ruskin's *Præterita*. (This drawing is now in my brother's possession at the Chanter's House.)—S. C.

MEMORIES

Sir William Boxall had many stories of Fuseli, who had been a teacher at the Academy in his time—and heard him exclaim once, “What is a lady’s head? A thing to strain hair upon!”

To Fuseli a pupil brought a crayon drawing of a head, which Fuseli examined a long time, and then said, “Good, very good!” at which the youth delighted exclaimed, “And I didn’t use a bit of bread, sir!” “Go home,” roared Fuseli, “and buy a quartern loaf and rub it all out!”

My mother was once talking to Sir William Boxall of Paganini, and had spoken of his amazing power of playing when he chose whole passages of complicated music entirely on one string. “Yes, my dear lady,” said Boxall, “but you must remember that that one string came out of his wife’s inside.”

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

Hursley Park, Sunday, 15th of January 1882.—Among the characteristic people who have passed away whom I have known is Sir William Heathcote, and I am writing this to-night at Hursley, whither I have come from Winchester with my father to dine and sleep at Lady Heathcote’s invitation.

My acquaintance with him began at the font, for he was my godfather, and up to last autumn when he died he was always very courteous and friendly to me, asking me to Hursley generally once a year.

SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE

He was the friend of my grandfather, Sir John Coleridge, of Arnold of Rugby, of William Gibbs the founder of Keble College, and the patron of Keble himself, who now lies in the churchyard hard by.

He sat in Parliament most of his life representing his county, and enjoyed the marked respect of both parties. He held the title and estates for fifty years, and was a perfect example of the old English country gentleman, possessing "that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound," refined in his tastes, of perfectly unaffected modesty though of commanding presence.

To the end of his life he never wore anything in the house other than the cut-away coat that is now assigned solely to evening dress. The only other men I have met who retain this fashion are Cousins, the engraver, and Jowett, the Master of Balliol.

These Heathcotes and the Ancaster Heathcotes are descended from a common ancestor who was, I believe, Lord Mayor of London early in the eighteenth century. Hursley, so long the home of one branch of this honourable family, was once occupied by Richard Cromwell, the great Pretender's son, and the monuments of the Cromwells are to be seen in Hursley Church.

On the death of Lady Heathcote, Hursley passed for ever out of the family, and has, I believe, changed hands more than once. These changes

MEMORIES

must happen in this shifting and mutable world, but when I now drive through the village of Hursley in my motor and pass the familiar gates into the park, I recall with regret the old days when my godfather used to drive his four-in-hand down the drive. I use the very beautiful silver mug he gave me at my christening every day.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

Carmarthen, the 13th of July 1882.—On circuit with Manisty as his Marshall. He talks with a broad northern accent, is slow as a Judge, but never discourteous. He was born in 1808, and began life as a solicitor's clerk, and tells me that in that capacity in the year 1830 he went to Westminster with a brief to deliver to some serjeant for a case coming on at a moment's notice, at that time no one but serjeants being allowed to hold briefs in the Common Pleas; and after going from one to another in despair, unable to get any one to take it, all being either engaged or retained on the other side, my grandfather, then Serjeant Coleridge, seeing his distress came up to him and volunteered to take it for him, and though there was hardly time for him to glance through the brief, he fought it and won it. From that day, he says, my grandfather was always very kind to him, and that he will never forget the scene in 1859 when, standing in plain clothes in the place where witnesses stand, my grandfather took his leave of the bar of England gathered to hear his farewell words.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER

Chester, 26th of July 1882.—To-day before Baron Huddleston, a taciturn yokel in the witness box would give no account under cross-examination of how he spent his time throughout the whole of the Sunday which was the date of the events being investigated. "Come, sir," at last exclaimed the counsel, "you must know something that you did during that long day." The peasant at last opened his mouth, and said with great deliberation, "I was standin' on the bridge an' a-sputtin' in the river."

1 Sussex Square, the 18th of February 1883.—Tonight Roupell and Uncle Harry to dinner. A good story. Lockyer, who edits *Nature*, was laying down the law somewhere with the late Henry Smith present, to whom Lockyer turned with an, "Isn't it so, Smith?" To which Smith replied, "My dear Lockyer, you seem to forget that you are not the author as well as the editor of *Nature*."

Another story was told of Sir Godfrey Kneller the painter and a doctor whose name I forget, who lived next door to each other and between whose gardens there was a wall with a door in it. The doctor having requested permission to call on the painter, the latter replied that the doctor was welcome to do anything to him except give him medicine. And Sir Godfrey shortly afterwards asking the doctor's permission to alter in some way the door between their gardens, the doctor sent in word that Sir Godfrey was welcome to do anything to the door except paint it.

MEMORIES

One night when Lord Overstone was dining here, the talk turned upon banking and bankers, and Lord Overstone having said that he banked at Gosling's, my father said to him, "But you and I were at Eton with Gosling, and I don't remember that he was very bright." "My dear Coleridge," replied Lord Overstone, "if he were to show a ray of intelligence I should remove my account."

At this same dinner party the Duke of Bedford was one of the guests, and my father having remarked on the perfect manner in which all the farms and cottages at Chenies were kept up, the Duke said, "Yes, my dear Coleridge, but you must remember that I shouldn't be able to do it if it wasn't for a few lodging-houses in Bloomsbury."

My father had been Charles Roupell's fag at Eton, and had ever after maintained a close friendship with him, which eventually he was able to manifest in a tangible form by appointing him an official referee.

Roupell possessed a strange and delightful character, he lived and died a bachelor, and enjoyed a very wide circle of friends. He went through the Franco-German War, succouring the wounded as a Knight of Malta, and had acquired a wide experience and knowledge of the art of war.

He had witnessed tremendous battles and knew

CHARLES ROUPELL

all the grandeur of triumph and all the horror of defeat. And I remember once his sitting over the fire and describing some of the great scenes he had witnessed ; and after dwelling on the awfulness of the stricken field at nightfall when a battle had been won and lost, he said, " Nevertheless, there can never be anything in the world so glorious as to lead a charge of ten thousand horse ! "

He was a very still man, and would sit in his chair with an appearance of inanition for a long time, and then drop out the most amusing contributions to the passing conversation of which he had seemed to be unconscious.

One day those about him having said something about people with large feet, he suddenly remarked, " I knew a man once with such long feet that he had to put his trousers on over his head. " A rather matter of fact Scotch lady rejoined, " Oh, but, Mr. Roupell, that isn't possible, is it ? " A subdued chuckle was all she received in reply ; and in another moment he added, " There was once a Scotchman whose feet were so long that when he wanted to turn over in bed, he had to get out and go round the bed and get in again on the other side. "

" Bob Lowe, " as he was universally called even after his elevation to the peerage, was an occasional guest at Sussex Square, and I remember his manner of saying caustic and witty things with his head bent

MEMORIES

over a little sideways as though he were dropping them into his own waistcoat pocket.

When staying out at country houses on Sunday he never accompanied the rest of the guests to church, which in my youth was a more remarkable and daring omission than it would now be considered. On one such occasion, a lady of punctual observance in this matter was courageous enough to ask Mrs. Lowe whether her husband never went to church, and received this reply, "No, Robert never goes to church, he thinks it so foolish."

When Dizzy made his private secretary a peer with the title of Lord Rowton, the magnitude of the public reward for such private services was made the subject of considerable criticism, and Bob Lowe's diverting contribution to the discussion delivered at dinner in his usual manner to his own waistcoat pocket was, "Well, after all, there is a precedent for it, Caligula made his horse a Consul."



JANE FORTESCUE, LADY COLERIDGE
From the portrait by Sir William Boxall, R.A.



CHAPTER X

ROBERT BROWNING—JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL—
ARCHBISHOP TRENCH — JENNY LIND — SHORT-
HOUSE—LORD LEIGHTON—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
—SIR GEORGE LEWIS

BROWNING was a frequent guest at Sussex Square, and I often met him out at dinner elsewhere, as he was an inveterate “diner-out.” He almost always talked down to ladies and discoursed to them about bonnets and clothes ; this not seldom filled clever women with annoyance.

Though my diary mentions frequent occasions when I was in his company, it records no luminous sayings of his. I do not think any one would have discovered from his talk that he was the extraordinary man his writings show him to have been.

Nor was his appearance in the least distinguished ; he was like hundreds of men one sees in clubs who are “something in the city.”

But he certainly had a keen sense of humour. Shortly after the publication of one of his volumes which was rather more obscure than usual, he and

MEMORIES

my father met on the steps of the Athenæum, and Browning asked my father if he had read this last volume. My father replied, "Yes, I have, and I think I understand about a third of it." To which Browning rejoined, "That's very well for a man of your understanding."

It was very pleasing to see his genuine pride in his son's painting ; he asked me several times to go with him to, or meet him at, the house where his son's pictures were to be seen before being sent to exhibition.

I am sure he did everything in his power to secure recognition of the son's talent.

Jowett, the celebrated Master of Balliol, was often at Sussex Square, and sometimes came to Ottery.

I have many passing notices of him in my diaries, but he did not say very illuminating things, and it was difficult to perceive why he was so famous.

The first mention I find of him is in 1881 :—

Jowett is here ; a little round man of undistinguished features, a small high voice, a receding chin, and a round nose. His aspect is strangely suggestive of a bird of the parrot species.

My father told me the following diverting tale about him, that an undergraduate at Balliol fell ill not long ago and his sister came up and nursed him. The Master was very kind, and was constant in his visits to the young man's rooms.

The youth recovered, and the sister was preparing

JOWETT

to depart when Jowett came to bid her good-bye. She thanked him warmly for his constant kindness to her brother, and concluded by saying that she had a great favour to ask of him, "Would he mind marrying her?" Jowett, with great agitation, seized his cap and rushed from the room, exclaiming, "My dear young lady, it would be utter misery to both of us!" Needless to say the young lady had referred only to the performance of the ceremony, she having very naturally formed an attachment to one of her brother's young friends.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

Ottery St. Mary, the 4th of January 1882.—Jowett and I were late for prayers. We met in the inner hall, and he peeping through the glass door into the outer hall, where my father's voice could be heard reciting the family prayers, said to me, "Ah! we are two Peris, you see, shut out! shut out!"

ANOTHER EXTRACT

I Sussex Square, the 20th of June 1882.—The Archbishop of Dublin¹ came to-day to stay, with a daughter. At dinner talk turned upon Jowett and Stanley. My father said that the Dean, a little before his death, had remarked to him that somehow he found Jowett's society depressing. "Might it not have been," said the Archbishop, "from his noticing in Jowett a want of true Christian principles?"

¹ Archbishop Trench.

MEMORIES

This rather surprised me, as, I think, the world generally understands both the Dean and Jowett to have been as broad as each other as to dogma. I do not think this is necessary to explain the depressing effect of Jowett; he is an old bachelor and a Don. But he has the counterbalancing qualities of evenness and serenity.

Having been at Cambridge myself, I am unable to speak of the causes that gave him his unquestioned position of influence and predominance at Oxford.

I suppose we may, in any case, assign to him the creation of the Balliol manner which so felicitously elevates and distinguishes its possessors. By this work alone he enforces the survival of his memory in the great world.

Jenny Lind used to come occasionally to Sussex Square, and whenever she came to dinner my father was careful neither himself to ask her to sing nor to allow any one else to suggest it in her hearing if he could help it. He did not think it proper to ask any one to confer that kind of favour upon him merely because he or she was his guest.

Jenny Lind, however, fully appreciating my father's taste in the matter, used to go up to him and say quite simply, "Shall I sing?" and of course she was at once led to the piano, and an instant silence fell on the whole company. Her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, accompanied her. I never shall

JENNY LIND

forget one great occasion when, after singing one or two of her songs, she asked my father if there was any particular song he would like to hear, and some inspiration came to him to ask her if she ever sang "Auld Robin Gray."

In a few moments she had begun it, and something must have moved her to throw her whole marvellous power of dramatic emotion into the singing of this old-world story; for never in my life have I heard anything so transporting and overwhelming. Tears were in her eyes, and sobs of anguish seemed to well up out of her heart; everybody in the great drawing-room rose and stood round in a wide spell-bound circle; and when at last she had finished and stood with one hand on the piano looking at the floor in silence, all were too overcome for some moments to speak. My father went to her, took her hand, and led her away to a sofa saying some words of gratitude to her, and the wonderful scene was over.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

I *Sussex Square, the 27th of June 1883.*—Dinner party here. I took in Jenny Lind. In speaking of some silly gossip lately current about a well-known actor and actress, she said in her pretty foreign accent, "Ah! I haf never believed any of that; there is nothing so certain to take off the

MEMORIES

edge of affection as to make love mechanically for a year every night at half-past nine ! ”

I remember Shorthouse once coming to Sussex Square, but I have no record of it, and do not retain any very clear vision of him, but I have an interesting extract from my diary, which I here transcribe :—

Salisbury, the 3rd of July 1883.—Dined at the Deanery (Dean Boyle), talk turned on Cromwell. The Dean had been looking up the period for information of Baxter, incidentally convinced from his researches of Cromwell's hypocrisy. My father defended him with his usual vehemence, his defence taking the oblique form of terrific onslaught upon Charles. The Dean vainly protested that he was not saying a word in the King's favour ; but my father pursued his course nevertheless.

Somewhere in the pauses, however, the Dean had this interesting anecdote :—That he remembered Hartley Coleridge having told him that his father (S. T. C.) had, when examining some contemporary letters since lost or disappeared in an old country house, come across one in which were the following words : “The King says that wherever he goes he sees the blood of Strafford.”

The Dean added that, in talking to Shorthouse about the period, he had mentioned to him this phrase which Coleridge had come upon ; and that he had no doubt that was the origin of a

LORD LEIGHTON

striking passage Shorthouse had put into *John Inglesant*.

I knew Lord Leighton for many years, and used frequently to go to his studio on Sunday afternoons.

I had a great admiration for his wonderful versatility. In days of specialisation when men are content to master, and excel in, one small and confined field of mental effort, nothing is more refreshing than to find a man laying all the arts under contribution to him. Leighton was a picturesque and finished orator, he was a masterly sculptor, he spoke fluently most of the European languages, he was a scholar and man of letters, and painting was one of his accomplishments. In all this he was a great contrast to Millais, who when painting Newman's portrait always addressed him as "Mr. Cardinal," was incapable of making the shortest and most perfunctory speech, and whose intellectual vision did not reach far beyond his palette.

Leighton told me that he made it an absolutely inviolable rule of his life, always to be in bed by twelve o'clock at night. He found it necessary to make this resolve and stick to it to preserve his powers unjaded.

He had another rule which, as far as I observed, he followed with complete regularity. At six o'clock every Sunday afternoon he went to visit

MEMORIES

his old father, and whether there were many or few present in his studio, as soon as it was six o'clock, with simple courtesy he explained the cause of his departure, but hoped no one would think it necessary to leave because he himself was going. This, I think, afforded a glimpse of his private life that was wholly pleasing and gracious.

I have among my preserved letters one from G. F. Watts on Leighton after his death.

LIMNERSLEASE, GUILDFORD,
November 13, 1900.

DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—What a wonderful tribute! none but those who knew Leighton as I did can know how true the estimate is; it was indeed a great and glorious individuality. Nature seemed to such as myself to be unkindly partial, but perhaps the privilege of knowing so splendid an example should be regarded as enough; alas for the loss! I think the poem really beautiful and admirable. May I keep it?

I hope all is well with you. Do you paint ever now?—Believe me to be very sincerely yours,

G. F. WATTS.

James Russell Lowell, the American Minister, was a frequent guest at my father's house in the early eighties. He lived in a very unpretentious manner in a modest house in Lowndes Square. Though he was married, Mrs. Lowell never accompanied him anywhere; I never heard any reason assigned for

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

her absence. I think it was generally supposed that she was a permanent invalid. I have a note in my diary in 1881, thus :—

Lowell the other night at dinner having overheard me speak of Clough with admiration, when the ladies had gone and only Lord Justice Bowen was left between us, leant across and asked me whether young men in England read Clough much. I said I thought his was on the whole a growing reputation, and knowing my father's opinion that Clough was not finished enough to live, I asked Lowell whether he did not think Clough was perhaps at times a little too unfinished. "I should call him free," he replied.

I repeated this subsequently to my father, but he shook his head and remained of his former opinion.

I have observed in Lowell an extreme criticalness in the matter of what the world accepts as good sayings. The other night a story having been told of some one having said of Dizzy that "his wheat was worthless, but his chaff the best in the world," and everybody else having enjoyed the wit of the remark, Lowell objected to it as "too good."

This extreme fastidiousness of taste in Lowell rather damps the general geniality of the company. He seems hardly to be amused by what provokes hilarity in the rest of us.

The 29th of June 1882.—Lowell got upon Ireland and was very interesting. He was an outsider and

MEMORIES

therefore could look at the thing dispassionately and without bias. He observed that as a fact, as before, the English Government coerced first and conceded afterwards, thereby always giving agitators their grievance to work with before they did anything else. We were for ever trying to govern Ireland on the same old exploded lines long out of date elsewhere. He called Ireland's complaint "the *anno domini* complaint"; telegraphs, railways, and penny papers had brought things to such a pass that if a landlord kicked a man in Tipperary, the kick reverberated in London and all the capitals of Europe by next morning. This naturally made it impossible to govern Ireland on the eighteenth century lines. He thought there had been real and severe injustice done hitherto in the matter of arrears, and that the Government should have put that right first before any coercion was attempted.

He ended by emphatically remarking that timely concessions to just demands were at all times and in all places the true and far-seeing policy.

This seemed so obvious a reference to our loss of America that Mr. Gilliat¹ made an observation in that sense; to which Lowell replied that in that particular matter of America our withholding just concessions hastened the separation. "But," he said,

¹ John S. Gilliat of Chorley Wood and Crosby Square, the head of an ancient house of business, a man of saintly life and high reputation among all with whom he ever came in contact. It was my privilege to be on terms of intimate affection with him for over thirty-five years. He died in 1912.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

“it must have come in any case.” With which the subject dropped, it being unbecoming in any of us to say more on that tremendous question after such a pronouncement from the representative of the great Republic !”

Lowell always seemed to me less a poet than a man of the world. He seemed to approach and discuss all subjects with a cold detached regard. Nothing ever kindled his enthusiasm. He never even expressed sanguine appreciation of anything. He was cold, not from a proud mastery of the passions, but from being born without them. He appraised the world and all that therein is with a precise and dry depreciation ; and was not a diplomatist happily selected if the Americans wished to cultivate more affectionate relations with the old country. He nevertheless liked London and the life led in it ; and after he had ceased to be the Minister of his country here, he continued to spend more of his time here than in America—a preference that was, I believe, commented on unfavourably by his own countrymen. But inasmuch as he had formed many friendships here with our ablest men, his enjoyment of London life was easily explained.

One of the notable men of my time was Sir George Lewis, in whose character extreme alertness and tenacity were united with much kindness of heart.

MEMORIES

My father told me that some proceedings taken before him in his Court by Sir George threw a most creditable light upon him as a lawyer who was ready to spend a very considerable amount of money in befriending the poor woman whose cause he espoused although she was wholly without personal attraction, and had not a penny in the world to pay for the costs of the action. Sir George, he said, could not possibly have been actuated by any other motive than the determination to see a poor friendless woman justly treated, and a wrong righted. Sir George Lewis's greatest achievement was the preparation and conduct of the case for Parnell in the Commission appointed to investigate *The Times* charges, which ended in leaving the Editor of that paper in the position of having to apologise for libelling the Irish leader on the strength of a forged document bought for two thousand pounds from Pigott, who committed suicide. The exposure was complete and final, and it produced a profound effect on public opinion.

I was present at the conclusion of Sir Charles Russell's magnificent speech, when, in a voice broken with emotion, he said that though from England, the land of his adoption, he had received much for which he was grateful, yet it was Ireland, the country of his birth, which he was there to defend with all his heart and strength. As he spoke the sun came

SIR GEORGE LEWIS

out and shone down upon him in a shaft of light while the rest of the Court was in comparative gloom ; and it was a great moment in the history of Ireland when the triumphant orator sank back in his seat pale and trembling with his supreme effort.

Hannen, who was President of the Commission, presently passed down a note to him, which he afterwards showed to my father, it ran thus : " A great speech, worthy of a great occasion.—JAMES HANNEN."

I was once or twice in Parnell's company. At William O'Brien's wedding breakfast I sat between Parnell and Sir George Lewis, and I well remember when Parnell came to speak he alluded to O'Brien as "our colleague," paused a moment, and then added "our beloved colleague," which from that still, cold man was a wonderful tribute to a winning personality.

CHAPTER XI

GOLDWIN SMITH—RUSKIN—GLADSTONE—DISRAELI—

SIR JAMES PAGET

EXTRACT FROM DIARY

*M*ARCH the 10th, 1882.—To-night Goldwin Smith came to dinner. Impossible to form any estimate of him, certainly he is not a brilliant talker, an iron-grey looking man, spoilt as to looks by meagre whiskers and moustache. My father had asked Hutton, the Editor of the *Spectator*, to meet him.

30th April 1882.—Goldwin Smith is staying here for the Academy banquet which took place last night. He said at breakfast that nearly all those who might be called scourges of mankind had been small men, and instanced Attila and Napoleon. Cæsar was discussed as a scourge not particularly undersized, so too Hannibal, whom Livy describes as a large man; and my father saying that Hannibal was the greatest military genius the world had ever seen, Goldwin Smith observed that he, after all, had trained troops against militia, and that though in an enemy's country always, yet that his troops could not desert without facing *certain*

GOLDWIN SMITH

death. On the whole, he said he thought Marlborough was the greater general; never being beaten in the field, never besieging a city without taking it, and never undertaking anything without accomplishing it.

He told a story of a French doctor being called in to attend a man, and becoming sure that he was being poisoned by his wife; not feeling at all inclined, however, to take the heavy responsibility of denouncing her, he at last bethought him of a plan of operation. Sending for the wife, he began by saying that the symptoms were very mysterious, but that he had discovered the cause of his illness, at which he paused, and she blenched; "But," he continued, "he will get better to-morrow, much better to-morrow"—and he did.

The impression left on my mind of Goldwin Smith is a little depressing. He was cold and deliberate, and you might feel sure that his just and frigid judgments would never be warmed by any sentiment; the impulsive errors of generous and sanguine youth would never have been regarded by him with amused indulgence, as would certainly have been the case with Matthew Arnold.

He was manifestly a man of stern unbending rectitude, who had found the world unsatisfactory, and his own part in it disappointing. He commanded respect more than affection. He expressed his opinions with freedom, and adhered to them

MEMORIES

with tenacity, and always with complete indifference to popularity. He was a distinguished ornament to Canada, the land of his adoption, and I believe they were appropriately proud of him.

Once or twice in early life I met John Ruskin when he was in the full possession of his wonderful powers, and had achieved the revolution of English prose associated with his name.

No doubt De Quincey had begun the change by throwing away the ancient universal restraints and the decorous continence of the eighteenth century ; but Ruskin withdrew all veils from his emotions, discarded all shackles of reserve, and poured his sobs and ecstasies upon us in soaring periods of impassioned eloquence, glittering with decorative alliterations, and adorned with euphonious harmonies of vowel sounds.

No doubt this new habit of mind and speech in the hands of such a really great master as Ruskin has created for us an entrancing medium of expression. But with lesser men the abandonment of restraint, and the licence of intimacy, leads to nothing but a deluge of hyperbole, superlatives, and redundancy.

But that which brought me as a youth to love and reverence Ruskin was his detestation of cruelty condoned under the appellation of "Sport." When Landseer, amid the thoughtless applause of fashion,

sent to the Academy a picture of the cowardly brutalities of an otter hunt, Ruskin addressed him thus :—

“I would have Mr. Landseer, before he gives us any more writhing otters or yelping packs, reflect whether that which is most worthy of contemplation in a hound be its ferocity, or in an otter its agony, or in a human being its victory over a poor little fish-catching creature a foot long.”

At one time when I was endeavouring seriously to study the forms of clouds, I set to work systematically to watch them with a camera always ready at hand, with which I made a large collection of cloud photographs.

I found it practically impossible to get both clouds and foregrounds on the same plate at once.

After a time I sent a selection of my cloud photographs to Ruskin, and asked him one or two questions about them. He replied with the following characteristic letter :—

(No date.)

Your photographs are entirely right and beautiful, and I am extremely glad of them.

Never mind what artists tell you. Virtually we have *none* ; but only blundering charlatans pilfering tricks from the French.

You *can't* have foregrounds and skies too ; fix your mind wholly on skies, and give up everything

MEMORIES

for them, at present. No study will reward you more, nor is any in so completely elementary a state. Give your young energy to it; and you will soon have wonderful things to tell and show the world. All the clouds you have sent me are plague-cloud—there is scarcely any other now—nor is it ever worth drawing or photographing.

Wait quietly for calm, clear weather and photograph quiet clouds and distinct ones when they come, and read up all that is known of them and go on.

Ask me anything I can tell you, and believe me ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I never saw Ruskin after he went to live at Brantwood, but in 1890 when I took Mr. Graham's house, Huntingstile, on Grasmere, for the summer, I drove over one day to the head of Coniston, and took a boat and rowed down the lake to Brantwood.

Mrs. Severn received me very graciously, but, alas! "the master" was not then sufficiently himself for it to be fitting for one who revered him to see him. Nor would I willingly have marred or blurred the splendid image of him that I bore in my memory.

I therefore rowed back up the lovely lake over which his windows looked, and that was the last time I was ever under the same roof with him.

The rugged summit of Coniston Old Man towers above the little churchyard where he lies, and one

GLADSTONE

more great name is linked to those hills and lakes, making them ever more dear and sacred to all who speak the great speech of our race.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

14th of March 1882.—Mr. Gladstone came to dine here; this is the first time I have seen him intimately. He is a marvellous-looking being: a devouring aspect of countenance, an eye that would pierce a wall. I was too far from him at dinner to profit from his talk.

He had no carriage to take him home, and would have no cab called, saying to me as he descended the stairs, "I like to walk, for it stirs the blood through me." I helped him into his coat, and he was very gracious.

He strode away into the night. The servants afterwards told me that several policemen attended him at a respectful but handy distance without his knowledge, having watched outside all the time he was in the house.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

The 24th of May 1882.—An interesting dinner party at home to-night. Mr. Goschen,¹ Sir Richard Cross,² the Bishop of Ely, Lord Justice Brett,³ The Dean of Westminster, and others.

Mr. Goschen told an amusing story illustrative of the contrast of character in Gladstone and Dizzy.

¹ Afterwards 1st Viscount Goschen. ² Afterwards Lord Cross.

³ Afterwards 1st Lord Esher.

MEMORIES

The latter having in his speech at the Academy banquet said that the noble distinctive trait of British Art was its boundless fertility in imagination and fancy, afterwards walked away with Goschen, to whom he forthwith descanted on English painters and deplored their total want of fancy and imagination. Goschen thereupon having gently reminded him that this was not exactly what he had led people to believe was his opinion in his speech at the banquet. "No," replied Dizzy, "but then, my friend, one must be pleasant after dinner."

Goschen on meeting Gladstone next morning thinks to amuse him with the relation of this little anecdote; but as he proceeds no smile crosses the stern features of the great man, and when Goschen had finished, with darkened brow Gladstone glared at him and roared out, "D'you mean to say that he carried his ghastly insincerity within those walls! It's hellish!"

Dean Stanley repeated a good saying of Lord Houghton. Sterling had put mottoes over the doors of most of the rooms in his house, and after taking Houghton over it they reached the kitchen; there was no motto over its door, and Sterling explained that he had not hit on a good enough one for the place. "I'll give you one," said Houghton, "Onion is strength."

21st of June 1882.—My father to-night told a story of Dizzy I had never heard before. Lord Rosslyn, who is a man of strong words and strange

DISRAELI

oaths, had discussed a matter with Dizzy, differing from him with a warmth that showed signs of increasing, whereupon Dizzy taking him by the arm said, "My dear friend, if you go on like this I shall have to think you are in earnest—like Gladstone."

Dean Stanley gave an interesting account of a dinner at the Deanery at the time when Disraeli was in office, and Gladstone had retired from the leadership of the opposition. They were both guests at this dinner, and when the ladies had gone, Dizzy took his glass and stepped to Gladstone's side, and sitting down by him began to say how much he wished Gladstone would return to his place on the front opposition bench; that the country suffered from his having withdrawn himself from the responsibilities but not from the powers of opposition, and he ended by saying, "You must come back, for we cannot do without you."

At this Gladstone replied with his usual earnestness, "Some things are possible—*that* is impossible!"

Whereat Dizzy leaning across him to the Dean said,—“You see!—the wrath of Achilles!”

I remember my father many years before this date recounting one of Dizzy's most penetrating retorts in the House. Some one (it may have been O'Connell, but I forget now who it was) had alluded to Dizzy as a "descendant of the impenitent thief."

Dizzy, when he rose to reply, quietly remarked

MEMORIES

that before any honourable members taunted him with having sprung from Hebrew parents, it would be well if they would reflect that half the civilized world worshipped a Jew and the other half a Jewess.

My father, I think, was present at the diverting occasion when Gladstone, in the middle of a fierce invective alluded to the opposition bench as "the Satellites of the Right Honourable gentleman," and was then interrupted by a colleague handing him some note, which he hurriedly glanced at, and then having lost the thread of his speech, said aside to Hartington, "Where was I?" And Dizzy overhearing this rose and leaning across the table said, "'Satellites' was the last word."

The 2nd of November 1883.—Last night Mr. Gladstone came to dinner. The rest of the party were Sir James Paget, Lord Justice Fry, Sir James Hannen, between whom I sat, Mrs. Proctor (Barry Cornwall's widow), Mrs. Gladstone, and Lady Fry.

Mr. Gladstone was full of Lewis Morris's last volume of poems, superlative in praise as is his wont.

He talked of children he knew, anecdotes of them—very pleasantly told; then of tea, how he was an inveterate drinker of tea between midnight and four in the morning in the House. That he believed Dean Stanley had beaten Doctor Johnson, the former being equal to absorbing fourteen cups against the latter's twelve.

GLADSTONE

My father having said that the fish in America were not equal to ours either in quality or variety, Mr. Gladstone said that he believed that in that and in two other more beautiful regards England surpassed any other spot in the world, the two others being singing birds and flowers.

Some one speaking of H——d's (a King's doctor) impotence as a medical man, said that no patient of his ever recovered if he got really ill, at which Paget remarked, "He could hardly expel Nature, could he?" and then Gladstone went on to say that a friend of H——d's had had him in attendance during a slight illness, but that the symptoms becoming alarming he sent for other advice, and when H——d came as usual, he was told at the door that Mr. Blank was too ill to see him.

I possess a letter from Mr. Gladstone praising quite inordinately an early literary effort of mine ; but it was his habit to speak and write thus in superlative terms, and I am content with the verdict of the public, which does not demand numerous editions of my lucubrations. And I think I shall be pardoned for publishing it for the sake of the remarkable interest of its contents.

10 ST. JAMES SQUARE,

Ap. 1, 90.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—I have read the singularly well-told story, and I thank you much for it. It opens up questions both deep and dark. It

MEMORIES

cannot be right to accept in religion or anything else a secret which destroys the life of an innocent fellow-creature.

I have been told, but I do not know whether to believe, that this is not all : that a murderer who confesses to a priest, receives absolution in the Church of Rome without confessing his sin to public justice, and so passes from the world. I think that in the case of Constance Kent, Mr. Wagner steadily refused her absolution, and this brought her to confess, thus effecting on behalf of public justice what law and police could not effect. I believe the reward he got was to be pelted in the streets of Brighton. But this does not touch the Miranda case, which is terrible. What absolution is, nay, what Divine pardon is, is another matter.—Ever yours sincerely,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The book here alluded to was *The Sanctity of Confession*, the plot of which was suggested to me by a series of events that actually happened in England, though to avoid identification of the persons concerned, I shifted the scene to Spain. Lapse of time has now removed any necessity for such artifice.

The facts were as follows. A man in a good position as a farmer was prosecuted successfully for forgery and sent to penal servitude for seven years. His home was broken up, his wife and children ruined and sent to the workhouse, all available

GLADSTONE

funds having been absorbed in the costs of his defence. To the Rector of his parish there came one night another parishioner, who, under the shield of confession, admitted himself to be the guilty man, and proved to the clergyman that the condemned farmer was entirely innocent. The Rector thereupon told the guilty man to give himself up to justice. This he declined to do, his good intentions being limited to a genuine effort to release the innocent man without incriminating himself. His view was that if the law was so foolish as to send the wrong man to Portland, it was not entitled to punish the right man merely on his own unaided and voluntary proofs of his own guilt. The Rector found himself in a condition of dreadful anxiety and perplexity, and consulted his Bishop as to what course it was his duty to follow.

The Bishop told me of all the circumstances, and I am afraid I took the legal and unclerical view that the clergyman should report the man's confession to the proper authorities; but the Bishop felt it impossible for him to give such advice, and decided that the Sanctity of Confession must be maintained inviolable at all costs.

The innocent farmer served his time and came out a broken man, though he was most kindly helped by the two who knew him to be innocent. The guilty man lived and died prosperous and respected.

MEMORIES

Constance Kent, alluded to by Mr. Gladstone, murdered her little brother when she was herself quite a young girl. For many years her father, who probably knew very well who had done it, lay silent under the awful suspicion of having killed his own child. At last Constance Kent's conscience could bear it no more, and she confessed to Mr. Wagner, at that time a clergyman at Brighton, conspicuous before the public for extreme ritualistic practices.

She was tried, and remained firm in her penitence, and so cleared her father from the horrible suspicions that had surrounded him. The case, which was popularly known as the "Roade Murder," created a great sensation in the sixties. The unhappy girl was not hanged, but, if I remember, went to penal servitude for life.

There was one strange gap in Mr. Gladstone's life of vast activity, which was regretfully pointed out to me by the great and saintly Lord Shaftesbury. Though Mr. Gladstone's sympathies were instantly and deeply roused by the political woes of peoples suffering under tyrannies and evil governments, though the miseries of distant Bulgarians drew from him passionate outpourings of moving eloquence; yet the sorrows of men, women, and children in England doomed by our industrial system to lives of endless pain and anguish, left him comparatively

GLADSTONE

cold. When Lord Shaftesbury began his great labour of salvation, when he pleaded against the abominations of forcing little children up chimneys, and the shame and horror of putting women at the bottom of mines dragging trucks on all fours half-naked, he told me that he could never get any help or encouragement from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone took no part in the long struggle to put down nameless cruelties to children, started by Mr. Waugh and Lord Shaftesbury, which has at last placed beneficent and humane laws upon the statute book. Mr. Gladstone never participated in Lord Shaftesbury's combats against cruelty to animals.

It seems incredible that a man whose heart was wrung by the sorrows of remote populations should not have felt deep compassion for the miseries of little children in the next street; and it must, I conclude, be to the immense preoccupations in other fields of effort which absorbed his entire attention, that we must attribute Mr. Gladstone's lack of interest in all Lord Shaftesbury's beneficent labours.

CHAPTER XII

HENRY LABOUCHERE—WHISTLER—LORD LLANGATTOCK

—G. F. WATTS

I USED to meet Henry Labouchere occasionally at dinner parties, and his chief characteristic seemed to be a total negation of sentiment. Very likely he really had a tender side to him, studiously concealed, and certainly he had no sympathy for cruelty of any kind, but in Society he posed as "hard as nails."

He possessed a caustic humour, and a startling audacity which refreshed and invigorated the jaded gatherings of tired Society. It was said, with I know not what truth, that he was disappointed at never receiving any ministerial appointment, but I cannot believe that he ever expected any such recognition as long as he was the editor of a paper; for there would be a manifest inconvenience, if not impropriety, in a member of any ministry being also in command of a newspaper.

His swordplay with bores was swift and mortal. When one approached him in a hotel in France, and

HENRY LABOUCHERE

opened on him thus : “ Mr. Labouchere, I believe. I had the happiness to know your mother very well in old days.” “ Indeed,” he replied, “ then perhaps you are my father.”

He was a nephew of Lord Taunton, and some bore who imagined that he was Lord Taunton's son, came up to him in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and said, “ I have just been listening to an interesting speech by your father in the House of Lords.” “ Dear me,” said Labouchere, “ I lost my father many years ago, and I never knew what had become of him ! ”

When he was in the diplomatic service, he was at one time attached to the English Minister's staff at Washington, and one day a consequential bumptious Englishman irrupted into the Legation and demanded to see the English Minister. Labouchere, who was seated in charge of the place, told the man that if he would explain his business, he, Labouchere, would attend to it. But the irate Britisher exclaimed that he would have nothing to do with anybody but the Minister himself. “ Very well,” said Labouchere, “ he is not at home, and if you won't explain your business to anybody else you had better sit down and wait for him.”

This the Englishman did, and Labouchere politely gave him a newspaper to read, and returning to his desk continued his own work. After a long half-

MEMORIES

hour, the plethoric visitor could contain himself no more, and asked when the Minister was likely to come in. "Well," said Labouchere, "he can't return for six weeks, because he left for England yesterday."

It was Labouchere who first called Gladstone the "Grand Old Man" in public, a title that was instantly adopted by the whole country, and soon shortened to the G.O.M.

I first knew Whistler when he was at the White House in Chelsea; the characteristics of the man were baffling. He possessed the most brilliant capacities and talents, but he preferred to amaze rather than to convince. He knew well enough that the path to perfect skill in anything is steep and full of stones and must be climbed with faith and loyalty by all who ascend it, but being quite convinced of the inherent stupidity of the British public, and caring as much for personal notoriety as for the acquisition of perfection in art, he did not disdain swift avenues to the first at the expense of the second.

It was difficult to regard more respectfully than with feelings of amusement, a man who arrived at parties with a long white wand taller than himself, which he carried into the assembly in his finger and thumb; although any one who assumed that he was nothing but a poser and coxcomb soon dis-

WHISTLER

covered that he possessed a most mordant wit. He was certainly a diverting flagellator of the industrious and the dull.

He had a gift of incisive epigram which made him a match in caustic dialogue even for Oscar Wilde, though the latter had a habit of repartee more generous than that of Whistler. Oscar never really wished to hurt, but Whistler had no such magnanimity. The innate courtesy of the Irishman was combined with the wide mind of the scholar in Oscar Wilde; Whistler approached his verbal adversary in the spirit of the vivisector. He lacked Oscar's bubbling good humour, well-bred taste, and sunny geniality.

I used to exhibit occasionally at the R.S.B.A. in Suffolk Street, in the days when Whistler was President, and well remember a varnishing day there at which Oscar Wilde was present, representing, I suppose, some newspaper, when in the centre of a circle of us he and Whistler tilted at one another with sustained vivacity.

At last some coruscation of Whistler's having received the applause of us all, Oscar's own appreciation of it drew from him, "Well, Mr. President, I should like to have said that myself," at which Whistler instantly replied, "You will."

Oscar Wilde had a never-failing flow of genuine fun. Happening to arrive with him at a party at a big

MEMORIES

house, we were ascending the great stairs together, when we saw descending a man with much hair on his face and a most sinister cast of features.

When he was still some way off, I remarked, "Here comes a distinguished countenance!" At which Oscar replied, "That is not his face we see, my dear Stephen, it's the back of his head!"

Oscar Wilde loved a good laugh, but Whistler was never hilarious.

Many of Whistler's pictures were somewhat indebted to the climate of London as well as to the brush of the artist for their ultimate effect. Painted originally on rough unprepared canvas, they were placed round the back garden at the White House on a slope, face upwards, on days when London fog and smoke were combined with a drizzling rain. By this device the steady fall of smuts was affixed by the drizzle uniformly over the picture, imparting to it that familiar dark and obscure finish so precious to the admirers of the master's work.

It was one of his notable aphorisms that "the perfect work of art is only finished when all signs of the means whereby it was produced have disappeared," and it is certain that only to those who had overlooked his back garden were the means whereby he produced some of his pictures precisely revealed.

The first Lord Llangattock, who died last year, I had

LORD LLANGATTOCK

the privilege of knowing intimately for many years. His character was strangely and serenely beautiful. While making no claim to commanding abilities, he compelled the affectionate regard of all who knew him. Here was a man of wealth whom no one envied, a man of great possessions faithfully and nobly administered, of wide and varied responsibilities honourably fulfilled, of large affairs capably conducted, who yet carried through a long life the unsullied heart of a child. Without any of the ostentations of religion he went his way through the manifold trials of the world guided and sustained by an unfailing kindness that was inexpressibly winning, by honour that "felt a stain like a wound," and by goodness that nothing could assail.

I think the tragic fate of his son, who was killed while flying at Bournemouth in 1910, dealt him a blow from which he never truly recovered; he was actually travelling to Bournemouth in the train when the catastrophe occurred, and had to face the news without warning at the railway station. The suddenness and awfulness of the calamity might well have crushed a younger and less sensitive man.

No one could be in his company for long without feeling a sense of the radiance, benevolence, and happiness of his spirit; supremely unconscious of the blessings he confers, such a man helps us

MEMORIES

all on our way and leaves us better than he finds us.

For many years I enjoyed his sympathy and wise counsel in our common efforts against the practice of vivisection. His wisdom illustrated the adage that the heart sees farther than the head. "Without the seeing heart," says Carlyle, "there is no true seeing for the head so much as possible ; all is mere oversight, hallucination, and vain superficial phantasmagories, which can permanently profit no one."

Accordingly, the basis of his judgments being loving-kindness, a fine magnanimous charity permeated his every word and deed, and gave him a vision wider and more trustworthy than that of men of subtler intellect who walked less with God.

When such a man dies, one of the bulwarks against the heartless cleverness and insolent flippancy of our day is removed.

He lies beside his intrepid son on a sunny slope in the little churchyard above the Hendre, where he lived ; and at his head there towers up a noble fir that guards but does not shadow his grave, and all around are the peaceful hills and dales of his native Monmouth. "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." *Καρδία φίλη αείμνηστε !*

Among my letters I find this is the first which I

G. F. WATTS

have preserved from G. F. Watts. It is dated 1884, and the correspondence then begun continued till his death in 1904.

April 28, 1884,
LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE.

DEAR MR. COLERIDGE, — I shall be much gratified by the visit you propose. You will be pretty sure to find me any day between 6 and 7. Please speak to me as if you were talking to yourself, life is not long enough for ceremony when we have anything to say.—Yours sincerely,

G. F. WATTS.

Most of Mr. Watts's letters to me, of which I have several volumes, are on intimate subjects with which the world has no concern ; but I feel justified in selecting a few for insertion here which contain nothing that it is a breach of confidence to reveal, and which demonstrate his kindness of heart and breadth of vision.

He and Browning were fast friends, and on the latter's death Watts wrote the following letter to me :

December 22, 1889.

I am labouring away with some anxiety about my works, fearing I may not be able to carry out my projects for want of health and time.

I am away for the winter, being now very

MEMORIES

subject to bronchitis, with its attendants, so that escape from the fogs of London is necessary.

You have been publishing! I have not seen your book, but hope you are satisfied with the result.

I dare say you knew Browning? His death makes a gap in my life, and makes me feel how many more of my old friends stand on the verge over which there is blankness and silence as far as personal influence is concerned, although in the case of Browning death in the sense of extinction has no meaning. — With all good wishes, very sincerely yours,

G. F. WATTS.

As a painter in a humble way myself, I was the fortunate recipient of Watts's advice and help on frequent occasions, and in some of his letters he makes most luminous and penetrating remarks on the art of which he was so consummate a master. The following letter has no date, but I think it must have been written at the time when I had my first exhibition of pictures at Dowdeswell's in Bond Street.

(No date.)

MY DEAR MR. COLERIDGE, — I am greatly interested by your coming out as an amateur artist. I think I told you that amateur work has for me very often more charm than professional, indeed the professional element both in art and music is the one I care least about, to say the truth. I might

G. F. WATTS

rather say it seems to me to be often destructive of finer qualities. The artist is generally one who has taken up the profession because it is a good one from a general and commercial point of view, while the amateur cares for the thing itself. There is this difference between the work of the one and the other. The professional artist, even if he have less ability, learns to *complete*: such completion may be mechanical and really good for nothing, but it looks like finish, and *is* in its way finish; the amateur mainly suggests, and for the reason given above his suggestion is really a better thing than the laboured completion, but the want of this latter quality takes the seriousness out of the work. Completion does not mean smoothness or elaboration. The most rapid work of Velasquez or Tintoretto will be a far more finished production than an elaborate painting by an inferior artist, but in the one case, however rough or even coarse the strokes may be, every one will mean something, will be in the right place and will have a distinct edge. This last is perhaps the great test, as certainty of touch will prove the workman's correctness of eye and cultivation of hand; not only must every form be a real form, but, what is often overlooked, the shadows must no less be true in shape and depth.

When I return to town I shall be most happy to be of use to you if I can be.—Very sincerely yours,
G. F. WATTS.

Just as I was writing this your letter came to hand.

MEMORIES

Thanks for the photograph, which is admirable, and which has the completeness I was writing of.

The next letter will, I think, be of interest to every one as showing how entirely Watts held to the principle that great gifts should be used to draw men away from what is evil and to lead them up to what is noble.

He utterly repudiated the modern cry of "Art for Art's sake." "Art for the glory of God" would have more accurately defined his principle.

LIMNERSLEASE, GUILDFORD,
Nov. 11, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—Thank you for the number of the Magazine, which has been forwarded to me here. I am glad you lift up your voice against the want of appreciation of Tom Hood, a true poet, and one of the very few who have turned a great poetical gift to practical teaching; it is my quarrel with our best that they seldom do so but rather wander, I should rather say soar, among abstractions. In my smaller way I would endeavour to suggest the deviations from the right in our daily life, and the better road, by direct appeal to sympathy and sense of justice; of all the poets, great poets, only Hood and Mrs. Browning have remembered this duty.

I was so little in town, and so much of my time when there was spent in bed with influenza and in

G. F. WATTS

the house afterwards from inability to shake off the consequences, that I did not see your pictures, which I am very sorry for, or yourself and Mrs. Coleridge, which I am also very sorry for.

There are some things I should like to ask you about.—With best regards to Mrs. Coleridge, believe me to be yours very sincerely,
G. F. WATTS.

As he had not been to Dowdeswell's, and wanting extremely to have his criticism of my work, I sent after him into the country a set of photographs of some of the pictures. I insert his letter, as what he says on cloud forms must interest every one. The rest of the letter must be ascribed to his amiable desire to encourage a young friend!

LIMNERSLEASE, GUILDFORD,
Dec. 17, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—I have just got your pictures and I like them very much indeed, they are too good for mere praise, so I shall only say that I hope you will go on and do as much as you can find time for. Being so good I shall criticise, or rather suggest, the skies want a little more character, cloud forms are as beautiful as mountain and tree forms, and are indeed grander than anything else; you can find opportunity of studying them every moment.

Do you know Ruskin on cloud forms?

I shall certainly seize upon an opportunity of

MEMORIES

visiting your studio ; I had no idea you were such an artist. Shall I send back the prints or keep them for a Christmas gift?—Very sincerely yours,

G. F. WATTS.

Once when I was staying with him at Monkshatch, near Guildford (which was the house he occupied before he built Limnerslease), I observed a beautiful drawing of a man's head, and asking him who it was, he told me the history of it.

A young working man in a factory in the north discovered that a fresh "hand" had not been long released from prison when "taken on" at the works. Being impulsive and thoughtless he addressed his fellow-workmen during the dinner interval on the iniquity of expecting them and himself to work cheek by jowl with an ex-gaol-bird, and finally proposed that a deputation should be formed to go to the manager and protest.

The deputation was not needed, for the ex-criminal, without uttering a word, tied up his few belongings in a handkerchief, slung them on his stick over his shoulder, and walked away out of the works and down the street, and disappeared round the corner.

Then the sense of the silent hopelessness of the departed man rushed upon his accuser, and once more he got on his feet, and exclaimed, "Mates, have we done right, being Christian men, to drive him out? My God, let me fetch him back!" As

simple men will, they as quickly wished him back as they had driven him forth.

The young man ran down the street to fetch the poor outcast back, but he had passed out of sight, and though efforts of all sorts were made to find him they never availed.

This young workman from that day forth felt a weight on his heart and conscience that led him to seek atonement for what he had done in driving out the uncomplaining convict who had suffered his punishment but remained unforgiven, and for the rest of his life he had spent all his hours outside the factory, where he still laboured, in ceaseless efforts to befriend and to persuade others to befriend, men and women who had been to prison. All this had come to Watts's ears, and he sought the man out and cordially supported his long life's work, and, finding that his unwearied labours to seek God's forgiveness for his original heartless deed had left their indelible mark upon his countenance, Watts had done this wonderful drawing of the man's head. I am sorry that I have forgotten the man's name.

Such a man with such a history was certain to appeal very strongly to Watts's own noble nature, for never did there live a man more filled with brotherly love for his fellow-men; the outcast and the lost were those to succour whom he would have gone down himself into the pit.

MEMORIES

He was entirely indifferent to money, and either gave to the nation, or kept in his own house, many of his most magnificent works. Once when I was with him a manufacturer of great wealth wrote to him respectfully requesting to be painted by him, and enclosing a signed cheque saying Watts might fill it up for whatever sum he chose. I asked what reply he had sent the man, and he said quite simply, "Oh, I told him I only painted persons of distinction," and I found he meant this to be a form of refusal that would not hurt the man's feelings, as he could not consider himself "distinguished."

Some circumstances of his private life led him to live in a dignified seclusion, and to decline all worldly honours. He went nowhere, but all who sought him for help or counsel found him not difficult of access.

He had a fine old-world courtesy based not upon laws of manners, but upon largeness of heart. He rose with the dawn, and was often working in his studio when I stayed with him before six in the morning. He was contented to be alone with his thoughts and his art, but he welcomed the intrusion of a friend with a grave cheerfulness. He was self-contained, but nevertheless filled with charity. And as long as high intention and frequent noble fulfilment in art are valued in the world his name must be imperishable. The following letter is the last I

G. F. WATTS

ever received from him, and it is to me a priceless possession :—

LIMNERSLEASE, GUILDFORD,
January 14, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—I hope the new year has begun happily with you and will continue in all things fortunate. It is a long time since I heard from you, and should like to know if you have anything good to tell me about yourself or others.

If I live till the 23rd of next month I shall enter my 86th year, and cannot have long to know of good or evil. I hope your son whom I saw at Charterhouse is fairly launched. With best regards to Mrs. Coleridge, believe me to be very sincerely yours,

G. F. WATTS.

With serene repose and dignity, this great interpreter of life and seer of visions awaited his translation from the world ; and when the summons came he obeyed

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

CHAPTER XIII

ROBSON—PHELPS—CHARLES WARNER—HERMANN VEZIN

MY first recollection of the stage goes back to 1863, when my father took me to see Robson in *The Yellow Dwarf*. I was then nine years old.

I have no very clear image of Robson in that play, but about a year later I saw him again when he was very near his end.

The poor fellow had a song and dance, and he had very little but manner and gesture to carry his song along, and when it was finished and before he began his dance we heard him say to himself, "Thank God, my feet aren't hoarse!"

From where we sat at the end of a row in the stalls on the O.P. side we could see him after he had finished his dance, and had gone off on the prompt side, leaning against a bit of the scenery in helpless exhaustion.

Phelps, I often saw in many parts, but the one that lives most powerfully in my memory was that of the old brazier or blacksmith in *John Bull*.

CHARLES WARNER

The scene where he faced the squire in his Hall was a tremendous effort of restrained power.

Charles Warner seemed to me to carry on the tradition of Phelps more than any other player. He was a fine emotional actor of the old splendid school. His *Drink* took the town when he first played it, and I believe its educational value was real and great.

His Leontes, which he played not long before his death, with Ellen Terry as Hermione, was the most convincing portrayal of jealousy I have ever seen on the stage. He played it more subjectively than objectively, giving the impression of awful suffering, and of a tortured heart, rather than of objective wrath at his wrong.

Playing thus, he commanded intense sympathy for the character, and entirely avoided the repulsion which all other treatments of the passion of jealousy inevitably arouse.

Jealousy that finds its main expression in anger with its object, and hatred of the supplanter, never really commands sympathy or avoids contempt. A jealous man thus portrayed is a bore. But jealousy as a self-consuming agony breaking a man's heart compels pity and commiseration.

I have seen Irving and Booth play Othello alternate nights, and I have seen Forbes Robertson both as Othello and Leontes, but they none of them

MEMORIES

reached the insight into the true and deepest elements of this awful emotion which Charles Warner attained.

The last time I had a talk with him was in his dressing-room when he was playing this part at His Majesty's, and he then described humorously how the Americans had telegraphed offers to him to go over and play his short whirling monologue, *At the Telephone*, and how he had refused and refused as they rose in their offers from £150 a week, by fifties at a time, till they got to £350, when he capitulated !

I never saw him again. He died in America of a stroke. He was one of the fine old school of actors. He made it a rule to come to a first rehearsal word perfect.

Hermann Vezin, the actor, I knew from about 1879 till his death. He was an American, and was born at Philadelphia, and seemed to have determined his pronunciation of English by rules and maxims more than by association with those who speak it properly. Certainly there remained with him very little of the intonation and accent peculiar to his countrymen. One of his maxims was that "hostile" should be pronounced "hostle," "fertile" "fertle," and so on. He also had a firm belief that the word "my" should never be so pronounced, but that it should be clipped to little more than the sound of the letter "m," with perhaps the faintest possible

HERMANN VEZIN

suggestion of an "e" after it. That when an Englishman says to him, "Give me my hat," he feels inclined to ask him who disputed his possession of it. He maintained that all who really know how to pronounce English would say, "Give me m'hat."

The 12th of May 1882.—Met Irving to-day and told him about Hermann Vezin's notions about English, and particularly that "hostile" was "hostle," and "fertile" "fertle." "And how," says Irving, "does he pronounce 'footle'?"

Hermann Vezin's best performance of his life was as the Vicar at the old (long disappeared) Court Theatre in the original production there of *Olivia*.

The somewhat pedagogical caste of his whole character, his precise and clipped diction, his stiff clean-cut features that imported a life of exact routine and settled order rather than wide vision or deep thought, exactly suited the part. But such preciseness did not in him exclude a patent kindness of heart in prosperity, or a fine fortitude in adversity. Mr. Hare, as he then was, produced this play with faultless taste, and caste it with the most dexterous insight.

Ellen Terry at the time of her most radiant loveliness played *Olivia* with such a tender and exquisite sadness, that few could help weeping with her when the tears welled from her own sweet eyes.

MEMORIES

Never, truly, was lovely woman, who is betrayed, placed before us upon the stage with such haunting verity. The coldest were surprised into emotion, the most cynical confessed themselves captured, and the world opened its arms and took her to its great heart, never more to be taken from it.

Mr. Hare selected Willie Terriss for the part of Squire Thornhill, and Squire Thornhill he *was*. He played the young spark with a simplicity and ingenuous directness that well-nigh disarmed criticism of his evil behaviour. Frank Archer played Mr. Burchell with tact and firmness of touch. Norman Forbes, then quite young, played Moses with a quaint humour that foretold his later mastery in all Shakespeare's whimsical parts, in which he has had no rival in his generation.

This unique production, then, gave Hermann Vezin the opportunity to rise to his highest point of attainment; and it also consolidated the fame and fortunes of Ellen Terry and Willie Terriss, both of whom, when the long run was at last over, were invited to the Lyceum to be identified in the history of the stage with the great Irving tradition.

I number among my friends many members of the profession still living, and I have been a constant play-goer, deeply interested in the art, ever since I was an acting member of the A.D.C. at Cambridge.

I have never been able to perceive the superior

ability of foreign actors and actresses so constantly insisted on at London dinner-tables. Whenever I have seen a foreign actor play a part which our own actors are accustomed to perform, the superiority has always seemed to me to rest with the English player.

Fechter's Hamlet seemed to me quite inferior to Irving's, and Coquelin's Matthias was not even comparable with Irving's famous rendering.

People seem to forget that the vast majority of plays produced in London are studies of English life as lived by English people, while Parisian plays represent French life and character. Our players may not have a talent for convincing portrayal of French life, of which they know but little ; but I certainly believe they know how to represent our own people and their habits and emotions far better than any foreigners. After all, the Englishman when deeply moved does not betray his emotion in the pyrotechnical manner inseparable from our Gallic neighbours, and his whole ethical attitude towards life and conduct is totally different from theirs ; and we go to the play to see English men and women in the comedies and tragedies of Anglo-Saxon lives, and our own race is instinct with self-restraint, reserve, and continence of manners and gestures ; agony of mind with us may sometimes be most fitly conveyed by complete stillness, while the

MEMORIES

same emotion would drive a foreigner to gestures beside which the gyrations of a windmill would be tame.

After over forty years of playgoing I remain of the opinion that no foreigner will ever play Olivia or Beatrice as well as Ellen Terry ; or the Thief as well as Miss Irene Vanbrugh ; or *The Butterfly on the Wheel* as well as Miss Titheridge ; or Leontes as well as Charles Warner ; or Becket, Shylock, and Hamlet as well as Irving ; or Beethoven and *Business is Business* as well as Tree ; or Henry VIII. as well as Bouchier ; or *The Third Floor Back* as well as Forbes-Robertson ; or some of Alexander's parts as well as he does them himself. And our musical comedy stage is crowded with men of merry wit and ingenious humour, and with ladies of exquisite taste and reckless loveliness to be rivalled nowhere in the civilised world.

But it is an amusing habit of the Englishman to depreciate everything in his own country ; with Turner and Watts hanging on his walls, he will tell you we have no painters comparable with some unpronounceable foreigner of whose name no one has ever heard.

CHAPTER XIV

IRVING

EXCEPT during the year 1879, when I was away from England in South America, I was always invited by Irving to his first nights at the Lyceum, and went behind afterwards.

In later years a large crowd filed on to the stage through the little door behind the stage box on the O.P. side, and a long table with an elaborate supper was revealed at the back of the stage. Here used to gather a remarkable collection of what I may call the lesser lights of London. Persons who might be conspicuous at such places as the Savage Club, not the really great—never such people as Leighton, or Gladstone, or Matthew Arnold, or Tennyson,—but nevertheless a diverting collection.

It was on one of these occasions that Irving brought Gilbert the sculptor and me together, saying, "You two ought to know each other." I had a long talk with him then for the first and last time, for not long afterwards he went to live abroad. He had a fine open countenance, with

MEMORIES

a massive forehead. I have forgotten our conversation.

At the time of Edward VII.'s Coronation, after one of Irving's first nights, there was present subsequently on the stage among the usual crowd of guests one of the great Indian Princes, and round his neck were hung many ropes of immense priceless pearls; a lady also present, who ought to have known how to behave, went up to the Prince and said, "May I look at your wonderful pearls?" "Pray do not examine them too closely," replied the Maharajah, "they are all imitation!" The lady was quite unaware that she had been most dexterously snubbed; but she was a person somewhat lacking in delicacy at all times. On one occasion she wrote for seven guinea tickets for the annual ball organised for many years by my wife in the winter for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The seven tickets were sent her, and she brought a party who did ample justice to the supper and wine, but three letters courteously asking for the seven guineas failed to extract any reply of any kind.

Thus splendid criminals living in Mayfair may rob little children while they pretend to be succouring them. Mr. Waugh,¹ when I discussed this case

¹ First Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

IRVING

with him, told me that he had abandoned bazaars as a means of raising money, because he could not prevent certain ladies from taking the proceeds of the sales at their stalls to pay for hats and dresses for themselves.

Fortunately, a fine example is set by many ladies in London, who devote much of their lives to ceaseless labours of charity. The splendid hall of one of the greatest houses¹ is constantly thrown open with royal hospitality for gatherings and meetings to promote works of beneficence and kindness ; and the caterpillars on the tree of charity and mercy are, I hope, a diminishing pest.

In the early days of Irving's long reign at the Lyceum, I remember after a first night when I remained behind to have a chat with him, he asked me to stay and have supper upstairs in the Beefsteak Club-room, "and help him with some critics." There turned up three of them, making us a party of five. After a pleasant supper Irving placed in the middle of the table a large box of immense cigars. They looked about ten inches long, and were no doubt very choice, rare, and precious. The box must have contained a hundred, at, I suppose, about half a crown each.

When we rose to depart and the critics had

¹ Every one must regret the approaching termination of the great traditions of this house.

MEMORIES

donned their overcoats, Irving proceeded with both hands to ladle out the cigars into their deep and large coat pockets. "Here, old friend," he said, "where is your pocket?" His face was a picture of solemn solicitude for his good friends' comfort and welfare, but just as the big bundle of cigars disappeared into the pocket of one of them, having glanced round, and seeing that the others had their backs turned, he looked swiftly at me, shut one eye and gazed at me with the other with the drollest and most informing expression. The pockets of the others were duly and quite impartially filled till the big box stood empty. I said nothing on that or any other occasion to him about either the cigars or his tremendous wink, but went away with the critics continuing to "help him" with them by extolling the play all the way up the Strand.

Many years afterwards, I remember Irving saying to me that if the Press took bribes he was bound to pay them, disgusting as such business was, but that primarily he must make the theatre pay its way or he could not go on at all; and if to obtain that primary end the Press had to be bought, money must in a business-like way be set aside for the purpose.

He said that one critic, whom he named to me, had "cost him" since he began quite ten thousand pounds. Of course it was done indirectly, by buy-

IRVING

ing plays which were never performed, and such-like elegant transactions.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

Stanley House, Deal, the 4th of September 1884.

—At dinner talk turned upon *Macbeth*.

Irving said he thought it the most remarkable of the plays in this: that the character of Macbeth as *he* read it, which he acknowledged was not the commonly accepted reading, was the most imaginatively poetic in Shakespere.

The generally received view that Macbeth is a good enough soldier egged on to murders by a fiendish wife he in all modesty considers entirely wrong. Macbeth is a dreaming imaginative arch-hypocrite. The hypocrite of Shakespere. Upon Lady Macbeth he rather avoided giving an opinion. Ellen Terry, however, was full of her, dying to play her. She fetched a broken-down Globe edition, and they both became absorbed.

Henry began drawing on the tablecloth with a lead pencil his idea of the scene with Banquo's ghost.

I got some of my writing-paper and sat between them, while he drew two sets for the scene, and discussed their respective merits.

Nellie said that Booth, though deplorable on the whole, was in this particular scene very excellent; that he had played it to an empty seat—no visible ghost—and that the effect he produced by his first

MEMORIES

terror-struck start back from the empty chair was tremendous and convincing.

Then he drew the scene for the witches, also the Birnam Wood. All these pencil drawings he finally put in his pocket, saying he would keep them for Hawes Craven to work from.

Next, Lear was discussed. He rose and gave us gesture, action, and aspect that he thought should be used by Lear in the scene on the heath; the sense of Lear's madness was to be given by his never keeping his eyes fixed on anything, which he illustrated. He said he had originally got the first notion of such a method by observing that monkeys never fix their look on anything more than for a moment.

ANOTHER EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

The 28th of June 1883.—Went to Grafton Street at 12, and had a talk with Irving in his dressing-gown. I stayed an hour, and we talked of many things; then he began to show me his treasures.

Byron's dagger, the stick Garrick used as Sir Peter Teazle, and one used by Macready as Shylock. A MS. unpublished play by Sir Walter Scott. A first copy of the *Cenci* sent to Leigh Hunt, with a letter on the fly-leaf in Shelley's handwriting. Garrick's ring, and many other relics of great players of old.

I asked him some questions about Macready, and was surprised that he had never seen him.

IRVING

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

The 13th of December 1882.—Got seats at the Lyceum, and went there with Matthew Arnold to see *Much Ado*. The house was crammed as usual from floor to roof, and the performance seemed to me faultless. Matthew Arnold was delighted with it, especially with Nellie's Beatrice, the which he thought better than Mrs. Nesbit's. He said he thought Henry much better than he expected, but could not compare him with Macready, as he had never seen the latter in the part.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

The 10th of March 1882.—The day before yesterday went to see the first night of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum. A very magnificent function. Henry seems to have purposely rather effaced Romeo and given Nellie the honours throughout. He has, however, managed to throw an exquisite poetic atmosphere over the whole play from the rise of the curtain to the end. Nellie's Juliet was sweet and tender beyond words. Mrs. Sterling's nurse perfect. Went behind and congratulated them.

To-day I went in the afternoon, and watched a rehearsal of the last scene ; after which I drove with Irving to Grafton Street, and sat with him for about an hour while he ate his four o'clock dinner.

He told me this revival had cost him eight thousand pounds to put up, but that he was now not fearful of being recouped.

MEMORIES

I told him my father had said that he occasionally reminded him of Macready quite forcibly ; and he said that that might be accounted for by his sometimes framing renderings upon imitations he had seen others give of Macready (having never seen him himself), and notably he said that his Digby Grant was largely indebted to imitations he had heard of Macready's style.

We talked of many plays, and he said that on the whole he thought *King Lear* the greatest effort of Shakespere or anybody.

I left him when he had finished his dinner and lighted his cigar, knowing his habit of lying down between his meal and his start for the theatre.

The 22nd of March 1882.—Irving sent us his box. So we went there. Nellie came into the little ante-room behind the box two or three times between the scenes. She was very fine in the potion scene, and her "You have comforted me marvellous much" to the nurse was wonderfully given.

The other day at Grafton Street I took occasion to express to Irving my admiration of the great lines in the tomb :

" Oh here

Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh ! "

I did so because it seemed to me that on the first night he had not treated them with much consideration. I did not expect that he would take any

IRVING

notice of my guarded hint. My surprise and pleasure were great, therefore, to-night when, pausing a moment before these lines, he delivered them with deep feeling and emphasis.

There is something very admirable in so great a player being ready to consider and adopt a suggestion offered in so indirect a manner that it might easily escape him.

Thursday, the 30th of March 1882.—Last night at the Lyceum again, this time to watch it from the front row of the dress circle.

Poor dear Nellie in the potion scene in some passionate gesture collided with the table, and over went the goblet into which she had but just poured the drug ; the wretched thing lay with its jaws open at the audience, showing a perfectly clean and empty inside. She went on heroically, however, in spite of this catastrophe, which seemed so to have unnerved the limelight man that he pointed his ray of moonlight for the rest of the scene, not on her face, but on her stomach. We went behind afterwards, and had supper with them in the Beefsteak Club-room ; a very pleasant little party we made.

Much of interest about the play was discussed. He explained to me how it was that he left out the fine lines which I missed, and regretted :—

“How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death ; Oh, how may I
call this a lightning ?”

MEMORIES

He fully acknowledged their beauty and interest. But he said that the line,

“Death, lie thou there by a dead man interred,”

which immediately precedes them, and to which they refer, is said, as he plays it, immediately before a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the tomb. Therefore to deliver these lines that refer to something said in a preceding scene, as he descends into the vault which is the last scene, would be meaningless. This I thought unanswerable last night, but it has occurred to me since that they might still be inserted before the change of scene, and so not be lost altogether. I will say so when I see him again.

We got upon the *Corsican Brothers* and the costumes, and I commenting particularly on the opera hats which were of such magnificent proportions, Irving said that when he was setting the piece he was wondering what kind of opera hat was in vogue in the thirties and forties, which was the date of the play, and that talking one day about it to Sims Reeves at his house, the latter at once went upstairs and brought down the very opera hat he had himself carried to concerts under his arm at the period.

He lent it to Irving, and the hats for the *Corsican Brothers* were made from it as the pattern, so that there was unimpeachable authority for the glorious brims that produced such an impression in the piece.

IRVING

The 2nd of April 1882 (Sunday).—Last night there dined here the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord Clifford, and his mother and sister, Mr. Justice Bowen, Reggie Colborne, and Robin Benson; a very pleasant dinner, though we waited three-quarters of an hour for Lord Camperdown, who never came. Afterwards went down to supper at the Lyceum with Irving. There were present Lady Gordon, Mr. Hill (the editor of the *Daily News*) and Mrs. Hill, Mr. Pigot, Justin M'Carthy (*History of our own Times*), and one or two others.

I sat between Justin M'Carthy and Ellen Terry. The party was too large and mixed for much profitable talk. Irving said he had been reading contemporary writers on the stage and drama of the date of Charles II., and found that they criticised exhaustively all manner of now forgotten dramatists, but never seemed even to mention Shakespere. I was some distance from him and did not hear what were the authors he had been reading. I suppose, however, one was Jeremy Collier.

Ellen Terry drove me home in her carriage to Sussex Square in the small hours of Sunday morning.

Mayfield, Addlestone, the 29th of August (Sunday).
—Henry Irving and Bram Stoker drove down and joined our little circle for dinner. We had been out in the boat, and found them when we came back. Johnnie had done the honours in our absence, and by the time we arrived they were fast friends, Irving

MEMORIES

wheeling him round the garden in his tiny wheelbarrow and then carrying him about on his shoulders.

He was full of anecdote in the evening. He told us many funny stories about Toole, how that on one occasion years ago when they were acting together, they stayed one evening rather late at their club, till, suddenly discovering that it was hard on the time for their curtain to rise, they hurried out and started for the theatre ; Irving, however, not coming on the stage for some little time after Toole, did not hurry so much knowing that they could not get to his part till Toole was forthcoming, he therefore sauntered along behind while Toole went on under the Cloister¹ at the bottom of the Haymarket at his best speed, which was a scrambling run. There happened at the moment to be a magnificent heavy swell proceeding in the same direction with a slow and splendid step, and as Toole came hustling up behind this superb obstacle which filled the narrow Cloister, the irresistible impulse descended upon the comedian, and giving the stately form before him a sound kick, he bundled past and was out of sight before the amazed recipient could recover from the shock sufficiently to pick up his hat, which had rolled in the dirt, and give chase.

On the 4th of July 1883, a public dinner was got up in Irving's honour at St. James's Hall, as a sort of send-off before his first visit to America. My

¹ Taken away some years ago.

IRVING

father took the chair, and wishing that Irving should do himself full justice on such a great occasion, I asked my father to write out the chief points of his speech proposing the guest of the evening so that Irving might know beforehand what would be said, and so be better able to prepare his reply. My father very kindly sat down and wrote out quite a full summary of what he intended to say. This I took and sent round to Irving with a note, saying, I thought on such an occasion he would like to have foreknowledge of what my father would say. He wrote at once the following letter :—

14th June 1883,
15A GRAFTON STREET.

MY DEAR STEPHEN COLERIDGE,—I wish you could realise how thoroughly I appreciate the thought and kindness of your letter.

To have this suggestion of what his Lordship will allude to will be invaluable to me. I think his generousness in according me that privilege worthy of your house.

To tell you true, as yet I know not what to say. For try as I may I can trump up nothing about myself.

I'm glad you are coming this evening. It will be good fun. Toole is lovely.—Ever yours sincerely,
HY. IRVING.

I look forward with delightful prospect to the Surrey woods and the Surrey river.

MEMORIES

The postscript alluded to a promised visit to us at Woodham House, where we had boating on the Basingstoke Canal.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

The 4th of July 1883.—The dinner to Henry Irving, St. James's Hall. My father in the chair. A very complete success in every way. The gallery was filled with ladies, and 520 men sat down to dinner. Ellen Terry in the gallery. In his speech proposing the toast of the evening, my father spoke of her genius as having not a little helped Henry to his present success, and at her name there was an outburst of cheering. Henry's reply was short, quite simple, and from the heart. It was as good as it could be. It would have been no use for him to attempt anything that could be compared to the finished periods of the other skilled and practised orators, and the result showed this, the contrast was striking, and affecting, and effective.

For many years Irving was accompanied wherever he went by a fox-terrier, whose tireless activity of mind and body won for it the name of "Fussy." Originally it had belonged to Ellen Terry, but its ownership in a manner drifted over to Irving by degrees till the transfer was complete.

I enjoyed the friendly confidence of "Fussy"; I think he knew me to be, like his master and

IRVING

mistress, an anti-vivisectionist. He knew most things we knew, and some things altogether beyond our blunter capacities.

When Irving started for his second American tour he travelled from Waterloo to Southampton by train and embarked there for New York. "Fussy," of course, accompanied him on the journey, but somehow, in the confusion of farewells, the poor little dog lost his master on the steamer, and ran back down the gangway to the quay vainly searching for him. The gangways had been drawn away, and the great ship had started on its long voyage before a search of the whole boat revealed that "Fussy" was not on board. But the dog possessed powers beyond our knowledge or understanding, which the wisest of us cannot explain. Guided inexplicably over hill and dale, along strange roads, through towns and villages, and through the vast labyrinth of outer and central London, the loving, faithful little creature traced its way, and the next night at the exact hour when Irving was accustomed to reach the Lyceum it was found there whimpering and scratching at his dressing-room door! And there are men who would cut open that little dog alive to discover the weight of its spleen, or measure the pressure of its blood!

Henry Irving would, I am convinced, have been a great man whatever calling he had pursued. Had

MEMORIES

he started life as a churchman I have no doubt that he would have become an Archbishop of one church, or a Cardinal of the other.

He was no mere actor ; he was a strange and potent personality. His very wonderful face in any ordinary gathering instantly commanded superior interest and attention. The wizard depth of his sombre eyes, the beetling brows, the coronal of leonine grey hair, and the unchanging pallor gave to his countenance something tremendous and riveting.

There was always about him an air of mystery, remoteness, detachment, and distinction ; and this although he was quite frank and engaging in ordinary conversation. He never chattered. He was a good listener, but his very silences made those who were talking a little terrified of saying anything silly. They never knew what he might be thinking. He estimated the characters of those about him, and of those with whom he came in contact, with a swift intuition and a penetrating insight, and would reveal his conclusions in a passing parenthesis, with a suddenness that resembled the illumination of a scene on a dark night by a flash of lightning. He suffered fools gladly, deriving a kind of inward private diversion from their contemplation, which often found no outward expression beyond an entirely subjective twinkle not meant to be shared.

IRVING

He was a very loyal and faithful friend. He never forgot those who had been kind to him, or who had shared his affection in his early obscure days.

Loveday, his stage manager, was originally in a provincial orchestra when they first became acquainted, and Irving called him to his service when he began his great management at the Lyceum, and there he remained to the end.

Bram Stoker, the business manager, was an equally permanent part of this long succession of productions. No one in the company was ever turned away; they were either in the caste or being retained and paid. And as a result the most loyal and affectionate devotion to "The Governor," as he was called, was displayed by every one in the theatre down to the last scene shifter.

Instinctively a man of rapid intuition and artistic taste, these two qualities frequently served him in the place of literary knowledge or wide cultivation which the tenour of his life had not permitted him to attain; but no man was more thorough in his preparation for any particular part, or play. He would pursue the most minute research into everything connected with it. He travelled to Venice before producing the *Merchant of Venice*, and to the Brocken Mountains before producing *Faust*; and he made himself familiar with all the commen-

MEMORIES

taries of any play and every tradition concerning it when preparing for it.

Ellen Terry, who during her whole life from early youth had had the inestimable advantage of being in the most intimate association with persons of broad knowledge and exquisite culture, brought with her to the Lyceum management an invaluable familiarity with literature and art, with the result that the celebrated productions reached a level of excellence never before seen in England.

Of the secret of Irving's power as a player many have been the conjectures.

Here was a man admittedly the first actor of his time of whom it was the current jest to remark that he could neither speak nor walk.

Every one of my generation can recall his strange and fantastic diction, and his legs that moved on the stage with a habit and gesture all their own. I do not think he possessed a lively appreciation of literary beauty, for he frequently deleted what is magnificent, and retained what is without particular merit, in plays he put on.

He never spoke the great line of Shakespere as though it were anything but prose ; he appeared to be at some pains utterly to conceal and obliterate the stately cadence of the blank verse.

He challenged and defied obvious criticism and censure with every inflection of his speech and every

IRVING

gesture of his body ; and yet he commanded and compelled and coerced sympathy, admiration, and applause.

I have seen him make his first entry in a new play and have to stand silent for over three minutes while the whole house rocked with tumultuous and vehement cheers. I really think his public would have missed his faults, so much had those faults become part of the man whom they had taken wholly to their hearts.

Something then transcendent there must have been about him, something that led the people of England captive at his triumphant chariot-wheel, which his peculiarities and shortcomings could no more dim than do its spots dim the sun.

First there was a wonderful and entrancing countenance, next there was an extraordinary and fascinating personality, and lastly there was a gift as rare as it is potent upon the stage. This is a dower of imagination so regnant that the player forgets his own identity and for the time experiences all the actual emotions, whether of ecstasy, wrath, or terror, that the character he portrays would of a certainty experience in the situations enacted. Thus enduring the passions in real truth and fact, the expressions of them become vital, direct, convincing, calling for a sympathy and response that no eye or heart can refuse. The audience find

MEMORIES

themselves confronted not by an actor in a costume, but by a being seized and possessed entirely with the agonies, terrors, joys, or sorrows of the character in its compelling situation ; the illusion is complete, and sharing all the player's throbbing verities, they are carried away by him wherever his own emotions take him. This, then, was Irving's supreme gift.

Towards the end of his life, after the Lyceum reign had closed, he presented to us all a fading figure, noble, tragic. His creditors were about him. He laboured on with ebbing health and strength. He toured the country, and while corporations presented him with the freedom of cities in golden caskets, all he earned was seized upon and an allowance doled out to him. He never complained ; very few were the least aware of the deep sadness and gloom amid which he toiled and drooped. And so this great man approached his magnificent death, and at last sank down upon the stage, robed as the martyred Becket, and uttered as his last words in this world, "Into Thy hands, O Lord ! into Thy hands."

He was laid amid the homage of England in Westminster Abbey, near where the dust of Garrick reposes.



Colony

CHAPTER XV

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

THERE are matters connected with my father's public career which I think will be of interest hereafter, and I propose to make a record here of some of them.

I believe his first striking success at the Bar was a defence in a murder case on the western circuit, where there were circumstances that enlisted, when properly marshalled, the sympathies of the jury, and after a very moving final appeal, he concluded his speech for the defence with the great lines in *Othello* :

. . . Put out the light !

If I quench thee thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me :—But once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume !

This, of course, was either before I was born, or when I was quite a child ; but I have a recollection of being in court to hear his speech in the Saurin

MEMORIES

v. Star case, where he represented a nun who had been subjected to persecutions and indignities in a convent, and he described her miseries and sorrows in a manner that deeply moved every one present.

But of the serious appeals to the heart and the emotions, the finest flight that lives clearly in my memory was a passage in his immense speech in the Tichborne case, where he defended Mrs. Radcliffe, the real Roger Tichborne's cousin, from an infamous accusation made against her by the Wapping butcher. In cross-examining the claimant he had elicited from him the statement that he was "sincerely attached" to his cousin whom he so foully traduced! He dealt with this monstrous invention thus :—

He would have you believe, gentlemen, that he, the scion of an ancient House, possessed from youth up by the stainless honour of his race, took his fair young cousin into a barn, found her as complaisant as a troll at a fair, and treated her as he would some scullion of Wapping. He would have you believe that returning now after many years to take up his splendid heritage it will serve to convince you that he is in deed and in truth a man of family and refinement, if without any false delicacy or circumlocution he recites to you an accusation of infamy against this lady to whom he says he was "so sincerely attached."

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

He would have you believe that the reputation of Mrs. Radcliffe, honourably married now for years to a man of character, can be smirched by the foul breath of calumny, emitted by such as he against such as her, to whom he says he was "so sincerely attached"!

He says that having done this deed of nameless treachery to her, he now recites it to a gaping world to prove to you that he is the successor and transmitter of the great and noble traditions of the House of Tichborne, and he would have you, gentlemen, believe that he really perpetrated this base and unspeakable betrayal upon one to whom he was "so sincerely attached"!

As a Judge, he not seldom found opportunity for a delightful humour.

On one occasion when sitting with two other judges, he had for some little time been successfully struggling against the attacks of insomnia to which he was sometimes prone, and as was his wont had subsequently remained with all the outward appearances of deep repose for some time after he was in fact wide awake; when quite unexpectedly he interjected a comment on what Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, was saying. Sir Richard was so surprised that taken for a moment off his guard, he murmured something to the effect that he was addressing one of the other judges, to which my father in his suavest tones rejoined, "May I not be

MEMORIES

permitted, Mr. Attorney, to participate in the deliberations of this Court?"

When he was made Chief Justice of England, and received for the first time the Lord Mayor on the 9th of November, he made one of the most perfectly conceived flights of mock solemn flattery that I have ever encountered. I was present myself at the scene, and well remember the Lord Mayor bowing with swelling pride in front, while the junior bar were struggling with suppressed merriment behind. As soon as the Lord Mayor had taken up his station before him he began thus :

MY LORD MAYOR,—I am unfeignedly sorry that the duty of addressing you has not fallen into other hands.

The great age, the venerable aspect, the copious diction of the late Lord Chief Baron which have made him remembered cannot be repeated, nor will those vigorous dissertations upon foreign policy which rendered the 9th of November for many years a memorable day among us ever be heard again.

My Lord Mayor, that fact suggests to my mind the only subject upon which I propose to trouble you with any words, and that is the unchanged, the unchanging character of the great institution over which you preside, and which your Lordship represents here to-day.

Every other institution in the country has felt

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

the touch of time, and has been altered as the centuries have rolled along.

The authority of the Sovereign has been affected : the succession to the crown has been twice altered—once by war, and once by the authority of Parliament ; the Law Courts, which have existed for six hundred or seven hundred years, have had their forms—in which some great man thought the substance of law resided—entirely abolished ; the Church has been fundamentally altered by that long series of events which we are accustomed to call the Reformation ; the House of Commons has been twice reformed ; empires come and go ; religions wax and wane ; the very face of nature is changed ; but you, my Lord Mayor, remain as the eternal hills the same to-day as yesterday, the same yesterday as five hundred, or, for aught I know, a thousand years ago.

I trust, my Lord Mayor, it may long be so, and that the great Corporation of London may long flourish for the public good and with the approbation of the country.

I am perfectly willing to believe that in your hands, my Lord Mayor, the character of this great and unchanging Corporation is not likely in any manner to degenerate.

Bowen sat on my father's left on the bench ; the whole speech had taxed his gravity beyond his power of restraint, and when the allusion to the eternal hills was reached he could contain himself no

MEMORIES

more, he put his head down in his hands, while his black cap fell off his wig on to the desk before him, and his body heaved and shook with suppressed explosions. My father turned for a moment and looked at his collapsed brother with a grave curiosity, as though wondering what was the matter with him, and then proceeded with unruffled calm to the conclusion of his address.

When he came out to his room I asked him what induced him to roast the unfortunate Lord Mayor so unmercifully. "I don't know, my dear boy," he said, "I couldn't resist having a little poke at him, he looked so fat!"

Bowen was a real wit, and I wish I had recorded at the time his numerous coruscations.

At one time there still sat on the bench a Judge whose infirmities were manifest to any one who went into his Court. My father remarked one day to Bowen that he had watched poor — walking down the Judge's corridor, and that he seemed to be getting very weak in the legs. "Yes," said Bowen, "it's spreading."

It was Bowen's habit on his way to his own Court in the mornings to look into my father's room for a minute or two if he had time. If not, he merely put his head in at the door with a "Good morning, Chief." About the middle of May after some cold weather he put his head round the door one morn-

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

ing and interjected, "I think the weather is going to be warmer, Chief, for I see — has got his summer rings on."

Those familiar with the Judges in the eighties will be able to identify the one alluded to in this felicitous manner.

I have preserved some letters of Bowen to me, but such was his cacography that I cannot now read them. This is not wonderful, for he himself often could not read his own writing. His clerk, however, enjoyed the singular gift of being able to read it with comparative ease, and Bowen frequently invoked his clerk's help to decipher his own notes in Court!

My father's circle of friends who came to Sussex Square, though wide and interesting, had one constant limitation. Almost every one of distinction in the world who had been reared at the public schools and universities was included among his friends, but those outside that authentic category were for the most part either unknown to him personally altogether, or known only as formal acquaintances who did not come to his house as friends.

He felt no sympathy for Bohemia, however brilliant. He had an inveterate antipathy for "down-at-heel" life, for beards, and for tobacco smoke. My grandfather, from his habit of taking a bath every morning at Oxford, earned the nickname

MEMORIES

there of "tub-Coleridge"; and my father was not less scrupulous in his person and habits. He was not drawn towards grubby people who smoked in their bedrooms, and dined in the clothes they had worn all day; and they did not seem to him to be redeemed by cleverness or genius from a manner of life that to him was unpleasant and uncongenial.

This in no way warped his judgment of the works of men of ability and genius whose habits of life were different from his own. He had many invincible prejudices, which when I was young received my callow criticisms, but I have come to respect and share most of them now in later life.

In 1881 I made a notable tour of the Lake Country with him. I had never been there before, and it was deeply interesting to visit this hallowed ground with such a guide.

On the 7th of July 1881, we came up Ullswater to the inn at its head, and after luncheon climbed to the top of Kirk Fell, from which we had a great panorama and could see many of the mountains whose names are known in all English-speaking lands. The next day we went over Kirkstall Pass to Rydal Mount, where the then resident received us with great courtesy and showed us everything, the little walk and arbour up beyond the house, and the rooms where Wordsworth lived and died.

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

Then we went on to Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge lived so long, and so on to Grasmere churchyard and the graves of them both.

We slept at Grasmere that night, and the next morning we visited Dove Cottage, and the little garden on the steep slope behind it with the steps up through the grass to the seat at the top of it. The cottage was then occupied by an old woman, and had not been bought for the public. The next day we went on over Dunmail Raise to Keswick, and visited the house where Southey lived, and where Coleridge resided for a time; and where Hartley and Sarah Coleridge spent their early childhood.

This house was in occupation of persons who were naturally somewhat weary of the importunities of pilgrims, but on discovering that we were veritable Coleridges, they admitted us with every mark of cordiality.

I have constantly visited this sacred country since that now distant date, but I rejoice that I first saw it all in my father's company, who had been to Rydal Mount in Wordsworth's time, and whose memory was stored with recollections personal and literary, connected with every hill and stream and corner of the road as we journeyed along in those quiet days before the irruption of the motor-car.

In the way back in the carriage to Kendal he

MEMORIES

talked of the days when the Positivists were making a stir, and recited a squib on them written by Mortimer Collins. I fished out a piece of paper and pencil and took it down.

Life and the universe show spontaneity,
Down with ridiculous notions of deity ;
Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists,
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

Social arrangements are awful miscarriages,
Source of all crimes is our system of marriages ;
Poets with sonnets, and lovers with trysts,
Kindle the ire of the Positivists.

Husbands and wives should be all one community,
Exquisite freedom with absolute unity,
Wedding-rings worse are than manacled wrists,
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier,
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier,
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was a man and a Positivist.

And this brings to my mind a nursery rhyme my father used to recite to children with great dramatic emphasis, which I do not think is widely familiar. It ran as follows :—

There was once a bear
Who went to a fair
All dressed in green and gold ;
He made such a racket,
He soon tore his jacket,
And his keeper began to scold.

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

“My dear Mr. Bear,
You are scarcely aware
Of the cost of your tailor’s bill;
You make such a riot,
Why can’t you be quiet,
How can you behave so ill?”

The bear in a rage
Jumped up on the stage
And bit off his keeper’s head!
“A fig for your tailor,
You silly old jailer,
No bills are paid by the dead!”

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

Winchester, 16th January 1882.—The High Sheriff and the Magistrates of the County dined with the Judges (my father and Bowen).

After dinner, when the company had gone, my father told us an amusing episode that happened in his presence in that very dining-room. He said that when, as a boy at Eton, he was going the western circuit in the thirties as Marshall to my grandfather (Sir John Taylor Coleridge), and the great Lord Erskine’s son, Mr. Justice Erskine, was the other Judge, he remembered that no sooner had the door closed on the last departing magistrate than Erskine chucked his wig into the large end of the room, and proceeded to perform a kind of fantastic jig round it, and just as the judicial silk stocking was highest in one direction, and the long robe at its farthest elevation in the other, there re-entered hurriedly one of the guests who had returned to

MEMORIES

search for his hat which he had inadvertently left behind.

The circuit customs have much changed since the eighties when I used to go Marshall. As the above extract shows, the Magistrates who came in to the county town for the Grand Jury were always invited to dinner by the Judges, and quite a large number of them used to arrange to come.

Of course the custom originated before the days of railways, when the Grand Jurors rode on horseback to the Assizes and put up for the night, and I have heard my grandfather say that in his time it was recognized that Grand Jurymen might attend the Judges' dinner in their riding clothes.

My father endeavoured in every way to carry on the ancient traditions of the circuit system, and I think the contempt for those traditions displayed by many modern Judges has played its part in destroying much of the prestige of the bench. No one can deny that Judges are not at all in the great position they enjoyed thirty years ago.

In my grandfather's time before railways, the Judge's postchaise and four was met on the King's highway at the boundary of the County by the Sheriff's carriage, with outriders and Javelin-men on horseback. The two carriages were drawn up with great ceremony side by side, so that the Judge could pass from one to the other without his foot

touching the ground ; the folding steps of the two carriages being with much horsemanship of postillions brought exactly opposite each other and close together.

The Judge had always robed at the last stopping-place for change of horses before reaching the County boundary, so that however insignificant and undistinguished he might be in his ordinary clothes, the populace could never discover it as he drove into the County town full robed ; little more than his nose being visible in his full-bottomed wig.

The Marshall always drove on ahead by himself in the Judge's postchaise, and his arrival gave the townspeople timely warning to look out for the Judge's cavalcade. The Judge in my father's time arrived in the train, and was met at the station by the Sheriff and his carriage, and it was my father's invariable custom when I was his Marshall to robe in the train as we approached the County town.

He was of opinion that to enforce Court costume on the Sheriff at the station was inflicting an indignity upon him unless the Judge also was in official robes. The present custom is, I know, felt as such by not a few High Sheriffs.

The High Sheriff of a certain county in Wales, who was the representative of a very ancient family tracing back to the earliest times of the Welsh princes, and himself a man of high attainments and

MEMORIES

courtly manners, remarked to me when I was subsequently his guest, that there seemed to be something wanting in a ceremonial reception of Her Majesty's Judge, where he, the Sheriff, was in a cocked hat, silk stockings and sword, and the Judge in a flannel shirt and collar and a billycock hat.

I have known one of Her Majesty's Judges arrive at the County Town on a "push-bicycle."

These changes may be inevitable with the spread of democratic habits, but I think they tend to destroy the dignity and prestige of the bench.

Mustachios, side whiskers, and beards are now regarded by some as not inconsistent with a seat upon the bench, or upon a cathedral throne. "Why should they not wear what they like on their faces?" they inquire. Well, I answer in the Socratic fashion with another question, "Why should not women wear what they like on their legs, and parade Piccadilly in trousers?"

The old convention wisely decided that men whose profession it is to speak should not cover their mouths like a walrus, or hide their features with beards. An equally wise convention has decided that women should not dress their legs like men. If any one wants to see what is the ultimate result of contemning the ancient conventions and ceremonies of the bar and bench, he had better walk into the Courts in New York or Phila-

delphia, where he will be able to observe a Judge dressed like a doctor at a bedside in broadcloth, with neither robe nor wig, with one leg thrown over the arm of his big chair, while his head occasionally depends over the other arm to use the spittoon placed by his side.

I dare say perfect justice can be, and is, so administered, but something almost as valuable as justice seems to me to be lost in those Courts.

Nothing now seems to escape the encroachments of vulgarity. The old oath which was administered by the Marshall to the Grand Jury had been handed down in unbroken tradition from the time of Henry the Eighth and earlier ; but some uneducated person in the Home Office has laid his desolating hand upon it and has issued a printed form which has brought it down to his own native Brixtonese.

The old oath ran thus :—"You shall not present any one for envy, hatred, or malice," etc. The uneducated bumpkin at the Home Office has changed this to, "You shall present no person for envy, hatred, or malice," etc., and in swearing four jurors at a time to observe the oath made by the foreman, the old oath ran thus :—

"The same oath which your forman hath taken on his part, you and every of you shall well and truly observe, perform, and keep."

The vulgar printed form changes the word

MEMORIES

“every” into “each,” the old English that used “each” for two things and “every” for things in number over two, was a refinement altogether repugnant to this progressive Home Office official. I do not know whether the Home Office ever has occasion to print the Lord’s Prayer, if so perhaps they will correct it and substitute “who” for “which” as its third word.

I have observed since I used to go Marshall, and even during the last twenty-two years, during which I have been Clerk of Assize, that the circuit system is steadily and surely disappearing. Barristers of the circuit no longer go round with the Judge from place to place, starting originally from London. They now live permanently in all the large towns, and, being on the spot, secure all the work to the exclusion of anybody who only arrives in the town with the Judge. This has taken from the circuit its comradeship of travel, and has also led to the possibility of business being secured to barristers by personal intimacy arising between solicitors and themselves who both live permanently in the same town, thus introducing something other than mere professional relations between the two branches of the law, which does not always lend itself to the maintenance of the traditional dignity of the bar.

In old days before an examination had to be passed by any one who wished to be called to the

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

bar, it was quite customary for elder sons of country gentlemen, and for men of wealth and fashion, to join one of the Inns of Court and be called. Such men often went on circuit without any prospect, hope, or intention of making a living at the bar, and such men gave a very valuable support to the ancient traditions and customs of the circuit.

They have for the most part disappeared since the irritation of an examination has been put between them and a wig and gown. Their places are now filled with men whose chief concern is to earn a living, and who are in proportion less interested in maintaining anything that does not manifestly assist them to that end.

Nevertheless, I can bear testimony to the high honour of the barristers on my circuit, and to the general faithfulness and loyalty to its rules displayed by the whole mess, with only very exceptional lapses.

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

I *Sussex Square*, 17th October 1882.—My Uncle Harry, the Jesuit, was to-day wandering along my father's bookshelves in the library here while my father was writing at his table by the window at the other end of the room; when, pulling out a well-bound volume, he remarked, "My dear Johnnie, whatever induced you to get, to bind, and to keep Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*?" and he

MEMORIES

gently chuckled. "Look in the fly-leaf, my dear Harry," said my father, without looking up from his writing. There he found inscribed in his own handwriting, "To Johnnie, from his affectionate brother Harry."

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

Judge's Lodgings, Exeter, 20th October 1882.—Came here as Marshall to Bowen. We dined at the Palace, no party, only Lord Fortescue, who is staying in the house.

Lord Fortescue said that Cobbet, in some speech on America, said, "But it must always be remarked, Mr. Speaker, that the Adam and Eve of that country came from Newgate."

The Bishop told us of a sermon of Jowett's before the University, which began with these words :

"My Brethren, it has been said that most men when they attain the age of forty are either physicians or fools. There are very few physicians."

EXTRACT FROM MY DIARY

The 23rd of January 1883.—On circuit as Marshall at Carnarvon. Drove over to dine and sleep at Bangor Palace, Lord Aberdare in the house. He says that Playfair, when in America, was called upon by two Fenians and warned not to go to England by a particular vessel. That he had no intention of doing so in any case, having taken

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J.

passage by another vessel ; and that when Playfair got on board his other steamer he told its captain about the warning he had received, and asked him whether *his* company took any precautions against dynamite, etc. "Well," said the captain, "we take every pains we can to prevent ourselves being blown up, but the only precaution that is absolutely effective is the one we have lately adopted : We have none but Irishmen in the stoke hole !"

These years 1881, 1882, and 1883 were a time of much real anxiety from Fenian explosions, and threats of explosions. Extraordinary precautions were taken in 1881 at the Lord Mayor's banquet, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster were guarded to and from the Mansion House, every waiter was carefully chosen, and only admitted with a special pass not transferable, and the vaults below were occupied by the police.

CHAPTER XVI

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

IN 1883 my father was asked to visit America as the guest of the American bar, and after some hesitation he accepted the courteous invitation. But early in the year some dynamite plotters were convicted in his Court and sentenced by him to penal servitude for life. This enraged the Irish¹ anarchist party in America, and it began to seem somewhat risky to embark on the tour in that country. I myself received anonymous warnings that he would certainly be assassinated if he set foot in America, and as it appeared plain that he would be in some danger if he went, I wrote, on the 30th of July from the Judge's Lodgings at Wells on circuit, the following letter to the Secretary of the New York bar, who was the mouthpiece of his hosts in the United States :—

ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, ESQ.

60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty, as a son of the

¹ My father supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills.

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

Lord Chief Justice, to write to you in the matter of his approaching visit to the United States.

For some time past, paragraphs in the American papers, anonymous letters, and very numerous communications of all sorts of a very disquieting character have been daily received by my father and those near him, all dealing with the avowed intention of the "Irish Invincibles" to assassinate him while he is in the United States. At first these were very naturally regarded with not much apprehension; but the nature of some of the most recent letters, and the sources from which one or two of them have emanated, have at last made my father's family gravely anxious for his safety in America, and it is generally felt by us all that, should the risk to my father's life be as great as we fear it will be, or even should there be any risk whatever, that indifference to danger very properly associated with the discharge of judicial duties is not only uncalled for but altogether misplaced if associated with a social visit of a friend to his friends.

Under the pressure of this feeling it would be a great relief to my father's family if he could receive from you, as representing his friends and hosts in America, some assurance that our fears are groundless and that there is no real risk of so terrible a calamity overtaking him while he is, so to speak, under your roof.

We have thought that perhaps you may have on your side, since these disquieting threats have been published, felt how painful would be the deep

MEMORIES

mortification of his hosts and the rest of your great nation if his life were attempted while on this visit, and we have remembered how ungrateful a task it would have been for you on your side to propose the postponement or abandonment of it.

I therefore wish to assure you that if on your side this visit is thought to have any danger for my father, your telling him so and suggesting its postponement will not be misunderstood but taken frankly with cordial good feeling.

At present he has arranged to sail from Liverpool on the 14th of August. A telegram from you soon after you receive this, *i.e.* during the following two or three days, will be in time to prevent his embarkation.

If you do not telegraph we shall thankfully regard your silence as assuring us that you on your side do not think that there is any serious danger, and with that assurance we shall wish him God speed on his journey and rest confident in his safe return in the autumn.—Believe me to remain, Dear Sir, very faithfully yours,
STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

On the 11th of August I received a telegram thus :—

Fear not, all safe.—SHEPARD.

In the interval, however, we had forwarded to Sir William Harcourt some of the warning letters that had been received. This had led to Mr. Gladstone

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

requesting Lord Granville to communicate with Mr. Lowell in the matter, and on the 9th of August, in answer to a telegraphic message to the American Government, Mr. Lowell received the following telegram from the Secretary of State :—

Say to Lord Granville that this Government can take measures to protect the Lord Chief Justice from violence while here ; that this Government, if so requested through you, will without raising any question as to the necessity for so doing take such measures.

I would be pleased to receive any suggestions from Lord Granville as to what the means should be, but if he prefer leaving that to this Government we will not be neglectful of our duty, but will not, unless his Lordship indicate otherwise, make the measures for protection public or demonstrative.

The Lord Chief Justice honours a distinguished association by coming as its guest, and this at their request. Would feel as bitterly as Her Majesty's Government possibly could, should any harm come to him, an event by no means apprehended.

FRELINGHUYSEN.

The arrival of this telegram made my father at once determine to go, and on the 14th of August he sailed from Liverpool on board the *Celtic*. I dined with him at Sussex Square the night before he started, to bid him God speed.

MEMORIES

On the 27th of August came a letter from Mr. Shepard, which is so very characteristic that I insert it here :—

NEW YORK, 16 *August* 1883.

HON. AND DEAR SIR,—The sentiments of your communication of the 30 inst. are creditable to your head and heart. But no one on this side of the Atlantic thinks that your distinguished father will be any less safe from violence here than in England.

May God bless and protect him ! We shall have an eye out for his security and comfort.

Your letter had a long voyage—or rather it did not strike a steamer day. I cabled you, care of Messrs. Child, Temple Bar, with reassurances, and very warm welcome, and every kind of honor and hospitality await your father's advent. I hope he will arrive quickly, in good health, and enjoy terra firma here : then have a happy voyage home in good time.

Mr. Minister Welsh writes from Philadelphia that the Bench and Bar there will entertain him, the Pennsylvania University will do likewise.

We have invitations for him from Albany, Newport, Boston, Frederickton, St. John, Three Rivers, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Rochester, Buffalo, Chicago, etc., no one will know in advance of the hours of our movements.

Our Grand reception at the Academy of Music here has been fixed for Thursday, Oct. 11th.

Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, a member of our

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

Committee, expects to take your father off the *Celtic* in the lower bay, in his steam yacht *Pastime*, and no one will be advised of our point of landing. Your father will be surrounded by loving American hearts, and strong American arms, and we shall hope for the best.—Very truly yours,

ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.

My father sailed away from Liverpool, and sent me a note from Queenstown in which he said : “It is a magnificent ship, and everything as complete as it can be. But if I live to come back I will never go again beyond the Channel.” The voyage took ten days, the *Celtic* sailing on the 14th, and arriving on the 24th of August.

On the 23rd, when still at sea, he wrote to me : “We shall be in New York, all going well, by tomorrow morning, so I write a line to be ready for the post. I am *not* greatly disappointed in the Atlantic (this alludes to Oscar Wilde’s remark on landing at New York, which was telegraphed instantly over two hemispheres). . . .

The children on board seem to have suffered very little (from sickness), and there is one bright, handsome, picturesque American boy of eleven or twelve who is quite the life of our part of the ship,—a trifle cool, but very intelligent and in the main a nice well-disposed, affectionate little fellow—“having to get my education first, and then go West and set up a ranche ; you see I am always happy in the saddle.”

MEMORIES

Amongst other things I have accomplished *Lorna Doone* for the first time on the voyage. With that I *am* greatly disappointed. It is too long, a great deal, and it is not really well done in point of style. It requires a master like Thackeray to write a whole book in an artificial style, and even in *Esmond*, which is no doubt consummate, one gets bored now and then and wishes for the natural English of the day. . . .

I will write again before I leave New York when I have settled on my plans.

After he had been ashore three days he wrote to me again.

I have sent you a set of *Tribunes* and *Heralds* for Thursday, in which you will see my movements chronicled and a quantity of rubbish about me and put into my mouth which even these really respectable papers appear unable to reject. It is a most wonderful place, London and Paris combined in its architecture, and I see nothing of the flimsy pretentiousness which I had been told to expect.

The R.C. cathedral of white marble and the Brooklyn Bridge are in their ways the two finest things I have seen. The kindness of the people is quite overwhelming. After church yesterday I was taken down to Coney Island, a strip of sand out at sea, to which you get by a bridge, and on which huge hotels have sprung up with gardens and galleries, and every conceivable *cheap* luxury, for there was nothing extravagant. They gave us a

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

luncheon and some excellent Katawba—a very nice wine. The band played “God Save the Queen” and “Rule Britannia,” which I certainly never expected to hear, and splendidly played by an American band on the very beach of the Atlantic. I am just off up the Hudson, and write this before breakfast.

On the 12th of September he wrote to me from Cliff Lawn, Batte Road, Newport, R.I., saying that it was a charming place, and his hostess a very charming person.

Boston is far the most beautiful city I have yet seen, both in itself and its surroundings, and certainly is the place where, if I intended to pitch my tent in America, I should select. . . .

The impossibility of studying *anything*, of *really* understanding them, grows upon me, and I dare say by and by they will be rather mortified at my silence, which will proceed simply and solely from the fact that I do not know what to say about them without talking nonsense.

He went on to Buffalo and wrote to me from there on the 22nd of September.

I am afraid this may not reach you till after Irving has started. But if you chance to see him or to be writing to him, pray thank him very much for his kind wish that I should come to him while I am in New York. I certainly will, if I possibly can. . . .

MEMORIES

I have been very much interested with those great second-class cities, Utica, Rochester, and Buffalo are all very interesting places. Rochester, the most beautiful town I have seen, except Portland, and it is finer in itself than Portland, only Portland has that splendid attraction—a deep sea harbour in a beautiful bay full of islands.

But the comfort, the free, happy moderate homes, each with its garden and plot, owned by those who live in them, which are by the *thousand* in Rochester, are very impressive and delightful to me. No landlords. No leases. Each man with his bit of property, large or small as the case may be, living on it, interesting himself about it, and proud of it. This on one side and our wretched feudalism on the other, and I cannot doubt which is the country of the future. I shall not say this here where it would be shabby to abuse the poor old country, but I think it, and should like to say it at home. . . .

I have been down to Niagara in a steamer, and spent the whole of yesterday at it. You have seen it, so do not need an attempt at description, which, indeed, I cannot pretend to undertake, but I think 't worth a journey from England to behold.

How Webb could have been such a *fool*, if he saw the Rapids, as to think he could live in them, I cannot imagine. They are more *furious* than the great Fall itself, and give a notion of irresistible power. Indeed, if I had my choice, I really think I would rather go over the great Fall than down the Rapids!

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

By the 26th of September he had reached Chicago, and had also reached satiation of dinners and functions. He writes :—

I am getting very sick of all this reception and speech-making. Last night we had what I should call a failure. An endless dinner, semi-private, by a man who made himself about a dozen speeches carefully prepared, and had never said a word to the people who were to speak, including myself. To-day I am quite sick and ill. But I shall get better. We go to St. Louis, which is my farthest point south and west, and bend my steps homeward, thank God. I am glad you liked the Boston affair. I don't think much of these things and do not much believe in being of any use, but people are very *kind*. I have to go through with it, and when once over it can never happen again.

This certainly is a most astonishing place, really, all things considered, one of the wonders of the world. The lake is very grand, and, as I walked along it in a breeze, the waves, the beach, the sand, the whole thing was just like the sea.

I am writing before breakfast just as we start. I keep on sending you papers, and I hope some of them hit you. . . . I saw a set of Kentucky horses yesterday—glorious beasts !

On the 11th of October he had got back to New York from his long travels, and on that evening the chief event for which he had crossed the Atlantic

MEMORIES

was to take place; he wrote to me before the function as though he had an attack of "stage fright," but I believe he acquitted himself to everybody's satisfaction.

To-day I make my speech which I came to America to make and which I perfectly *tremble* over. For I have had no time—not a moment—to think over it, and I don't know enough or remember enough of De Tocqueville to make it without thinking. So it will be, I am perfectly certain, a dead failure. But I go to Philadelphia to-morrow, then after a few days to Washington, and then start home.

I got here from Baltimore on Monday, a very fine queenly city at the head of the Chesapeake Bay, and beginning now to thrive and increase as free labour is coming in, which heretofore it would not in any slave state. I went there from Louisville in Kentucky, also a fine stately place reviving in the same way since the abolition of slavery.

The road from Louisville to Baltimore, about seven hundred miles, was through Kentucky, both the Virginias, and Maryland, and is far the most beautiful course of scenery I have seen in America. It is really like the finest part of the Dart scenery, prolonged for two hundred miles up the Alleghanies one side and down them the other.

We struck the Potomac at its very source, and followed it from a little mountain rill to the majestic river it becomes at Washington, and the

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

scenery had that which America so much wants in general, *i.e.* human interest. For we went along the great battleground of the war. Martinsburgh which we passed was taken and retaken a dozen or so times, and all along there were burnt arsenals and broken bridges telling of the struggle. Harper's Ferry where the Virginians hanged John Brown, and where the Sherandouk runs into the Potomac, is one of the most beautiful spots in the world, and full of human interest too.

My "military attachee," McClellan, is a most intelligent young fellow, and he made me understand the strategy and the manœuvring of Lee and Meade at the great battle of Gettysburgh till I really seemed to understand it.

This house is superb. I think I told you that Mrs. Shepard was a Miss Vanderbilt, and except that the rooms are really too too——! it is perfection, and after knocking about and speaking every day for six weeks, it is something to be quiet and have *only* receptions and dinner parties for three or four days.

I am "weary, a weary" like Marianna, and much inclined to echo her prayer—but, D.G., there is now not much more than a fortnight, and then, if I am tolerably lucky, the perfect peace and idleness of the ocean voyage.

As this is only an extract from his letter written on the day of the great speech, I cannot but harbour the suspicion that he was not quite so frightened as he said he was, nor quite so unprepared, or he

MEMORIES

would have postponed his letter to me in favour of cogitations over the oration. That he was really rather nervous I can well believe, for although one of the most finished and winning speakers of his time, I think he generally experienced nervous excitement before any great oratorical effort. As a matter of historical fact the speech gave great satisfaction to the Americans. In a fine passage he exclaimed—

It is not your colossal fortunes, your vast estates, your piles of gold and silver that have interested me.

I have seen hundreds, thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands of comfortable solid houses, more or less large, lived in and occupied by the owners of them. I am told—of course there are such things as leases—but I am told that your intelligent farmers own their own farms, your cultivated and educated gentlemen own their own houses, your artisans and poor people own their own cottages. If they improve them they improve them for themselves. If in Scripture language they plant a vineyard, they or their children eat the fruit thereof. What a state of satisfaction and content this produces in times of peace! What an irresistible force it would give you, nay, I say, *did* give you, when the war broke out! This is your great glory; this is your real greatness; this is your happiness—keep it—guard it, cling to it, never let it go, never be

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

betrayed into the pursuit of the false glitter, but real misery and discontent, which always have followed, which always will follow in the train of feudalism !

The speech over, he went down to Washington before sailing for England, and as I found that on the date of his reaching Queenstown on the return voyage I should be on a visit to Lord Castlemaine at Moydrum Castle, Athlone, I wrote to him offering to go down to Queenstown and meet him and accompany him to Liverpool, and so home. On the 19th of October he wrote from Washington :

It is very good and kind of you to offer to come and meet me. I need not say that I should like it very much for myself, as I shall be glad of the sight and sound of any one dear to me. . . .

I came here yesterday, and have passed an evening with the President.¹ He is a very handsome, courteous, well-bred and well-read man, and fills his great position, outwardly at least, with infinite dignity and propriety. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of State, is a man of old family for these parts, and a very fine and kindly gentleman. His married daughter who was there last night is a very beautiful woman, one of the most beautiful I have seen in America. I go to the Supreme Court and the public buildings to-day, and to-morrow to the shrine of Washington. My best respects to Lord Castlemaine."

¹ President Arthur.

MEMORIES

This letter reached me at Lord Castlemaine's¹ on the 30th of October, and was the last he wrote to me from America. The tour made great demands on a man no longer young, and unaccustomed to travel; he was taken to eighteen different states, and travelled over four thousand five hundred miles. But he went through it with unflinching tact, suavity, and kindness, actuated throughout by a sincere desire to increase the friendly feelings between the two countries, while the Americans on their side, honoured him with the most flattering attentions and the most splendid hospitality.

It was a great and notable undertaking performed with high courtesy by all concerned, and in some ways was the most distinguished achievement of my father's life.

Of course the object of his visit was not to study the ordinary life in America. He travelled always in special cars with distinguished people as his guides and hosts. When he landed in New York I do not suppose he was left for two hours in a gloomy shed sitting on his luggage awaiting the

¹ The fourth Lord Castlemaine was one of the best landed proprietors in Ireland; all through the most troublous times he remained among his people, and was never an absentee landlord from the day that he came into the Moydrum estates until his death. I frequently enjoyed his genial hospitalities in the eighties—he died in 1892.

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

condescending attentions of a custom-house officer, nor did he discover that a cab from that shed to a not distant hotel cost sixteen shillings. He never occupied a lower berth at night in a train with a man in the one above him who expectorated at regular intervals with the reverberation of a minute gun.

He saw America from a sheltered position, where none of its common exasperations could reach him. In the result he formed the most pleasing vision of that wonderful country, and there can be no doubt that his own experience amply justified that vision, for we may be sure that The Jungle point of view was not the one presented for his contemplation when he visited Chicago.

I myself have crossed the Atlantic several times ; I have been in the United States in 1880, in 1884 and 1885, and in 1910, and have by more intimate contact with the ordinary life there experienced in my own person both the extreme kindness and hospitality of the people, and the extreme discomfort of life anywhere beyond the private houses of one's friends and hosts.

The Americans have many amiable delusions about their country, and institutions, and themselves. They think and tell you that everything is smart, quick, and up to date in New York. Whereas, compared with London, it is a veritable

MEMORIES

sleepy hollow where a tired Englishman might go for a rest cure.

Time seems to be of no value or moment ; I have been to supper after the theatre at the great restaurants, that correspond to our Carlton, Ritz, and Savoy, where we have sat round the table with nothing but glasses of iced water for a full half-hour before a single dish appeared. In London, as every one knows, in that half-hour four or five courses would have been served, and if one's arrival was late, another ten minutes would see the bill paid, hat and coat shovelled on, and the journey home in a taxicab half accomplished.

Fifth Avenue is the chief thoroughfare of New York, corresponding to Piccadilly or St. James's Street in London, and in 1910 it was full of pits and holes as big as a hip bath. It is, I suppose, the most celebrated street in the whole continent, your appreciation and admiration of which is confidently claimed ; and very fine it undoubtedly is, but Americans seem all by common consent to agree to look the other way where the holes in the roadway occur. I suppose the man or official responsible for the pavement has been asleep for twenty years, like Rip Van Winkle, and no one expects him to wake up in so somnolent a city as New York.

Even in talking their habit is to speak with the

LORD COLERIDGE, C.J., IN AMERICA

utmost deliberation, more as though they were addressing a meeting than conversing with a friend ; they never leave a sentence unfinished because already from its inception the person addressed knows how it must conclude.

The habit of Englishmen to say a word or two of an uncompleted remark and leave the rest unsaid because the other man understands what is coming, is quite unknown there.

Their custom in this matter may be entirely commendable and ours utterly slipshod, but there can be no doubt which method of speech saves time. Many things, and this among them, seem to show that much of the habit of America derives from the mother country in the old more formal days, and has been maintained with far more permanence in America than in England.

I do not at all suggest that our short, sharp, time-saving ways of life and speech in London are superior to the slower and more deliberate habits of New York. But the Londoner undoubtedly speaks, answers, thinks, and acts with much greater rapidity than the sedate New Yorker ; and their street paving would not be tolerated for a day by any borough council in our metropolitan or any other urban area.

I am tempted to describe the many kindly courtesies extended to me in 1910 when I was last

MEMORIES

in America, and the many interesting scenes, such as the Lincoln banquet, in which I was permitted to participate. But I must adhere to my determination to avoid the portrayal of living persons in this volume. Perhaps, some day, when we are all dead — But that will be a matter for my executors !



THE LIBRARY AT 7 EGERTON MANSIONS

CHAPTER XVII

MY LIBRARY

EVER since I first went up to Cambridge I have been a collector of books, and autograph letters.

Some of the earliest and most precious of my possessions were given me by my grandfather, Sir John Coleridge. From him I received a nine volume edition of Shakespere, which had been given to him by his father Colonel Coleridge, in the year 1808, at Oxford.

My grandfather also gave me his six volume Moxon edition of Wordsworth (1836), which he had received from Wordsworth himself in December of the year in which it was issued.

Wordsworth's *Prelude*, first published by Moxon in 1850, the year of the poet's death, posthumously, reached my grandfather on August the 2nd of that year, and the fly-leaf shows that he was then at "Exeter, on circuit." My father passed it on to me in 1878.

At the end it bears the dates in my grandfather's

MEMORIES

writing of his several readings of it, for it was his lifelong habit to put the date of his finishing any book on its last page.

These dates show that he read and finished the poem three times—the following being the entries on the last page :—

“August 6, 1850;” “November 25, 1865, Torquay;” “August 22, 1873, H. C.”¹

There is a slip, in my grandfather's handwriting, stuck into the book at its end as follows :—

“I am ashamed of the hasty way in which I dismissed Wordsworth's *Prelude*.

“It is a noble work ; one that has made my eyes fill again and again, not by its pathos, but by its lofty tone, and translucent purity : a severe work, worthy of patriarchal times, when men went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, and disciplined their spirits by the pure influences of rock, hill, stream, forest, twilight, and darkness. And that too, as in Isaac's case, on the eve of marriage.

“F. W. ROBERTSON.”

A book with much personal interest attached to it now reposes on my shelves ; it is a perfect copy of

¹ Heath's Court—the name by which the Chanter's House was known for several generations.

MY LIBRARY

“*Godfrey of Bulloigne ; or, The Recouerie of Jerusalem.*
Done with English Heroicall verse by Edward
Fairfax, Gent. 1600.”

It is in the original boards, and on the inside of the cover is this first inscription :

“This volume, once the property of Mr. Stewart Rose, the translator of Ariosto, became that of Mr. J. Payne Collier, who gave it to Mr. W. Wordsworth the poet, whose sons presented it to me on his death. I have since offered it to Mr. Collier, who has accepted it, but I could not find it. Now it will be given him on the first occasion.

“H. C. ROBINSON.

“August 1862.”

Henry Crabbe Robinson, when he wrote these words in this book, was eighty-seven years old, but his penmanship was beautiful and distinct.

On the fly-leaf in the handwriting of James Payne Collier there is written :—

“See what H. C. Robinson has written on the cover.

This is the only copy I ever saw where the whole of the first leaf was reprinted in order that the translator might substitute a *third* change in the first stanza. He took the opportunity also of altering ‘the argument,’ and there are other minor changes in the two earliest pages, as marked in pencil.—J. P. C.”

MEMORIES

On the top of the title-page in James Payne Collier's hand is written :

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
FROM J. PAYNE COLLIER.

and at the bottom of it there appears

WM. WORDSWORTH

in the poet's own handwriting.

If this book is stolen from me I shall have difficulty in proving my ownership, as I have never had the courage to intrude my own name upon this distinguished company, on the fly-leaf, cover, or title-page.

I have a copy of what, I believe, is one of the rarest books in the world—the first edition of *Sartor Resartus*.

It was published in 1838, and I think owes its scarceness to the fact that Saunders & Otley, the publishers, ceased to exist before many copies had got into circulation, and the rest of the edition disappeared in the general confusion.

My copy was given to my grandfather by my father on the former's fiftieth birthday, the 9th July 1840. It came back to my father on my grandfather's death, and in 1878 my father gave it to me.

At the end of it is my grandfather's customary record of his having finished it on "September 4th 1840. J. T. C."

MY LIBRARY

Irving brought back from America, and presented to me in 1890 a pirated edition of Ruskin. He described it in the fly-leaf as :

“An American curiosity in eight volumes.”

How he managed this bit of smuggling I never knew. “Bram Stoker did it,” he told me ; “so he will go to prison if you tell on us.”

The volumes are beautifully produced, and all the original drawings perfectly repeated.

One of the volumes was somehow lost, and Irving could only find seven of them. The lost one was part of *Modern Painters* ; however, I wrote over to Messrs. John Wiley & Sons, who had published this edition, and explained matters, and asked to be supplied somehow with the lost volume. Mr. William Wiley thereupon sent me over the volume in sheets, and the binding in a separate parcel, and in a charming letter said, “There will be no charge whatever, and I consider this as a pleasure.” The volume is now in its place with the others, and Mr. Wiley’s letter is bound up with it.

I have an interleaved copy of Theophilus Cibber’s *Lives of the Poets*, 1753. It has belonged to old Thoms, who states on the cover of the first volume that he gave £22 for it. It is full of MSS. notes on the interleaves, which appear to have been made

MEMORIES

by Dr. Johnson, probably when he was preparing his own *Lives of the Poets*.

I have eleven volumes of letters from persons distinguished in all the walks of life, a few of which I have produced in this book. They include letters of Byron, Coleridge, Nelson, Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Newman, Ruskin, Watts, Gladstone, Leighton, George Meredith, and very many others who are still alive. With the exception of the earlier group they are all written to myself, and with few exceptions are of so intimate a nature as to preclude my allowing them to be given to the world; though I shall preserve them and hand them on intact to my family and descendants.

I regard as very precious an autograph letter of Tom Hood written in 1845, which runs thus:—

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, 28 *February* (1845?).

SIR,—As I have publicly acknowledged the authorship of the “*Song of the Shirt*,” I can have no objection to satisfy you privately on the subject. My old friends Bradbury and Evans, the Proprietors of *Punch*, could show you the document conclusive on the subject. But I trust my authority will be sufficient—especially as it comes from a man on his death-bed.—I am, Sir, Your mo. obt.

THO' HOOD.



COLERIDGE
From the drawing by Daniel Maclise

MY LIBRARY

The following letter from Charles Lamb to Coleridge I saved at a sale many years ago from going to America, at a cost I could ill afford. Its contents made it especially valuable to any one of our name as affording the most touching evidence that, however Coleridge may on occasion have disappointed his friends, it was to him that one who knew him perfectly, and who had known him from childhood, turned for sympathy in his utmost hour of misery, with the knowledge that the response would be certain, and that the hand of consolation would most tenderly be stretched out to him. I do not believe that any one who remembers all the tragedy of Charles Lamb's domestic history, can read this letter unmoved.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—I don't know why I write except from the propensity misery has to tell her griefs. Hetty died on Friday night, about 11 o'clock, after eight days' illness. . . .¹ Mary in consequence of fatigue and anxiety is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company. . . . To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat, to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief.

¹ The dots in this letter are reproduced as Lamb inserted them; they do not represent elisions.

MEMORIES

Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful, nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner marked.

Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness.

But I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try to get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow.

I am completely shipwreck'd—My head is quite bad. . . . I almost wish that Mary were dead. . . .

God bless you. Love to Sarah and Hartley.

Monday.

C. LAMB.

MR. COLERIDGE,
NO. 10 STOKES CROFT, BRISTOL.

The letter is not dated, but from an indistinct postmark it seems to have been written in 1800. The Hetty here mentioned was, I believe, an old and beloved servant.

I have, of course, collected all the editions of Coleridge, until they occupy a formidable space on my shelves. I also possess letters and marginalia in his handwriting, some of which are of lasting interest. The following letter written to Mr. Benjamin Flower, Printer, Cambridge, announces the birth of Hartley Coleridge :—

MY LIBRARY

MY DEAR SIR,—The above admirable poem was written by Southey, the author of *Joan of Arc*, and I am happy that I have the opportunity of introducing it to your paper. My poems are entering on a second edition—I shall leave out, with some other things, all the political allusions except those which occur in the religious musings (by the bye I have to thank you for your very respectful mention of that poem in your pamphlet).

Will you be so kind as to procure Lunn's and Deign's permission to have their names in the title-page. Yours, I presume, I may reckon on.

My wife was safely delivered of a boy—a fine fellow, stout, on Sept. 19th. I have named him David Hartley Coleridge, in honour of the great master of Christian philosophy.

I shall shortly be delivered of an examination of Godwin's *Political Justice*. I have raised myself many enemies among the atheists by my prelusive skirmishes. I hope that Robert Hall is well—Why is he idle? I mean towards the public. We want such men to rescue this *enlightened age* from general irreligion. The stream of knowledge has diffused itself into shallows.—Believe me, your obliged and sincerely grateful friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

November 2nd, 1796.

MR. BENJAMIN FLOWER,
PRINTER, CAMBRIDGE.

From marginalia written by Coleridge in a copy of the *Encyclopædia Londoniensis* (1814), I now transfer

MEMORIES

the following interesting excerpts. I give first the extract from the *Encyclopædia* which provoked the marginal criticism, and then Coleridge's comment.

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on "Liberty,"
p. 585.

"What the law is, every subject knows or may know if he pleases ; for it depends not upon the arbitrary will of any judge ; but is permanent, fixed, and unchangeable, unless by the authority of Parliament."

Coleridge's marginal note on this runs thus :—

Mere declamation !

In a rich and populous and commercial and manufacturing people, the practical law exists in Precedents, far more than in Statutes, and every new Judge furnishes new Precedents. Hence the "glorious uncertainty of the Law."

How can it be truly affirmed that every man may know, when it requires the study and practice of a life to be qualified even to give an opinion ; and when nothing is more common than for two men equally qualified to give opposite opinions.

Not to mention the ruinous expenses of a lawsuit to all but rich men : so that the power of appeal from lower to higher Court instead of protecting the poor man, enables a rich tyrant, such as the late Lord Lonsdale, to ruin whom he chooses. I write this not in complaint, for the evil is inevitable, and

MY LIBRARY

results from the very nature of property in the present state of human nature ; but because the strongest arguments of Jacobinism are drawn from these rash assertions, and the actual state of things so opposite to them. These positions should be treated as the declared *Ideal* and ultimate object of legislation, which every man is bound to hold in view in his administration of law—and men should be taught that the evils here stated are great indeed, yet cannot be removed without far greater evils, and that there are advantages on the other hand resulting from these very evils, and in some measure counterbalancing them—such as the existence of a large and learned profession, a check on litigiousness, and not least, a general sense of the insufficiency of law and the consequent praise and value attached to honour and morality, as contra-distinguished from legality.

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on “Liberty of Conscience.”

“That the civil magistrate has a right to check the propagation of opinions which tend to sap the foundations of virtue, and to disturb the peace of Society, cannot, we think, be questioned ; but he has no right to restrain mankind from publicly professing any system of faith which comprehends the being and providence of God.”

Coleridge’s note on this :—

But who is to be the judge what opinions do

MEMORIES

tend to sap the foundations of virtue? Will any ordinary Christian allow that the Devil of the Christian revelation does not tend to sap the foundations of virtue.

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on “Liberty of Conscience.”

“It is indeed a hardship to deprive a man of his living for conscientiously illustrating what he believes to be a truth of the gospel, only because his illustration may be different from that which had formerly been given by men fallible like himself; but if the establishment of human compilations of faith be necessary, this hardship cannot be removed, but by making such compilations as simple as possible, and drawing them up in Scripture language.”

Coleridge’s note on this :—

This is utterly impracticable; for the question is, What is the meaning of Scripture language?

If you take only a certain set of texts, the opponent has another set to refer to, and by these he will interpret the former. Thus the Socinian and Trinitarian could both subscribe to the same words; and the whole purpose of subscription be baffled.

The Church of England has no occasion for subscription, inasmuch as all her articles of faith are interwoven in her liturgy; but for this very reason there can be ground of objection to subscribing. For will you hesitate to subscribe what you

do not believe in the presence of a bishop, and yet not hesitate to offer up a lie to your Maker in the most solemn of Religions.

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on “Liberty of Conscience.”

“With religion, Christian governments have no further concern than as it tends to promote the practice of virtue.”

Coleridge’s note on this :—

No! If this were once admitted, even the Inquisition might be defended. Not the practice of virtue, but the peace of Society, and the legality of the individuals are the objects of the law; these secured, it trusts, and may safely trust, to religion, education, civilisation, and the rest.

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on “Erasmus.”

“In conformity with the pedantic taste then prevailing among men of letters, or assuming names of Greek or Latin etymology, he translated his family name of Gerard, signifying amiable, into the equivalent ones of Desiderius in Latin, and Erasmus in Greek.”

Coleridge’s note on this :—

And why pedantic? What man of the least taste would have preferred Mynheer Groot to Grotius, Reuchlin to Caprio, or Schwarzerdl to Melanchthon? While the Latin was the *lingua communis* of Europe, such translations were fit and graceful.

MEMORIES

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on “Erasmus.”

“He first lodged with Sir Thomas More, and amused himself with writing his *Moriae Encomium*; or, *Praise of Folley*: a facetious and satirical composition, which became popular.”

Coleridge’s note on this :—

And this is all that can be said of the (perhaps) most exquisite work of wit and wisdom extant! In its kind certainly the most exquisite.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Encyclopædia Londoniensis—Article on “Elephas.”

“Nor have elephants, so far as I have been able to observe, any particular seasons of love, like horses.”

Coleridge’s note on this :—

This detestable use of the word “love” was introduced by the French; and is a good instance of the filthiness of mock modesty. In order to avoid the plain and appropriate word “lust” or “sexual heat,” we are to blaspheme the noblest affection of human nature. Nay, which God Himself has chosen as most descriptive of His essence: God is Love!

Among my MSS. is a letter written in August 1828 by the mother of Lady Macdonell, one of the oldest and most valued of my friends, whose literary knowledge is as wide as is her generosity in imparting it. The letter was written from the Lakes, and



HARTLEY COLERIDGE IN EARLY YOUTH

MY LIBRARY

gives a glimpse of Hartley Coleridge which I think may fitly be preserved :—

On reaching our inn we found our friend T. A.¹ had brought Mr. Hartley Coleridge to call upon us. He lives close by. We invited him to our room, and the evening, or rather the night, was spent—for it was two o'clock before we parted—in most interesting and at times brilliant talk. Though at the first moment I felt embarrassed from the fact that I, at least, was not as familiar with his writings as I might have been, still conversation was kept up with spirit. How could it be otherwise with the wit, learning, and eloquence of our guest?

He spoke of his acquaintance with Clarkson, at whose house, he told us, he used to spend his vacations when at College, and for whose views and excellences of character he seems to have the highest esteem.

An anecdote that he related in his eloquent and beautiful manner will, I know, dear Mother, delight thee, as thou hast so frequently been in Clarkson's company in thy youth. When Mr. Clarkson was at the University, "An Enquiry into the Slave Trade" was proposed to be discussed by some of the students at a debating Club. The undergraduates cast lots for sides, and to Clarkson it fell to speak against the slave trade, though his sympathies were quite on the contrary side. However, he fully and justly went into the matter, and in the course of his argument he became so entirely a convert to his own

¹ I surmise this to have been Dr. Arnold.

MEMORIES

reasoning that when he had come to the end of his speech, he startled his hearers, and almost himself, by saying, "And since such are the enormities of this traffic in human life, I here dedicate all my powers both of body and mind to its abolition," "and" added the narrator, with a touch of earnest feeling in his voice, "his life has shown the faith with which he has kept his vow."

The next morning as we sate at breakfast Mr. Coleridge again appeared, and with the remembrance of last night's delightful interview we were only too pleased to see him. His talk is a great and rare treat. Would that with the ready pen of a shorthand writer I could have taken down every word! But anything beyond listening would have been like interrupting music. The flow of his thoughts and words was so melodious. We could but listen, and this we did till noonday, for though we had fixed to climb Helvellyn, and the day was exceedingly hot, we sate on thinking of nothing but his clever talk until the sun was high in the meridian. . . .

On parting with our spiritual guest we exchanged our addresses that he might visit us in Liverpool, and then with the buoyancy that this interlude and his intercourse had given our spirits, we set out on our ascent of Helvellyn.

Many of the volumes of letters, and some of the books in this library, have been bound by Francis Sangorski, who lost his life on the 1st of July 1912, by drowning at Selsey-on-the-Sea.

MY LIBRARY

He brought great qualities to the practice of his beautiful art ; he possessed exquisite taste and manly dexterity, and the satisfaction of covering precious work in binding worthy of it must often have been his. His last most splendid achievement, a *Rubâiyât* embellished with jewels, destined for the library of a transatlantic merchant prince, now lies under twelve thousand feet of water, in the hull of the *Titanic*, for ever irrecoverable. The sea has claimed both the man and his masterpiece.

He was still a young man, when he met his death ; but he had lived and laboured long enough to do much to raise to its once distinguished place of honour in the world the ancient and beautiful craft of binding.

Such are some of the treasures of my library, a room where I have spent many years in quietness and comfort. A large room high up with a generous bow-window, not itself overlooked, but commanding a view in front of the green trees of Brompton Square ; on the right the Brompton Road stretches up to Tattersall's ; on the left the Dome of the Oratory lifts its cross high above me into the sky.

The table upon which I write is of oak and of the same design as that upon which St. Jerome is represented by Albert Dürer as seated translating the Bible into Latin. I had it made in 1888 after

MEMORIES

visiting Nuremberg where I learnt properly to value Albert Dürer's work.

The old wing chair in which I sit to write was once Thomas Carlyle's. The walls wherever not covered with books are panelled with James I. oak. On the top of the bookcase in the corner there stands a pitcher of black pottery which a woman brought to the well outside Jaffa on her head, and which she gave me in exchange for a silk sash in the cool evening of a blazing day long ago in 1878, when I landed there on my way from Egypt to Cyprus in a crazy ship with foul water aboard. The pitcher I took to Cyprus, where it fetched water for me from a well, while I stayed there during the first landing of our troops, and it came home with me, and now sits up aloft in honoured repose.

On the wall by the fire hangs an amber necklace which a little copper-coloured child in the desert between Ismailia and Cairo gave me because, in some way I have forgotten, I helped her and her mother.

Near it hangs a short boat-hook decorated with coloured velvet and little images of the Madonna, which the gondolier who served me faithfully daily for three weeks at Venice in 1888 gave me when we parted; I had given him one of the sketches he had watched me paint—I fear I got the best of the exchange of presents! On the carved cupboard

MY LIBRARY

where I keep my most precious autographs stands a bust of Seneca, which I brought from Naples in 1879. Other memorials are there in plenty around me of my travels the world over.

To this haunt of ancient peace many friends celebrated in their day have climbed, and have left in it memories hallowed by time. Matthew Arnold and my father have been here together ; Manning came here once in spite of the long climb up the stairs ; poor Oscar Wilde was often here, and would wander along the shelves diving into a book here and there like a bee in a garden, talking all the time in his discursive, fantastic way ; and here he told me the story of *The Selfish Giant* before he ever published it. Alas ! What overthrow and death !

His consuming love of a smart and tart saying often took him far over the bounds others of us observe ; when he came out of prison he expected, with what justification every one may decide for himself, that his wife would be awaiting him to comfort and support him : that he should have expected it has ever seemed to me a fine tribute to her from him ; but it was not to be, and he drifted to Paris, and thence to Venice, where after some weeks he received a tentative letter from her saying she was willing to journey to some place and meet him for a conference as to future plans of life.

MEMORIES

Oscar without waiting to reflect rushed to the Post Office and telegraphed :—

“The one thing that genius cannot pardon is unpunctuality.”

This is indicative of his whole character, brilliant and impossible.

He once said a very amusing thing at my expense when dining here. Ever since I was at Cambridge I have had the habit of writing letters of any consequence on large sheets of paper and folding them up so as to need no envelope for the post. My bankers, Messrs. Child & Company, so addressed me in 1875, and I imitated the method from them. All old letters were so folded, of which I have quantities in my collection. There is this certain advantage in so treating a letter, viz. that the postmark is on the letter itself and proves its date. Oscar Wilde did not like to copy me in this, but I think he wished he had done it first! And when some one at my table spoke of me as a “man of letters,” he exclaimed, “No, no! A man of letterpaper.”

He was excellent company in spite of his inveterate habit of posing, a ripe scholar, and possessed of great courage, moral and physical. I knew him once perform an act of friendship for a man in trouble that demanded very great valour.

MY LIBRARY

When he came to die he watched two doctors discussing his case and its hopelessness at the other side of the room, and indicating them with a gesture to the nurse by the bedside he murmured to her, "I am afraid I am dying beyond my means," and so with a quaint jest he left the world.

One old friend of mine, now well known and honoured in the great world, was, in a now distant past, tormented by a beautiful but wayward girl, and in his pain would come and sit silent and gloomy by my fire while I went on with my work, not speaking of his woes to him as being the method of sympathy most to his mind. One day after a long vibrating silence he rose unable to contain himself any more, and raising his clenched fists above his head he exclaimed with concentrated fury, "They're all cats! They're all cats!" Then he subsided again, and I went on with my work. The whirligig of time brings in his revenges! The wayward girl is now stout and plain; and my old friend is united to a sweet and gracious lady, beautiful, winning, who would be incapable of inflicting a moment's pain upon him. He has found one at least who is not a cat!

Thus is this room full of memories of friends, not a few of whom will never more climb my stairs, and also is it for me a treasure-house of the poets and great writers whose door stands ever open

MEMORIES

to me, and over which I pass to add to my pleasures and to find consolation in sorrow.

For the love of letters is its own great reward ; when weary with the world's troubles, when goaded into anger by some unworthy strife, when sick at heart at the malice of enemies, and sometimes, perhaps, wounded at the ingratitude of friends, then let a man turn to the corner of a house-top with the poets in it as to a sanctuary where he can pass into the company of the gods, who will on the instant pour an anodyne upon his soul, and as his hand reaches up to draw down from its familiar nook some beloved volume, he will murmur to himself—

“Oh ! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest.”



EX LIBRIS
STEPHEN COLERIDGE



CHAPTER XVIII

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

LONDON has changed very much since I was a boy. All the main streets were paved with stone blocks, and as there were no indiarubber tyres the noise was deafening. In the middle of Regent's Park or Hyde Park one heard the roar of the traffic all round in a ring of tremendous sound ; and in any shop in Oxford Street if the door was opened, no one could make himself heard till it was shut again.

London has also grown, I imagine, faster than any other old-established city in the world in the last fifty years and in the last hundred years. My great-grandfather remembered being able to see St. James's Palace from the steps of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. When my grandfather lived in Montague Place, then a centre of fashion, nightingales sang in the gardens of Montague House which lay behind, where the British Museum now stands. The house he lived in has lately disappeared, and its place is occupied with the new buildings of the Museum.

MEMORIES

But I have often walked home that way from the Law Courts with my father for the purpose of passing the old house. Near to it were two houses the owners of whom, when my father was a boy, were such friends that they had their drawing-room balconies connected so that they might go in and see each other without descending to the street. My memory fails me now as to their names, but the balconies were still joined when we used to pass the houses, though a spiky railing prevented any such familiarity between the subsequent occupiers.

My father remembered the time when there were no houses beyond the end of Oxford Street, where the Marble Arch stands, and I have heard him say that the Great Western Railway made their terminus in the fields.

And I myself remember the building of Queen's Gate and the Cromwell Road, and can recall Gloucester Road Station being built in the midst of market gardens. Now when I drive out of London by motor to the west, the houses and pavements are continuous to Hounslow, which is eleven miles from Hyde Park Corner !

Customs have also changed fundamentally, and I think the ten years between 1860 and 1870 mark the time of greatest alteration. At the beginning of that decade the Park was filled with gorgeous equipages, coachmen on hammer-cloth boxes in wigs,

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

and frequently two and always one powdered footman up behind, and in the case of noblemen little coronets along the edge of the roof standing up against the sky.

Lady Mildred Hope never drove out from her house at the end of Connaught Place without an outrider, who circulated the park about fifty yards in front of her carriage. Great people took a frank delight in their grandeur, and it certainly made a walk in the Park interesting and diverting.

Suddenly it became the fashion to disdain all display, and by 1870 the splendid carriages with their C springs and folding steps had been put away, and the plainest possible landaus and britskas had taken their place, and now the old chariots are only to be seen on Coronation days and other great occasions.

In the early sixties ladies who walked abroad in the mornings to shop were accompanied, or rather followed by a footman ; they were never to be seen in a hansom cab.

I well remember the conduct of the first bishop who was seen in a hansom being warmly discussed. And my father had something to say of a very trenchant character about the first bishop who wore a beard.

Between 1870 and 1880 the revolution in habits had become complete. Young ladies drove about

MEMORIES

alone in hansoms, and, when the perpendicular ladder and knifeboard gave place to circular staircase and garden seats, they bravely mounted to the roof of the omnibus, and soon the total emancipation was initiated which has found its consummation in grown women riding astride of horses, puffing cigarette-smoke in men's faces, and bathing with men in skin-tights at fashionable French watering-places. Some few have advanced even beyond these enterprises, and have descended into the streets to smack policemen's faces, and smash shop windows, because an immense revolution in the whole government and constitution of the country is not granted at their imperative demand. The old days may have been too dull and decorous, but seemliness, and grace, and dignity, and reverence appear to be in some risk of disappearing altogether from English life unless a reaction of some sort occurs. But beyond all these changes, that which has marked the period of my life most potently, and in my belief most disastrously, has been the ruthless domination of Science and the utter dejection of Faith. Knowledge and Reason have always been, and must always be, miserable bases on which to build conduct, character, and life.

There was a wide-minded wisdom in Disraeli's summing up of a discussion on Darwin: "Some say we are descended from angels, and some say we

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

are descended from apes: I am on the side of the angels.”

Even if it could be proved to our reason that we are descended from arboreal apes, that item of knowledge does not seem likely to be more provocative of noble conduct than the belief, even if erroneous, that we are descended from angels. “As nothing can be proved,” said Voltaire, “let us believe in the impossible.”

This was no doubt a brilliant and biting satire on Faith ; but if experience and history show that belief in the impossible, where nothing can be proved, emerges in lives of uplifting magnificence and in deeds of enduring glory, while the rejection of Faith and the dominance of Science emerges in peddling in laboratories with microbes, in a gradual decay of the sense of duty in all classes, and in a steady disappearance of great men in all walks of life, there is surely something to be said for Faith even in the impossible, and much to be said against the sterile steps of exact knowledge that deflate all they tread upon.

I remember feeling a sickening regret that so great a man as Gladstone should have descended into the arid arena to contest with Huxley, who showed the quality of his mind and taste by alluding in the controversy to the miracle of the herd of swine as “the Gadarene pig affair.”

MEMORIES

Gladstone, as a man of letters with a mind stored with all the writings of the magnanimous dead, of necessity was clothed with courtesy as with an inseparable garment ; an absorption in Science tends to narrow the mind, astrict the manners, and exacerbate the temper ; and when the urbane scholar gravely disputed with Huxley, that uncouth pedagogue of Science replied by throwing mud in his face.

In the last sixty years the tree of knowledge with its dead fruit has been preferred to the tree of life ; and the accumulation of barren facts set above the dreaming of dreams, or the seeing of visions ; until Science has proclaimed in the market-place that a heap of offal is in fact as lovely as a lily of the valley, that as a quality of matter beauty is entirely non-existent, being wholly subjective, and a figment of man's fancy.

Unable to include it in their system of blind law wherewith they affect to explain the universe, unable to perceive it because in their narrow materialism it can have no place, the priests of Science shut their eyes and declare that it is not.

Certainly Science has toiled early and late to destroy beauty and banish it from human life. It has given us machine carving and the Post-Impressionists !

In every hotel in the kingdom, the tired traveller

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

as he mounts to his bedroom is brought face to face with the inevitable machine-carved furniture, which insults his taste and depresses his soul.

He turns to the wall and is confronted with some mechanical "processed" pictures; he looks at the fireplace and is called upon to endure one of the million machine-made grates with its abominable cast-iron carving. No wonder so many people kill themselves in hotel bedrooms.

Science has invented the spectroscope, and has told the world that light can be, by it, divided into its component colours; and off rush the Post-Impressionists and dab little blobs of the blazing colours of the spectrum contiguously all over a canvas, and ask us to endorse their method as the last word in knowledge and truth, and to discard as ignorant the masterly technique of Alfred Parsons and the lovely harmonies of Sir Alfred East.

Men of Science have for years steadily opposed and ridiculed classical education, knowing that scholarship leads men to take a wide view of human life, to perceive the glory, magnificence, and permanence of literature, and to value at its essential insignificance, and to perceive the sterilising effect of, a training of the mind in which poetry, imagination, sentiment, and emotion have no place.

Science proudly tells the sanguine youth that music is merely a series of consecutive vibrations of

MEMORIES

the gases composing the air, that painting is merely a series of contiguous pigments, that poetry is an arrangement of words separated into parcels of similar length, and that his noblest ambition should be to make his mind an apparatus for accumulating facts with which to climb to other facts, and that mere knowledge is the summit of human ambition.

The encroachment of Science and the resultant weakening of the hold of human letters upon mankind has naturally synchronised with a decay of taste, and a rise of vulgarity, the most insufferable outbreak of which has been the organised attempt to destroy the spelling of the English language, and to substitute some form of symbol for our words which would seem to suggest that speech is nothing better than the sounds emitted by apes.

The spelling of every English word carries with it to the eye of every gentleman educated properly, and to every person of the slightest cultivation, the pedigree and history of the language, and of the former races of mankind that used it, to distant ages in the past.

The Greek, Latin, and Saxon origin of our English words stands patently revealed in their spelling, imparting a romance and beauty to the study and practice of writing and diction, that should be sacred and precious to every one of the slightest refinement and taste.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

The Americans have begun to carry these assaults upon the language into practice, and by a perfectly needless and entirely vulgar deletion of the "u" in the words "honour," "favour," and the like, have obliterated the felicitous evidence embalmed in their proper spelling that these words came to England through the Norman French. "We have long preserved our Constitution," said Dr. Johnson, "let us make some struggles for our language."

Science has created the Black Country. A supreme achievement!

Science has taken the ingenious craftsmen who flourished from one end of England to the other in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and degraded them into the things we know, and with cruel accuracy describe, as "mechanics."

War, which was once waged with nobility and magnificence, when armies went into battle with colours flying, and all the pomp and valour of magnanimous wrath, when the historian, looking back upon the scene of Albuera, could exclaim—

"And then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights."

War, which was once thus glorious, has been turned by Science into a grotesque and brutal contest of cunning, where the combatants concealed in dirt-coloured clothes, hiding behind ditches three or four

MEMORIES

miles apart, fire at each other with smokeless powder from silent guns.

Before Science laid its blighting hand upon the great emprise of war, men rode to battle, or fought face to face, now they do it on their bellies in the mud.

Darwin applied the dolorous blight of Science to the human race, and man, once the supreme work of God at the head of His Universe, has been dejected to an accidental development of an arboreal ape. The Victorian Age rapturously hailed this final degradation of mankind, and buried the man who perpetrated it in Westminster Abbey !

One of the effects of the universal and blatant intrusion of Science into our lives, and the pusillanimous submission of the age to its intolerable claims, has been a total disappearance of repose. We live in a tumult of jingling telephone bells and raucous motor horns ; we leap from city to city, and from continent to continent, at demoniac speed ; no one has time to read, and the largest circulation is the reward of the smallest snippets.

Repose is indispensable for the cultivation of the mind and of breadth of vision, for the production of all work of permanent value, for the decent observation of the fair amenities of civilised life, and for the acquisition and practice of good manners. To

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

be in a hurry is generally to be superficial, to be narrow, to be rude.

In its final desolating advance upon us, Science has spared us nothing ; it has shattered for us the beautiful legends of the Bible, and has advanced on their ruins to the interrogation of the very existence of God. Life itself, which was once an ever-present miracle, it has reduced to a mere manifestation of a blind law ; light, which was once a glorious essence daily sustained by the living God for the benefit of the world, it has declared to be merely the impingement of the vibrations of an imponderable ether ; thought, which was once the panoply of an immortal soul, it has pronounced to be no more than a particular condition of some grey matter in the cranium.

Science has conferred some material benefits upon mankind, enabling the slothful to be more slothful, the self-indulgent to be more self-indulgent, the loquacious to be more communicative, and the already wealthy to be still more rich ; it may perhaps have prolonged human life by a few years, and even have kept alive some who had better be dead ; but it does not really matter how long we live, what matters is how we live. The accumulation of knowledge has no relation to the acquisition of wisdom, or the conservation of virtue, and Science has no exhortation for us on the beauty of unselfishness,

MEMORIES

on the nobility of self-sacrifice, on the splendour of patriotism, on the sanctity of honour, on the divinity of love, or on the glory of God ; and these things matter more to us than the origin of species, the excretions of earthworms, the methods of locomotion, the facilities for communicating words, or the battles of bacteria, none of which can elevate the character or purify the heart.

A few years ago at a public meeting a speaker described how a doctor, who had been elevated to the peerage, had, according to his own account, stitched a needle and thread through the eyeball of a rabbit, and had left the thread there for forty-eight hours, torturing the animal. An unscientific person in the audience, surprised out of his Christian civility by such an act, exclaimed aloud, "Brute !" and his momentary lapse of manners has been quoted in a thousand pamphlets, and on a thousand platforms as a shocking instance of the impudent conduct of those who have the effrontery to open their mouths against any act, however despicable, perpetrated in the name of Science by one of its white-handed augurs. This is a sufficient proof, if any were needed, of the prostrate attitude of the modern world before this new and terrible Deity.

This sinister advance of Science, which is desolating all things lofty in life, is the great and dominant

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

event of the last fifty years ; if it continues unchecked it will lead down to a general disintegration and dissolution of Society, which, after all, is entirely based on the unscientific qualities of subordination, duty, mercy, reverence, love, and willing toil for the benefit of others. He who from his youth has recognised that to feed his mind solely on the dead fruit of knowledge is to invite permanent mortification of the brain, who has retained the old and beautiful ideals of life in a faithless world, who has valued things spiritual above things material, who has kept the essential vulgarity of Science out of his life, will learn what that Science can never teach him ; he will learn the art of life ; he will acquire the gift of sympathy ; he will display loving-kindness to those about him ; he will be filled with joy, wonder, and gratitude for the beauty of the world and the beneficence of God ; and with a mind stored with the greatest and best that has been said by the wisest and holiest of all the ages, he will shed around him the radiance and peace that become the inevitable attribute of his being.

I have endeavoured in this book to record some aspects of the world as I have seen it, and of those illustrious men who adorned it when I was younger, and whose names have now become part of the history of the Nineteenth Century.

MEMORIES

And all those men honoured by the world, of whom I have here written, and of whom it has been the splendid privilege of my life to know and speak with face to face, have gone on before me, many of them distinguished in their day, and some of them leaving names imperishable, which, had they lived in ancient times, would have been recorded among the stars.

Of all the great galaxy of the Victorian Age none survive but him whom we still affectionately call John Morley, standing austere alone, the last of the giants. "All these were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times."

Men must be deeply in earnest and their vision must penetrate far enough to acquire an abiding sense of reverence, and of the pitiful shallowness of flippancy, if they are to do really great work in the world. They must also love beauty more than knowledge. They must value the heart above the mind, and one movement of charity above all the physical inventions on the earth.

All these great men who have left the world nobler for their thoughts and deeds cared little or nothing for things material, and were possessed by an intimate faith in something spiritual within and beyond and above the visible universe.

Where are those that will fill their places?

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

Where indeed ! The mould is broken. The blight of a blind and sterilising worship of Science has crushed the uplifting song of the poets, darkened the vision of the seers, and silenced the magnificent of the Saints.

Therefore, as they are gone never to return, "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

FINIS

NOTE

IT is my pleasure and duty to express my obligations and thanks to my brother, Lord Coleridge, for permission to reproduce many of the pictures in this book ; and to Mrs. Watts, Mr. H. B. Irving, and other of my friends and kinsfolk whose legal copyrights I have technically infringed in publishing some of the letters herein contained.

S. C.

INDEX

- Aberdare, Lord, 182.
 Actors, French and English contrasted, 143.
 A.D.C., Cambridge, author acting member of, 142.
 Albatrosses met on entering the Pacific, 15.
 Aldenham, Lord, 27.
 Alexander, Sir George, 144.
 American Bar, speech to, by Lord Coleridge, C.J., 196.
 Archer, Frank, as Mr. Burchell, 142.
 Arequipa, visit of Meiggs to, 19.
 Arnold, Dr., 217.
 Arnold, Matthew, 46-51.
 goes to the Lyceum with the author, 151.
 and Cardinal Newman, 55.
 visits author's library, 221.
 Arthur, President, Lord Coleridge, C.J., impressions of, 197.
 Austin, Alfred, 77.
 Baltimore, Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits 194.
 Bathing, by ladies in skin-tights, 228.
 Bedford, the Duke of, 92.
 Benson, Archbishop, 66.
 Benson, R. H., 155.
 Boehm, Sir Edgar, 78, 79.
 Bonifacio, the Straits of, stormy passage through, 8.
 Booth, General, 68-70.
 Booth, the actor, 139.
 in the ghost scene from *Macbeth*, 149.
- Bouchier, Arthur, in *Henry the Eighth*, 144.
 Bowen, Mr. Justice, afterwards Lord Bowen, 155.
 Lord, instances of his wit, 170.
 present during Lord Coleridge's address to Lord Mayor, 170.
 unable to read his own handwriting, 171.
 Boxall, Sir William, 84-88.
 Boyle, Dean of Salisbury, story by, of Charles I. and Straf-ford, 100.
 Browning, Robert, 95.
 Buffalo, Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits, 191.
 Butterfield, William, 82, 83.
 Byron, letters of, 208.
 Camoens, statue of, 10.
 Camperdown, Lord, 155.
 Carlyle, Thomas, his chair in author's library, 220.
 Castlemaine, fourth Lord, 198.
 Chicago, Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits, 193.
 Chile and Peru, war between, 27-35.
 visits to, 16.
 Church, Dean of St. Paul's, 73.
 Cibber's *Lives of the Poets* with Johnson's MSS. notes, 207.
 Circuit system, decay of, 180.
City of Berlin and *Mauretania* compared, 41.
 Clarkson, first devotes himself to anti-slavery, 217.

INDEX

- Clerk of Assize for South Wales,
 the author appointed, 45.
 Clifford, Lord, 155.
 Clough, Arthur Hugh, James
 Russell Lowell on, 103.
 Cobbet, 182.
 Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice, 72.
 Colborne, the Hon. Reginald
 (now Lord Seaton), 155.
 Collier, James Payne, 205.
 Collins, Mortimer, squib of, on
 the Positivists, 174.
 Colon, visit to, 39.
 Coney Island, Lord Coleridge,
 C.J., visits, 190.
 Coquelin as Matthias, 143.
Corsican Brothers, pattern for
 hats in, supplied by Sims
 Reeves, 154.
 Coleridge, Bernard Lord, of
 the Chanter's House, 240.
 Coleridge, Father, S.J., 181.
 Coleridge, Hartley, letter about,
 by Lady Macdonell's mother,
 217.
 Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice,
 the author becomes private
 secretary to, 45.
 visits Trinity College on cir-
 cuit, 5.
 address of, to Lord Mayor,
 168.
 speech on western circuit, 165.
 vindicates Mrs. Radcliffe's
 honour in Tichborne Trial,
 166.
 visit to The Lakes with the
 author, 172.
 no sympathy for Bohemia, 171.
 nursery rhyme recited by, 174.
 threatened by dynamitards,
 184.
 Coleridge, Rt. Hon. Sir John
 Taylor, 1, 90.
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, re-
 lationship of to the author, 2.
 marginalia, by 212-16.
 letters of, 208.
 letter of, announcing birth of
 Hartley Coleridge, 211.
 Coleridge, Sarah, 173.
 Cousins, engraver of Cardinal
 Newman's portrait, 55.
 Cross, Lord, 113.
 Cyprus, illness of the author
 at, 7.
 De Horsey, Admiral, dispatches
 the author from Lima, 31.
 Disraeli and "Bob Lowe," 94,
 114-16.
 Disraeli's dictum on Darwin,
 228.
 Dürer, Albert, picture of St.
 Jerome translating Bible,
 219.
 Egypt, visit to, 6.
 Ely, Bishop of, 113.
 Erskine, Mr. Justice, 175.
 Esher, the first Lord, 113.
 Farrar, Dean, preaches Uni-
 versity sermon, 6.
 Fechter as Hamlet, 143.
 Fifth Avenue, New York, holes
 in pavement of, 200.
 Firth, Mr., kindness of, at Lima,
 30.
 Forbes, Norman, as Moses in
Olivia, 142.
 Forster, W. E., the Rt. Hon.,
 protected at Mansion House,
 183.
 Fortescue, Lord, 182.
 Fraser, Lovat, viii.
 Frelinghuysen, United States
 Secretary of State, 187.
 beautiful daughter of, 197.
 Fry, Lady, 116.
 Fry, Lord Justice, 116.
 Fuseli, Sir William Boxall on,
 88.
 Fussy, Sir Henry Irving's
 terrier, story of, 158.
 Gettysburgh, battlefield of,
 visited by Lord Coleridge,
 C.J., 195.

INDEX

- Gerry, Elbridge T., takes Lord Coleridge, C.J., in yacht, 188.
- Gibbs, Mrs. William, portrait of, by Boxall, 86.
- Gibraltar, visit to, 7.
- Gilbert, Alfred, R.A., 145.
- Gilliat, John S., 104.
- Gladstone, Mr. W. E., 113, 115, 116, 117-21.
 letter to author from, 117.
 his urbanity in controversy with Huxley, 230.
 precautions to protect him at Mansion House, 183.
- Gladstone, Mrs., 116.
- Goldschmidt, Otto, husband of Jenny Lind, 98.
- Gordon, Lady, 155.
- Goschen, Viscount, 113-14.
- Graham, Mr., of Huntingstile, Grasmere, 112.
- Granville, Lord, communicates with American Minister *re* Lord Coleridge's visit to America, 187.
- Grasmere, visit of author to, with Lord Coleridge, C.J., 173.
- Grau, Admiral of the Peruvian Navy, 25.
- Hannen, Sir James, 107, 116.
- Harcourt, Sir William, 186.
- Hardy, Gathorne, afterwards Lord Cranbrooke, at Pynes, 75.
- Hare, Mr. (now Sir John), production by, of *Olivia*, 141.
- Harper's Ferry, Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits, 195.
- Heathcote, Sir William, 88.
- Hill, Mr., editor of the *Daily News*, 155.
- Holcombe, Jorge, 27.
- Home Office vulgarises ancient oath to Grand Jury, 179.
- Hood, Tom, letter of, about "The Song of the Shirt," 208.
- Hope, Lady Mildred, drives with outrider in Hyde Park, 227.
- Houghton, Lord, story told of, by Dean Stanley, 114.
- Huddleston, Baron, 91.
- Hursley, the home of the Heathcotes, originally home of Richard Cromwell, 89.
- Huxley, coarse method of controversy of, with Gladstone, 229.
- Irving, H. B., 240.
- Irving, Sir Henry, 145-64.
 and the critics, 147, 148.
 and Macready, 152.
 assistance to, of Ellen Terry, 162.
 banquet to, at St. James's Hall, 158.
 in *Romeo and Juliet*, 153.
 on *Macbeth*, 149.
 on *King Lear*, 152.
 on Hermann Veizin's pronunciation, 141.
 beloved by his company, 161.
 loyalty of, to friends, 161.
 speech to be delivered by Lord Coleridge, sent by author to, 156, 157.
 minute research of, when producing plays, 161.
 writes to author about St. James's Hall speech, 157.
 the tragedy of the death of, 164.
- Jaffa, pitcher in author's library from, 220.
- Johnson, Dr., on preservation of our language, 233.
- Jowett, Master of Balliol, 96, 182.
 at Matthew Arnold's grave, 51.
- Judges and High Sheriffs, 177.
- Kennaway, Sir John, 80, 81.
- Kent, Constance, story of, 120.

INDEX

- Keswick, visit of author to, with
 Lord Coleridge, C.J., 173.
 Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 91.
- Labouchere, Henry, 122-24.
 Lamb, Charles, letter to S. T.
 Coleridge, 209.
 Lawrence, statue of, by Sir
 Edgar Boehm, 79.
 Lecky, Prof., at Matthew Arnold's
 grave, 51.
 Leighton, Lord, 101-102.
 letters of, 208.
 Lesseps, 37.
 Lewis, Dr., Bishop of Llandaff,
 71.
 Lewis, Sir George, 105-107.
 Lightfoot, Dr., 6.
 Lima, visit to, 29.
 Lincoln banquet, author attends,
 202.
 Lind, Jenny, 98-100.
 Lisbon, visit to, 10.
 Llangattock, first Lord, 126-28.
 Lockyer, Sir Norman, criticism
 concerning, 91.
 Loveday, stage manager to Sir
 Henry Irving, 161.
 Lowe, "Bob," 93-4.
 Lowell, James Russell, American
 Minister, 103-105.
 on Ireland, 103.
 Lushington, Charles Manners,
 M.P. for Canterbury, 1.
 Lushington, Sir Stephen, 1.
- Macdonell, Lady, 216.
 Magellan, Straits of, passage of
 the, 14.
 Malta, visit to, 7.
 Manisty, Mr. Justice, 90.
 Manning, Cardinal, 61-64.
 visits author's library, 221.
 Marginalia by S. T. Coleridge,
 212-16.
 Marochetti, Baron, statue by,
 of "Cœur de Lion," 79.
 Martinsburgh, Lord Coleridge,
 C.J., visits, 195.
- M'Carthy, Mr. Justin, 155.
 M'Clellan, "military attachee"
 to Lord Coleridge, C.J., in
 America, 195.
 Meiggs, Enrique, extraordinary
 career of, 16.
 Meredith, George, letter from,
 on vivisection, 60.
 Midleton, Lord, Dean of Exeter,
 81.
 Millais, Sir John E., 101.
 Montague Place, house of Sir
 John T. Coleridge in, 225.
 Monte Video, visit to, 13.
 Morley, Lord, of Blackburn, last
 of the giants, 238.
 Morris, Sir Lewis, 76-78.
- National Anti-Vivisection So-
 ciety, Lord Shaftesbury
 first president of, 58.
 New York, judges wear no
 robes in, 178.
 visit to, 40.
 sedateness of life in, 201.
 Newman, Cardinal, 52.
 portrait of, by Lady Coleridge,
 55.
 and Matthew Arnold, 55.
 letters of, 208.
 in Straits of Bonifacio, 8.
 Niagara, Lord Coleridge, C.J.,
 visits, 192.
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, 74.
- O'Brien, William, 107.
 O'Higgins, statue of, at Santiago,
 24.
 Overstone, Lord, 92.
 Oxford, Bishop of, 65.
- Paganini, Sir William Boxall
 on, 88.
 Paget, Sir James, 116.
 Panama, visit to, 37.
 Parnell, Charles Stewart, the
 case of, 106.

INDEX

- Pauillac, visit to, 9.
 Peru, visit to, 25.
 Peterborough, the Bishop of,
 155.
 Phelps, 138.
 Phillpotts, Bishop, 80-2.
 Pigot, Mr., 155.
 Pizarro, 32.
 Playfair, story of Fenians,
 182.
 Portland, U.S.A., Lord Cole-
 ridge, C.J., visits, 192.
 Proctor, Mrs., 116.
 Pynes, the home of Sir Stafford
 Northcote, 74-6.
- Reeves, Sims, supplies pattern
 opera hat for the *Corsican*
 Brothers, 154.
 Remmett, Robert, goes into
 partnership with the author,
 27.
 Rio de Janeiro, visit to, 11.
 Rio de Janeiro, escapade of
 British blue-jackets at,
 12.
 Robertson, Forbes, in *The Third*
 Floor Back, 144.
 Robinson, Henry Crabbe, 205.
 Robson, early recollections of,
 138.
 Rochester, U.S.A., Lord Cole-
 ridge, C.J., visits, 192.
 Rose, Stewart, translator of
 Ariosto, 205.
 Rosslyn, Lord, 114.
 Roupell, Sir Charles, 92-3.
 Ruskin, John, 110.
 on a famous picture by
 Landseer, 111.
 pirated American edition of,
 given to author by Sir
 Henry Irving, 207.
 letter from, to the author,
 111.
 Sir William Boxall on, 87.
 Russell, Sir Charles, afterwards
 Lord Russell of Killowen,
 106.
- Rydal, Mount, visit of author
 to, with Lord Coleridge,
 C.J., 172.
- Salisbury, Lord, at Pynes, 75.
 Sangorski, Francis, great book-
 binder, 218.
 Santiago, recollections of, 23-
 25.
Sartor Resartus, very rare first
 edition of, 206.
 Schooldays of the author, 4.
 Science, denies existence of
 beauty, 230.
 essential vulgarity of, 237.
 has created the Black Country,
 233.
 has debased war, 233.
 has destroyed repose, 234.
 has turned craftsmen into
 mechanics, 233.
 rise of synchronises with decay
 of taste in language, 232.
 opposes classical education,
 231.
 torture of a rabbit in name
 of, 236.
 Severn, Mrs., 112.
 Seymour, Admiral, the Rt. Hon.
 Sir Edward, hospitality of,
 7.
 Seymour, Mr., grandfather of
 the author, 2, 3.
 Shaftesbury, Lord, 58.
 campaign of, against cruelty to
 women and children, 121.
 Shakespere, given by Col. Cole-
 ridge to Sir J. T. Coleridge
 in 1808, 203.
 Shepard, Elliott F., author's
 letter to, 184.
 letter to author from, 188.
 Shepard, Mrs., superb house of,
 in New York, 195.
 Shelley, at Eton with both grand-
 fathers of the author, 2.
 Shorthouse, 100.
 Smith, Goldwin, 108-110.
 Smith, Prof. Henry, 6.

INDEX

- South Wales, the author becomes Clerk of Assize for, 45.
- St. Louis, Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits, 193.
- Stanley, Dean, 73.
and Lord Houghton, 114.
on Gladstone and Disraeli, 115.
Mr. Gladstone on tea-drinking of, 116.
- Stafford House, alluded to in footnote, 147.
- Stoker, Mr. Bram, 155, 161.
business manager to Sir Henry Irving, 161.
- Sutherland, Duchess of, alluded to, 147.
- Swinburne, 77.
- Tait, Archbishop, 67.
- Tate, Vice-Admiral, kindness of, to the author, 7.
- Taunton, Lord, uncle of Henry Labouchere, 123.
- Temple, Archbishop, 64.
- Teneriffe, Peak of, sighted on voyage to Rio, 11.
- Tennyson, Lord, borrows Lord Coleridge's peer's robes, 3.
buys his house at Freshwater from the author's grandfather, 3.
- Terriss, Mr. William, as Squire Thornhill, 142.
- Terry, Ellen, as Juliet, 151, 153.
as Olivia, 141.
as Lady Macbeth, 149.
- Thackeray, mentioned by Lord Coleridge, C.J., 190.
- Thompson, Dr., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 5.
- Tierra del Fuego, visit to, 14.
- Titheridge, Miss, in *The Butterfly on the Wheel*, 144.
- Tolstoy, interesting telegram from, 60.
- Toole, Sir Henry Irving on, 156.
- Tree, Sir Herbert, in "Beethoven" and *Business is Business*, 144.
- Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, 48, 97.
- Trinity College, Cambridge, 5.
- Tumaco, visit to, 37.
- Tupper, Martin, 181.
- Utica, U.S.A., Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits, 192.
- Vanbrugh, Miss Irene, in *The Thief*, 144.
- Vaughan, Dean, Master of the Temple, 71.
- Vein, Hermann, 140.
in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 141.
- Vivisection, letters from great men on, 60.
- Voltaire, 229.
- Warner, Charles, parts played by, 139-40.
in the part of Leontes, 139.
- Washington, Lord Coleridge, C.J., visits, 197.
- Watts, G. F., 128-37.
letter from, to author, comparing amateur with professional work, 130.
letter to author on cloud forms, 133.
letter from, to the author on the death of Browning, 130.
letter from, on Lord Leighton's death, 102.
letter to author from, on Tom Hood and Mrs. Browning, 132.
last letter of, to author, 137.
story of portrait of working-man, 134-5.
- Watts, Mrs., 240.
- Waugh, the Rev. Benjamin, 121.
on charity bazaars, 146.
- Webster, Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Alverstone, C.J., 167.

INDEX

- Whistler, James, 124, 125,
126.
and Oscar Wilde at R.S.B.A.,
125.
- Wilde, Oscar, 125, 126.
witticism of, at expense of
author, 222.
visits author's library, 221.
- Wiley, Mr. William, courteous
act by, 207.
- Worcester, Bishop of, and Bishop
Phillpotts, 80.
- Wordsworth's *Prelude*, first
edition, 203.
- Wordsworth, book given to, by
James Payne Collier, 205.

22

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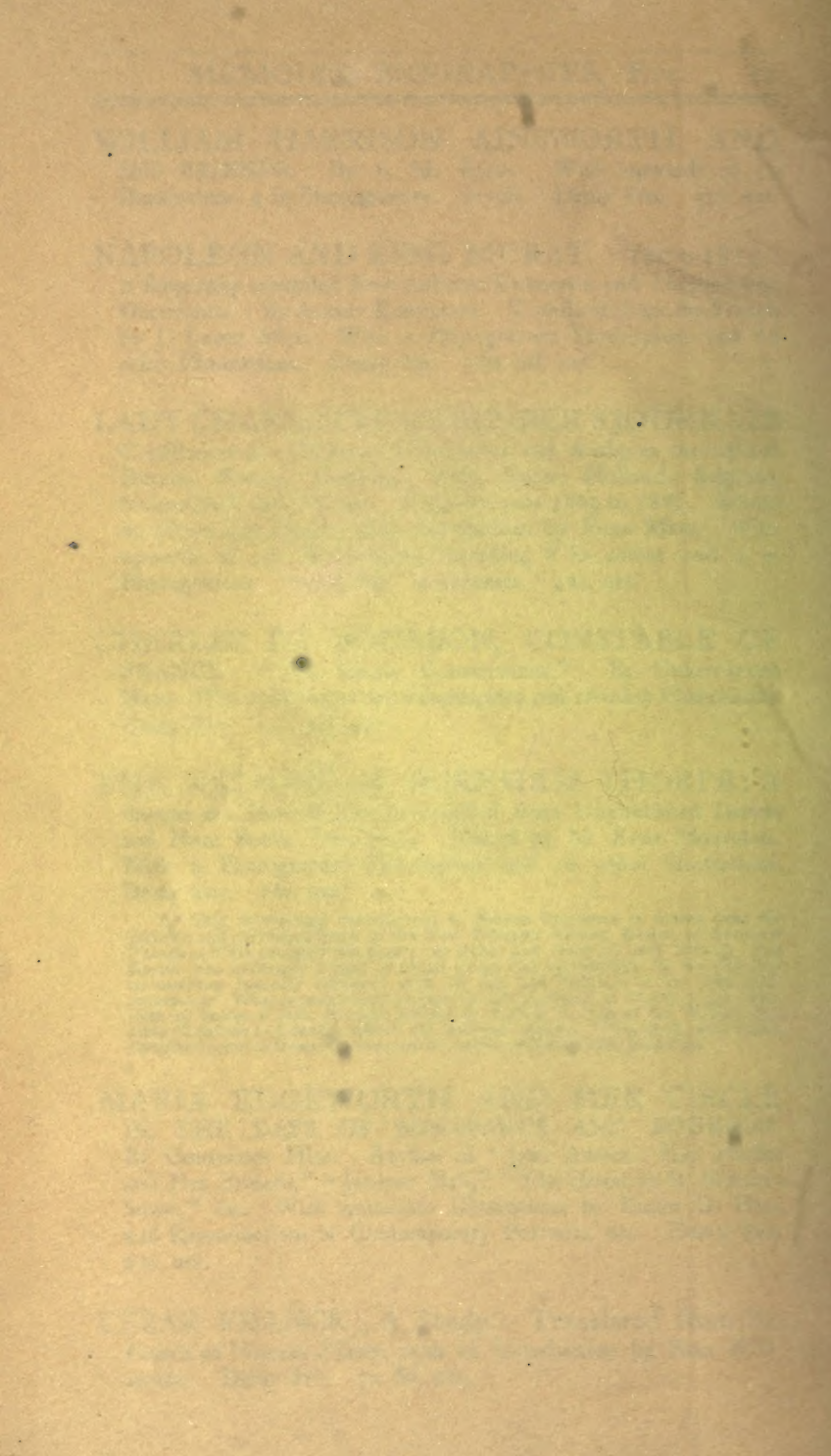
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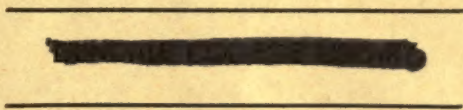
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