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# Manchester Literary Club

VOL. XXVII.

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- I.—The “Manchester Quarterly” for 1901.
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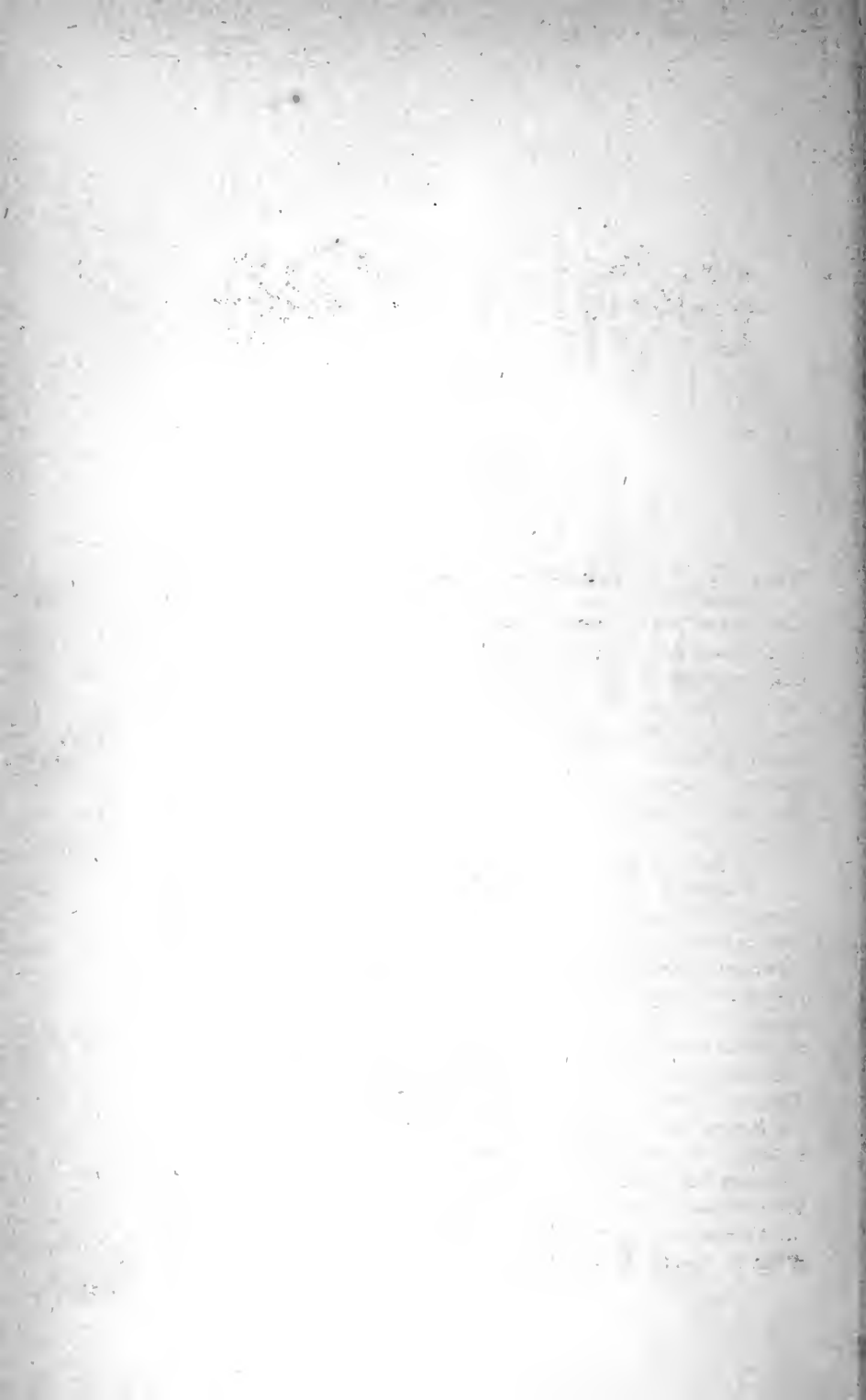
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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
Robert Langton: In Memoriam. By JOHN MORTIMER With Illustrations .. .. .	1
Notes on Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." By GEORGE MILNER ..	13
An Old Lancashire Village. By ARTHUR W. FOX. .. .. .	19
Kinglake's "Eothen." By R. H. SELBIE.. .. .	42
Railway Bookstalls. By WALTER BUTTERWORTH .. .. .	54
The Nomenclature of the Power Loom. By OSCAR S. HALL .. ..	58
Jean de la Bruyère. By EDMUND MERCER .. .. .	62
Silas Told. By LAURENCE CLAY .. .. .	84
Boadicea: a Ballad of Britain. By TINSLEY PRATT .. .. .	101
Homeric Tradition in Epic Poetry. By WALTER BUTTERWORTH ..	105
Caleb Talbot's Commonplace Book. By JOHN MORTIMER. With Illustrations .. .. .	119
Change: a Poem. By ARTHUR W. FOX .. .. .	130
Maurice Maeterlinck. By EDMUND MERCER .. .. .	132
A Lancashire Ladies' Mentor. By W. R. CREDLAND .. .. .	139
François Rabelais. By WM. MEHLHAUS .. .. .	148
Sonnet. By W. BAGSHAW .. .. .	168
Ruskinian Economics. By JOHN WILCOCK .. .. .	169
The Poetry of James Thomson. By TINSLEY PRATT .. .. .	178
Tolstoy's "What is Art?" By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN .. .. .	184
Ballad from Heine's Harzreise. By HY. GANNON .. .. .	204
A Day Off: Lichfield. By W. R. CREDLAND .. .. .	205
Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas. By GEORGE MILNER .. .. .	224
Oliver Wendell Holmes. By R. H. SELBIE .. .. .	232
Old Malabar, Juggler and Acrobat. By WM. DINSMORE .. .. .	259
Alfred the Great. By JAMES T. FOARD .. .. .	265

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Harold the Saxon: a Ballad of Senlac Hill. By TINSLEY PRATT ..	287
Concerning some Selections from Ruskin. By JOHN MORTIMER ..	293
The Sea—The Open Sea. By LAURENCE CLAY .. .. .	302
Epitaph. By ARTHUR W. FOX .. .. .	304
François Villon, Poet and Burglar. By EDMUND MERCER .. .. .	305
The Poet with the Downcast Eyes. By JOHN MORTIMER .. .. .	332
The Matchless Orinda. By ARTHUR W. FOX .. .. .	340
Heinrich Heine's Harzreise. By HENRY GANNON .. .. .	347
Shakespeare's Italian Critics. By WALTER BUTTERWORTH .. .. .	372
Dante Alighieri on Dialects. By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.. .. .	382
The Philosophy of Laughter. By B. A. REDFERN .. .. .	390
John Ceiriog Hughes. By JOHN DAVIES .. .. .	399
Autumn: a Poem. By LAURENCE CLAY .. .. .	410

---

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Robert Langton .. .. .	Fronting	1
The Leather Bottle, Cobham .. .. .	"	8
Cobham Church, Kent .. .. .	"	9
The Cedars at Gadshill Place .. .. .	"	12
Distant View of Manchester, from an Old Print .. .. .	"	122
Facsimile of a Page of John Keighley's Journal .. .. .	"	124
Lichfield Cathedral from the Pool .. .. .	"	205
The Matchless Orinda .. .. .	"	340





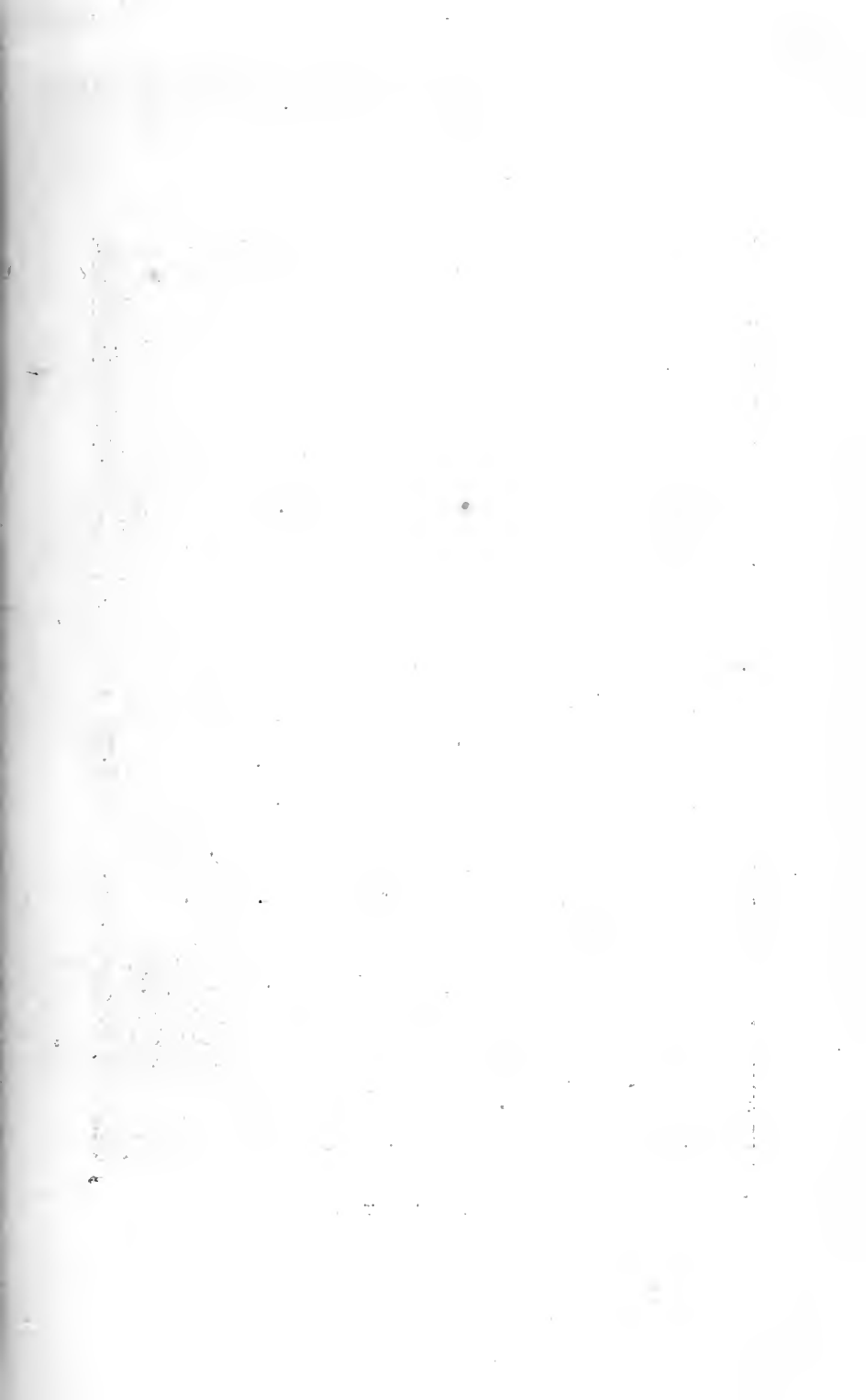
## INDEX.

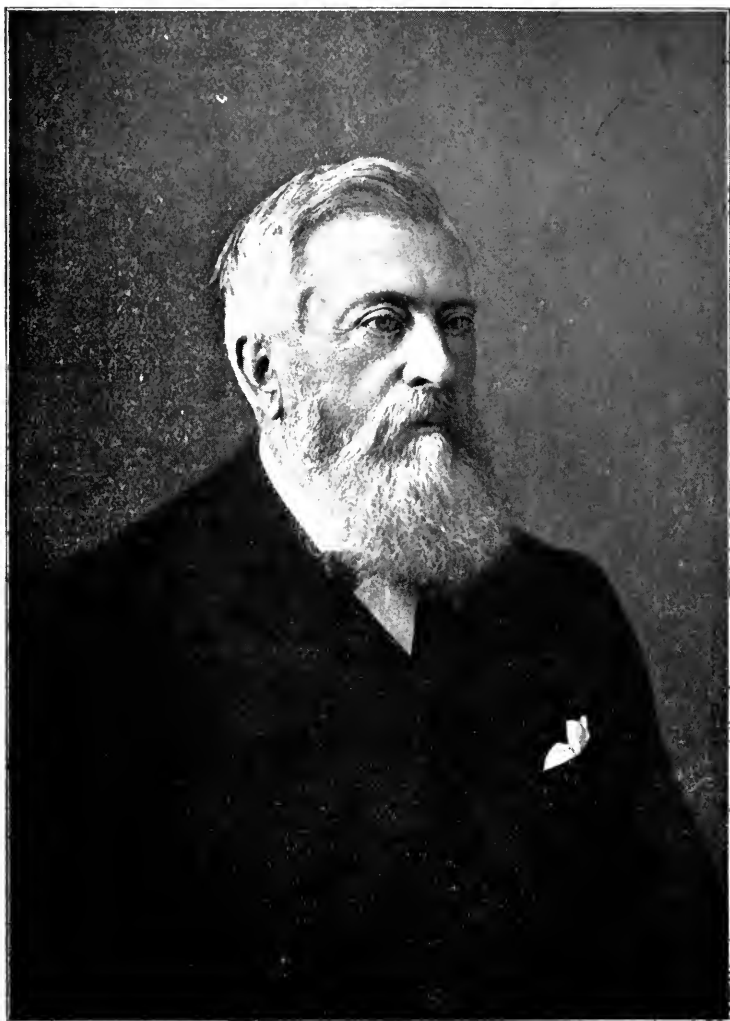
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- Alfred the Great. By J. T. Foard. 265.
- Art—"What is Art?" By J. Ernest Phythian. 184.
- Autumn: a Poem. By L. Clay. 410.
- Bagshaw (W.) Sonnet. 168.
- Ballad from Heine's Harzreise. By Hy. Gannon. 204.
- Boadicea: a Ballad of Britain. By Tinsley Pratt. 101.
- Bookstalls, Railway. By W. Butterworth. 54.
- Butterworth (W.) Homeric Tradition in Epic Poetry. 105.
- Butterworth (W.) Railway Bookstalls. 54.
- Butterworth (W.) Shakespeare's Italian Critics. 372.
- Ceiriog. *See* Hughes (J. C.)
- Change: a Poem. By A. W. Fox. 130.
- Chaucer (G.) Poet with the Downcast Eyes. By John Mortimer. 332.
- Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas. By Geo. Milner. 224.
- Clay (L.) Autumn: a Poem. 410.
- Clay (L.) Silas Told. 84.
- Clay (L.) The Sea—The Open Sea. 302.
- Commonplace Book of Caleb Talbot. By John Mortimer. 119.
- Credland (W. R.) Day Off: Lichfield. 205.
- Credland (W. R.) Lancashire Ladies' Mentor. 139.
- Dante Alighieri on Dialects. By W. Whitehead. 382.
- Davies (John.) John Ceiriog Hughes. 399.
- Day Off: Lichfield. By W. R. Credland. 205.
- Dialects, Dante Alighieri on. By W. Whitehead. 382.
- Dinsmore (Wm.) Old Malabar, Juggler and Acrobat. 259.
- Economics, Ruskinian. By John Wilcock. 169.
- Elements of Drawing, Notes on Ruskin's. By Geo. Milner. 13.
- Eothen, Notes on. By R. H. Selbie. 42.
- Epic Poetry, Homeric Tradition in. By W. Butterworth. 105.
- Epitaph. By A. W. Fox. 304.
- Foard (J. T.) Alfred the Great. 265.
- Fowler (Katherine, "Matchless Orinda,") Notice of. By A. W. Fox. 340.
- Fox (A. W.) Change: a Poem. 130.
- Fox (A. W.) Epitaph. 304.
- Fox (A. W.) Matchless Orinda. 340.
- Fox (A. W.) Old Lancashire Village. 19.
- Gannon (Hy.) Ballad from Heine's Harzreise. 204.
- Gannon (H.) Heine's Harzreise. 347.
- Hall (O. S.) Nomenclature of the Power Loom. 58.
- Harold the Saxon: a Ballad. By Tinsley Pratt. 287.
- Harzreise, Heine's. By Hy. Gannon. 347.
- Heine (H.) Harzreise. By Hy. Gannon. 347.
- Heine's Harzreise, Ballad from. By Hy. Gannon. 204.
- Holmes (O. W.) Notice of. By R. H. Selbie. 232.
- Homeric Tradition in Epic Poetry. By W. Butterworth. 105.
- Hughes (John Ceiriog) Notice of. By J. Davies. 399.

INDEX.

- Italian Critics of Shakespeare. By W. Butterworth. 372.
- Kinglake (A. W.) Notes on his "Eothen." By R. H. Selbie. 42.
- La Bruyère (Jean de) Notice of. By Edmund Mercer. 62.
- Lancashire Ladies' Mentor. By W. R. Credland. 139.
- Lancashire Village. By A. W. Fox. 19.
- Langton (Robert) In Memoriam. By John Mortimer. 1.
- Laughter, Philosophy of. By B. A. Redfern. 390.
- Lichfield. By W. R. Credland. 205.
- Loom, Nomenclature of the. By O. S. Hall. 58.
- Maeterlinck (Maurice) Notice of. By Edmund Mercer. 132.
- Malabar, Juggler and Acrobat. By Wm. Dinsmore. 259.
- Matchless Orinda. By A. W. Fox. 340.
- Mehlhaus (W.) François Rabelais. 148.
- Mercer (E.) François Villon, Poet and Burglar. 305.
- Mercer (E.) Jean de la Bruyère. 62.
- Mercer (E.) Maurice Maeterlinck. 132.
- Milner (George) Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas. 224.
- Milner (George). Notes on Ruskin's Elements of Drawing. 13.
- Mortimer (J.) Caleb Talbot's Commonplace Book. 119.
- Mortimer (J.) Concerning some Selections from Ruskin. 293.
- Mortimer (J.) Poet with the Downcast Eyes. 332.
- Mortimer (J.) Robert Langton: In Memoriam. 1.
- Nomenclature of the Power Loom. By O. S. Hall. 58.
- Old Lancashire Village. By A. W. Fox. 19.
- Old Malabar, Juggler and Acrobat. By Wm. Dinsmore. 259.
- Philosophy of Laughter. By B. A. Redfern. 390.
- Phythian (J. E.) Tolstoy's "What is Art?" 184.
- Poem: Autumn. By L. Clay. 410.
- Poem: Boadicea. By Tinsley Pratt. 101.
- Poem: Change. By A. W. Fox. 130.
- Poem: Epitaph. By A. W. Fox. 304.
- Poem: Harold the Saxon. By Tinsley Pratt. 287.
- Poem: Sea—The Open Sea. By L. Clay. 302.
- Poet with the Downcast Eyes. By John Mortimer. 332.
- Poetry, Epic, Homeric Tradition in. By W. Butterworth. 105.
- Poetry of James Thomson. By Tinsley Pratt. 178.
- Pratt (Tinsley) Boadicea: a Ballad of Britain. 101.
- Pratt (Tinsley) Harold the Saxon: a Ballad. 287.
- Pratt (Tinsley) Poetry of James Thomson. 178.
- Rabelais (F.) Notice of. By W. Mehlhaus. 148.
- Railway Bookstalls. By W. Butterworth. 54.
- Redfern (B. A.) Philosophy of Laughter. 390.
- Ruskin (J.) Concerning some Selections from. By John Mortimer. 293.
- Ruskin (J.) Notes on his "Elements of Drawing." By Geo. Milner. 13.
- Ruskinian Economics. By John Wilcock. 169.
- Sea—The Open Sea: a Poem. By L. Clay. 302.
- Selbie (R. H.) Kinglake's "Eothen." 42.
- Selbie (R. H.) Oliver Wendell Holmes. 232.
- Shakespeare's Italian Critics. By W. Butterworth. 372.
- Sonnet. By W. Bagshaw. 168.
- Talbot (Caleb) His Commonplace Book. By John Mortimer. 119.
- Thompson (James) Poetry of. By Tinsley Pratt. 178.
- Told (Silas) Notice of. By L. Clay. 84.
- Tolstoy (Count L.) Notes on his "What is Art?" By J. Ernest Phythian. 184.
- Villon (François) Poet and Burglar. By Ed. Mercer. 305.
- What is Art, Tolstoy's. By J. Ernest Phythian. 184.
- Whitehead (W.) Dante Alighieri on Dialects. 382.
- Wilcock (J.) Ruskinian Economics. 169.





*From a Photograph.*

ROBERT LANGTON.





## ROBERT LANGTON: IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

LOOKING back along the vista of memory for the first point of impressionable contact with Robert Langton, whose death occurred but recently, I find it under conditions suggestive of the Orient, and then only as a name attached to a wood engraving. A good many years ago, thirty or more, there was a weekly paper published in Manchester called *The Sphinx*, a journal of criticism and humour, edited by the second president of the Manchester Literary Club, Mr. John Howard Nodal. The pictorial heading of the title page showed a stretch of desert sand, with pyramids and a ruined temple in the rear, and from the foreground, with the upright letters of its name boldly defined on the arid waste, rose that mysterious colossal head, which has been described as "staring right on with calm, eternal eyes." On the left hand corner of the picture was the name of F. Holding as the delineator, and on the right that of Langton as the engraver. The absence of the Christian name, or any initial thereof, in the engraver's case was suggestive. There was at that time more than one Holding known as an artist, but there was only one Langton of his particular craft. Already, for twenty years at least, he must have been exercising his art in Manchester, but in whatever other connection his name had been met with, it was this one

which impressed me more than the rest. Being myself a modest contributor to *The Sphinx*, the title-page was, of course, an object of peculiar interest. The name of Langton as a perpetual part of it came to have a pleasant familiarity, and now, as I sit down to write some memorial words regarding the man whom I afterwards came to know so well, he seems, in this relation, to be "a part of those old days to me." *The Sphinx*—like many another journal which has deserved a longer life—"abode its destined hour and went its way," title-page and all, and it was not until six years afterwards, when, in 1877, he became a member of the Manchester Literary Club, that I met Robert Langton for the first time. It was in the old Mitre days, and his advent is associated with the long upper room of that semi-ecclesiastical hostelry. From the first he proved an attractive personality, with his mild-eyed contemplative face and his mild-mannered, unobtrusive ways, and the good impression made upon one then has deepened but never changed. He was not a Lancashire man, but a man of Kent, Gravesend having been the place of his nativity, and there was something pleasantly peculiar in his voice, which had in it a savour of the south, differentiating it from the accustomed folk speech of the north. Modest and retiring in his disposition, he was not, in our meetings, forward in debate, but his utterances were simple and direct, and devoid of any note of affectation or exaggeration. Once, in reviewing Mr. Stuart Reid's "Life of Sydney Smith," he quoted some words which were equally applicable to himself, and to the effect that "into whatever company he (Sydney Smith) was thrown the force of his character immediately asserted itself, and whilst genial to a degree, he never for a moment surrendered his independence or was afraid to utter exactly what he thought." Behind all this modesty, however, and blended with its

gentleness of expression, there was a strong, manly nature. Though, in later years, there was just the indication of a stoop in the shoulders, the result, possibly, of close application to his 'craft, his tall form suggested physical strength. In recreative directions he was known as an expert swimmer, and there is a belief in his family that he held the Humane Society's medal for saving the life of a boy, whom he pulled out of the Irwell when in flood, near the Cathedral steps. It was characteristic of him that though one met him so often at the Mitre, close by those steps, he never alluded to this incident in his life. There was a musical vein in him, too, and he delighted in the tintinnabulations of bells, especially church and other steeple bells. On Bob Majors and other mysteries of bell-ringing he was an authority, and would discourse eloquently. He had even been a ringer himself in the days of his southern sojourning. He had a delicate ear for the tone of a bell, and when a peal of them was being placed in our Town Hall he accompanied some members of the Town Council to the foundry at Loughborough to ascertain the result of the castings. Of "Great Abel," among that group of bells, there is existing a pictorial representation engraved by himself. In the exercise of his art, too, it may be said that he also engraved the illustrations for North's "Bells of Northamptonshire."

In more mellifluous directions did he also manifest his musical tastes and powers, choosing for his instrument the sweet, melodious flute. He never brought his flute to the Club, nor ever hinted at the accomplishment, but one has heard that he was a player of no mean skill, and had even been known to take part in a duet in the concert-room with very pleasing results. It was in harmony with the gentleness of his nature, this love of the dulcet sounds of flutes and soft recorders.

In his mental disposition he was retrospective, and this was reflected in his tastes, literary and artistic. In a pleasant and acceptable way he seemed to be always a little behind the present time ; to be a thoughtful meditative loiterer as it were. There was an old-world flavour about him, a touch of quaintness ; a black letter ballad seemed more to his liking than modern minstrelsy. In such a vein did he discourse to the Antiquarian Society on treasures of that kind to be found in our Reference Library. A certain attraction of remoteness no doubt led him to join hands with his artist-friend, Fred Holding, in illustrating and publishing an edition of Southey's "Battle of Blenheim." In like manner, old buildings had for him a charm not possessed by later and more jejeune erections. Consistent with this taste, he has left us some comments on "The Remains of Norman Architecture in the Neighbourhood of Manchester." Like Sir Thomas Browne, too, he was learned in matters of urn burial and other forms of sepulture and disposal of the dead. Not in any superficial way, either, for he never trifled with a subject, but with the thoroughness of a true antiquarian and archæologist did he pursue his investigations, and so much so that in a paper of nine pages dealing with "An Obscure Funeral Custom" he tells us that he has not only expended much thought upon it, but, to prepare it, has carefully gone through the pages of many scores of volumes of archæological lore.

Primarily, of course, it was as an artist in wood-engraving that he claimed our attention at the Club, for he had already made a distinguished name for himself in that direction, especially as an illustrator of books. From autobiographical sources one learns how he was first intended for the law, and how, having spent two years in a solicitor's office at Gravesend with a diminishing interest in that occu-

pation, he willingly laid down his legal pen to take up the more attractive graver. In this respect he differed from Thomas Hood, who quite as willingly laid down the graver to take up the pen, though, in his case, it was not for legal, but literary uses. Says Hood, regarding that change in his taste and occupation : " It would be affectation to say that engraving was resigned without regret. There is always something mechanical about the art ; moreover it is as unwholesome as wearisome to sit copper-fastened to a board, with a cantle scooped out to accommodate your stomach, if you have one, painfully ruling, ruling, and still ruling lines straight and crooked by the long hundred to the square inch, with the doubly hazardous risk, which Wordsworth so deprecates, of growing double. So farewell, Woollet, Strange, Bartolozzi."

As Hood says, there is always something mechanical about engraving, and an engraver may not be much more than a mechanic ; but there is room also for the exercise of very high art even in the cutting of wood blocks. Mr. W. J. Linton, perhaps the greatest of our modern wood-engravers, in his " Manual of Instruction," shows where the artistic faculty comes into exercise. There is a form of wood-cutting which is known as the black line, the characteristic of all work of the kind up to the time of Bewick. The black line, which is left in relief, could be done by any careful 'prentice hand working upon a prepared drawing, but in later wood-engraving there is " a combination of black lines (left on the surface) and white lines, incised, distinguishing the best modern work altogether from the only mechanical rendering of early times." This white line was adopted by Bewick, and it is in the production of it that the artistic power is shown. Linton says : " In the white line alone we are able to show the full capability of wood-engraving ; in this alone we can fully earn the dis-

tinctive name of artists." Now Robert Langton was a student in the school of Bewick, and so subtly skilful in the production and combination of lines, white and black, and with such a delicate and appreciative sense of values in expression as to leave no doubt whatever regarding his claim to being an artist of the truest kind. Linton's advice to the aspiring engraver is this: "Above all things, as you would be an artist, worship seriously, and be faithful to the ideal." In the changing course of things it seems as if the special art to which that worship of the ideal was to be applied is destined to become a lost one. Process blocks, mechanically produced by the aid of photography, have worked mischief to wood engravers in book illustrating directions and others. Langton, however, was faithful to his art in his time, and one doubts if honester or more aspiring work of its kind, within its degree, was ever produced than that of this latest of artistic wood-engravers.

Though in the exercise of his profession he was, as a man of business, equally prepared to cut a block representing nothing of higher value than a shop-front in Market Street, or to illustrate a book like Ormerod's "Cheshire," yet his disposition was to the expression of the high conditions of his art, and one fancies that the graver would work with a more loving, if not a truer touch, when engaged in the delineation of things archæological, old churches, ancient urns, coins, seals, and other kindred subjects, but most certainly would the touch be sympathetic when engaged in the production of portraits, and especially those of old worthies of local repute, such as adorn the pages of the *Palatine Note-Book*.

His first appearance as an essayist in the Club was in October, 1878, and appropriately the subject was the history and practice of wood-engraving. It was an admirable paper, of course, for he knew what he was talking about.

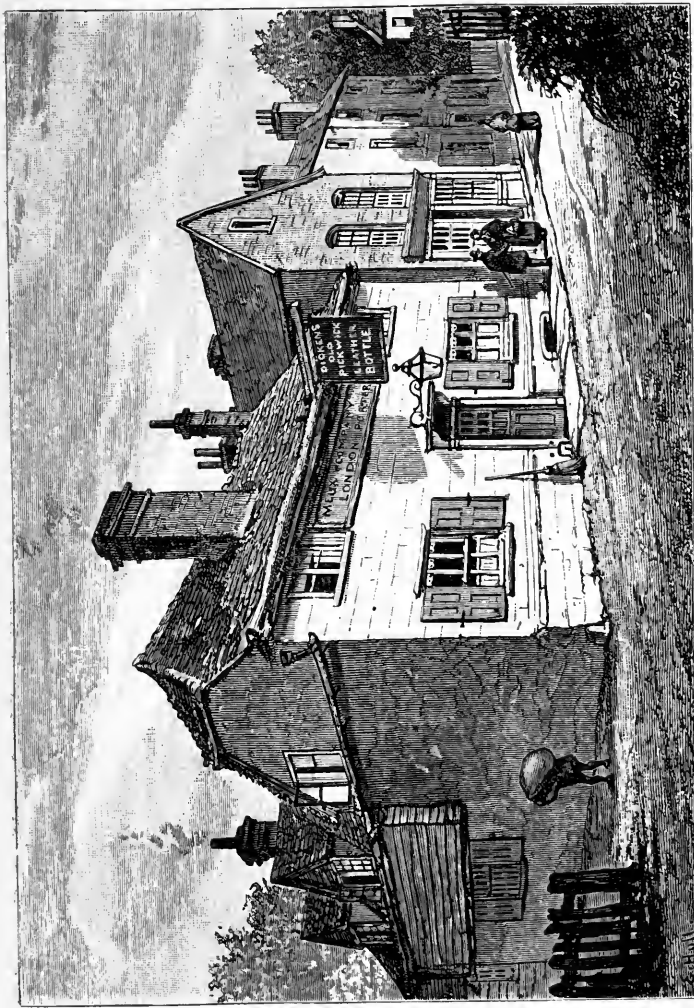
In illustration of it he surrounded himself with a rich profusion of specimens of exceptional value and interest, notably among the collection was a series of Durer's woodcuts, formerly the property of Mr. Ruskin, and contributed by the essayist's friend, Mr. F. J. Shields, who had himself frequently provided drawings for Langton's graver to work upon.

This reference to Shields reminds one how that artist—whose art seems to have grown more solemnly impressive and more highly devotional in its aims with the succeeding years—provided Langton with some drawings to work upon, which disclose not only a sense of humour, but a kind of rollicking delight in it. The illustrations to Ormrod's "Felley fro' Rachda'" are of a kind perfectly suiting the occasion, but curiously in contrast with one's accepted impression of the artist. One is reminded here also that it was William Morton who produced those humorous sketches, so familiar to one in the old days, which, by the aid of Langton's graver, adorn the pages of Proctor's "Barber's Shop."

Though the artistic element in him was predominant, there was also a decided literary vein. The disposition of it was reminiscent, and the expression marked by simplicity, directness, and exactness, the style and the man being identical. He never made a careless statement—would no more do so than cut a careless line with his graver—and spared no pains whatever to verify his facts. The grandson of an Accountant-General of Her Majesty's Excise, he doubtless inherited this quality of exactness which became habitual in the exercise of his art. His contributions to the volumes of the Literary Club were not numerous; among the minor ones may be named a review of Reid's "Life of Sydney Smith," a memorial notice of William Hartley, and one relating to the identification of

"The Cheeryble Brothers" with the "Grant Brothers." His principal contribution, however, was a remarkable one. Of all authors Dickens was his supreme favourite. That humourist had no more loyal or loving disciple, and the attachment of the reader to the author was completely responsive and sympathetic. In an examination or cross-examination on Dickens, Langton would have come out easily first. The study of Dickens constituted a sort of literary passion. He had not only read and re-read him, and so committed him largely to memory, but had, in a sense, absorbed him. The days and scenes of his own childhood and youth formed a further attractive link. He had been at school at Rochester, and Dickens had lived near that old cathedral city, and had made large use of it in his novels, in "Pickwick," and especially in "Edwin Drood." What more fitting, therefore, than that it should occur to Langton to exercise his pen upon the subject and produce a paper on "Charles Dickens and Rochester?" But this alone would not suffice; the paper must be illustrated, and not only the pen, but the graver must do its share. The sketches were not to be from his own hand, for he had found a willing and sympathetic co-worker in his friend, William Hull. Accordingly, these kindred spirits, in loving companionship, went down to the old city, and the results of their labours, in this happy pilgrimage, make a delightfully luminous space in the Club's printed transactions. Langton was never happier than in describing, and reproducing pictorially, these scenes of his youth, and intertwining among them, as with a thread of gold, those associations, real and imaginative, which had been conferred upon them through the medium of the great novelist whom he loved and worshipped. The illustrations to this paper are numerous and admirable, the honours being equally divided between artist and engraver. One sketch, however,

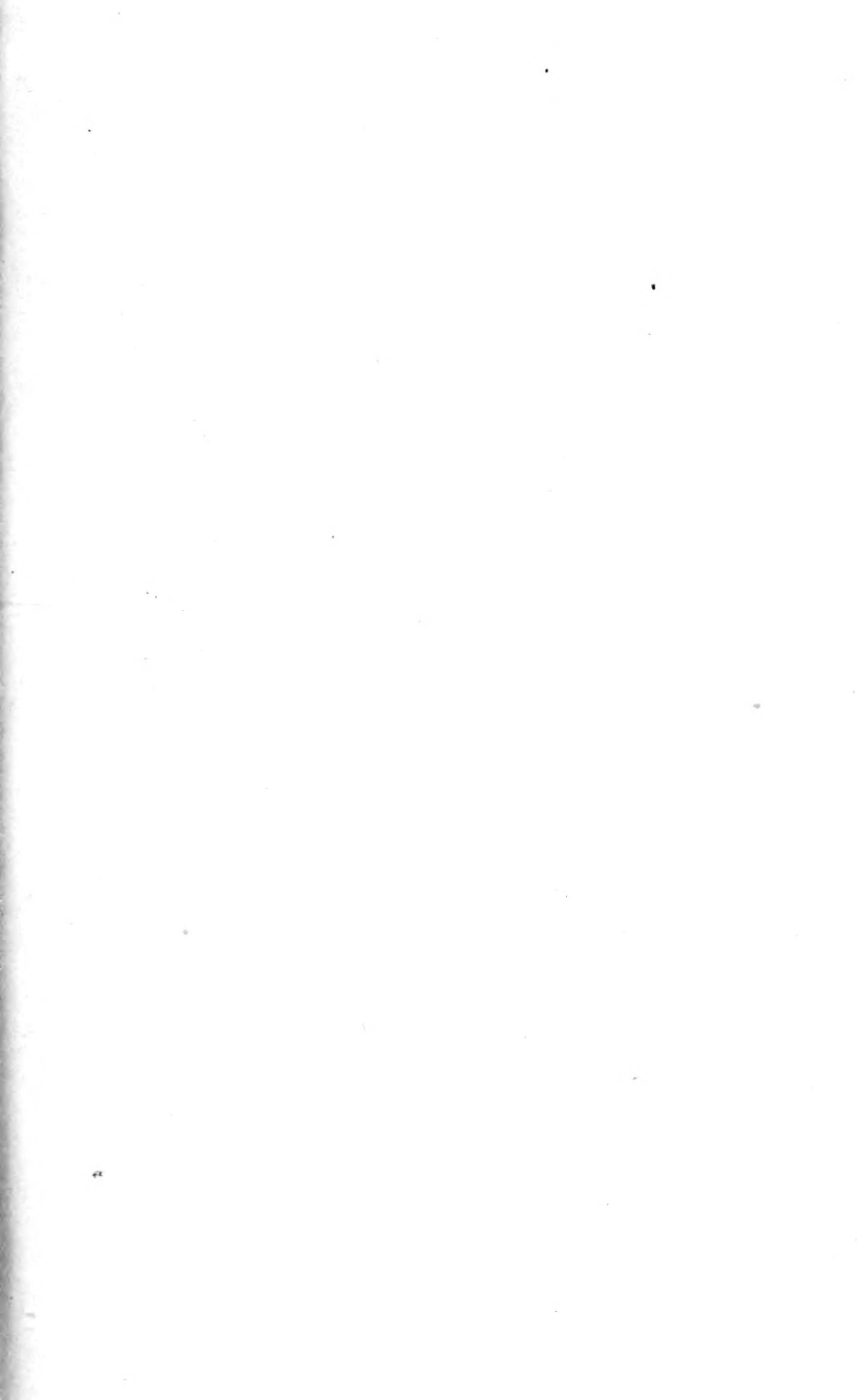


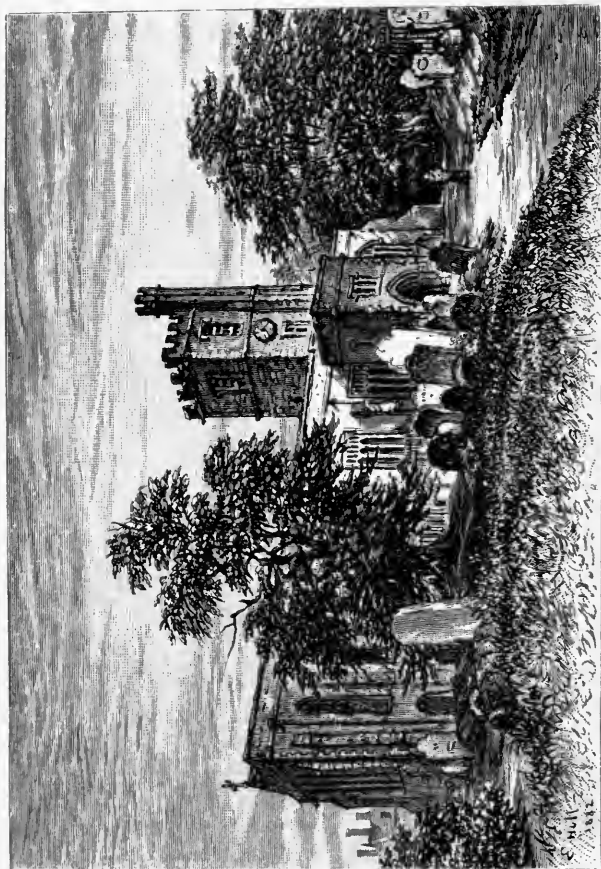


Woodcut by Leighton, from Directing by Hall.

THE LEATHER BOTTLE, COBHAM.







Woodcut by Langton, from Drawing by Hull.

COBHAM CHURCH, KENT.

among them remains unfinished—a story left half-told. Before it could be completed William Hull died, and, as Langton says in a postscript to the paper, the drawing of “Jasper’s Gatehouse,” relating to “Edwin Drood,” remains an unfinished illustration of an unfinished tale.

In this connection it may be noted here that soon after William Hull’s death, a paper on his life and work was read at a *conversazione* of the Club by Mr. Thomas Read Wilkinson, who, in illustration of his subject, exhibited, out of a collection of over one thousand possessed by himself, a series of one hundred and fifteen of Hull’s drawings and sketches.

As coming events cast their shadows before, so this paper on “Charles Dickens and Rochester,” which found favour far and wide—one edition of it being published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall—proved to be the prelude to the *magnum opus* of our friend, and in which work it was to a large extent merged. Writing on Dickens was to Langton an appetite which grew by what it fed on, and the success he had met with encouraged him to further effort, which resulted in “The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens.” Before its publication he gave the Club, in a short paper, a foretaste of the coming book, and showed us some of the illustrations, of which, in the completed work, there are no less than seventy-six by his own hand. In this volume, a labour of love, as he tells us in its preface, and which attained a wide popularity, you have the epitome of the man as one knew him, his simplicity of nature, his gentle humour, his hero-worship, his literary tastes, his artistic powers, his indefatigable zeal, and his truthful exactness. The very notes of exclamation, scattered among the pages, and sometimes duplicated, when he announces some more than usually interesting discovery or coincidence, are in themselves eloquent. As an evidence of his minute par-

ticularity of description, take this example relating to the cedars at Gad's Hill: "The girth of the largest tree is, at the present time, 16 feet 2 inches below the branches, and it is 86 feet 4 inches from point to point of the largest branches. Each tree covers a circular area of about 80 feet diameter." One seems to see our friend at work as he carefully passes the recording tape over the trunks and branches. Read in the light of its authorship and as a literary tribute laid upon a shrine by a devout worshipper, Langton's book must ever have a claim upon the reverential regard and affection of those who knew him; but, apart from this, it may be said that it has, on its merits, proved a valuable and interesting addition to the bibliography of Charles Dickens.

Before concluding this imperfect sketch I should like to introduce here a little scrap of manuscript which our friend has left behind, and which is interesting as throwing a sidelight upon a certain tenderness of feeling and a delicacy of expression in relation to matters of religious belief, which were among his many other amiable manifestations. It is called

#### BETTER THAN HIS CREED.

It was early in the forties, the time when what was known as Puseyism, or, as Sydney Smith called it, "Newmania," was beginning to make a noise in the world.

The scene was a pretty rural churchyard in Kent, and on a sultry afternoon in July I found a group of people assembled at the principal entrance of the churchyard. There was a single mourning coach, with a little coffin in it, and three poor women, one of whom was the mother of the little four-year-old girl waiting interment. There was the parish clerk, the sexton, the driver of the coach, and a clergyman, of whom it may be said that he was the rector of an adjoining parish, an advanced Puseyite, a stickler for the Rubrics, and, above all, a most generous and deservedly respected man. I noticed that trouble was expressed in the faces of all present, and in answer to my enquiries the clerk explained to me in a few words

that it had somehow transpired that the poor child now to be laid at rest had not been baptised, and that the vicar of the parish had very reluctantly declined to read the burial service over its poor remains. Of course the clergyman was legally within his right, and it should be specially mentioned here that the vicar was a genial, kind-hearted Christian gentleman, resembling in many ways (even to his name) Praed's well-known vicar, Gulielmus Brown.

Here was the difficulty, and the cause of the small gathering at the churchyard gate. During this brief explanation the before-mentioned rector stood apart communing with himself, and gently writing with his cane in the chalky dust of the wayside, reminding one, at least, of the lookers on (with all reverence be it spoken), of a somewhat similar and most touching incident described in the 8th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

After a brief pause the good rector, without speaking a word to the distressed mourners, turned to the parish clerk and said : " Evans, you know who I am ; I don't think Mr. Brown will in any way object—can you fetch me a surplice?" The parish clerk, nothing loth, immediately repaired to the vestry of the church ; the surplice was promptly forthcoming, then, giving the writer his hat and cane to hold, the rector put on the canonicals, and, placing himself at the head of the small procession, read, in a fine resonant voice—a voice that lingers with me yet, and as if he felt and believed the words he was saying, " I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," and so on, most impressively to the end of the service. The funeral obsequies performed, and a few kindly words addressed to the grateful women, the rector resumed his hat and his walk, feeling, I should think, none the worse, but very much the better, for the fervid thanks and blessings of the three tearful mourners.

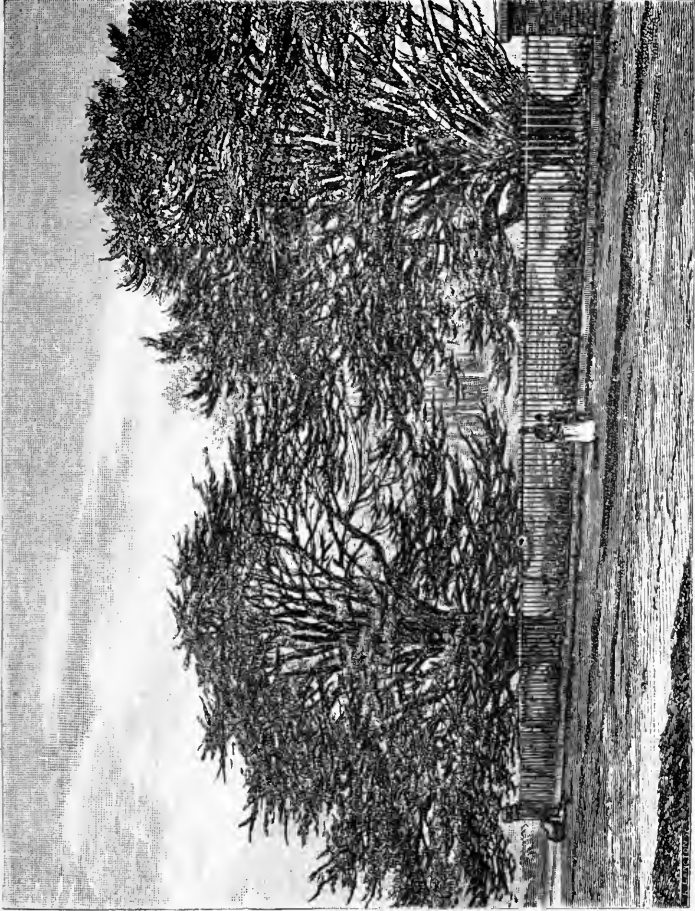
In the cultivation or recreative indulgence of his varied tastes Robert Langton became a member of the Antiquarian Society, an Associate of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, and a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. I knew him best as an honoured member of our Club, who shared in the honours which it confers. He was long a member of the Council, was afterwards raised to the

rank of Vice-President, and remained associated with us in an honorary connection up to the time of his death. It is about six years since, in failing health, he retired to the south of England, and it is suggestive of the mutability of things that to many of the present members of the Club he may be comparatively unknown. To such, it is hoped, some little insight into his character may have been given by these poor words, which, like a spray of rosemary laid upon a grave, have been set down

In memory  
Of that delightful fragrance which was once  
From his mild manners quietly exhaled.

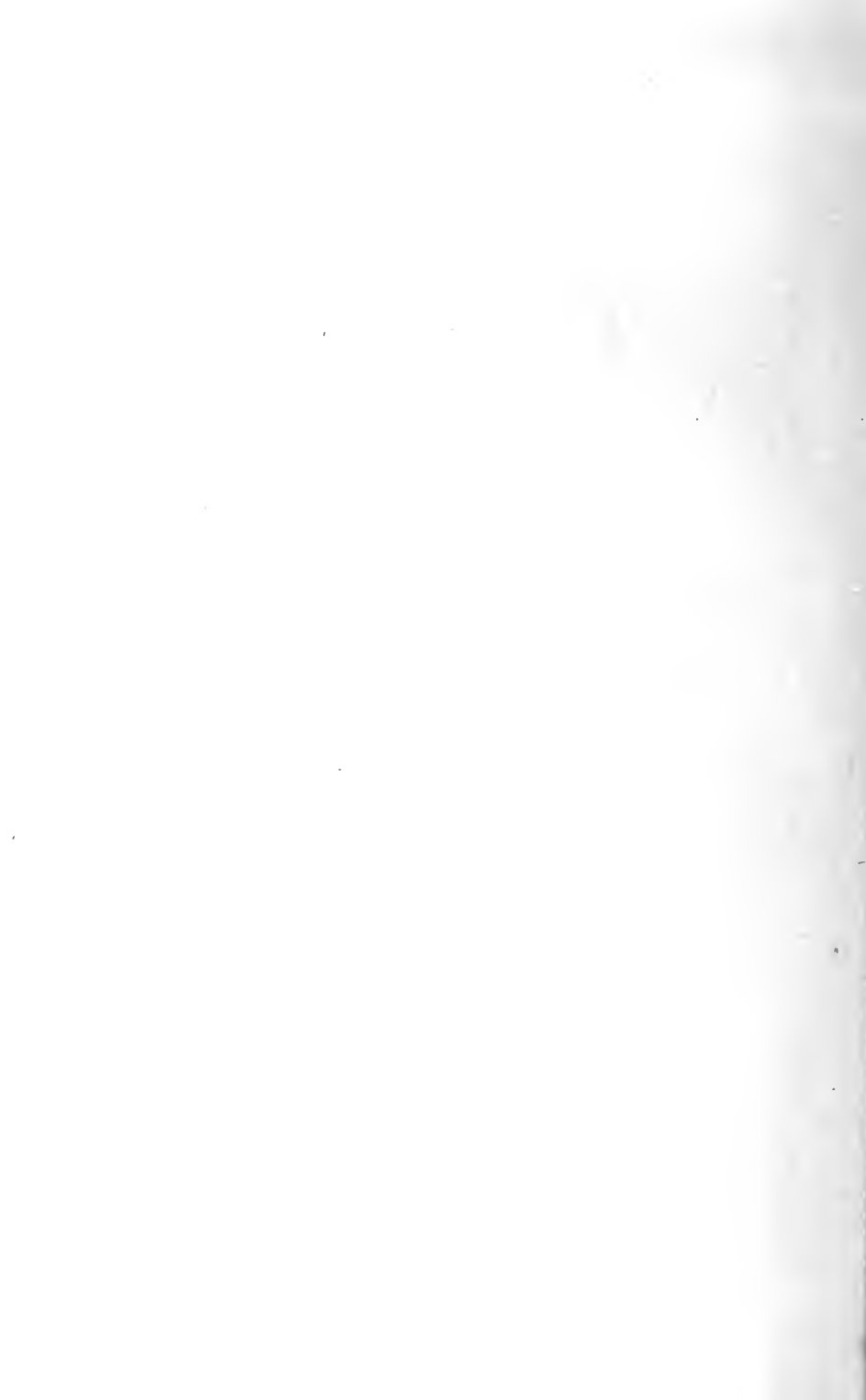






*Woodcut by Langdon from Drawing by Hall.*

THE CEDARS AT GADSHILL PLACE.





## NOTES ON RUSKIN'S "ELEMENTS OF DRAWING."\*

BY GEORGE MILNER.

THE "Elements of Drawing" was published in 1857.

It was the result of Ruskin's association with Maurice and others as a teacher in the Working Men's College. The five years which he gave to this enterprise were comparatively happy and fruitful, for they gave him what he needed—practical work and the opportunity of contact with the real working man. The period which immediately followed was one of storm and stress, and the wild breaking up of long cherished ideals. The book takes a familiar, epistolary form, and consists of a preface, three long letters and an appendix. It contains some excellent elementary lessons, but the greater portion would prove confusing to a beginner, though every word of it is valuable to an advanced and intelligent student. Of course, the writer's usual discursiveness leads him to speak of many things besides elementary drawing, but the wise reader will take what he can get with thankfulness, and not trouble himself with the consideration of how much is apposite and how much extraneous.

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\* This Paper was one, among others, read at a "Ruskin Night," at the Manchester Literary Club, held during the first half of its 1900-1 session. Some of the remaining papers will be printed as occasion serves.

In the preface will be found, succinctly stated, that favourite dictum of Ruskin's which has excited much discussion—namely, that the excellence of an artist as such depends wholly on refinement of perception, and that there is only one rule respecting art which is without exception—"that all great art is delicate." I think in later life he modified this statement. But in the main it is true, and is really only a corollary of another of his leading ideas, that sincerity in the artist is the one thing to be demanded. Sincerity in life, as well as in art, was indeed to him all in all. His literary activities were so numerous, and his teaching so various and so continually under process of change and development, that I have always found it impossible to reduce them to any other common term than this of sincerity. Follow him, however, where you will, and you will find that, except when he is obviously jesting, or flinging paradoxes about as a juggler flings the balls around his head, this test of sincerity will uniformly apply, and I think no other will. With the final sentence of his preface I heartily concur, "The best answerer of questions is perseverance, and the best drawing-masters are the woods and hills."

In the second letter, that on "Sketching from Nature," great stress is wisely laid upon getting, first of all, the leading lines of a subject. In characteristic terminology he calls them "vital" lines, "fateful," and even "awful" lines. No teaching can be sounder than this, and it applies to other subjects besides drawing. The true way to learn anything is to get the leading lines clearly in your mind before you enter upon details. In criticising the shortcomings of Harding as a draughtsman he makes this fertile observation, which the skilled artist should reverently consider: "The true drawing of detail is for evermore impossible to a hand which has contracted a habit of execution." In

the same letter a piece of advice, delightfully expressed, is given to the amateur in drawing.

But though you cannot produce finished coloured drawings of any value, you may give yourself much pleasure, and be of great use to other people, by occasionally sketching with a view to colour only; and preserving distinct statements of certain colour facts—as that the harvest-moon at rising was of such and such a red, and surrounded by clouds of such and such a rosy grey; that the mountains at evening were in truth so deep in purple; and the waves by the boat's side were indeed of that incredible green. This only, observe, if you have an eye for colour; but you may presume that you have this, if you enjoy colour.

In enforcing the truth that in a great picture every line and colour is so arranged as to advantage the rest, he illustrates it by saying:

Similarly in a great poem, each word and thought enhances the value of those which precede and follow it; and every syllable has a loveliness which depends not so much on its abstract sound as on its position. Look at the same word in a dictionary and you will hardly recognise it.

In any book of Ruskin's we may be sure that, whatever the specific subject may be, we shall get incidentally two things—felicities of style, and what has been called criticism of life. The whole frame and temper of his mind make this inevitable, and the "Elements of Drawing" is happily no exception to this rule. Let me take an example or two. And, first of style:

The clouds will not wait while we copy their heaps or clefts; the shadows will escape from us as we try to shape them, each, in its stealthy minute march, still leaving light where its tremulous edge had rested before, and involving in eclipse objects that had seemed safe from its influence; and instead of the small clusters of leaves which we could reckon point by point, embarrassing enough even though numerable, we have now leaves as little to be counted as the sands of the sea, and restless, perhaps, as its foam.

The passage already quoted on amateur work is another instance, and at the close of the letter on "Colour and Composition" there is a detailed description of the village

of Heysham as it appears in Turner's drawing, which is a model of descriptive art, as clear as language can ever be—minute, without being tedious, and expanded without prolixity. It is too long for quotation, occupying five or six pages, but the student who wants to learn how to write good English without those purple patches which sometimes disfigure Mr. Ruskin's earlier work, may profitably give a long time to its consideration. Of criticism of life there are many examples. Take this on "Great Men": "Now remember, nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than their always, whether in life or in art, *knowing the way things are going.*" The italics are Mr. Ruskin's own.

In a passage where he is discussing the individual character and liberty of separate leaves, he characteristically breaks off into a dissertation on the evils of a society where men are subject to no government, and are actuated by no ruling principle, and that in which men might be so oppressed into assimilation as to lose individual hope and character—"a society in which no man could help another, since none would be feebler than himself; no man admire another, since none would be stronger than himself; no man be grateful to another, since by none could he be relieved; no man reverence another, since by none he could be instructed."

Mr. Ruskin closes his last letter with some noble words on travel, and the way to observe nature, to which I always recur with singular pleasure and much delightful reminiscence. The reader who wishes to refer to them will find them on pages 331-2-3.

I must not neglect to draw attention to the admirable wood-engravings with which the volume is illustrated. To some, indeed, these may form the chief attraction. They are all from Mr. Ruskin's own sketches, either from nature

or from pictures. Many of the simplest drawings of leaves and of the branches of trees are exquisite, but the gems of the book are the three reproductions in outline from Turner's picture of the Bridge at Coblenz on pages 253, 268, and 271. I have looked at the first of these for many hours, simple as it is, and ever with more wonder, at the beauty and harmony, perfect though intricate, of Turner's composition.

The "Appendix" might well have occupied more space than that given to the body of the book. Having in mind his pupils at the Working Men's College, he seeks to give them advice as to what pictures and what books they should admire. He tells them which painters are, in his opinion, always right, which are sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and which are base and deserving of universal reprobation. In later life, as was to be expected, he somewhat modified these lists, but, as they stand in this volume, they are useful to any discerning student. He then connects his observations on art with what he has to say on literature by affirming that, while he has known men with a pure taste in literature and a false taste in art, he has never known any who, having a false taste in books, had a true taste in pictures. With regard to the indisputably great writers, he may be safely followed.—Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakespeare, and Spenser—but in the second class he displays some curious and uncritical preferences, and some equally uncritical antipathies. His estimate of Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House" was always exaggerated, and his opinion that Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is "the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language" is, to say the least, perplexing. Still worse is his sweeping and unqualified condemnation of Coleridge as "sickly and useless," and of Shelley as "shallow and verbose." His note on Carlyle

is characteristic. "He is not a writer for 'beginners,' because his teaching, though to some of us vitally necessary, may to others be hurtful. If you understand and like him, read him; if he offends you, you are not yet ready for him, and perhaps may never be so; at all events give him up, as you would sea-bathing if you found it hurt you, till you are stronger." For myself, I hazard the opinion that, on the whole, Carlyle's influence on Ruskin was injurious. Many of the things which even the warmest admirers of Ruskin regret were not native to his own character, but superinduced by the dominating personality of Carlyle.

Finally, let me say that it is only necessary to be able to separate the chaff from the good grain to make Ruskin of immense value to us as an exponent of nature and of life. We cannot get from him consistency and an ordered sequence of ideas, but we can get noble thoughts, inspiration, and an incentive to noble deeds, the sincere love of beauty, and faith in "admiration, love, and hope" as a rule of life. He is not a guide or a mentor, but a prophet crying in the wilderness to a generation steeped, as he believed, in criminal selfishness, and debased by a soulless and materialistic philosophy. George Eliot's admirable words sum up the whole matter. What impressed her in Ruskin were: "The grand doctrines of truth and sincerity in art, and of the nobleness and solemnity of our human life."







## AN OLD LANCASHIRE VILLAGE.

BY ARTHUR W. FOX.

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, which every sport could please.

—*Goldsmith.*

THE VILLAGE of Barnton lies on the high road between the larger village of Beauchamp and the "ancient and loyal borough" of Warley, at the central spot of the great South Lancashire coalfield. It was not originally a mining village, but the peaceful abode of a hardy and keen-witted race of hand-loom weavers, farmers, smithymen, small traders, and inn-keepers. At the upper end of the hamlet stands, and has stood for two hundred years, the old Nonconformist Chapel, in the midst of a picturesque graveyard, studded with time-worn stones and daisied mounds—those simplest memorials of the lowly dead. Sometimes the loving hand of the present strews these relics of the past with posies of mindful love; but most of the sleepers beneath the green sod have long faded from the memory of the living. The Chapel bell is said to have been a Catholic bell, duly consecrated with holy water and its kindred accessories. Now it summons to worship a stalwart band of hard-headed Nonconformists, whose sympathies have not a trace of the mysteries of Rome. The Chapel itself has always been popular with those young lovers who desire to recover their senses by the simple process of wedlock. For many years it has been familiarly known as "Barnton pairing-place," a nickname

which speaks for itself. Doubtless the number of marriages celebrated within its walls was increased by the kindness of the minister, who declined to take a fee "for making people happy," a forbearance much appreciated by the frugal minds of the rustics. Still a host of tender associations gathered round the old place. Through nearly seven generations its worshippers have fought under the flag of civil and religious liberty, and their descendants have survived to rejoice in the victory won after a long and stubborn battle. Many sturdy warriors are laid in the graveyard, where the din of the conflict sounds no longer in their ears, but the result of their faithful service remains, and others "have entered into their labours."

Close to the venerable building is one of the two grocers' shops, which originally supplied the inhabitants with an agreeable combination of necessities, and such modest luxuries as Spanish juice, mint-drops, more or less over-boiled oranges, a nauseous compound known as "savoury duck," which should surely have been called "savoury pluck," black puddings, and the like. The presiding genius of this emporium of pungent gossip and household requirements was Sally o' Tims, or Sarah, the wife of Timothy. She was a tall, good-looking Lancashire woman, whose husband was a prosperous and busy chain-maker. She was a witty woman, richly endowed with that peculiarly Lancashire humour which perceives and ruthlessly points out their defects to neighbours of every kind. Her shop was small, but it overflowed with a heterogeneous assortment of articles of usefulness and beauty. There were matter-of-fact groceries, and shelves burdened with long rows of green canisters containing tea of various degrees of strength, coffee, golden syrup, black treacle, and other "good things more than tongue can tell." There were hidden stores of sugar, tins of health-giving but dispiriting

dandelion-coffee, boxes of healing and griping pills, sweets whose chronic "sweating sickness" rendered them loth to leave their native bottles, hair-pins and pins of a more pointed kind, brushes of every order from the sturdy yard-broom to the silken hair-arranger dear to ladies, combs of solemn dignity and well-preserved teeth, highly-coloured if elementary articles of drapery, rosy-cheeked apples, sticky mountains of dates, liquorice-root, biscuits and many other things, which it would take an auctioneer's minuteness to fitly particularise.

A low partition kept the knavish fingers of children from handling the seductions of the window. The counter was formed in the shape of a huge capital L, terminating in a big pair of scales, which were alternately used to weigh flour and potatoes. The purchasers were little disturbed by so unpromising a combination of services, and they brought a bag for the flour demanded by the shrill tongue of Sally. In addition to these mightier weighing-machines the counter was adorned with a pair of smaller brass scales, the pride of Sally's heart, as their superfine polish betrayed. Near these scales stood, or rather rolled, the round receptacle with its sharp knife and tail of string, which excited the wonder of the youth of the neighbourhood, as to how the string ever got inside. Crowded as the shop was with solid and quasi-fluid contents, it was a miracle of orderly neatness, and only the floor where the customers stood had a speck of dust. How Sally contrived to attain to such a pitch of cleanliness was a secret best known to herself; perhaps, like most good women, she could see dust without spectacles, long after she had adopted those invaluable aids to reading.

One afternoon, when a north-east wind was blowing with penetrative power and snow was falling thick and fast, the usual company of gossips and buyers was filling the

shop with a mixture of womankind and eloquence. It was surprising how long these worthy daughters of Eve lingered over their purchases to hear the latest news, and to add their own mite of embellishment to sufficiently exaggerated tales. Indeed the thoughtful mind could scarcely fail to entertain alarming conjectures as to the conjunction of over-curious children with fire. Into the midst of the company a poor man entered. His cheeks were gaunt, and their native paleness was just flushed with the wind. His garments seemed designed rather to reveal his poverty than to conceal his nakedness, and how the tattered rags contrived to hold together was a mystery to every superficial observer. He had no coat, and what was left of his waistcoat was fastened across his chest by one button, a piece of string, a bootlace, and a large black pin evidently picked up in his wanderings. Almost breathless with cold and hunger, he gasped out: "Eh, missis, gie me a bit; I'm welly clemmed to death." Sally stopped abruptly in the midst of a delicious morsel of scandal, and eyeing the melancholy wretch from top to toe with a whimsical, but kindly pity, she exclaimed: "Ay God bless thy soul, I will gie thee a bit, for it's not for th' lack o' ventilation 'at thou'rt clemmin'."

Such was Sally o' Tim's, a woman of a shrewd head and a sharp tongue, but a kind heart. If she had a habit of quarrelling with her best friends, she was always ready to be reconciled; and of what use are friends if we may not sharpen our temper on them sometimes? She had much to endure in her life, and she was not old when she passed away. She sleeps in her grave now, and but few of her witty sayings are remembered. Her burden in life was heavy, but she bore it without flinching and with little complaint, and now her anxious heart is at peace.

On the other side of the Chapel stood the Barnton Hotel,

as it was proudly called, though the old English name of inn would have been its more fitting designation. It is doubtful whether anyone ever stayed the night there; but it had a good situation and many diurnal supporters, who had the bad habit of returning home once a week at least in a too-pronounced state of civilisation. Its chief attraction was a capital bowling green, whereon the heated players were wont to cool their excitement in mighty pots of ale. Those who have never played at bowls little suspect its thrilling anxieties and intensity of interest. But let them once try their hand and their temper, and they will own that kings and noblemen had some reason in keeping its mysteries to themselves. At all events, in James I.'s "Declaration of Sports" the game of bowls, in company with the no less exciting pursuits of bull and bear baiting, was by name forbidden to the common people. Perhaps the sapient King desired to confine the exhilarating practice of swearing, which is induced by these sports, to royal personages, the clergy, the nobility, and gentry of the land. In Barnton, however, all alike engaged in the delightful diversion to the joint benefit of their patience and the pocket of the willing landlord.

Here the best of the village botanical societies held its weekly meetings, and discussed weeds of more kinds than one to the accompaniment of vegetable, not to say intoxicating cordials. The native botanists were keen alike in the knowledge of classification and of the more abstruse elements of their favourite science. Their Latin might have a rather doggish sound, but they knew their subject and rejoiced in their knowledge. Some of them have been known to trudge a ten-mile's journey and back to add some rarer species to their herbarium; while some of them culled medicinal herbs, and brewed therefrom decoctions sufficiently nauseous to put the devil himself to flight.

Sometimes the older botanists told stories of bygone folklore to the obvious contempt of the younger and less credulous collectors. One example may suffice. There is a curious tradition of the *Osmunda regalis*, that it only casts its seed on St. John's Eve, or midsummer night. On this occasion angels of the "lower classes" come from below, and the seeds themselves shoot forth in all directions like dancing sparks. He who is fortunate enough to win one of these, caught in a peculiar fashion, can henceforth walk unseen. The superstition itself may possibly have arisen from the fact that when the fern has cast its seed the fertile frond withers with striking quickness. This is not "the gift of the fern-seed," which John Falstaff desires, and which refers to the seed of the bracken.

Be the origin what it may, a man of much imagination and succulent habits had taken to himself an eloquent wife, who was fond of exercising her tongue to point out his faults, and her wrists at the end of a broom-handle to impress the moral of her argument. This unworthy worthy at one of the meetings of the Botanical Society, heard the aforesaid legend, and determined to profit by it. One midsummer night, being "a bit forarder," he provided himself with the needful twelve tin tart-moulds and sallied forth with as much directness as his wavering limbs could compass to Waterton Moss, where the fern then grew in great abundance. He reached his destination just as the old Church clock was striking twelve. Here he caught sight of the dusky angels of a nether clime, and of the seed shooting forth in its diabolical curves. His terror rose, and had he not been borne up with something stronger than water he would surely have taken to his heels. As it was, he stood as steadily as his lower limbs would permit, and held his pile of tins, which jingled in his shaky hands. To his great joy one seed fell on the topmost tin and went through

the rest, till it stopped at the twelfth. Having thus obtained his heart's desire, he staggered off home, describing curves unknown to geometry with his tottering legs, and accompanied by the mocking laughter of the fiends.

But his troubles had only begun. In the first place "walking just then wasn't very convenient," and it took him long to reach home with his distance-doubling steps. When he arrived at the door of his cottage his beloved met him with the accustomed broom-handle. To her speechless astonishment she saw her good man's clothes wobbling about with nothing inside them. The unlucky victim had forgotten that the mystic seed had no power over things of mortal make, and he had laid up for himself the smart of bitter repentance. His wife knew the clothes at once. There was a patch on the coat, which she had only put on that morning, and she could not mistake those mosaic corduroys, which had scarcely a visible cord of the original left. She was not merely a subtle linguist, but endowed with a strong portion of commonsense. When the tremulous garments staggered into the kitchen containing their invisible owner, she did not sit down on the floor and faint. Far from it, she set her candle down on the dresser, and before her lord and master could sit down she caught up her broom with both hands, and plied it with force and speed, exclaiming in her most persuasive tones: "Come to, thou gawmless gomeril; come to, wilt 'ou, or I'll break thy back." It is needless to add that he did "come to" with uncommon speed, for who could resist the pleading tones of a wife under such interesting circumstances? Some sceptics will set down this story to the ramblings of a drunken dream. To their confusion, be it said, that the man told the tale himself, with pictorial embroidery at each repetition, and surely he ought to know.

Leaving the local botanists to pursue their examination

of weeds and fluids, the wayfarer, if he proceed down the high road, will come to a little brook crossed by a stone bridge and a plank leading to a pleasant field-path. Once the stream flowed over instead of under the road, and in olden days coaches splashed through its limpid waters on their way to Warley. Perhaps a toll was taken in the past for the use of the foot-bridge, which has long since disappeared, and the ancient name of Perry Bridge may have been corrupted into Penny Bridge in commemoration of some such bygone imposition. To-day miners, who have nothing better to do, will throw sticks into the brook on one side of the bridge, and lay bets on the one which will first emerge on the other side.

Not far along the road there once stood a white-washed cottage with the usual weaving-shed, wherein a family had lived for nearly two centuries. Sturdy Nonconformists were these. On one occasion the neighbouring rector made a parochial visitation to the tenant, who held him in a long and strong argument. "But, my good man, have you got a Bible in the house," he asked. "We'n piece o' one," replied the unmanageable elder.

Though an awkward controversialist, who possessed the true Lancashire man's capacity of putting everyone but himself in the wrong, the old man had a nice taste in gardening. His two small patches of land contained many old-fashioned rarities, which are never seen in these days of insane and inartistic bedding-out. Near the cottage door grew the queen of the garden, a white moss-rose bush, which in some seasons was covered with blossoms of delicate beauty. A climbing rose and a trailing honeysuckle were the maids of honour to the queen of the flowers. In summer evenings they were haunted by an elfin cloud of night-moths, which shone like patches of living gossamer in the dimness of twilight. There was, moreover, that singu-



lar apple-tree, the fruit of which is known as the "Ten Commandments," and which derives its name from the fact that the apple divides naturally into ten sections, popularly termed "quarters." The well was in one corner of the garden, and shaded by what the gardener would have called "damsel-trees," not out of compliment to their sex, but to fulfil the rigours of Grimm's Law. The rest of the space was parcelled out into neatly kept beds of flowers and vegetables curiously blended. Onions, those mildly odorous herbs ranged next to standard roses, and broad beans overshadowed long beds of Sweet Williams.

His son, who succeeded him, scorned such vulgarities as "annuals," with the exception of the Virginian Stock, which lifted its impoverished-looking blooms from a long border, and looked as if it had grown pale with regret for its sunnier native land. In spring, glistening snowdrops and crocuses, gay with violet and gold, pale daffodils and glorious polyanthus, bloomed with the peculiar beauty of spring flowers. A small rockery was covered with ladies' pin-cushion, white-rock, love-in-a-mist, and yellow and purple corydalis. In summer a blaze of perennials succeeded one another in unfailing order, and shone amid a host of vegetables. Scarlet-runners climbed over the hedge, sorely tempting the inquisitive minds and acquisitive fingers of small boys. Rows of peas bore luxuriant crops, and the hedges all around were cut as hedges ought to be cut. They were so thick and shady that birds undisturbed built their nests in the thorny recesses, nor could the aforesaid small boys, who take a special interest in the growth of apples and similar unripe objects of acid temptation, work their way through the tough twigs to the Paradise within. The garden was a veritable Eden in miniature, whose old-fashioned beauties far surpassed the more gorgeous splendours of modern horticulture. The cottage and its gay

mantle of leaves and flowers are gone now ; only a deeper shade of green in the corner of a field marks the place where once it stood. But clustering memories are gathered about the spot, and fancy still peoples the green grass with the forms of those who have long left the earth.

Winding to the right, a lane led from the cottage to an old and substantial house surrounded by a collection of smithies, from which a cheerful clanking was wont to sound, while the bellows whistled to the fire, and the fire roared up the chimney in answer. Here lived the principal man of the village with his two sisters, all unmarried, though singularly handsome and greatly beloved by their workpeople and by the rest of the villagers. The owner farmed a few fields, each of which had its especial name. Between the croft and the longlea was a circular pond which had been well stocked with fish, and which had its contingent of mighty eels to boot. The brown and green oval leaves of the pond-weed covered the greater part of the clear water, and alders and whitethorns grew around wherein ousels, thrushes, and sometimes green linnets, built their nests. But there was room enough for the skilled angler to cast his line into the pond, and his patience was seldom disappointed. Once a gentleman, equipped with the best tackle of the famous Ogden for the degraded art of "bottom-fishing," threw his line into the longlea pit to tempt one of the giant carp to take his bait. He had spent much on his tackle, but money could not buy him skill. The only aquatic creature which heeded his efforts was an amphibious female newt, whose curiosity proved her ruin. Close to the full-dress sportsman sat little Jimmie, a wary, witty, and wiry old man, who, with a stout hazel twig and an inferior line, pulled out one great carp after another, to the dudgeon of his better-furnished rival. He had studied the taste of his victims, and provided them with

the irresistible attraction of a set of lively grubs from a wasp's nest. Whether the well-equipped angler would have braved the adventure of taking such a nest may well be doubted. But Jimmie, who had faced the dangers of a thousand stings, had his well-earned reward.

The longlea pit has quite a history of its own; many a poacher paid it nightly, and usually unsuccessful, visits "by the pale light of the moon." On one occasion a band of poachers attempted in vain to net the pit. They tugged and hauled, and tugged and hauled again. But the sole reward of their hard labour was a large quantity of weeds and one puny perch. They did achieve one desirable object, though that was far from their intention—they cleared out many hindrances to the legitimate angler. Their revenge was as mean as their conduct was unsportsmanlike. They forced their way into the neighbouring garden, and smashed every stick of a flourishing row of celery.

The old house was solid and picturesque. It was shaded by a fine and fruitful jargonelle pear tree, and one of boyhood's delightful occupations was to sit on the roof in sunny August gathering the luscious fruit and eating, until it was a positive pain to climb down the ladder. Those who have never eaten a jargonelle gathered when its fragrant and mellow cheeks are warm with the autumn sun have never tasted one of life's keenest flavours. The warehouse and office, for it was both, was shaded by a green Virginian creeper, which in the fall of the year seemed blushing betimes for its coming nakedness. Behind the house, at the back door, stood the dog-kennel, with its fierce tenant, overshadowed by a bower of roses, which daintily concealed the coal-place on the other side. Near by was a giant gold-nep pear tree, which bore bushels of round, yellow, juicy pears, the favourites of unfriendly wasps, which fought fiercely with the anxious and delicately balanced gatherer.

Not far off, beneath a thicket of white snowballs, purple lilac and yellow laburnum, gleamed a romantic wicket-gate leading to the garden, where many a tale of love had been told in the past. The path lay under the darkling arch of two huge rhododendrons, which shone gaily in the early summer of their bloom. The garden itself had a choice selection of roses of every hue; and the neat frame of scarlet runners, the trim beds of vegetables, the odour of many flowers, the fine barberry, the sombre box, the majestic pink hawthorn, the general order in disorder and the unrestrained beauty of its arrangement formed a picture once seen never to be forgotten.

The two ladies were never without their parrot, which had a sense of humour and a love of mischief only exceeded by the inventive faculty of boys. The bird was often freed from its cage, when it would take the opportunity of parading the floor, and, with extreme nicety and secrecy, snipping the laces of the boots of unconscious guests. Once for all its wonted wisdom this sage bird flew away. She was found seated on the top of a distant tree with a boy at the foot, who naively remarked: "Eh, sithee, a pigeon wi' a red tail." The unwillingness which Pollie showed to quit her lofty perch, and the fierceness with which she did battle with the man who was bold enough to climb up to her, presented a scene worthy of an epic poet. At last she did come down, and was never known to so far commit herself again. When in the possession of a previous owner, she had been indiscreetly taken to chapel, and when the choir, with its wonted heartiness, "gave tongue" to the stirring tune of Lydia, her feelings were evidently sorely tried. From under her mistress's cloak she was heard to say "Damn!" with an emphasis which quite startled the congregation, who could not see from whence the unhallowed sound proceeded.

The village had its ghosts, of which it was unreasonably proud, and quite as unreasonably frightened. On a summer evening one of the ladies was coming home, when she saw a black mass, like the mud near a duck-pond. In it were prints like those of a horse-shoe, and slowly it rolled over and over the dusty road, till it disappeared in the neighbouring ditch. She was astonished at so unusual a sight, and hastened home with some alarm. What the phenomenon was cannot now be ascertained. Some of the more credulous kind set it down to a ghostly visitation, while a more rationalistic mind affirmed that the apparition was nothing more than a troop of wandering eels on its way from one pit to another. However that may be, there were two undoubted and more terrible ghosts, which no one had seen, but in which all the older people believed with tenacious credulity. A field-path made at an early date to cut off a corner of the road was the scene of the nightly walk of a shadowy funeral procession, which moved slowly through the fields when the clock struck twelve. The rustic mind never decided the question whether the ghostly visitants buried a new ghost every night in the ghost of a grave, dug with the ghost of a spade by the ghost of a sexton; and ghosts are so unaccountable that it is unwise to offer an opinion upon so subtle a problem. This much is certain, that few of the villagers were bold enough to cross those fields at midnight, and none of them had been known to question the shadowy mourners as to what they did there.

The other ghost was of a similar kind, but less terrible, inasmuch as it was only a single person. There was a well at the end of a path bordered by two hedges, which led from the high road. Here a mystic female figure, which had been seen as early as twilight, glided into the well, and, after making as if she would draw water, disappeared like a flash of lightning. It cannot be denied that

she served the useful purpose of compelling her more substantial sisters to draw water in seasonable time to escape the horror of seeing her. That a woman was murdered here is probable; that her ghost was really seen is less likely, though it was an awful heresy to express any doubt on the subject. The proper name of the spring was Skelton Well, which had been corrupted to Skeleton Well. But whether the name was the origin of the ghost, or the ghost godmother of the name, let those who love psychic research decide.

At the other end of Barnton was a row of houses, the property of a worthy man, who combined the trades of grocery and nail-making, though he did not mix the two commodities. At this time he was dead, and his widow added to her substance by keeping a little farm, the chief products of which were milk and eggs. Old Mally was endowed with great shrewdness and no little acidity of tongue. She was a lover of fresh air, and in extreme old age she would never have the kitchen door shut. At one time another old woman lived with her for a brief period, until the two hatched a very pretty quarrel. Old Sally was as sweet as her hostess, and possessed a voice of no mean strength, which was musical beyond all other sounds in her ears. On a December day, when the wind was as keen as the tempers of the old women, she asked Mally's son Marton to shut the door, whereupon his mother savagely exclaimed: "Do if thou dare; I've niver hed th' dur tined for fifty years afore nine o'clock, an' I'm noan goin' to begin now for a great starven thing like that!" The two old dames may have been handsome enough in their youth, but in their age they closely resembled a pair of witches. One evening they were sitting by the fire, which old Mally began to stir, when old Sally thus addressed her: "Yo' shouldn't perk th' fire; a' th' dust keeps

flyin' on to me." "Ay, it iver flies to th' prattiest," was the crushing retort. It was alike amusing and informing to hear old Mally characterising her neighbours with more accuracy than charity. She would take each in turn with complete impartiality, accompanying her comments with puffs from a mulatto clay pipe, which it was her habit to store on the top of the oven.

Marton inherited much of his mother's descriptive skill, with a large share of her biting humour. He was that awkward kind of man, who was wont to annihilate the soaked wayfarer who was unwise enough to remark, "It's wet to-day, Marton," with the crushing rejoinder, "Ay, it's this rain as is doin' it." Once, when he met a poor dragged wretch, whose back had been a water-conductor, he sententiously observed, "It's bad dthryin' out to-day." At the end of one of the fields, which he tenanted from the parsonage, was a brickcroft, which contained several clay-pits, wherein the masculine youth of the neighbourhood

Its youthful limbs was wont to lave  
In the semi-transparent wave.

Marton had all a proprietor's objection to their instinct of unlawful cleanliness, and one afternoon, when the parson with his two sons was looking over the hedge, they espied the worthy man hopping along—he had one leg shorter than the other—almost hidden beneath a great armful of miscellaneous clothing. Jackets, trousers, shirts, stockings, collars, and the rest loaded one arm, while in the other hand he carried a dozen pairs of clogs and boots slung on a pikel. A mischievous smile pervaded his face as he said in his quiet voice, "I doubt they winnot come bathin' their again in a hurry." That afternoon twelve lads of various sizes, clad in a tight-fitting garment of nakedness, stole home like frightened aborigines, and the village was gravely scandalised by so improper a display of "the

human form divine." What was their fate when they reached home need not be described. They were in too tempting a condition to escape warming, in the expressive language of the country folk. Whether they ever again sought the scene of their undoing remains unknown; but the practical joke, which told so heavily against them, was long remembered, though never repeated in the village.

Such was Marton, Lancashire to the core, and compact of contrariety, who had the peculiar faculty of knowing what would shock his hearers most, and who took a genuine delight in saying "the accursed thing" in the most offensive manner. He was himself endowed with what phrenological wiseacres call a 'large organ of veneration,' but his hatred of cant made him hide his real feelings under a mask of irreverence. When he was manager of the Co-operative Store, he had to serve a woman of most rigid orthodoxy, and her continual harping upon themes which can but be profaned by common talk irritated him beyond endurance. With a mocking smile he began to discuss the popular ideas of heaven, and came to an end with the following striking peroration: "Eh, missis, when I go up'ards an' get my white short on an' my gowd trumpet, I'll blow till I brast th' roof o' heaven off." The horror seated upon the worthy woman's grave countenance can be more easily imagined than described, and Marton's mischievous smile added fury to her indignation. Still she was silenced, as her husband said, "for th' fust time sin' 'e'd known 'er." Yet, for all such outbursts of quaint levity, Marton was a true-hearted and honest man. He is gone to his rest now, after years of terrible suffering patiently borne, and his bright sallies are sorely missed in Barnton.

Marton's smithy was worked by three smiths of various degrees of skill and sobriety. One, who happened to be the tallest was known as "Long Tom," and he represented



the positive degree, being rarely overtaken in his cups. The comparative was unworthily represented by a little man, "whose Christian name was John," but who had more semblance of activity than real desire for work, and who was accordingly denominated "Motion." The third, who may, for the sake of brevity, like the Bishop of Runtifoo, be called Peter, was the representative of the superlative degree of inebriety. When he was a boy his father sent him to draw a jug of beer from the barrel, which stood on a slab in the scullery. The family waited, and no Peter appeared. His father smoked a pipe to the dregs, and still no Peter, nor, what was worse, any beer. At last his patience wore out, and he went to seek the missing cup-bearer, whom he found lying drunk on the floor, with the tap turned on and the beer flowing into his mouth. Peter was a good workman when he was sober. But he had two faults—a decided tendency to intoxication and a constitutional objection to work, which interfered with his success in life. How he contrived to keep body and soul together is a secret best known to himself, but live he did, and in his own fashion "take his ease in his inn" until he was kicked out. These three graces of the smithy occupied their leisure in making nails, and they usually found time for an inspiring bit of gossip, which kept time to the strokes of their hammers.

Next to the smithy, and parted therefrom by an aged barn bearing the date of 1702 stood, in its own garden, the stuccoed, solid-looking parsonage, which had braved the storms of one hundred and fifty winters. Its old-fashioned, five-barred gate, with the smaller wicket, its row of green railings, through which could be seen a rockery, flanked on either side by a tall acacia, its fine beeches and yellow laburnums, its pretty garden encircling a rhododendron-girdled sun-dial, its trim summer-house, its ample store of

fruit and flowers, presented a peaceful picture to the passer-by who was tall enough to peep over the hedge. Here a long line of faithful ministers had lived, and each had left some memento of his presence in the garden, and some tradition in the minds of the villagers. Some had been eloquent in the pulpit, some had been careful pastors, while all had been earnest men, who swayed their stubborn flock with a somewhat arbitrary severity. They had taken an interest in the garden, and most had added something rare or useful to its collection of the curiosities of vegetation. Their means were narrow, but their hearts were large, and in good or evil fortune they held up their heads and played no mean part in the life of the village. Some of them sleep in distant places, some are laid in the old graveyard, where timeworn slabs preserve the simple record of their faithful lives.

Almost opposite to the parsonage was a little white cottage, near what was called the "four-footed cross," beneath which the stocks once stood to wean the drunken from their bad habits. Here lived an ancient man, who was a noted cow-doctor. Once the neighbouring baronet's lady sought his counsel in dire extremity. She imagined that her pet spaniel was dying, as, indeed, he was—of over-feeding. Old Jerry insisted that the pampered menial should be left entirely under his care for a fortnight, and reluctantly the honourable woman went her way with many searchings of heart. He was much relieved by her departure, and began to talk to the canine Falstaff in a manner to which though little accustomed, it rose with wonderful alacrity. At tea-time, when the dog was expecting its wonted saucer of cream and its delicately browned cutlet, the old man took down from a dusty shelf a dry bit of jannock and set it before the saucy creature, at which it turned up its nose with a saucy snuff. "Varry weel," he said, "thou mun

clemm till thou does." He carried out his threat in its entirety, and left the dog to starve, until it was glad to eat the solid and unsavoury morsel. When the noble lady came back after a fortnight of misery, she received her favourite reduced in bulk and restored to health. She would fain have learned the secret of the cure, but old Jerry's lips were sealed, and the dog was dumb, and she was forced to go away no richer in knowledge and a little poorer by the cow doctor's fee.

At the next cottage lived a venerable cow-keeper, a man of much personal attraction, who to his ninetieth year bared his bosom to the wintry elements, and scorned alike an overcoat and the buttons of his waistcoat. One chill day the minister, who had careful designs upon the health of his youngest born, asked William his opinion of the use of an overcoat. The old man, upon whose almost bare breast the January wind was blowing, answered: "I dunnot know; I've niver worn a top-coart." A more perfect object lesson could hardly have been given. Opposite his dwelling was a well memorable to the minds of two small boys, whom a fair young cousin had taken to the shop of a good woman, who sold sweetmeats dear to children, though decomposing to their digestion. The little shop contained a tensile kind of toffee vulgarly known as "Swaggering Dick," peppermint of various degrees of astringence, and those horrid cakes, the sticky surface of which is thickly plastered with magenta sugar. The boys had eaten "not wisely, but too well," until locomotion was a trouble to them. They were redolent of tell-tale peppermint, and their cheeks were mottled with magenta crumbs. Yet still they wrestled with more cakes in defiance of the warnings of exhausted nature. When they came to the well, weary jaws and tired limbs could hold out no longer, and they sat down by its silvery trickle, and softened their last re-

maining cake with running water. When they got home their misdirected energy received a merited but inappropriate punishment: they were sent supperless to bed—vain penalty, as if they had not already eaten enough for a week.

At a shady corner, where the old and new roads to Beauchamp met, stood a tree long since withered, which once bore human fruit. On it was hung in chains a man who had robbed the mail. His bones rattled in the night wind to the terror of evil-doers, until they were taken down and buried beneath the tree. A cup was made of the skull, which found its way to a venerable inn in the great city of Newcome. Along the old road coaches sped on their dusty course, and once, at least, the press-gang made its hateful appearance. Two of the villagers escaped from its clutches in an ingenious fashion. When the grim myrmidons of the Navy made their appearance in the cottage of the first, they saw a young man groping his way about with a stick, and they were cheated of their destined prey by his closed eyes and by his solemn words: "May God take pity on the poor blind man." When they had retired the temporarily blind man recovered his sight, and rejoiced at the unexpected success of his stratagem. The second fell into their griping clutches, and they bore him off to the nearest port, when he sprang from the top of the coach into the branches of the trees which overhung the road. When four score years had silvered his hair the old man loved to tell the exciting story of his escape to a crowd of gaping youths, who had scarcely even heard of the press-gang.

The villagers had their pet superstitions; most of them believed that an unbaptised child was either the special property of the devil, or compelled to walk as a lone lorn ghost with no fixed abode, and continually liable to the spiritual Vagrancy Acts. One dark night it was noised

through Barnton that a strange and monstrous ghost had been seen peering through the gate of the little Chapel. The stories relating to its outer spirituality were as varied as the imaginations of the narrators, but everyone in the village had seen the apparition, though most of them were snugly in bed at the time of its appearance. The difference in the accounts of the ghost-seers did not weaken the belief in the ghost itself; indeed, the truth rather gains than loses credit from slight variations in its presentment. The most consistent description of the uncanny being proclaimed "that it was a great black thing, with no head, and a huge pair of horns, dragging a chain." Where the ghost wore its horns was a dilemma beyond the explanation of those who had seen it. But the fact remains that nine-tenths of the villagers set down the mysterious phantom as the ghost of an unbaptised child, whose innocent little body had recently been laid in the graveyard. Some were bold enough to assert that the phenomenon was simply the neighbouring farmer's pet billy-goat, which had gone astray on the evening in question, and presumably had thereby lost its head. But so rationalistic a suggestion was received with indignation and contempt by all lovers of the marvellous, and those who made it were said to be "too clever to live long."

But amid many superstitions in Barnton, there was one object of peculiar veneration in Beauchamp. The Lord of the Manor was one of an ancient Catholic family; the Chapel at Beauchamp was his private chapel; while its venerable and kindly priest played the part of his spiritual director. The seat of the family had once been at a considerable distance from the handsome new hall in which he himself lived. Standing amongst waving woods, made vocal by the hoarse cries of multitudes of rooks, the old mansion was far from the road, with its chapel of ease and

graveyard. Here in former days a priest, who had taken too active an interest in politics in the sixteenth century, was hanged for his pains. As his body swung from a convenient oak one of the faithful cut off his hand, which was, and is, carefully preserved in a white satin bag. When the Chapel was removed to Beauchamp this precious relic was borne thither to become one of its chief treasures, and not without reason, for its healing virtues were published far and wide. On most Saturday afternoons there was a long procession of the sick, the halt, and the lame, who wended their weary way in faith to be touched by the "Holy Hand." Many cures are said to have been effected by this simple means, and where the ailment is merely nervous an imaginary cure is not difficult to perform. Superstitious these poor folks might be, but there was something infinitely touching in their simple faith, which is not to be found in the present day superstition of agnosticism, a form of belief or no-belief which can effect no cures real or imaginary.

Such was the village of Barnton "in the brave days of old," when the mining operations, which have tunnelled beneath its foundations were still in embryo. Now its face is changed, and by no means entirely for the better, while the men and women of an older and simpler time sleep beneath the sod. Lines of red-brick houses, streets more or less dingy according to the character of their inhabitants, dead trees, sinking roads, and other testimonies to increasing civilisation disfigure the once rural spot, like the poor-spirited Philistine who carves his name on everything old. The public-houses have multiplied to minister to the miners' perpetual thirst, post-offices have taken the place of the original coaches, lines of gas-lamps put to flight the former darkness, a busy railway bears eager purchasers once a week to Warley, and the shops have multiplied tenfold.

The change is no doubt salutary and in the best interests of progress, but those who knew and loved the village in its earlier prime cannot repress a sigh of regret that civilisation should be so deadly a foe to natural beauty, and that increased comfort should "thrust out nature with a pitchfork."

The tall chimneys of the mines belch forth their dense volumes of unconsumed carbon into the once pure air; fields which were long ago the haunt of rare wild flowers now betray the burrowing enterprise of man by their sunken surfaces. Nay, it is even said that a collier working underground on one occasion felt something dropping on his head. Suddenly the daylight broke upon him, and, to his intense astonishment, if hardly to his unmixed delight, he found himself in the potato-patch of his own garden, from which he had been anointed with a mingled medley of soil and tubers. The village is changed now, and has become a town with the advantages of a town; the simplicity of the people has given way to that thin venter of knowledge which is the common result of our as yet extremely imperfect system of education. The cheerful sound of the handloom is heard no more; the fires in the smithy are burned out; the ghosts have vanished to their own place; and the elders lie in the graveyard. But in spite of the advance of trade and comfort, something of the beauty of life has passed away from Barnton, which cannot but be regretted; time moves onward, and the noisy works of man obliterate almost all traces of the more peaceful days of those who were before them.





## KINGLAKE'S "EOTHEN."

BY R. H. SELBIE.

AS there are various kinds of travellers so are there various kinds of books of travel. Travellers may be roughly divided into three classes. First there are what may be called the scientific travellers, men who either at the instigation of their countrymen, or from their own native love of adventure and discovery, seek to penetrate into unknown quarters of the globe, or to scale heights hitherto untouched by the foot of man. These are the men who may be said to make geography, and to whom we are indebted for much interesting information, not only of a scientific, but also of a commercial value. Then there are the restless spirits who are never happy for long in one place, who spend their lives, perhaps not unprofitably to themselves, in journeying about from country to country, comparing the modes of life of different peoples, studying their religions or their dietaries as the fit takes them, and acquiring a fund of knowledge which, if they put it to no other purpose, serves to broaden their minds and enlarge their sympathies. In the third place there is the much-scuffed-at globe-trotter, who makes the grand tour because it is the proper thing to do, and in order that he may be able to say that he has done it, and which, by the way, is often all he can say about it. In addition to these there is our old friend the "bona-fide" traveller, whose bona-fide character, as someone has said, is his "proud passport to intoxication." With him, however, we are not concerned



at present. His Sabbatical thirst, his subtle wiles, and his three-mile limit, are they not all written in the book of the chronicles of the Royal Commission?

Now if we turn to books of travel, we find that they, too, admit of classification. In the first place there are the purely scientific works, consisting often of papers and treatises read before the British Association or the Geographical Society. These are mainly of a technical character, and make their appeal to the specialist rather than to the general public. They have often a blue-book flavour about them, and, while crammed with valuable information, cannot be regarded as literature. Then there are the books which achieve a much wider popularity than those just mentioned on account of their being less directly scientific and more strongly infused with the personalities of their authors. In this category we may place such works as those of Sir Richard Burton, Stanley, and Nansen. There is, then, a third class in which this personal element predominates, and in which there is little or no attempt made at scientific exactness. Amongst these, I would put in the first rank R. L. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and "Lavengro," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Boswell's "Tour in the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson," and the book we have now under review, Kinglake's "Eothen." There is unfortunately, yet another class of books of so-called travel, which we may mention with a shudder, and simply for the purpose of warning ourselves and each other to give them a wide berth. I refer to such books as Dick, Tom, and Harry, and, alas! sometimes Mary, see fit to inflict from time to time, generally by subscription, upon their unsuspecting friends after an attack of influenza has necessitated their taking a Cook's trip to Egypt, Norway, Madeira, or some other tourist-burdened place.

There can, I think, be no doubt that it is to books of the third class I have mentioned, namely, the class to which "Eothen" belongs, and to them alone amongst books of travel, that the term "literature" can be properly applied. Unlike other books of travel and discovery, they are not dependent for their interest upon the newness and accuracy of the facts they record. They have a value of their own as books separate and distinct from these things. The writers of them were literary men before they became travellers, and merely allowed the circumstance of their travelling to give the direction to their art. Being literary men, they have been able to put before us the result of their observations in language which itself lends merit to their works, and they have been able to give their proper place and proportions to the various incidents related. Their object has not been to state so many dull facts and figures, or to air new theories in regard to the interrelation of phenomena; they have written for the love of writing, and to put on record their own unadorned impressions of what they saw and felt during their travels. Science advances with rapid strides, the startling discovery of yesterday is an accepted fact to-day, and to-morrow will have passed into the region of the commonplace. But art and human nature are in essence the same in all time, and it is because the books I have referred to are so full of the individuality of their authors and so justly rank as works of art that they will live and flourish as classics long after the merely scientific books are forgotten. Now it follows, I think, from what I have said, that books of this class are by no means dependent for their interest upon the scenes in which the travels described were conducted. Had Robert Louis Stevenson travelled through Ireland on a jaunting-car, or through Russia in a droshky, he would have given us his impressions and recounted

his adventures in quite as entertaining a book as that in which he tells of his journey through the Cevennes on the back of his faithful ass Modestine. If Boswell had led the immortal lexicographer through the wilds of Central Africa he could not have given us a more delightful account of the expedition than he did as the result of their modest excursion among the Western Islands of Scotland. He was the prince of biographers and story-tellers, and the locus of his narrative is a matter of secondary importance. And again, who cares in what country it was that Lawrence Sterne took his sentimental journey so long as we have the wise saws and modern instances of which his book is full, and can watch him as he sails his dainty craft of anecdote so deliciously near the wind in treating of the frailties of our poor human nature?

It is very much the same with "Eothen," though, perhaps, in a less marked degree. Kinglake had no established reputation for writing light and entertaining prose as had Stevenson and Sterne, but I think it is not difficult to see from the style in which "Eothen" is written that his turn of mind was such that he would have extracted pleasure and interest from his surroundings in whatsoever country he had travelled, no matter how devoid of actual adventure his journey might have been. He happened to travel in the East, and he has given us a most delightful account of his experiences there; but at the same time the fund of humour which the book contains, and the half-serious moral reflections which we meet with so often in its pages, would have been at his service, and would, no doubt, have been called into requisition if his journey had been either north, south, or west, instead of east.

Alexander William Kinglake was born in 1809 at Taunton, in Somerset. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and was the college contemporary of Thackeray

and Tennyson. It was in 1835, at the age of 26, that he made the Eastern tour which he describes so happily in "Eothen." The book, however, did not appear until nine years later, as Kinglake was far from satisfied with it, and was somewhat diffident about its publication. The reception it met with and the popularity it has since maintained have long ago proved how groundless were his fears. On completing his college course Kinglake entered Lincoln's Inn, and in 1837 was called to the Bar. In 1854 he went to the Crimea, and was present at the battle of Alma. It was on this expedition that he became acquainted with Lord Raglan, and as he stayed with the army until the opening of the siege, he was well equipped for the task of writing a history of the campaign, which he undertook at the suggestion of Lady Raglan, who, for the purpose, handed over to him all the papers in her possession. In 1857 he was elected as Liberal Member for Bridgewater, which seat he held till 1868. He died in 1891 at the ripe age of 82 after much severe suffering, caused by a cancer in the tongue. Mr. Leslie Stephen, writing of him, says: "A singularly gentle and attractive manner covered without concealing the generosity of sentiment and chivalrous sense of honour which prompted his eloquent denunciation of wrong-doing."

The route taken by Kinglake in the journey described in "Eothen" was one seldom travelled by Englishmen, and it is easy to see that the fact of its being out of the beaten track was one of its main attractions for him. Leaving Europe and civilisation behind him, he crossed the River Save, and found himself where his imagination had so often led him, amongst what he describes as the "splendour and havoc of the East." It is not difficult to enter into his feelings as he set foot for the first time in that quarter of the globe which, above all others, is rich in historic and

literary associations. He must be a dull and unimaginative soul indeed who would not be stirred to the depths of his being by the thoughts which such surroundings would induce. After having smoked a pipe of peace and exchanged courtesies with the Pasha of Belgrade, Kinglake formed his cavalcade and set off upon his travels. From Servia he passed into Bulgaria, and thence into Turkey, staying for some time at Constantinople. He then journeyed southward by Mount Ida to Smyrna, where he separated from his travelling companion Methley. From Smyrna he took ship to the coast of Syria, and he makes the voyage the occasion for treating his readers to a very delightful description of the vagaries of Greek sailors, whose very primitive ideas of navigation led him to the conclusion that in taking ten years to reach Ithica, Ulysses had made a "good average passage." Kinglake landed at Cyprus, and after being royally entertained by the Vice-Consul of Baffa, again took ship for the mainland, and found himself next at Beyrout. Here he paid his memorable visit to the Lady Hester Stanhope, that most masculine of females, the account of whose life evokes at once our wonder, admiration, and pity. Still journeying southward, he entered the Holy Land, and the chapters he devotes to this part of his subject are exceptionally full of interest. He pays a passing tribute to the old monks of Palestine, and describes the sea of Galilee in very choice language. "Less stern," he says, "than Wastwater, less fair than gentle Windermere, she had still the winning ways of an English lake; she caught from the smiling heavens unceasing light and changeful phases of beauty, and with all this brightness on her face she yet clung so fondly to the dull he-looking mountain at her side as though she would

Soothe him with her finer fancies  
Touch him with her lighter thought.

After crossing the Jordan and visiting Jerusalem he bent his course to Gaza, at which place he "chartered" camels for his journey across the Desert, and in due time arrived at Cairo. From Cairo he made his way to Suez, and thence back by the Desert to Gaza, and through Palestine by a different route from that of the former journey. The book closes somewhat abruptly, leaving him at Satalieh in Turkey.

Among this book's many qualities there is one which I think calls for our special notice, alike for its goodness and for its rarity in books of travel. I refer to its scrupulous honesty. The writer, an English gentleman and scholar, and withal a man of sound commonsense, tells us exactly what he felt under the various circumstances in which he found himself as he journeyed "towards the dawn and the day-spring of the sun." He never pretends to have been more deeply affected by what he saw and experienced than he really was. He states frankly in the preface that his narrative is not "merely righteously exact in matters of fact, but it is true in the larger sense that it conveys, not those impressions that ought to have been produced upon any well-constituted mind, but those which were really and truly received at the time of his rambles by a headstrong and not very amiable traveller, whose prejudices in favour of other people's notions were then exceedingly slight." Thus, when he visited Nazareth, and was taken by the Friar to the supposed home of the Virgin Mary, he was momentarily overcome by a strong sense of religious fervour induced by the surroundings, and bowed himself down and kissed the stone which her foot is said to have pressed. He tells us this in all candour, and then goes on to relate how the fit passed away as quickly as it came, and left him with a feeling of "hopeless sanity." It is surely just what would have happened in the case of nine out of every ten

men under the same conditions ; we have all of us experienced revulsions of feeling of a precisely similar kind after some deep chord within us has been suddenly struck. We cannot in this matter-of-fact world be often upon the mountain tops of feeling, and, in truth, we become so acclimatised to the low and monotonous levels of life and thought that when anything occurs to lift us above them we are liable, on the cause that raised us up being withdrawn, to come down with a somewhat painful abruptness. Again, in speaking of the effect produced upon him by the various representations of the Madonna, which, he says, left with him a "faint apprehension of beauty, not compassed with lines and shadows, and touched him with a faith in loveliness transcending mortal shapes." He puts this on record half-apologetically, and with the reserve natural to an Englishman even when writing to a friend. but, for all that, it is there. And to quote one other instance. He visits the ruins outside Paphos, consisting of the "fragments of one or two prostrate pillars," and here the feeling of awkwardness comes over him, which, I am ready to confess, I have myself experienced more than once under similar circumstances. It is very true, as he points out, that if you have "no taste for research and cannot affect to look for inscriptions" a distinct sense of foolishness comes over you on reaching the goal of a merely sentimental pilgrimage. When the feeling which impelled you has gone you have nothing to do but to laugh the thing off as well as you can." Now there is, as I have suggested, nothing extraordinary in this state of mind, but there is something very unusual indeed in anyone admitting, especially in print, that he has experienced it. It is this genial, open-hearted candour pervading every page of the book that contributes so largely to its charm.

The chapters in which he describes the ravages of the

plague in Stamboul and in Cairo are perhaps amongst the most interesting. The shrinking fear which the presence of the hated disease inspired in the breasts of the natives rendering them specially susceptible to its insidious operations, is set vividly before us; the manner in which the dread of sickness and death brought out all that was most base and selfish in the characters of the half-civilised inhabitants of the towns is put in very striking comparison with the little effect the prevalence of the scourge had upon Kinglake himself and the English doctor who attended his servant, at any rate so far as their own personal safety was concerned. He very soon recognised how large a part fear played in the contracting and development of the disease, and therefore, while exercising ordinary precautions, did not allow the idea of contagion to interfere with his movements or to engross his mind, though he confesses it was only on leaving the plague-stricken city behind him that he became aware how much mental suffering he had really endured whilst within its walls. Having learnt from other parts of the narrative to believe in the writer's strict honesty, we are quite prepared to accept what he says in this connection without hesitation, and without attributing to him either egotism or conceit.

The way in which he deals with the monks of Palestine is little short of masterly. He carefully abstains from treating the subject in any way as a controversial one, but, with the instinct of a true artist, he draws for us two pictures of different sides of their life—the one side, if not on a very exalted level of spirituality, at any rate innocent; and the other heroic and noble in the highest degree. He shows them to us, first living their every-day life in the convent, attending punctiliously to all the religious ceremonials of their creed, and also, with equal zest, to the rights and privileges attaching to the possession of a well-stocked wine-



cellar. And then he shows them to us again, going forth one by one at the stern call of duty, filled with a great Christian zeal, to meet their death in ministering to the plague-stricken people.

As I have previously remarked, the book is overflowing with humour. There is scarcely a page without some quaint allusion or unexpected comparison. Kinglake had evidently a very keen sense of the incongruous, which is the basis of much true humour. His fun is often at his own expense, as he sees himself, a sober, stolid Englishman, with professional leanings, in situations as far removed from the orthodox as the Great Desert is from High Street, Oxford, or the Dead Sea from the Serpentine in Hyde Park. His description of the poor-spirited and droopy barn-door fowls of the Vice-Consul of Baffa as "low-church looking hens" is very happy, as also is his comparison of a mud floor to sleep upon with a mercenary match as being equally conducive to early rising; and we cannot but join with him in the pity he lavished upon the poor devil of a goat-herd of Gomorrah for having such a plain wife: "I spend," he says, "an enormous quantity of pity upon that particular form of human misery." His description, too, of the triple wedding which he witnessed at Suez is very entertaining. "My only reason," he writes, "for mentioning the ceremony, which was otherwise uninteresting, is that I scarcely ever in all my life saw any phenomena so ridiculous as the meekness and gravity of those three young bridegrooms whilst being led to the altar." Surely Kinglake need not have gone so far as Suez to witness a spectacle of this nature; such phenomena, I am inclined to think, are not confined to the East. While in the Holy Land our author seems to have suffered somewhat keenly from the importunities of the insect population, and the dissertation on fleas to which he treats us is as happy as it is gruesome.

"Except at Jerusalem," he says, "never think of attempting to sleep in a 'holy city.' Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil, and as these people never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas that attended at my church alone must have been something enormous. It was a carnal self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service that was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell Street; the pert, jumping *puce* from hungry France, the wary, watchful *pulce* with his poisoned stiletto; the vengeful *pulga* of Castile with his ugly knife; the German *floh* with his knife and fork, insatiate, not rising from table; whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered—all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast."

In reading "Eothen," especially for the second time, one cannot but be impressed with the restraint which the author puts upon himself when treating of the things pertaining to religion, which inevitably occupy a conspicuous place in an account of life and travel in the East. His natural reserve forbids him to hazard any personal opinion or to express any conviction of his own on matters of such momentous import in a book of this character. As one writer has well said: "The resolve that some things are too sacred for travellers' talk, that religion is apart and lives by itself, leaves 'Eothen' at last as a fine piece of secular classic, only not superficial, because we know there is a depth underneath." To the thinking and reverent mind

this adds to, rather than detracts from, the interest of the book. We are conscious of the undercurrent of deep feeling which pervades many parts of it, and it is this consciousness that draws out our sympathy to the author. To charge him with levity in dealing with religious questions, as one is perhaps tempted to do on a cursory perusal of the book, is to do him injustice and to fail in appreciation of his delicacy. It is not difficult to read between the lines in many places the author's profound pity for the people whom he met on account of the mental and spiritual darkness which oppressed them, a pity and love for his kind which is not translatable into words.





## RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

BY WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

A RAILWAY station is perhaps the most dismal of public resorts. For din and hideousness it vies with the noisiest and ugliest of modern institutions, which implies much. What is quite so dingy—quite so draughty? One spot only redeems it—the bookstall. That is always bright and warm. Even on foggy days, with sweeping currents of icy air biting almost as nigh as man's ingratitude, when shrieking engines draw up ghostly trains, and shadowy figures stumble in or out, purblind, uncertain, floundering—even on these Stygian days, worthy of Dante's *Inferno*, the bookstall gives forth a blurred shining, and inviting warmth. Especially towards Christmas, under the genial glow of sentiment inspired by that season, it blossoms like some gorgeous orchid nurtured by the equatorial sun. Christmas is the time when the stall puts on its gayest appearance, with added splendour of coloured plates and festive scenes galore. But each season is in due time pictorially reflected. Ladies' fashions and the mercurial cycle herald the spring. In summer we are called upon to admire heroes of the cricket-field, looking tantalisingly cool in white. Who would not quit the desk and be a cricketer? Yet nowadays the stall betrays the fact that even these lucky dogs take a turn at scribbling. For a consideration W. G. sententiously tells of the past; Ranji and the jocose Fry of the present. In summer, too, the periodicals tempt

us with alluring scenes of lake and sea and mountain. As autumn draws near are depicted bewitching damsels disporting in the treacherous sea, admired of all beholders. The man with the gun sallies out to shoot something, for the day is fine. And the burly footballers burst in untimely, loth to wait for winter.

The display of journals, dailies, evening papers, weeklies, monthlies, is suggestive. They form a microcosm of this hurrying age. Examine the overflowing spread of them on one of the great stalls of a terminus, and it is found to be like the chameleon, constantly changing. Each week a new periodical, each week a disappearance, but the latter we scarcely notice. The new paper, the new plaything, the new man, grips our attention. The old, the accustomed, escapes us. Even the old friend may drop out unperceived. So the journals come and go; a brief appearance in staring cover, and their place knows them no more. Not all the lying advertisements and fallacious promises have availed.

It is not easy to realise the modernity of our bookstall. A mushroom—a thing of yesterday. Our fathers tell us how they remember the time when not a scrap of the railway itself existed. Now its development threatens to leave us scant breathing space. All this is an echo of the mental activity shown on the stall. Addison, Steel, Johnson, would feel a lively curiosity could they look upon this evolution of the "Spectator," the "Idler," the "Rambler." For it is an index of modern life—or of a very large portion of it. What the many-headed multitude desires to read it supplies. Will you have snippets, small doses of information, tags and scraps of spasmodic facts, gossip, sports, gambling, etc.—here they are to your liking. Much provision is there, also, of soiider information and more refined amusement.

We have discovered that the Boers are mobile. The stall is mobility itself. It changes its aspect with the events of each day. Is some great man dead? Up go his portraits showing him in childhood, youth, and age. Is some notorious criminal laid up by the heels? As much is done for him. Actors, church dignitaries, public spouters, celebrities, succeed each other endlessly.

In the present time of war our stall wears a martial air. Its kaleidoscopic picture exhibition has become for the nonce a military portrait gallery. Generals and soldiers of all ranks gaze upon us over their mustachoes, and fine fellows many of them are. Maps of the seat of war enlarge our knowledge of geography. Every manoeuvre and detail of action is presented in black and white. In them we may study works of pure imagination. The comic papers are hung up seductively—Phil May's latest joke, flanked by the buffoonery of Ally Sloper and the inanity of a simpering actress. Pictorial cartoons, one day vulgarly, truculently jingo, the next virtuously chastising in others the faults themselves committed. This is the humour which depresses.

At the time of the evening trains the stall is alive; it is animation itself. Although boys stand at the entrances of the station, their heaps of evening papers disappearing like melting snow, the stall-holders must slave like the traditional nigger. The nimble ha'penny jumps from hand to hand. *News! Mail! Chronicle!* Orders are monosyllabic and are executed without a "Thank you!" No time for that. "Brevity is the soul of wit," saith the proverb, but not always. Often it is the clipped and truncated speech of people in a hurry. In go the coins and out go the papers, as fast as fingers can serve. Still the black figures bustle into the station, hustle their way to the stall, and rush to the trains, eager to gobble up the latest news

as they voyage home. Thus do we pant after the lying news of the hour.

There is one corner of the stall more sober than the rest—the second-hand book corner. Books which have not “caught on.” Not having been snapped up on their publication, they are quickly superseded. Soon they become dusty, dingy, and ere long disappear, for our stall must show “quick sale and quick returns.” Doubtless the rejected ones of a breathless and yet exacting generation have been relegated to humbler scenes, and may elsewhere be found in the twopenny box. Alas! for those of us who, having missed the intended mark, are shoved aside and eventually dropped.

The antithesis of these shabby books, cast into the limbo of forgotten things, is the sixpenny novel. Time was, and that not long ago, when but one set of these cheap sixpenny novels graced the counter. They were dubbed “standard” novels, though they were rather a heterogeneous lot. The *Waverleys* came first, then Ainsworth's, Lytton's, and so on. These were the pioneers. But times have changed. The public asks for the latest thing, apparently finding mere novelty or the outcome of the last moment of recorded time necessarily a thing of value. Smart publishers, adepts at all the tricks of advertising, push the latest successes for all they are worth, and a good deal more. The competition is nerve-shattering, but no matter; the devil takes the hindmost—and perhaps sometimes the foremost.





## THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE POWER LOOM.

BY OSCAR S. HALL.

THE nomenclature of the power loom opens out a wide and interesting field of study and research. It takes us back to the troublous days accompanying the period of transition from hand-weaving to power-weaving; it gives us a glimpse into the education and thoughts, wit and humour, of the operatives, mostly Lancashire, who were beginning to develop and use the power loom, because on account of the power loom containing more parts than the hand loom it was necessary that names should be coined for the convenient recognition of those parts.

It may perhaps be well to remark that the names of the various pieces of the power loom differ in different districts, and also that the designations to be placed before the reader do not all belong—although generally—to every power loom, but to various types.

If a person totally ignorant of the power loom and its several portions were to stroll into a weaving mill or a power loom-making establishment, and casually hear some of the curious names in common use therein, he could easily come to the conclusion that a menagerie was in the immediate neighbourhood, or that a power loom was another title for an animal. If such an individual were to close his seeing organs, and solely rely upon the voices he heard, he could come at one time to the opinion that human beings were being operated upon; at another that



he was sojourning in the ladies' department of some draper's shop, or that he had somehow got mixed up with all the world and its contents. It could also be easily imagined that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might find great scope for its exertions in such establishments. It would probably shock the susceptibilities of an innocent, kind-hearted old lady if she stood behind a man and heard him say, "William, tell Bill to fetch fifty monkeys' tails," or asking how many swan's necks and ducks' bills were ready. A power loom possesses a monkey's or a monkey tail. Why the piece of the loom with this designation was thus christened I cannot conjecture, unless monkeys wag their tails. With my slight knowledge of the natural history of the monkey I am not in a position to say whether monkeys do wag their tails or not, but this part of a power loom is continually moving to and fro, and may be straight or curved.

Power looms also possess swans' necks and ducks' bills in addition to horses' heads; no doubt these parts are so termed because of some resemblance. In fact, most of the names attached to the separate parts of the power loom seem to have been given by reason of some fancied similarity of shape or movement.

A human being is represented in the power loom by fingers, cheeks, heels, teeth, backs, and—what probably some individuals would like to possess—back eyes.

Natural history is not neglected, because the power loom owns frogs, indeed even frogs with wings. Perhaps these parts were so termed because, when in the natural exercise of their functions they are suddenly touched, they jump. Like many other machines, the power loom possesses worms, and also extends its kindly care to two or more lambs. And as to fashions, what more can we expect than to be informed that a power loom is the proud possessor

of ruffles, hoops, linings, earrings, stays, and caps. And what puzzled me for a long, long time indeed, was the fact that a piece termed an "old hat" was included in its inventory. I could understand the hat because the piece is of hat shape, but why "old hat"? At last I hit upon the solution; it was because it had a hole in the top.

The circus has added its quota to the nomenclature of the power loom, in that it has given us a tumbler and a juggler. The term juggler is very appropriate indeed, the part bearing this title cutting most remarkable capers, turning cart-wheels, springing up and down, standing on its head, and striking its complimentary piece in the due exercise of its allotted task. The juggler would probably not receive such an appellation if brought into existence and baptised at the present day, but in former times, when first introduced, I should fancy the work accomplished by it was considered very clever and remarkable.

And as for the household, the power loom rejoices in the possession of hammers, shelves, staples, forks, and what are very essential—rockers, binders, and cradles.

Banks have not been overlooked. No doubt our worthy old weavers had their thoughts fixed upon such-like institutions, and have dubbed special parts of the loom which control certain movements as "tellers." Whilst a lawyer had possibly been visited, when such a name as scroll was added to the vocabulary.

Astronomy has also added its little share to the power loom. Probably one of our young weavers had been on a courting, or, as it is termed in the Lancashire dialect, "quirting," co-urt-ing expedition, and he was so struck with what he saw on the previous evening that he called some of the pieces "half-moons," and others stars, star-wheels.

Plants are not overlooked in the power loom, because stalks and leaves are indispensable to its completion. And

it goes without saying that the harvest of nuts in a power loom never fails.

In order to give a feeling of protection to the power loom, it has been armed with a couple of swords.

In conclusion, the nomenclature of the loom is really very attractive and interesting. I have by no means exhausted the subject, but having drawn attention to the matter, leave it to more capable hands to complete the work. There are, of course, many names connected with the power loom which are common to other machines, for which reason I have not touched upon them.





## JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

**F**EW French writers of such eminence in their native country are so little read in England as Jean de La Bruyère, and of fewer still of such literary publicity and merit is so little personally known, either among his own countrymen or abroad. A dozen facts, one anecdote, and a portrait—all of doubtful authenticity—furnish all that biographers can discover; his literary record is one translation, one book, one speech, and two brief letters. He knew but one country—France; one city—Paris; and one sovereign—Le Grand Monarque. But then what a country, what a city, and what a sovereign—to a Frenchman!

He was born, according to one writer, at Dourdan, in Normandy, in 1639; according to a second, at the same place in 1644; whilst a third names Paris as his native city, and the year of his nativity 1645, adding that he was baptised at the Church of Saint Christopher-en-Cité on August 17th of that year. We are told his parents were *bourgeois*, in spite of their patrician patronymic, though La Bruyère himself refers half-humorously to one ancestor, Geoffroy de La Bruyère, who took a not unprominent part in the Crusades, and to another who held the responsible post of Civil Lieutenant of the City of Paris during the

period of the Battles of the Barricades in the closing years of the reign of Henri Trois and the first decade of that of his successor, Henri de Navarre. Whatever his parentage, the education of La Bruyère was good, since he was called to the Bar—or we had better say, in the phraseology of the time, became a Man of the Robe—in 1665; and his means ample, as in 1673 he purchased the important financial post of *Conseiller-Tresorier*, or Treasurer-General of Caen. This was an enviable sinecure, his presence in the Norman city being quite unnecessary, and his sole duty the receipt of his salary. While engaged for some years in this arduous task he found time to pursue a systematic study of literature and humanity, in course of which he gained the acquaintance of the great Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, by whose influence, in 1684 he was appointed historical tutor to M. le Duc Louis de Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, with the magnificent annual pittance of one thousand crowns. In this important post—again a sinecure—he remained for two years, diversifying his freedom from work with continuations of his studies of literature and human nature, until in 1686 he was advanced to the equally onerous position of Gentleman of the Chamber to his quondam pupil, with an increase of stipend and a corresponding decrease of responsibility. Amidst the fatigues of the indolent and luxurious life of the Court of his patron at Chantilly, Versailles, and the Hotel Condé in Paris, he lived very simply, and dressed as quietly as was consistent with his remaining unobtrusive in an assemblage decorated with the utmost extravagance, studying all he saw and forgetting nothing, observant, keen, and witty, saying little in his brilliant surroundings, but thinking much—a veritable “chiel amang ’em takkin’ notes,” barely noticed and entirely unsuspected. Great was the consternation, two years later, when, like a bombshell from out a dead stillness,

there burst into the serene self-sufficiency of the most absolutely courtly of Courts a volume of observations, satiric, ironical, unerring, deadly, incisive, as well as kindly and wise—but, worst of all, true—aiming at all and missing none, not even the great-little Louis himself. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness flashed round the head of the bold satirist, tempered, however, at first by the praise of Bossuet, Boileau, Fénelon, Racine, and La Fontaine; and eventually subdued into mere vapourings by the approval of the King—the supreme arbiter, in a courtier's eyes, of literary and all other matters whatsoever. The book was purchased alike by those whom it ridiculed and by others whom it ignored, and gained its author animosity on either hand—from the former since they were held up to scorn and did not desire it; from the latter because they would suffer any public degradation rather than remain unnoticed. The book consisted of a translation from the Greek character sketcher Theophrastus, preceded by a prefatory note, both by La Bruyère, and a second portion bearing the title “*Les Caractères ou Les Mœurs de ce Siècle.*” Its publication was as tentative and modest as La Bruyère's self, not issuing from any press favoured at Court, but from that of an obscure bookseller. “He used,” says M. Walckenaer, “to go nearly every day to the shop of a bookseller named Michallet, where he would sit down and turn over all the new books, amusing himself at the same time with the pretty little daughter of the bookseller, to whom he had taken a liking. One day he drew from his pocket a manuscript, saying to Michallet: ‘Will you publish this? I don't know that it will pay you, but if it should succeed the profit will be for my little sweetheart here.’ The bookseller, more uncertain of the result than the author, undertook to publish an edition, and no sooner was it issued than it was sold, and he had to print it time and

time again, and he himself made two or three hundred thousand francs by it. In this unexpected way the bookseller's daughter got her marriage portion, and when, some time afterwards, she married a gentleman in a good position, she took her husband a fortune of more than one hundred thousand livres. "And so the book" (the words are Walckenaer's) "with all its bitter and misanthropical expressions, became, by a strange contrast, a pretty girl's dowry."

By 1693 he had become famous enough to be admitted a member of the French Academy, and his speech on that occasion (now published with his greater work) is said to have been one of the most eloquent ever delivered up to that time in that assembly. Following the usual rules laid down (and even now obeyed) for such a discourse, in praising and otherwise criticising eminent French writers, it became so famous for its brilliant oratory that it gained for La Bruyère the animosity of those living authors whom he had not mentioned in it, and who happened to be his fellow-members. To such a degree was this ill-feeling carried that his first appearance before the Academy was also his last. He continued to add further observations to the original "Characters," to which he drew attention in his introductory note to the last edition he prepared for issue. This appeared in Paris in the year of his death, which, swift as apoplexy can ensure it, took place at Versailles on May 11th, 1696.

As to La Bruyère's own character, the Abbé d' Olivet writes of him as "a philosopher who loved a quiet life among his friends and books, able to make a good choice of both, neither seeking nor evading pleasure, disposed to simple enjoyments and ingeniously creating them, polished in his manners and wise in his discourse, and so afraid of notoriety that he modestly hid even his talent."

Though fate made him spend all his life at Court, she failed to make him a courtier. It has never been proved that he married, and that he ever fell in love is only suspected. The lady assigned to him by his contemporaries was a Mme. la Marquise de Belleforière, but the evidence of this centred in one beautiful passage of his chapter "Woman":—"It is possible to be so moved by women of such perfect beauty and transcendent worth that we ask no more than to be permitted to look upon and speak with them." And in another on the "Heart":—"Sometimes into the course of life there come pleasures so dear and attachments so tender which are forbidden us, that it is only natural to wish, at least, that they might be permitted. Their great charm is surpassed only by the knowledge that we have had the moral strength to renounce them." Writing shortly after his death, Saint Simon, his friend and contemporary, expresses all his feelings in this quiet passage: "The public has just lost in La Bruyère a man who must ever be illustrious for his originality, wit, and knowledge of human nature; he has surpassed Theophrastus, whose work he translated. He was a simple, genial, honest man, with nothing of the pedant or self-seeker in his nature. I knew him well enough to regret him and the work which, from his comparative youth, might have been expected of him." To be youthful at fifty-two means a clean life, and even in the licentiousness of the Court of Louis Quatorze, the purity of La Bruyère's habits—food for the scoffer of the day—was never questioned, and his book is as his life was. I think the keynote of his whole life is contained in the simple avowal: "I feel that there is a God, and I do not feel that there is not one. This suffices me, and renders a whole world of logic futile in my eyes. I know that God is, and this conclusion is part of my being. I received its principles too readily in



childhood, and clung to them too naturally in later life to suspect them of any falsity."

The design of La Bruyère's "curious and celebrated book"—I quote from Mr. Saintsbury's admirable description—"is taken, like its title, from Theophrastus, but the plan is very much altered as well as extended. Instead of copying directly the abstract qualities of Theophrastus, and his brief, pregnant, but somewhat artificial and jejune description of them, La Bruyère adopted a scheme much better suited to his own age. He took, for the most part, actual living people, well known to all his readers, and disguising them thinly under names of the kind which the romances of the middle of the century had rendered fashionable, made them body forth the characters he wished to define and satirise. These portraits he inserted in a framework not altogether unlike that of the Montaigne essay, preserving no very consecutive plan, but passing from moral reflection to literary criticism, and from literary criticism to one of the half-personal, half-moralising, portraits just mentioned with remarkable ease and skill. The titles of his chapters are rather more indicative of their actual contents than those of Montaigne's essays, but they represent for the most part merely very elastic frames, in which the author's various observations and reflections are mounted. The result of this variety, not to say desultoriness, combined, as it is, with the display of very great literary art, is that La Bruyère's is a book of almost unparalleled interest to take up and lay down at odd moments. Its apparently continuous form, and its intermixture of narrative, save it from the appearance of severity which the avowed Maxim or Pensée has; while the bond between the different chapters, and even the different paragraphs, is so slight that interruption is not felt to be annoying."

The picture of such a man as La Bruyère at such a Court as that of his sovereign is a very interesting one, and throws a glamour on his book, which, in its turn, reflects a lurid light on the Court. He, the embodiment of modesty, stood unnoticed in the background, whilst Louis, the King, minced along the crowded, cold corridors of Versailles with his "cage of unclean birds," as his most assiduous followers were called. With their monarch thoroughly licentious, capricious, selfish, cold-hearted, but industrious and punctiliously punctual, of excessive vanity, inordinately greedy of flattery, deeming a difference of opinion a personal insult; whose royalty consisted in etiquette, ceremony, stage-posturing, and make-believe, in frowning upon those who disregarded or were unacquainted with the very least of his conventional rules, in preserving an unapproachable hauteur, and in acting the whole day and daily from his *levée* to his *coucher*, the part of a sixth-rate tragedy king; it may easily be imagined that his courtiers approached more nearly to a wilderness of lecherous monkeys than to the trusted escort of a "most Christian Majesty." Since his mistresses governed the King, the King Versailles, and Versailles France, an unparalleled variety of intrigue supplanted men of trust with men of empty pockets; every office was liable to be bought and sold, and wealth instead of merit was the standard of efficiency for almost any post. A low estimate of woman, who herself even assisted the man of the time in his contempt for marriage, a consequent open indulgence in vice, an insane passion for gambling, fraud, swindling, venality of all kinds, triumphed over every kind of virtue at the Court of Louis and his mistress, Madame de Montespan. When she was deposed in favour of the last Queen of Louis, Madame de Maintenon, to all these vices another was added—intense devotion, which was merely a

religious hypocrisy flimsily veiled in courtly polish and address. Truly might La Bruyère say in the very opening of his chapter on the Court: "In one respect the most honourable blame that we can bestow on any man is to tell him that he knows not the Court. There is scarce a virtue with which we do not credit him in that single phrase." Again he observes: "The Court is like a marble edifice—I mean that its human materials are very hard, but very polished"; in another phrase he inquires: "Can there possibly be a greater slave than an assiduous courtier, unless, indeed, it be another, still more assiduous?" His dissertation on the Court is one long, biting denunciation of almost everything in it. We must do him the justice to admit that in bidding farewell to this unwholesome dust-heap of manners he has one word to say in its favour, and the only praise he bestows he flings at it in one last pithy, stinging sentence: "At Court a healthy mind acquires a taste for solitude and retirement."

Fortunately for France, what the Court governed was merely Society and Fashion; the real rulers of the kingdom were the ministers, who, though necessarily in the Court, possessed moral courage enough to be not "of" it. Cardinal Mazarin; the Duc d'Enghien; Colbert, Controller of Finance; Louvois, Secretary of War; Turenne, Commander-in-Chief; were the men who dared to force Louis to attend to the business of State, whose value he recognised, and whom he obeyed from fear of losing them. They, and not Louis and his minions, made France prosperous, and indirectly paved the way for the revival of learning. Mazarin it was who founded the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture and the Mazarin Library; in his passion for music he introduced from his native Italy at the Théâtre Richelieu the first operas ever represented in France. Colbert, in his turn, originated

the Academies of Inscriptions, Science, and Architecture, and multiplied the number of volumes in the Royal Library by four. He began his rule at the death of Mazarin, and after Colbert's decease Louis himself, then in his prime, with the assistance of his mistresses and selfish favourites, governed the country in such a way that, from the Augustan age of its life, it descended to a period of debt, disgrace, poverty, and misery, such as it has never felt since. We have but to recollect the British victories of Blenheim, Malaga, Ramillies, Turin, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, to recognise something of the low estate of France, which became still worse, so that at the death of Louis in the midst of none but a few menials, the country rejoiced as though delivered from a calamity.

La Bruyère's experience of Court life began during the decadent and most absolute period of the reign of Louis, and ended before corruption had thoroughly undermined its constitution. It had its compensations, for here he met the aged Mairet, the first dramatist to write French tragedies according to the modern fashion; Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, the Æschylus of France, and Molière, with the latter of whom he was bracketed as having done "more to correct the follies and indecorums of the age than any other writer either ancient or modern, not excepting Aristophanes in Greece and Cervantes in Spain." Here, too, were the comedian Regnard and the poets La Fontaine; Boileau, the "Alexander Pope" of France, and Chaulieu, its "Tom Moore." He reckoned among his friends the great preachers Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Flechier, and Fénelon; the romancers Scarron, Le Sage, Marmontel, and Marivaux, all knew him. At Court, too, were to be seen Moreri and Bayle, the forerunners of the Encyclopædists, Madame de Sévigné, of epistolary fame, Vauban, the great military engineer, Pascal, the philoso-

pher La Rochefoucauld, the Maxim writer, Cassini, the astronomer, Lenôtre, the designer of the greatest gardens in France, Turnefort, the "Father of Botany," Mansard, the architect, Perrault, one of the builders of the Louvre, his brother Charles, the writer of the fairy tales, and lastly, the famous Abbé Galland, who earned the unfading gratitude of youths, young and old, by his introduction into Europe of the "Arabian Nights." With these and others such as they, he conversed and varied the monotony consequent on the duties of a gentleman of the chamber to a royal prince; from them he learnt much that he utilised and in their companionship he enjoyed the favour of the king when that potentate was in his saner moods. Such is the value of his observations, not only of the Court, but of the whole estates of literature, science, art, and human nature in their various aspects, that the student of French history, who has not read La Bruyère through, does not, at all events, know the reign of Louis Quatorze.

He began the first of the sixteen chapters of his book in a kind of despair: "Everything has been said. After seven thousand years of the life and thought of man, we are born too late," but encouraging himself with the reflection that though on the field of life the best grain had been harvested, it was yet possible to act as gleaner, he settled to his self-imposed and congenial task, and eventually produced a work to which his critics still give the palm for shrewdness, commonsense, and good taste, in its matter, originality in arrangement, sententiousness in thought, and ease, grace, and fluency without weakness in its style. Where all is good it is difficult to choose the best, and impossible to choose wrongly; but without committing myself to any opinions, unless they are distinctly stated, it will perhaps be interesting to allow La Bruyère to speak for himself in such English as seems fitting, subject to this

observation—that no translation of any author is adequate or compensatory for the original tongue; the matter may be present, but the manner is missing—it is like flat champagne.

When a man thinks of writing a book his first spare thoughts not unnaturally tend towards the books of others. La Bruyère's opening chapter, therefore, concerns itself as well with literature, ancient and modern, as with art and the drama under the title "On Intellectual Work." That it is "work" he illustrates in a "criticism" and a "character": "The writing of books is as much a trade as clockmaking. Something more than intellect is requisite for an author. A magistrate, subtle and skilful in his own profession, was advancing by his merit to the highest dignity." He printed a work on morals, which was unique for its absurdity." Of the manner, perhaps, in which such a work might seem ridiculous, he observes: "Deprive most of our books on Morality of their "Advertisement to the Reader," "Epistle Dedicatory," the "Preface, Table of Contents, and Laudatory Addresses," and there barely remains enough to deserve the name of Book." One of his own careful methods La Bruyère seems to disclose in the passage: "Of various phrases capable of expressing a thought only one can be correct; upon which, perhaps, we may not be sufficiently fortunate to alight. Nevertheless it really exists, and others are weak and unsatisfactory to a man who would make himself clearly understood. A clever and careful author often finds that the unknown and long-sought expression proves upon discovery to be the simplest and most natural, and ought apparently to have presented itself at once without effort." La Bruyère had much to say of ancient and contemporary writers, but found the task not always congenial. He tells us that "the pleasure of criticism often deprives us of the happy capa-

city for appreciating the most delightful things," and that he did not altogether believe in criticism he disclosed when he remarked, "the most accomplished work would entirely disappear in the vortex of criticism, would its author only believe all his censors and allow each one to expunge the passage that pleased him least." Under the guise of one of them he has a happy hit at a class of critics whom he observes "have entered into mutual covenants for admiration," and he is equally happy in his jest with the critic inadequate: "Two writers in their books have censured Montaigne, who, I admit, is not altogether above criticism; but they will allow him to be praiseworthy in no respect. The one thinks too little to appreciate a writer who thinks much; the other thinks too cunningly to be pleased with thoughts that are natural," and finally he dismisses the subject of criticism, as that of the Court, with a diatribe: "Most frequently criticism is not a science, but a trade requiring more health than understanding, more labour than capability, more habit than skill."

La Bruyère's second chapter is "On Personal Worth." It consists chiefly of delicate sketches of well known courtiers and famous men of the reign, and observations arising therefrom. He begins well. "The worth of some people centres in their names. When you approach them closely it dwindles to nothing. Distance has deceived us." Indeed he does not seem to lay stress upon the value of a name alone, even though it should require to be worked for. "There is no trade in this world so toilsome as that of making a great name; life is over before the work is more than roughed out." With his own particular virtue he is more sympathetic. "Modesty is to merit as the shadows to the figures in a picture, giving strength and tone."

Since women took so prominent a part in the affairs

of France in his day, La Bruyère has much to say of them, but most of it is, as may be expected from their behaviour, discreditable to the sex. He draws in outline terrible and graphic pictures of the gallantry, coxcombry, licentiousness, coquetry, frivolity, and folly that most women in society openly displayed, relieved here and there by beautiful passages, which, amongst the unpleasant realities of his time, seem like ideals. "The most beautiful sight is a sweet face, and the sweetest music the sound of the voice we love" is one such, and another: "The most delightful companion in the world is a beautiful woman, with the good qualities of a gentleman; one finds in her the best of both sexes." The last passage of this chapter which I quote contains considerable pathos, serving to foretell the degradation of the subjects of it: "Some young girls do not sufficiently appreciate the advantages with which nature has blessed them, and how beneficial to them did they yield themselves to her. They spoil these rare and fleeting God-gifts by affectation and pitiful mimicry. The tones of their voices and their mien are borrowed. They study how to fashion their faces, to make themselves sought after, consulting their mirrors as to whether they are sufficiently distant from nature, and it is not without considerable trouble that they make themselves less pleasing."

The succeeding divisions of the work deal with matters of "The Heart," "Society," "Wealth," "Paris," the "Court," "Greatness," "The Government," "Man," "Opinions," "Fashion," "Customs," "The Pulpit," and "Unbelievers." It is noticeable that La Bruyère did not treat of the Country, the Sea, Commerce, or, indeed, anything that did not come within range of his immediate vision, except so far as such subjects might furnish an apt illustration or set off his particular idea by contrast. He makes two terrible indictments of the behaviour of the upper



classes in his day. Indirectly, where he utters such a satire as this on the state of the peasantry: "We see at times certain savage animals, both male and female, dark, sallow, and sunburnt, spread over the country, bound to the soil in which they wallow and grovel with invincible resolution. They possess articulate speech, and when they stand erect, they exhibit something of a human face, and to all intents and purposes they belong to mankind. At night they retire to their dens, where they feed on black bread, roots, and water. They spare other men the trouble of sowing, digging, and reaping for a livelihood, and thus deserve at least no lack of the bread they have sown." And directly in the following, which Steele translated in No. 57 of "The Tatler," describing it as "one of the most elegant pieces of raillery and satire" he had ever read: "I have heard talk of a country where the old men are gallant, polished, and polite; the young men, on the contrary, stubborn, wild, lacking both manners and civility. They have become enfranchised from passion for women at an age when in other countries it is begun to be felt, and prefer feasts, victuals, and ridiculous amours. Amongst these people he who is never drunk with anything but wine is sober, its too frequent use rendering it insipid to them; they endeavour by brandy and other strong liquors to quicken a taste already extinguished, and need nothing to crown their debauches but draughts of aqua fortis. The women of that country hasten the decay of their beauty by their artifices to preserve it; they paint their cheeks, eyebrows, and shoulders, which they lay bare, as well as their breasts, arms and ears, as though afraid to hide these parts they fancy will please, thinking they can never show them sufficiently. The physiognomy of the people of that country is not at all neat, but bewildering and embarrassed with a bunch of strange hair, which they prefer to their own, and

of which they make a long tissue to cover their heads ; this descends half-way down their bodies, alters their appearance, and prevents you from recognising them by their features. These people have also their God and king. The grandees go daily at a certain hour to a temple called a church, at the upper end of which stands an altar consecrated to their God, where the priest celebrates certain mysteries they consider holy, sacred and awe-inspiring. The notables form a large semi-circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priest and the holy mysteries and their faces turned towards their king, who is seen kneeling on a throne, and to whom they appear to direct their hearts' desires. There is to be remarked in this custom a kind of subordination, since the people seem to worship the prince, and the prince worships God. The inhabitants of this region call it ———. It is in latitude 48 degrees, and over eleven hundred leagues by sea from the lands of the Iroquois and Hurons."

"Les Caractères" was first published in 1688 in a small edition, a single volume, duodecimo, of 360 pages, in large type. Theophrastus and the preliminary discourse thereto occupied 149 pages, and the remainder of the book was divided into sixteen chapters, consisting chiefly of observations, the portraits being few in number. Three editions, each succeeding one larger than its predecessor, were soon exhausted, and in the fourth first appeared those pen-portraits that created so much stir in social quarters. There is little doubt that the author intended the translation of Theophrastus to be his principal work, and added his own observations as a series of reflections and moral remarks after the style of his contemporary La Rochefoucauld, together with a few sketches of minor personages of his acquaintance ; and he even gave this portion of his writings the name of Solomon Proverbs. But the book gaining

instant popularity from his original matter, he was emboldened to add to the fourth edition a number of observations more personal and portraits, more daring than his first venture warranted, inserting both kinds in appropriate chapters. Thus, by what may be called a happy accident, the present form of the book became original in its arrangement; and—curious inversion—in modern editions La Bruyère's own work constitutes the volume, the portion allotted to Theophrastus being by way of addendum in small type.

The sudden fame accruing to La Bruyère did not dazzle him or disturb his mental equipoise, nor would the absence of fame have altered his demeanour or made his work less valuable. In his first edition he, in a passage anticipating by sixty years the "mute, inglorious Milton" of Gray, expressed his feelings on the matter: "How many admirable men of the finest genius have died without recognition. And how many, still living, have never been heard of and never will be!" and more emphatically still he closed his work with a characteristically philosophic remark: "If these characters are not relished I shall be surprised; if they are I shall be surprised just the same." As might be anticipated in a period when most men played the ape, a host of imitators arose on all sides, and we are told that, besides La Bruyère's ten editions, the literary world was inundated with thirty different volumes of "Caractères" under various titles, all, more or less, copies of the famous original, from such forgotten hands as Brillon, Alléaume, L'Abbé de Bellegarde, L'Abbé de Villiers, and others. These plagiarists—Sainte Beuve likens them to "flies on a plate of sweetmeats"—must often have annoyed La Bruyère, and caused him in later editions to write, it is said, against L'Abbé de Villiers the paragraph: "I advise a born copyist, whose extreme modesty permits him to write only

after the manner of some other author, to choose for examples those kinds of work with whose wit, imagination, or learning he is in sympathy. If he does not attain the level of his originals he may come near them, and cause his copy to be read. On the other hand, he should avoid, like shipwreck, the imitation of those who write from instinct, or from their very heart, which inspires them with thoughts in appropriate language, and who draw, so to say, from their innermost soul what they express on paper. They are dangerous models, and precisely such as inspire dullness, triviality, and ridicule in those who take upon themselves to copy them. Indeed, I should laugh at a man who endeavoured to speak with my voice or to resemble me in countenance."

From the variety of La Bruyère's "faultlessly-finished ideas"—to use Sainte Beuve's expression—we may gather a sense of different fashions of life, humorous, scholarly, charming and grave, serene, severe, brisk and philosophic. such as seems impossible for one person to compass. The explanation, perhaps, is that La Bruyère as a moraliser, like Shakespeare and Molière, had the gift of entering into each variety of mind in succession, with this advantage as between the first and last named—Molière in real life fell into the same mistakes as his characters on the stage; La Bruyère was too wise. Molière was perhaps all the more lovable, but La Bruyère was the better adviser. It was said by contemporaries that the student referred to in his sketch of Clitiphon was his own portrait. The student needing the assistance of Clitiphon enters his house, and, after wasting time, fails to see him; then, by way of contrast, La Bruyère continued: "O busy and important man, who in turn have need of my services, enter into the solitude of my study. The philosopher is accessible; I do not defer you to another day. You will find me among the

works of Plato dealing with the spirituality of the soul and its distinction from the body, or with pen in hand calculating the distances from Saturn or from Jupiter. I admire God in all His works, seeking by the knowledge of truth to rule my spirit and grow better. Enter! All my doors are open to you. My antechamber is not intended to weary you in waiting for me; pass onwards to me without any announcement. You bring me something more precious than gold and silver if it is an opportunity to oblige you." This is also an example of the "human beauty" of La Bruyère's mind. It was not so filled with philosophy that humanity had no share in it. Witness the picture of the peasantry already quoted, and in addition this: "I admit the necessity for captives, executions, prisons, and punishment; but, apart from justice, law, and necessity, it is ever a surprise to me to consider the violence of men toward each other."

That he was truly religious will be inferred from the reference I have already quoted, but this did not prevent him from inflicting the lash of his sarcasm on the *dévots*, as the pseudo-devout followers of the King and his consort, Madame de Maintenon, were called. He denounced them in one phrase of witty wisdom: "A *dévo*t is one who, under an atheist monarch, would be an atheist." He did not hesitate to address Louis himself, and under the veil of telling him what he thought the King did, gave him counsel what he ought to do. "It is a delicate thing for a religious prince to reform his Court and render it pious. Aware how much the courtier desires to please him, what sacrifices he makes to secure his fortune, the prince treats him prudently, and tolerates and humours him for fear of plunging him into hypocrisy or sacrilege. He expects more from God and time than from his own zeal and industry." La Bruyère's last chapter "On Unbelievers" seems to give his own sound

reasoning for his spiritual belief. It is a fine peroration, and, coming last, its veiled beauty is in true accord with his cautious expectation of attack, and yet in it he avows with vigour his own deep convictions. Apart from its author's desire to lash the intense hypocrisy of the Court under the Maintenon regime—Madame being really intent on religious reform, the courtiers only pretendedly so—this chapter was necessitated by the support he gave to the rather free and bold philosophy of his time, and to cover any counter attack from that quarter by the *dévots*, by openly avowing his own position and its strength and impregnability.

It is asserted that La Bruyère was less a thinker than a clever writer. He invented no system of philosophy; but a satirist—to call him that and nothing more—if he be not a mere scurrilous buffoon, must think deeply and write skilfully; he must be a clever physician, able not only to diagnose the ill, but to know the cure and the method of its application. It is impossible to propound however brilliant a maxim containing a truth without thought. The satires of Juvenal, Persius, and Horace, and the Epigrams of Martial still live to refute any theory of thoughtlessness, though the things they whipped and their very language have passed away. Voltaire admired La Bruyère and amongst other things praises him in this manner: "The 'Characters' may justly be regarded as one of the wonderful productions of the age in which he lived. Among the ancients we find no such work. A style rapid, concise, and nervous, expression animated and picturesque; a use of language altogether new, without transgressing its established rules, drew the attention of the world, and the allusions to living characters under a very slight veil succeeded in insuring its success. When La Bruyère showed his work to Malézieux he was told that the book would have many readers,

and its author many enemies. When his generation whose follies it attacked had passed away it lost somewhat of its original fame; yet as it contains much that applies to all times and places, it will never be altogether forgotten." John Locke, too, was much struck with the work, and it was a favourite both in France and England with all readers of taste and discernment. Its effect on French literature was very great. The affectation and pedantry of French writers of the first half of the seventeenth century had introduced into the language, like Milton in "Paradise Lost," an overwhelming number of Latinisms, and Boileau, for a prominent writer a great sinner in this respect, rejoiced, like Pope, in flowing polysyllables. La Rochefoucauld, in his sententious Maxims, did much towards damming this overflow of Gallicised Latin, and La Bruyère, with his wider insight and greater popularity, directed the current of language into a better channel. He has given a short history of French prose in a single paragraph: "For the last twenty years the style of composition has been careful and accurate; syntax has been properly regarded; the language has been enriched with many new words; we have cast off the yoke of Latinism and confined ourselves to phraseology purely French. We have almost recovered that harmony which Malherbe and Balzac first revealed to us, and their numerous successors suffered to be lost. Our language has now all the style and distinction of which it is capable, and this will eventually bring imagination in its train." This imaginative style was unknown in La Bruyère's time, and La Bruyère determined to introduce it into literature, and in this he exercised a great and delicate influence. Taste was gradually changing, and La Bruyère unconsciously piloted the change.

His influence in effect extended into England about

1697, where the then only and most inadequate English version of his book, by the Laureate, Nicholas Rowe, reached its sixth edition in 1713. He is even believed to have suggested indirectly to the long series of essayists of the Queen Anne School the model for their works of which the "Tatler" was the eminent pioneer. As has been already noticed, Steele was well acquainted with his book, and Budgell received his idea of the famous story of Will Honeycomb's absent-mindedness, told in No. 77 of the "Spectator," from La Bruyère's inimitable sketch of Menalcas, which he quoted in full. During the eighteenth century the popularity of La Bruyère waned considerably, and a witticism that his "Characters were too much of their age, and not for all time" was given as the reason for this. But in France he has become a classic, and is very popular, whilst in England, though he is difficult to read without more consideration than is usually necessary for the understanding of French prose, owing to his frequent elisions and his epigrammatic methods, he is not quite forgotten. The best French edition is a recent one, edited by M. Servois, in three volumes and published by Messrs. Hachette. English versions are few in number, and all out of print; the most recent, and, I venture to think, the most inadequate one being issued as recently as 1890 or thereabouts. That he will be popular in England is very doubtful, despite his interest and value as a French writer, owing, no doubt, to the absence of a respectable version at a reasonable price, for those whose French does not date back to the era of Louis XIV. I think it may almost be said, in respect of La Bruyère's work, as of Montaigne's greater one, that "an English gentleman's education ought not to be considered complete unless he has read it," since, in Sainte Beuve's words, "its far-reaching and original talent will help us to remember modera-



tion, and teach us to proportion thought to language ; it would even be a step gained to be able to regret our inability to do this."

English literature has no book like it, and French literature no other. To it and to himself may fittingly be applied the words that La Bruyère used of certain great men : " There appear from time to time on the face of this earth certain rare and exquisite men, brilliant in their worth, whose eminent qualities throw forth a shining light, like those extraordinary stars, of whose origin we know nothing, nor of what becomes of them when they disappear. They have neither ancestors nor posterity. They alone comprise their entire race."





## SILAS TOLD.

BY LAURENCE CLAY.

ON the morning of the 14th day of September, 1767, certain London streets leading from the Old Bailey westward toward Tyburn, were early astir with somewhat unusual and grim excitement.

Only ten days before, one Mrs. Brownrigg had cruelly done to death one of her apprentice girls. Inasmuch as the girl's decease had alone put a period to a long course of barbarity suffered at the hands of her mistress, the citizens were much enraged against the latter. This, but the 14th day of the month, was to see the crime expiated on the gallows at Tyburn. Many citizens of the meaner and vulgar sort, and not a few of those counted superior, early assembled without the walls of the new prison, known then, as now, as Newgate, the successor to Ludgate Prison. Not yet, however, had it become customary to erect gallows in the open space in Old Bailey, and so obviate the dreadful scenes which frequently occurred on those fateful journeys westward, for Tyburn still retained its unenviable pre-eminence.

Early that morning the diminutive mailed door in the Old Bailey wall of Newgate had admitted, among others, Silas Told, intent on his self-appointed mission as spiritual advisor to the capitally condemned. He had already, on

previous days, spent much time in exhorting and preparing Mrs. Brownrigg for her last long journey, and not without success. While the crowd gathered without, passing the time in ribaldry and menace, within the walls there arose, repeatedly, hymn and prayer from a small group consisting of the condemned, her husband and son, the prison ordinary, with three clergymen from neighbouring churches, and Silas Told.

In due course the mailed wicket-door again opened, and Mrs. Brownrigg, too weak to walk alone, was helped to the cart which was to convey her and the gibbet to the place of her doom. A Rev. Mr. James seated himself on her right, and Told on her left, but no sooner did the cart begin to move towards its destination than malignant cheers and "hellish curses and imprecations" burst from the angry populace. Truly, but a step from hymn and prayer to curses and imprecations! Told, while admitting that the woman's crime was a horrible one, yet solemnly affirms that the attitude and conduct of the populace, more especially the women filling the carts which lined the streets on both sides, was such that none "but the damned spirits let loose from the infernal pit" could have equalled. Many times before had he shared menace and danger with condemned criminals in carrying out his conscience-imposed duties, but never before had he witnessed such license. In reading Told's account of this occasion, one can't help but think of the days of the tumbril and sans-culottism which a neighbouring capital suffered a generation later. However concerned Told and his fellow-worker may have been for the wretched criminal in danger of being lynched, she, apparently, was utterly oblivious of her surroundings. But it was not apathy; she had, or claimed to have, attained some sort of peace, nevertheless she broke down utterly when the dreadful spot—Tyburn

trees—was reached. Thousands were there gathered—a motley mob, the scum of East and West London, itinerant vendors and flaunting vice improving the occasion. Told says that the behaviour of thousands was such as “no part of the habitable world would be guilty of except the inhabitants of Great Britain.” Amid such surroundings and the hearty curses, gibes, and threats of the assembled, the wretched Mrs Brownrigg had to wait three-quarters of an hour while the gibbet was being erected. How Told and one or two others managed to sing two hymns amidst such scenes and sounds one can scarcely conceive. Surely the words of sympathy, spoken then in ministration by Told and his coadjutor, aided by the awful compression of her fast-nearing and shameful end, were much needed, and apparently were of much benefit to the culprit. Told was the last to leave her, and as, with a word of consolation to her, he descended the cart, it drew from under the gallows and Mrs. Brownrigg was arraigned before another tribunal.

It was amid such scenes as these, though with many varied circumstances, that Told for over thirty years laboured without monetary reward, but with marvellous spiritual success. Four years before his death in 1779, he wrote down an account of his life. The manuscript appears to have come into the hands of one Samuel Smith who had known Told some years before his decease. This account was published in London, in 1786, as a tract of 174 pages, published probably by this same Smith in behalf of the followers of John Wesley. Told had been one of Wesley's converts, and indeed his prison labours were doubtless connected with the work of that character which Wesley had prosecuted for nearly fifty years, thus anticipating in no unimportant measure the labours of John Howard. The tract bore the imprint of Messrs.

Gilbert and Plummer, of Cree Church Lane, and contained a preface by this Mr. Smith wherein the latter vouches the integrity of Told, and that Told's outward conduct corresponded with his profession. Mr. Smith also evidently appended at the close of the narrative a paragraph giving the date of Mr. Told's decease, and concluded the tract with some remarks in appreciation of his meritorious labours.

A second edition was certainly published, but the British Museum does not contain a copy thereof. I can only surmise that this second edition was published three years later than the first, viz., in 1789. I surmise this from the fact that the preface to the third edition, published in 1796, was signed and dated by John Wesley in 1789. This, it would appear, must have been a preface copied from the second edition. Wesley, in this preface, describes Told as of good understanding, although not much indebted to education, and further states that he was a person of eminent veracity.

This vouching of Told's character and veracity, coming from Wesley himself and following that deemed necessary in the first edition by Samuel Smith, is an indication of the extraordinary character of the narrative, and probably of an amount of dubiety which its contents had occasioned.

The third edition (curtailed somewhat) was published by a George Whitefield, the same whom Wesley named in his will, with others, as legatees of his "types and printing presses in trust for the use of the Conference," and not unlikely a son of the more widely known Rev. George Whitefield.

A later edition was published in Dublin in 1813 under the auspices of the Wesleyan body there, and was sold at 1s. 8d. per copy.

Meanwhile, in 1806, William Cowdroy, Junr., of Salford

(son of the promoter of Cowdroy's "Manchester Gazette," a long since defunct Manchester journal), reprinted the first edition in its entirety. The old title ran, in part at least, as follows: "An Account of the Life and Dealings of God with Silas Told, late Preacher of the Gospel, wherein is set forth," etc., etc. It is evidently modelled on the title page of the Rev. George Whitefield's (not the printer) own account of "The Life and Dealings of God with" him, published some years before. There were many similar tracts published last century, though I venture to say few equally interesting and valuable as Told's. Told's veracity, at least, had other vouching than that suggested as possible in one appended to an account of John Gordon, A.M., who, says Gordon in his title page, "is now in London ready to vindicate what he had written." Those were duelling days!

We now propose to cull from this little tract, affording, as it does, glimpses of 18th century life at home and abroad, some of its salient features. The tract, as such, has an interest all its own. Times and manners change, even customs stale, literature hath larger volume and other channels, differing lights and charms. The sixpenny novel was not then known, but the shilling tract was. All this is eminently trite, but it is as well to remind ourselves of it in order to understand some of the reasons why this booklet or brochure formerly had, even in Lancashire, a popularity which might be termed a vogue.

We of to-day know little of Cowdroy, Junr., but he stands responsible for many typographical errors herein; and the present generation knows even less of this Silas than a certain Pharoah knew of Joseph; but a sketch of his autobiographical tale will repay our brief attention.

One could imagine that Told entered this sub-solar sphere fated to experience what we may be excused for

saying would prove a warm time of it, for he informs us, with undue solemnity, that he was born "at the Lime Kilns, near the Hot Wells" in Bristol, in 1711. He would appear to have come, as he says, of very "creditable" folk, though they were seemingly more expert in the acquisition than the retention of the good things of this world. Both his father and grandfather were by profession medicine men, and on his mother's side Told came of seafaring men of the quarter-deck. His father meeting with misfortune, was laid under "the necessity of going out doctor of a guinea-man," but being unable, in the direst need, to cure himself, he died on the voyage out, and as a consequence Silas and his sister were put out to nurse.

As the good old man of 64 looks back on his early years he fancies he can recall in memory scenes of his childhood from three years of age upward. He relates how, in these tender years, he and his sister (whose name was of full 17th century flavour—*Dulcybella*) wandered together in fields and woods, conversing of God and happiness.

I think the lad Told was of a very impressionable nature, and possessed a very vivid imagination. The author, indeed, presents in himself a study in psychology. Much that he relates is inexplicable on any other grounds than those having reference, not to his veracity, but his attitude of mind and peculiar temperament. From his early years he exhibited a religious temperament of peculiar quality, the which was present, even if overlaid, during a course of several years of evil living. Prior to these years of wild-oat sowing, and immediately subsequent to them, Told had his times when he saw visions and suffered what may be termed spiritistic phenomena. Like St. Peter and St. Paul of old, like Joan of Arc and Savonarola of later times, Told occasionally had marvellous spiritual experiences; whether of divine agency or more subjective

monition it is not for me to say. I believe them to be related in sincerity. Be the interpretation of these matters what it may, all that we are now concerned with is the fact that at more than one period of his career he had genuine experience of what he deemed to be supernatural spiritual phenomena. The first occasion of this character, or related thereto, refers to this time of the early years spent with his sister Dulcybella. He says :

“ One remarkable circumstance I must observe. When my sister and self were very young we wandered out into King’s Wood, and lost ourselves in the woods, and were in the utmost consternation lest we should be devoured by wild beasts ; but quickly the kind providence of God permitted a large dog to come behind us ; although no house was within a mile from the wood, yet the dog drove us clear out of the wood into our knowledge ; what was remarkable, the dog never barked at us. And when, in our knowledge we looked around us to behold the dog, but he was not to be seen.”

And he relates how, on the same occasion, this experience was repeated.

At eight years of age Silas was admitted to the Colson Foundation at Bristol. The Colson banquets of to-day remind one of the memory of this sometime journeyman soap-boiler, of whom and his charities Told makes a digression to give a sympathetic account to what Told calls “ the good man’s perpetuative memory.”

At 14, Told (to use his fine phrase) was “ bound apprentice to the seas.” His first experience on board was both tragical and comical. Being, as he somewhat naively states, “ ignorant of the maxims of the world,” he blundered over his first commission, and comfortably disposed of a dinner of which he was intended to be but the bearer to the first mate. This was the initial cause of acts of barbarity which



Told suffered during a long course of years. Hard and cruel treatment from superiors was supplemented by starvation rations consequent upon dilatory trade winds. He also had experience of a tornado in Jamaica Harbour, resulting in the destruction of no less than seventy-five vessels. Decomposing corpses, which the sea refused to retain, strewed the shore for a long time thereafter, and were left to the scavenging of carrion crows and other carrion birds. Pestilence became rife. Silas lay in a warehouse sick of a fever for 11 months, cared for and dosed with "Jesuit's bark" by a negro. He relates (and you will note how utterly unconscious he is of any sense of the ludicrous in his narration) how "at length my master gave me up, and I wandered up and down the town, almost parched with the insufferable blaze of the sun, till I was resolved to lay me down and die, as I had neither money nor friend. Accordingly I fixed upon a dunghill at the east end of the town of Kingston, and, being in so weak a condition, I pondered much upon Job's case, and considered mine similar to that of his. However, I was fully resigned to death, nor had I the slightest expectations of relief from any quarter; yet the kind providence of God was over me, and raised me up a friend in an entire stranger."

It is intensely droll, this picture of Silas fully determined to lay him down and die, and selecting a dunghill, first drawing philosophic comparisons between his case and that of Job likewise on a dunghill. The succour referred to came at the instance of a London captain, whose humanity was stirred at the sordid condition of his youthful compatriot, and well it might be. Silas was eventually restored to his master, much as a runaway slave might have been.

Told's return voyage was remarkable for what he

believed to be an extraordinary event, but it was of a character not deemed supernatural in these days. It was what we may understand to have been a sea-mirage, or rather land-mirage at sea. After months of being out of sight of land, the welcome vision of land was hailed one day at the set of sun. The deceived captain parted with a jollification of ten gallons of rum and 20 lbs. of sugar to the crew before he found out the "supernaturalness" of the event celebrated with such an intolerable deal of rum and no bread. It seems that they ultimately came to the conclusion that they had seen "'Old Brazille' destroyed by an earthquake 500 or 600 years before," and even to-day the legend of Atlantis Island dies hard. It is also to be noted that on the map alleged to have been used by Columbus a large island off the west coast of Ireland is shown as "Brazil."

Told was now literally "consigned" to another captain without reference to his own wishes in the matter. These old sea-dogs (sea-devils, some of them) enjoyed, and doubtless were secretly proud of, patronymics which cannot be contemplated to-day without a smile. "Captain Smiler of London," "Captain Pills of Bristol," Captains Roach, Beans, Caley, and so forth, and Told's present lord of his universe enjoyed the appellation of Timothy Tucker. Now, T. Tucker aboard the quarter-deck was, Told says, the greatest of villains, but Captain T. T. ashore, assumed the character and temper of a saint. The first demonstration Told had of the notorious conduct of this saint-villain to whom he had been consigned much like a chattel, was "the enforcement of a white woman out of her native country for the selling of her to the black Prince of Bonny."

Told gives an unconsciously humorous account of how the ladies of the Moorish King Arigo's household at-

tempted to cure him (Told) of neuralgia. They stripped him naked, and were inducing, he says, a studious frame of mind, while he sat on a stool with his feet in hot water. One wonders how it was so managed! Then they startled him very smartly out of that induced brown study by suddenly dashing in his face a hot cloth from the basin. The pain was gone in an instant, and, says Told, "here I penetrated their maxims in performing the cure"; such penetration, marvellous considering all, came doubtless of the studious frame of mind.

I must refer you to the book for some account of the atrocities openly committed by this Saint Tucker; how the white woman mentioned succumbed to her miseries, and, being committed to the deep, was yet observed a week thereafter to be floating upon the water. One thinks of Eugene Aram's victim, which would not be hidden. How cruelty and murder was done in open day and on deck upon a poor negro, who, amidst all his agonies, made his silence the more mute and pathetic by but one word: "Adomma—so be it." None called Tucker to account.

Atrocities such as are related herein are matched by others upon unimpeachable records. The iniquities concurrent with the prosecution of the slave trade, and bred and fostered by it, were in the fullest sense damnable, as was sufficiently evidenced by a writer in a recent number of "Scribner's Magazine." The canting and euphuistic title or justification for this traffic was "enforcement of trade."

One cargo of slaves in Tucker's ship (a cargo numbering 79 in all) were battened down between decks one night with scant room to move a single inch, and almost scantier ventilation. At midnight a universal shriek was heard, and on the morrow the wretched beings were hoisted on deck, only to find fully half of them dead from fright and

crushing. In their "wild confusion of mind" they had suffered severe panic in the night, deeming that "Egbo" or the devil was in their midst 'neath those dark hatches. Forty were heaved overboard. Later, friend Told met "Egbo" in the flesh, and was, it seems, more than a match for him. He says: "Accordingly I went on shore. When I arrived at the top of the hill I heard an uncommon shrieking of women. As I drew near a division of houses I saw what, through curiosity, I had long wished to see, namely, "Egbo," a native in a fine silk grass mesh net, so curiously made to fit him that nothing but his hands and feet appeared; the net ended with a fringe not unlike ruffles. This man is looked upon as both god and devil, and all stand in the most profound awe of him, from the highest to the lowest.

I stood still to see the sequel of his caprice, and observed that in his hand he had a green bough wherewith he was whipping the women's posteriors as they went naked, chasing them out of one house into another, and as they were exceedingly terrified, and considered it a heavy curse when Egbo struck them, therefore they fled from him as we would from hell flames. However, when he had satisfied himself by lashing the poor women, he came out through the middle of the court, and through the meshes of his net I was discovered by him. Presently he advanced towards me, with full purpose to let me also feel the weight of his green bough, upon which I instantly drew my hanger with a resolution to cut off his head. He then ran away, and I saw him no more." Devils do flee when sufficiently resisted, so it is understood.

Perhaps enough has been quoted to make needful any more than a reference to his further seafaring adventures. Pirates, plague, "moschetos," storms, all made life varied for him. Very valuable, but too long to quote, are the

pictures he affords us of life in New England between 1720 and 1730.

Shipwrecked on Crooked Island, off the coast of New England, the subject of privation and adventure, but well-treated by the scanty settlers, Told ultimately so ingratiated himself into the favour of the Governor's family that he was fixed upon, if he acquiesced, to espouse one of the daughters of the household. But this Barkis was not "willin'," and eventually he and his companions travelled to the mainland. Some of the events narrated by him present quite a charming little idyll to one's mind, of New England life when the 18th century was still young. I wish I could quote them, but space will not permit. They journeyed on foot to its first founded city, Plymouth, of "Mayflower" fame, and thence to Boston, which latter city, even at that time, boasted of no less than "17 spired meetings." There, for four months, Told "lodged with Deacon Townsend, by trade a blacksmith." During those four months he never heard (and he speaks as one strongly opposed to Dissenters) one oath uttered, nor the name of the Lord taken in vain." No lewd house was suffered in the whole town, no Sabbath-breaking, nor even journeying on the Sabbath was allowed, nor did he "experience any extortion at their hands." Told says even then Boston was famed in every city in Europe. Compare this with what he says of the Leghorn of those days, with its numberless common prostitutes tolerated by the Government, and with a considerable portion of the city allotted to them, for which protection they, in turn, protected the city by providing for the upkeep of numerous war-galleys, doubtless largely slave-manned.

Told closed his seafaring experience in the service of his King, in that he was impressed therein on his return after these adventures just as his ship reached the Isle of

Wight. He was paid off a few years later, in 1736, he being then 25 years of age, and recently married to one formerly Verney. He obtained employment ashore in the form of a schoolmastership at Staplefoot Tauney, Essex, at the penalising salary of £14 per annum. Later he acted as a bookkeeper to a Watling Street bricklayer. We may remark that bricklayers have not thriven in Watling Street these many years. The interest in his London life (a period of over 40 years) arises mainly from two causes, his remarkable religious experiences, and his noble self-sacrificing work among the capitally condemned malefactors.

His was an essentially religious character, and he was always impressionable in that direction. He tells us in all seriousness how, as a lad of twelve, he began to read pious books, especially "Sherlock on Death," and a few like-minded lads joined him in its consideration. One must not forget that very alarming discourses were heard even from school pulpits in those days, and death and hell were very real for a few privileged spirits.

These impressions of early years were never really obliterated in Told's mind, and though he says he often fell into grievous sin all through and after his seafaring days, he never so fell but what he at length reflected upon it all with a sense of guilt and abhorrence. Terrified, too, was he with awful dreams, and never was he, though leading a wicked life, without fear of death and the judgment to come, and hell behind all. In 1740 he was induced by a young bricklayer named Greaves to go to a local foundry in London to hear the Rev. John Wesley preach. He went unwillingly,—he had no regard for Methodists, as they were even then called in derision, and he says "he could not abide Dissenters."

Greaves fetched him out of bed at 4 a.m., for service

was at 5. Need we say that at that meeting in the foundry he became convinced of his call to higher service? He says: "As the preacher spoke, a small, still voice entered his left ear (how ludicrous it seems to be that on such a topic he should particularize which ear!)—entered with these words: 'This is the truth.'" Told vouches that for five-and-thirty years he never once doubted of those truths and doctrines received amongst them, viz., "of salvation by that faith productive of good works." Let me say here that this remark is characteristic of Told. Extraordinary as are some of the spiritual experiences he relates as his, and which will surprise and amuse the reader, this side of his character is yet always accompanied by a weighty sanity that must have proved his salvation. We have the small still voice in the left ear, but we have also a sane belief only in the faith that is productive of good works. He could tell a condemned murderer most emphatically that our Redeemer came into the world to save us from our sins, not in them.

His life in London had its changes. Some six years of poverty (he subsisted himself at one time on 9d. per week) were followed by an increase of worldly prosperity, though his wife died before it came. Despite Wesley's remark as to the smallness of Told's indebtedness to education, it was under Wesley's auspices that he kept a very successful school for many years at that same foundry already mentioned. And it was as a result of one of Wesley's 5 a.m. sermons to his school children that Told was led to consider the lot of those in prison, and to visit them. The thought that he never had carried out the injunction to visit the imprisoned made him utterly miserable. Providentially, shortly after this, a message came to him at the school that there were ten malefactors in Newgate under sentence of death, and they would be glad if any of the

Methodists would go and pray with them. Within an hour Told was in the condemned cell on his errand of mercy, and thus began the good work which for 35 years, to the time of his decease, he persisted in amid contumely and danger, and without other reward than the thanks and gratitude of here one and there another, and the approval of his conscience.

Executions were numerous; the "dead warrant" was more often than not a list of many names, wherein it might happen—as indeed it did on one occasion—that a name was included of a man condemned for no greater crime than, being driven by hunger and affection for starving wife and child, he begged or constrained a few coppers (6d. in all) from passers by. Days of public executions were days of public holiday, obscene and riotous days, days of degradation. Prison discipline was bad, justice sometimes suborned, not seldom hasty and erroneous, respites obtainable, but not always by the most deserving. Indeed, the preparation and promotion of petitions for pardon seems to have provided a calling for some, and of those condemned the most wealthy, and not the most innocent, had the best chance of success. Amid all this Told steadily held on his way, advising, exhorting, denouncing, having the privileged entrée to the condemned cell, meeting the secret or overt opposition of the prison ordinary, yet at times encouraged by success almost beyond belief. Many who came to a shameful end at Tyburn had cause to be deeply grateful to this ex-sailor, so much in earnest, so sane when sanity and mental grip were so needful, and yet withal blessed with a spiritual insight and magnetic influence that his labours commended themselves not only to those so sadly concerned, but practically to all civic London. We need not repeat any of the cases he graphically and sympathetically relates



—all were sad enough, most of them striking, some most singular. One case related by him, perhaps the most interesting, is of one John Lancaster, “cast for robbery.” Amongst other particulars, Told relates how Lancaster’s body, after hanging the prescribed time at Tyburn, was violently carried off by a posse of ruffians to some anatomically-inclined surgeon at Paddington. Later, eight sailors coming along, drunk with the day’s revelry, learn from a bystanding gin-seller of the corpse’s destiny, follow it up, rescue it, and carry it about town for hours, ultimately travelling eastward to Shoreditch. Tiring of their self-imposed and objectless task, they determine to leave the body at the first door they come to, which they do. The commotion which shortly ensued brought the woman of the house to the door, and there, on the door-step, lay the executed body of her own son, unwittingly, as far as that fact was concerned, left there in sport by the sailors.

In conclusion, let me remark that the work has all the interest which attaches to scenes of town-life and seafaring life of days gone never to return. Scenes related with a graphic power and vividness not unlike the author of “Robinson Crusoe.” Though lacking humour and the saving sense of the ludicrous, Told is a born storyteller, delights himself in the pose of his facts and their picturesque and vivid relation. He does not scorn a digression, and there is a certain—shall we say word-rolling or easy effort?—in the course of his narrations, which speaks of the gratification it was to Told to “spin his yarns” graphically, though truthfully. Yet, behind all, there is a serious purpose as tending not to the glory of Silas himself, but rather a conscious effort at setting forth “God’s marvellous dealings” with him. Of the charity, and sympathy with the most degraded and also the most unfortunate of his day, and his labours among them, one cannot speak too

appreciatively. He was merciful and humane beyond his time. While John Howard was a mere lad, Wesley and his agents were visiting prisoners, ministering to their material and spiritual needs; and Told's efforts, also, though largely individualistic, were undoubtedly under the auspices of Wesley, among whose converts Told must be numbered.

Since it was Wesley (then of the City Road) who buried Told, in all probability the latter rests in Bunhill Fields, close by, and not far from the scene of his labours. Honoured be his memory!





BOADICEA: A BALLAD OF BRITAIN.

BY TINSLEY PRATT.

When the sacred shores of Mona felt the tide of battle  
flow  
Inland to her woodland altars, but the winds and waters  
know  
That dark story of her conquest, eighteen hundred years  
ago ;  
How the Roman legions harried then the land with sword  
and fire,  
Sparing, in their lust of carnage, neither child, nor wife, nor  
sire,  
And the cup of desolation filled alone their hearts' desire.  
But the tidings of the battle swept across the narrow sea,  
And the mighty heart of Britain felt that she had once  
been free,  
Ere unto the haughty Roman she had bowed the servile  
knee.  
Britain, where the plunging surges lash the tempest-beaten  
shore,  
Glad with all the soul of conquest ; when the face of Nature  
wore  
All the glory of the morning, while within her hand she  
bore  
First fruits of a land that knew not labour in the mills of  
Time,

When her sons were stout and lusty, children of that early  
prime,

And the sun of heaven lightened daily o'er a golden clime.  
Thus she mused, ere yet the Roman launched his galleys  
on the tide,

Swore to lay his chains upon her and abase her island  
pride,

Though the soul of Freedom flourished on her altars  
deified.

Now went forth a cry for vengeance, raised again and yet  
again ;

Loud from hearth to hearth it echoed, wide throughout the  
tribes of men,

And the peopled cities heard it, and the nurslings of the  
fen.

Then uprose a woman, saying, " Dwellers by the Eastern  
Sea,

Gird yourselves in might of battle, Britain's sons if still  
ye be ;

Let the unborn child be suckled in the light of liberty !

Dash the bonds of Rome asunder, let their eagle kiss the  
dust !

Though they come with words of promise eye them with a  
dark mistrust :

Let your maids no longer serve for victims to a Roman's  
lust :

Furnish forth your braves for battle, let your chariots  
thunder past ,

Draw your swords for death—or conquest—let the hungry  
dart be cast ;

Back upon his legioned spearmen hurl the ancient foe at  
last !

Let my words be wafted northward ; bid our western kins-  
folk know

We, the captives, swear to lead in captive chains the  
Roman foe.

Reap the harvest of the victors that with bitter tears we  
sow ;

Children of the deathless Cymry, muster from your hills  
afar,

Let the thought of sleepless vengeance light your pathway  
like a star ;

Come with sword and spear for conquest, and the scythèd  
battle-car.

Hear me, all ye Trinobantes—O, Silurian Britons, hear!  
Pour your hosts upon their legions till they reel in slavish  
fear,

As the storm wind sweeps the forest when the autumn  
leaves are sere!

Shall a woman's words be measured in your thought  
as idle things,

Though a British Queen, the speaker, offspring of a line  
of kings,

Trodden under foot and helpless, like a bird with broken  
wings?

Has the spirit of your fathers perished with the lapse of  
time,

That ye lie and batten—creatures gotten of the sun and  
slime,

Hirelings to the Roman Cæsar, and the wolfish lords of  
crime?

Shall a tearful woman's pleading seek to move your hearts  
in vain,

Though this form that crowned a kingdom oft the cruel  
blow hath ta'en

From the brutal hand of Catus, and hath felt the scourge  
and chain?

Nay, I see the fires of slaughter lighten in those famished  
eyes,  
And your heedful ears give answer to the ravished maidens'  
cries,  
For the hour of vengeance quickens, and the heart of pity  
dies ;  
And I see within the distance, where the joyful dawn  
appears,  
For the golden morrow wakens, and the hour of freedom  
nears  
When the victors' arms shall reckon all the bitter wrongs  
of years !"  
Eloquent beyond man's telling, from her stricken heart of  
woe,  
Came those burning words a woman uttered 'gainst the  
Roman foe  
In that dusk of blight and sorrow, eighteen hundred years  
ago !





## HOMERIC TRADITION IN EPIC POETRY.

BY WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

TO define epic poetry were no easy task. Many have attempted it, only to discover themselves committing lamentable sins of omission and commission. If they aim at brevity, much that is essential is omitted; if they aim at comprehensiveness they are presently "in wandering mazes lost."

The fact is, the great epics are profoundly divided from each other by the lapse of many centuries, and by evolution of belief, thought and manners. To attempt to describe them in a short, general formula is very difficult, perhaps impossible. Such an attempt will be excused here, as the subject is not epic poetry as a whole, but simply the part which tradition has played in epic.

Beginning with Homer, it may be found worth while to trace his influence upon succeeding epic writers, in regard to form, incident, method and general treatment. To avoid unwieldiness, no account will be taken of Eastern epics, such as the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, nor of the Northern, such as the Kalevala and the Völsunga Saga, though these display many parallels and points of contact

with the school of epic which originated in Homer, and which has since chained the attention of Europe.

While avoiding definitions, a few observations are necessary upon the general characteristics of those epics, which show a varied indebtedness to Homer. Preserving certain features in common, each has yet its individuality. The march of time through a period of nearly three thousand years implies most of the phases of human life and thought, of which there is trustworthy record. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Camoens, Tasso, Milton, are chief among the "seers charged with a spiritual message to the general heart of man" during that period. They unfolded the thought and emotion and intellectual trend of their age, as one epoch evolved from another, feeling keenly the current ideals, and conveying them to others in noble form.

The epic treatment of the subjects perennially interesting to man—his God, his country, love, woman, valour, hatred, death, the hereafter—implies a poem of elaborate and monumental art possessing beauty and majesty of verse, enriched with art and learning, large utterance, imaginative and interpretive power.

The epics referred to span from the times when man was fabled to have sprung from the loins of gods and show us in the varying conceptions of God and Spirit, the gradual shrinking of man's own importance, in view of the facts by which he is surrounded.

Though the faculty of imagination has great play in epic, there has been a good deal of imitation. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be" is not feasible in letters; perhaps not in any human activity. From Virgil downwards the epic poets have borrowed from Homer, freely helping themselves to whatever seemed to them suitable ingredients for the compounding of a poem in the grand style. Homer, in short, set the type, and Aristotle helped it forward by



deducing his canons from the Iliad and the Odyssey. These canons laid down that the epic must constitute a united whole, must develop progressive interest, and must possess dignity of language and of manner.

But imitation has gone much farther than in regard to these general rules. Let us note first in Homer certain characteristics which have been generally adopted by others, or have served to embroider their themes with divers modifications. In the Iliad and the Odyssey the gods are men of larger growth, moved by passions, vanities, motives, like our own. At times they descend to wage war against men, and are even sent off blubbering to have their wounds cured. Or they repose on the Olympian heights, controlling men as chess-players move their pieces. Theirs is the chess-board of human affairs; men and women are the irresponsible pieces. Greek anthropomorphism finds complete expression in Homer.

His poems are a glorification of the fighting man. As Thomas Love Peacock quizzically phrases it, "They tell us how many battles such an one has fought, how many helmets he has cleft, how many breastplates he has pierced, how many widows he has made, how much land he has appropriated, how many houses he has demolished for other people, what a large one he has built for himself, how much gold he has stowed away in it and how liberally and plentifully he pays, feeds, and intoxicates the divine and immortal bards, the sons of Jupiter, but for whose everlasting songs the names of heroes would perish."

This is, of course, the Philistine's way of girding at some of the noblest poetry in the world, embodying the life and thought of primitive Greece. But so far as it goes it is indubitably true. The biggest, strongest, bravest fighter is the typical hero of Homeric times, providing he punctiliously sacrifices to his chosen gods. Meantime we are

shown types of character and phases of life where the chiefs are at once king, patriarch, priest, farmer, aristocrat, leader in battle and council, dispenser of justice. Wealth, Mr. Nutt observed the other day, is in terms of flocks, jewels, and chattels, and for an approximately parallel people we have the Maoris of to-day. This rather startling obiter dictum may help us to realise some of the primitive conditions, though it appears to ignore the art development, even of the earlier Greeks.

The Iliad, where the subject is the wrath of Achilles and the siege of Troy, is moulded out of the heroic songs and legends so dear to the hearts of the Greeks. It is their supreme expression of national glory. The Odyssey shares the same characteristics, but is rather interwoven with myths and fairy tales than with pomp and circumstance of bloody warfare.

And from this primitive material the poet produced works which fixed for all time the marvellous life and civilisation of Greece. Her language, religion, social system, and many of her ideals have passed away, but the poet has, with unparalleled veracity, enshrined them in undying verse.

Carlyle puts it in a few striking phrases: "Homer yet is veritably face to face with every open soul of us; and Greece—where is it? Away, vanished, the life and existence of it all gone, like a dream, like the dust of King Agamemnon. Greece was; Greece, except in the words it spoke, is not."

Turning to Virgil, it is at once evident that his debt to Homer was very great. Chapman remarked: "Virgil hath nothing of his own, but only elocution; his invention, matter and form being all Homer's. That which he addeth is only the work of a woman, to netify and polish." This judgment couched in Chapman's most summary manner, is absurdly unjust, but it contains much truth. For the Æneid,

almost as much as the *Odyssey*, is a sequel to the *Iliad*. It adopts the same subject, beginning at the fall of Troy; its earlier books recall the adventures of Ulysses, and the six latter books, as Dryden observed, "are the four and twenty *Iliads* contracted—a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought and a town besieged."

It is remarkable how closely so great a man as Virgil followed his predecessor. His whole scheme is in close imitation. This is forgotten in the fascination of his dignified style, of his lofty and magnificently sustained language; the resourceful splendour of his versification and the grandeur of such passages as the despair and suicide of Dido, the visit to the Under-world, or that lurid scene in the sack of Troy where Priam is slaughtered and Helen crouches beautiful, but guilty, by the desecrated altar.

To quote a few of Virgil's borrowings: Homer has a pompous catalogue of the Greek army; Virgil follows suit with his Trojans and their allies. The funeral games celebrated in honour of Patroclus are balanced by those in memory of Anchises, and it is noticeable that so small a detail as the slipping of a foot-racer in the sacrificial mess appears in both. Ulysses visits hell, so does Æneas, and many of the features of the Under-world are similar. Virgil, however, adds a splendid description of Elysium. Among the shades Ulysses thrice tries to embrace Anticlea, as does Æneas his beloved Creusa and Anchises, only to find their arms passing through thin air. The shade of Ajax turns from the human visitor, unable to forget the spleen engendered in earthly life; the shade of Dido disdains Æneas, still scorning her deserter on earth. Calypso detained the Greek hero, Dido the Trojan. In both authors a truce is declared between the opposing armies, and in both is broken by the treacherous shooting of an arrow.

In both there is a night sortie by a pair of warriors, who in each case make dreadful slaughter of the sleeping enemy. The only difference is that Ajax and Diomed return unscathed; the Trojans perish. In both poets there is intimate communication between gods and men; in both the gods assume phantom shape to deceive the combatants or conceal them in a cloud; in both gods are capricious and passionate in their disposal of human affairs. Achilles and Æneas, both goddess born, are both provided with suits of celestial armour, rendering them all but invincible, and their shields are elaborately described.

But enough of details. There are many such, and a great number of omens, portents, epithets, similes ("as when the lion, the boar, the tempest, the falling tree, etc."), which have served all through epic and probably have yet a long life before them. In passing, it is interesting to note certain recurring phrases, evidently stock-phrases of the bards, and such as are met with later in the *Poema del Cid*, or the *Chanson de Roland*.

It would be shallow criticism to lay much stress upon these imitations. They fade into insignificance compared with the great qualities of the Æneid. It stands as the grand national poem of the Romans, having for subject the fabled origin of their nation and their settlement in Italy. Though doubtless inferior to Homer in dramatic power, in differentiation of character, and in overflowing life and energy, Virgil has his own unsurpassed qualities. Perhaps in his women creations he is even superior to Homer, especially if Nausicaa be excepted. The passion of love in anything like the modern sense is absent from the *Iliad*. In the *Odyssey* the nearest equivalent is the faithfulness of the patient matron, Penelope. But Dido is one of the great figures of all time in her love, devotion, despairing passion, and self-destruction.

Passing by Dante for the present, in order to maintain the continuity of the national, or more strictly Homeric type of epic, we come to the *Lusiads* of Camoens (1524-79). Camoens, like Virgil, was a courtier poet, but was not fortunate in winning fame and honour during his lifetime. Throughout the Middle Ages Virgil's reputation had been unrivalled. He was read much more than Homer, and it was largely through him that Homer's influence continued to make itself felt. Camoens frankly and undisguisedly follows Virgil's lead from the opening words: *As armas e os barões assinalados*—Virgil's *Arma virumque cano*, which became a kind of opening motto for epic song. Like Virgil, and, indeed, all the later epic poets, he has little of the spontaneity and early freshness of Homer. The later men are more literary, more artificial in their methods; their works are partly the result of study and scholarship, disciplining their inspiration.

Camoen's subject is the discovery by Vasco da Gama of the Cape, the ocean route to India and the settlement in India. This had occurred only seventy or eighty years before the writing of the poem, so that when the poet clothes this theme, scarcely "purged of contemporary littleness," with the stereotyped paraphernalia of gods, nymphs, etc., the incongruity is palpable. In this he lost sight of the classic examples. In all else he faithfully modelled his work upon theirs. As the Greeks and the Trojans were befriended by some gods, opposed by others, so Da Gama and his people are championed by Venus and connived against by Bacchus. The usual Olympian councils are held, and Neptune is once more asked to wreck and drown the presumptuous adventurers. Truth to tell, this supernatural machinery is a rather puerile imitation of the ancients, all the more that it clashes with the Christian scheme of the poem. It is needless to particularize minor

imitations, such as the treatment of the national flags, in the style of Achilles' shield.

The enduring value of the *Lusiads*, and the quality that endears it to Portuguese and Brazilians, is its glowing patriotism. It has been called "the episodic history of Portugal in verse," and Camoens is, indeed, the historian of his country in the sense in which Shakespeare is of ours. Camoens idealised the national achievements; he was the singer of Portugal's golden age, and his poem is the one lasting monument of that time. It has also been aptly called the "epos of commerce and discovery," in this sense being a pioneer work and not an imitator. As a sea-poem it shares the attractiveness of the *Odyssey*. "*Elle n'a pour theatre qu'un vaisseau, pour horizon que le ciel et la mer*" is the picturesque observation of a French critic.

Torquato Tasso (1544-95) was at work upon his *Gerusalemme Liberata* while Camoens was completing his *Lusiads*. At first sight his fine choice of subject, the first Crusade, seems wholly unlike all its predecessors. But Gladstone pointed out marked resemblances between the subject of the siege of Troy and the siege of Jerusalem. "The combination of races and of chiefs, the arduous character and extraordinary prolongation of the effort, the chivalry displayed, the disorganising effect upon the countries which supplied the invading army, the representation in each of Europe against Asia, of Western mankind meeting Eastern mankind in arms, and the proof of superior prowess in the former establish many broad and deep analogies between the subjects of these poems. In both struggles, too, the object purported to be for the recovery of that which the East had unrighteously acquired, and into both what is called sentiment far more largely entered than is common in the history of the wars which have laid desolate our earth."

Possibly some of these analogies are due to Gladstone's ingenuity rather than to Tasso's choice. But the poet was a scholar deeply versed in his craft, and he carefully and deliberately modelled his masterpiece upon the classic plan. He also copied many details. He has the usual opening, invocation, catalogue of troops, etc. Rinaldo, like Achilles, retires from action to nurse his wrath. He dallies with Armida, as Æneas with Dido. His arms serve to set forth his deeds, one more echo of the shield of Achilles. An arrow shot from the camp put an end to the combat between Raymond and Argante. Godfrey is a copy of Agamemnon; Chlorinda, of Camilla. These ladies in male attire may be linked up with many such damsels in mediæval romance, the idea being perfected later by the gracious fancies of our own Shakespeare

Tasso carries his action directly through, as Homer did in his Iliad, avoiding the long, harking back which interrupts the course of the Odyssey, the Æneid, the Lusiads, and the "Paradise Lost." He incorporates many reminiscences from Dante's "Inferno." His enchanted forest, where the spirits are imprisoned in the trees, is borrowed both from the ancients and from Dante. His Infernal Council opens finely, and suggested the similar scene in Milton; but it quickly declines to the grotesque, and was stigmatised by Macaulay as the "Fee-faw-fum of Tasso."

The Gerusalemme Liberata is the least heroic and the most sentimental of the epics. Tasso was only thirty when he finished it. This partly accounts for the romantic elements, the seductive episodes which draw attention away from the main action; the pairs of interesting lovers, Rinaldo and Armida, Tancred and Chlorinda, Odoardo and Gildippe, Erminia, Sofronia. Leigh Hunt called the Gerusalemme "the poem of tenderness." Certainly greater softness, grace, sensibility, never found their way into

epic. But the poet is often in full harmony with his noble subject; at his best he embalmed the feeling of an age passing away, and at times he vehemently poured forth a flood of impassioned verse. He portrayed many characters with great spirit—Rinaldo, Tancred, Argante, Godfrey, Emireno, Solimano, Armida, Erminia. His conception of God from the poetic point of view was distinctly Homeric, largely consequent upon a too docile adherence to the methods of the *Iliad*.

So far the poems referred to have celebrated deeds of valour, and have formed a kind of apotheosis of the fighting man. Tasso was the last great poet of the line, and he was somewhat belated. Men had come to think more and more of the "whence" and the "whither," as well as of the struggling and fighting of this life. To the warlike succeeded the metaphysical. Dante and Milton think less of the struggles of the body than of the mind. Homer avoided the abstract; they sought it with a scholar's delight. Virgil, Camoens, Tasso, modified but slightly the spirit and traditions of Homer. Dante broke away from them except in comparatively unimportant details. At a bound we are transferred from classic to mediæval times. Never, except perhaps by Homer, has a stage of life and civilization been so completely expressed as by Dante. His presentment of the Middle Ages is as definite and palpable as a Gothic cathedral.

As Shelley said, "Dante was the second epic poet—that is, the second poet, the series of whose creations bore a defined and intelligible relation to the knowledge and sentiment and religion of the age in which he lived. Milton was the third." And Symonds remarks of the passage that it "does mark out and distinguish a supreme trinity of poems, which have summed up the experience and ex-



pressed the spirit of great eras of civilisation, and have formed the education of succeeding centuries."

Yet, though Dante is probably unsurpassed by any writer in originality, depth, and intensity, he found space in his "Commedia" for many imitations and reminiscences from classic epic. "Originality need not imply a rupture with tradition," and the poet took delight in re-moulding much of the material he found in his predecessors. He revered Virgil, and adopted him as guide through hell and purgatory, making him the symbol of pure human intellect. From Virgil, then, are drawn most of his classic allusions. In the "Inferno," where, as Meredith puts it,

"He probed from hell to hell  
Of human passions."

he adopts much from the sixth book of the *Æneid*. We renew once more acquaintance with Tartarus, Limbo, the rivers of hell, Charon and his crazy boat, for ever carrying the trembling shades to their doom; triple-headed Cerberus, Plutus, the fiery city of Dis, the Furies, serpents, and the appalling Gorgon's Head, the filthy Harpies among the trees, each of which imprisoned a miserable soul, so that if a branch were plucked away sighs and groans and dark blood came forth.

In the "Purgatorio," too, we find such incidents as the futile effort, thrice attempted, to embrace Casella, as with Ulysses and *Æneas*; the sculptures in imitation of those at Carthage; the passing of Dante through Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. In the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" these echoes from the past are comparatively rare, as would be anticipated from the nature of the subjects. Yet the classic habit was so strong upon the poet that he invoked Apollo at the very door of Paradise.

There are many striking resemblances between

the personalities and the careers of Dante and Milton (1608-74). Both were grave and earnest by nature; both received an academic education; they pursued kindred subjects and developed their minds on parallel lines; both wrote minor poems of singular delicacy and purity in early life; both became immersed in political controversy and suffered for their cause; finally, both dedicated their later life to the production of a magnum opus, austere, monumental, deeply religious, the vehicle of their whole learning and profoundest convictions.

As Dante was the voice of mediæval Catholicism, so Milton was the voice of Puritanism, with the rise and decline of which his life was coincident. Dante's cumbersome system of theology has begun to have the kind of mythological interest which Homer inspires. One representing ancient, the other mediæval times; one a belief long superseded, the other a form of belief already passing away. It is interesting to note that Shelley anticipated still further, and placed Milton in the same category. He said: "The 'Divine Commedia' and the 'Paradise Lost' have conferred upon modern mythology a systematic form; and when change and time shall have added one more superstition to the mass of those which have arisen and decayed upon the earth, commentators will be learnedly employed in elucidating the religion of ancestral Europe, only not utterly forgotten because it will have been stamped with the eternity of genius."

Milton, who probably knew the masterpieces of his peers in epic more thoroughly than any of them had done, imitates them the least. His poem is, however, one of the shortest. Dante had built in the firm structure of his poem many of the old materials, making them an integral part. Milton's way was different. He merely referred lightly to

classic names, classic mythology and incidents, partly with a scholar's interest in time-honoured tradition, and partly following the custom of pouring into the epic all the author knew.

Brief references, then, are made to the rivers of hell—Acheron, Styx, Phlegethon, and Cocytus; "Medusa with Gorgonian terror," "Hydras and Chimaeras dire," and the like. Milton's God is again rather of the Homeric anthropomorphic type, as he sits upon his throne looking down at the movements of tiny man. The incident of God holding out the scales of destiny is from Homer. Dante is much more subtle in his vision of God and the hierarchies. On the other hand, Satan, with his "Myself am Hell," is infinitely more subtle than Dante's Lucifer, a mere mediæval bogey. The fact that we often sympathise with Satan, as we do with Tasso's pagans and many of Dante's condemned ones, is an illustration of our invincible tendency to lean towards the loser or the sufferer, despite what pessimists may say.

Milton partly followed the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, until then traditional in epic, but confused his readers by other passages, giving the Copernican point of view. He adapted images and passages from Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Probably Dante's proud figure of Capaneus, unsubdued by the flakes of fire, helped his conception of Satan. But, after all, Milton's debt to his forerunners is of the slightest, and need not be dilated upon. In him appears to have practically ended the Homeric tradition, apart from the high inspiration which that consummate poet must impart to true lovers of poetry.

A paper of this kind leaves all but untouched the finer qualities and the deeper significance of these immortal epics. Its aim has been comparatively trivial. The little borrowings, the use again and again of time-

honoured traditions, the stock materials, the epithets and figures, and incidents and oft-repeated conventions, which appear to have been pooled by general consent for the use of any poet who plans a work on the large classic scale—these are, after all, nothing but the outer trappings. They are interesting and assist in “tracing the muses upward to the spring,” but the judicious reader loses no time in piercing to the essential elements of the poems. What great quality of the mind shall we find wanting? Truth in imperishable form, here preserves the life and doings of peoples vanished and superseded. In Homer, the golden poet, we may “construe old Greece”; in Virgil we trace something of the magnificence of Imperial Rome; in Dante the very essence of the Middle Ages; in Camoens the spirit of daring and enterprise which placed Portugal for a brief period in the forefront of nations; in Tasso, romantic chivalry, purity, and idyllic love; in Milton, Puritanism and the Puritan conception of the relation of God to man.

Whoever turns from more ephemeral reading to these glorious poems of master minds will escape from the present, will place himself in touch with the highest thought, will enter the realms of imagination, and may well come to say:

“Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.”





## CALEB TALBOT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

CALEB TALBOT was a cheesemonger, of Smithfield Bars, London. So much I learn from a bill-head of his successor in business—a waif of evidence which I find lying within the pages of Caleb's Commonplace Book. This is a substantial volume bound in parchment, which appears to have been set up in the year 1779, and kept until the time of his death, which happened in 1805. It was picked up in some old book-shop by my friend, Mr. Charles Roeder, and to him I am indebted for the present use of it. It is a curious chronicle, opened reversely at both ends, and about the same time, so that you have alternately to turn the book upside down in your consultation of the facts therein recorded. In time the advancing registers would have duly met, but this did not come about, the consequence being that there are a number of suggestive blank leaves in the interspace. The contents are of a very varied character, relating to facts and incidents in Caleb Talbot's private and business life. Among the odds and ends of the less important kind you find "Mr. Chapman's rule for laying down for grass—for one acre," "Mr. Barlow's rule to preserve eggs," instructions relating to brew-

ing, and the making of black ink, with a description of the way in which "currant wine is made by Mrs. Lines."

From such unconsidered trifles as these you pass to more weighty matters, in which you find the worthy cheese factor figuring, in a literal sense, as trustee or executor in various estates, the entries revealing to you the fact that Caleb Talbot was a man in whom much confidence was placed by friends and relations who had property to bequeath. Among his numerous trusts was that of his friend, Alderman William Pickett, at one time Lord Mayor of London. A considerable portion of the book is taken up with references to wills, accounts, inventories, and inserted promissory notes and receipts for monies and effects duly distributed. An examination of these documents discloses some quaint conditions of payment and discharge, and many side-lights are by them thrown upon Caleb Talbot and his human relationships. Detailed reference is not to the purpose here, but incidentally we may note among them a letter from Mistress Katherine Milner, one of his annuitants, relating to a payment due to her. In faded ink, under date 26th March, 1793, she says :

I received the favour of yours with the half of a twenty-five pound banknote very safe this morning, and when I receive the other half will send a proper discharge for it, but can't well send a stamp in a letter unless you desire it, and do not recollect the words you used to write on the occasion. Be so kind as to refresh my memory with them.

I hope it is not ill-health that prevents your calling on me, as you have been kind enough to do of late years, for it is early days, and I was in no great haste.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

KATHERINE MILNER.

If I am faulty in the direction, be so good as to set me right.

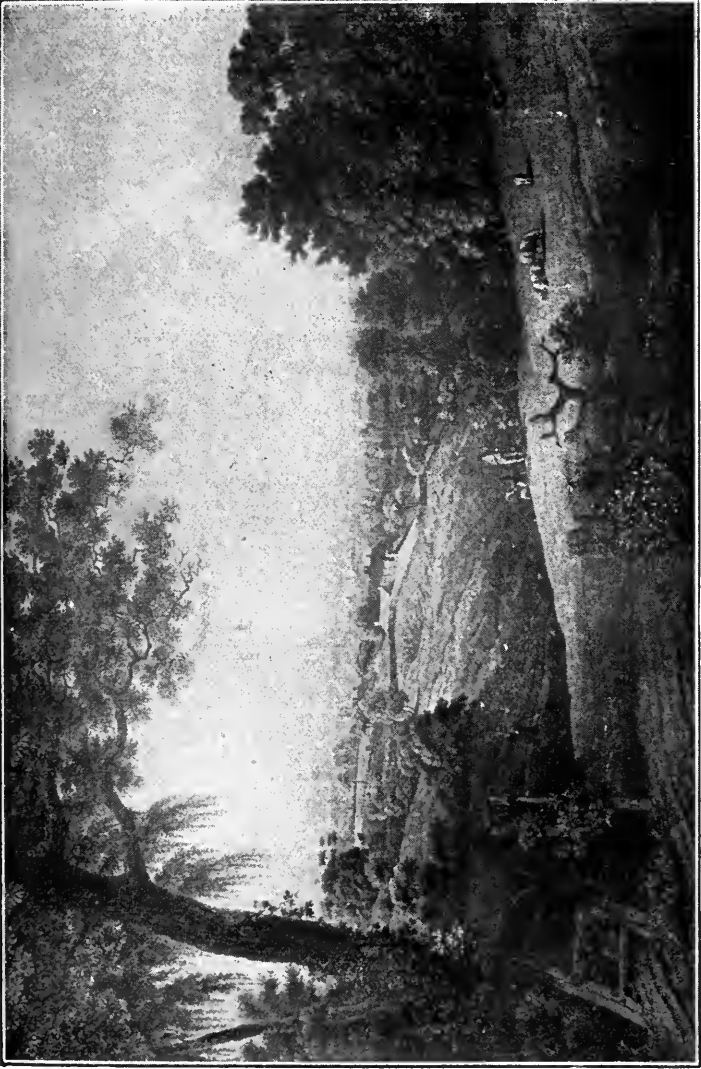
The reference in the letter to the twenty-five pound bank-

note is interesting, inasmuch as no paper of that special value is recognizable now in our Bank of England or other currency. In his memoranda Caleb Talbot has many references to landed property, furniture, plate, and other effects with which he has been called upon to deal. In one instance, at least, he figures as a beneficiary. After describing the realisation of some real property he goes on to say how a considerable portion of it upwards of £3,000 is capitalised in the three per cent. Consols, and how the interest of this "and also the interest of £3,333 6s. 8d. in the South Sea Ann.'s, 1751, is to be paid to Mrs. Margaret Prentice during her natural life, and at her death is the property of C. Talbot." A certain air of flourish in the signature of Caleb here appended, together with a broad dash of ink, as from a quill pen, underneath, seem to convey a sense of pleasant satisfaction on his part in the prospect of inheritance. Regarding one portion of this, however, one wonders what was the ultimate value of that investment in the South Sea venture, which, as we know, went to show how "the earth hath bubbles as the water hath."

But of a more directly interesting nature than these scattered fragments is a chronicle we come upon, described by the writer as "A brief recital of Occurrences inserted to assist the memory and convince the Reader that Time flies, Eternity only waits." These events are mainly of a personal kind and briefly autobiographical, but relate also to his friends, their marriages and deaths, and sometimes stray away in public directions, as when he takes note of the departure from this life of William, Duke of Cumberland, and Edward, Duke of York, or more lengthily records the fact that "Francis, Duke of Bedford, died in consequence of a Rupture taking an unfavourable turn after a surgical operation, at Woodburn Abbey, aged 37, succeeded by his brother, Lord John Russell." Not of a

character personal to himself either is the record that on "Sabbath Day, April 5, 1795, Princess Caroline of Brunswick landed at Greenwich; married to George, Prince of Wales, the 8th same month." The first entry in the chronicle informs us that on May 6, 1742, Caleb Talbot was born at Leeds, in the county of York. Further on, and after a lapse of nineteen years, under date October 3, 1761, he says: "I came to London by Mr. Jackson's waggon, and in the same month (October 15th) hired myself as a servant to Messrs. Thomas and John Prentice, Smithfield Bars." Of his worldly possessions at this time there is an indication in a marginal note to this effect: "Expended 21s., left in hand £4 17s. 9d." On May 9, 1765, he says: "Set off on my first visit to Leeds on my master's horse Squirrel; arrived there May 12th; expended 14s." Following the course of his history, we find that on January 1, 1758, he "entered into Business in Partnership with Mr. Ralph Prentice and William Protten," and following this is another brief memorandum of partnership: "February 18, 1768—Married to Miss Elizabeth Lines, of Winchill." After a lapse of four years we find the entry: "Went to Leeds with Mrs. Talbot in a single-horse chaise." Then, much further on in the chronicle, he says: "Went to Leeds with Daughter Mary in my chair. Memo.—Went with Mrs. Talbot 30 years ago!!!" It is not needful to deal with outside details as here set down, but one may pause to note the comments sometimes added to the obituary records. After the notification of the death of Mr. J—— D—— at the age of 75, we come upon these words: "A lying, deceitful man," with three notes of exclamation added, and in connection with the death of a certain banker in the 96th year of his age, we are told that he was "reputed worth £300,000; a most covetous Christian, if covetousness and Christianity can be united."





*(From an old Print.)*

DISTANT VIEW OF MANCHESTER.



There is nothing in this narrative of occurrences to show the manner and progress of Caleb Talbot's business life, save in certain salient features. One may conclude, however, that he came to trade on his own account, was a prosperous man, apparently living at his house of business at Smithfield Bars. At times we find that he quitted London for a more rural abode, inasmuch as on October 11, 1799, he says: "Went to Piners Hill as our Residence During our stay in the World; may the Almighty be our Shield and Defence, and may we live to His Praise." Here he becomes somewhat of a gentleman farmer, for on a certain date he says: "Sowed my two fields with 40 bushels of Yorkshire grass seed and Dutch clover; may the Almighty God bless the spring thereof. N.B.—It proved very rainy; could not be harrowed on account of the Wet Weather." Later appears this important record: "On Thursday, the first day of July, 1801, I quitted the business at Smithfield Bars, having been 33 years this day as master. O, what reason have I to be thankful that the Almighty has been so favourable to me in bestowing on me so many of the comforts and conveniences of this Life, but how much cause have I to be humbled and abased under a sense of the little improvement I have made in the Divine Life!!" The last entry in the journal is on January 27, 1805, recording the sudden death of one of his friends, and then there is a blank space. From a record in another place and by another hand, we find that Caleb Talbot died on the 27th July, 1805, aged 63, and was buried at Paul's Walden.

The source from whence this information is gleaned is a curious one, and a remarkable feature of the commonplace book. It consists of a page of vellum attached to the inside of one of the covers, and in it there is inscribed under two linked hearts bearing the names of Caleb Talbot

and Elizabeth Lines, with the date of their marriage, a register of the births of the children of the worthy couple, very neatly compiled and arranged by Joseph Talbot and John Kighley. No less than eleven children appear to have been born in this household, and notes regarding some of them are attached. The precise hour of birth is given, and, when they have died, the conditions of departure. Of the first, Thomas Prentice Talbot, it is recorded that the child was "called to the seat in Glory" at five o'clock in the morning, aged 11 weeks. These pious references occur over and over again, and so we learn how, at twelve o'clock one morning, a second Thomas was "transplanted into Paradise," at the age of 2 years and 3 months; how Sarah, at the age of sixteen, after only a few hours' illness, "exchanged ye amusements of time for ye joys of Eternity." Of the first little Mary (for there was a second of that name, of whom more anon) we are told how,

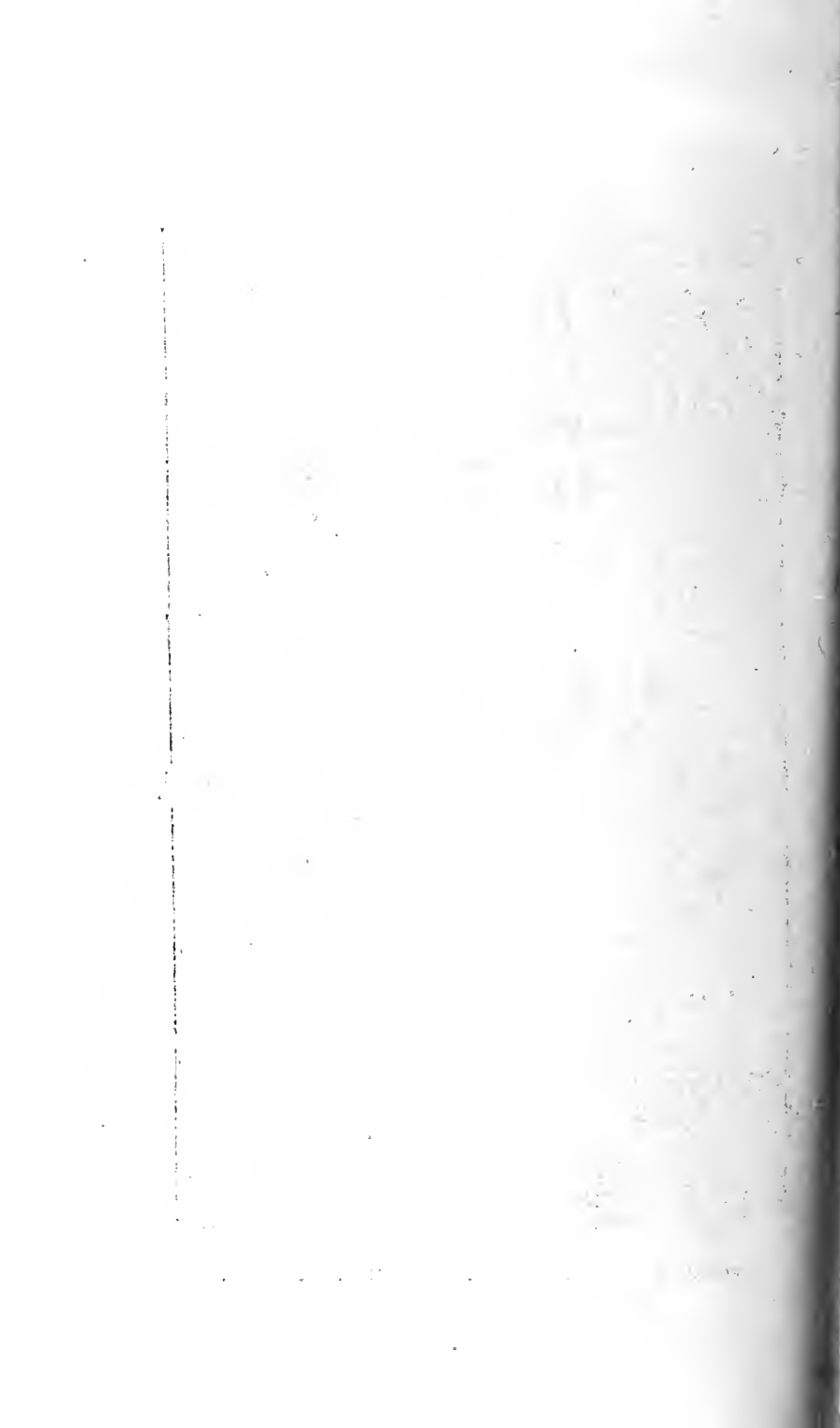
Calm and serene,  
This sweetest child  
Obeys Death's awful nod;  
Shrunk from her clay,  
Of softest mould,  
To meet her Father God.

Of the last-born Anna Maria it is recorded that "on Sabbath Day she entered into an Eternal Sabbath of Rest, aged 9 weeks."

Caleb Talbot does not make many references to his children in that list of occurrences, but there is one noteworthy exception. Under date July 23, 1797, we find this entry: "Ralph Talbot sailed for Liverpool in the 'Apollo,' Captain Edw. Bennet. Arrived there, a bad passage, the 27th August, and on Monday, the 25th September, sailed for Philadelphia on board the 'Diana,' Captain Samuel Pile, on board of which vessel were passengers—Mr. Taylor

the firing Monsters declined hostilities,  
whirled about, and fled from us, to the  
great disappointment of all lovers of Prof  
us. Distance run  $\frac{1}{2}$  Day 93 Miles.

<sup>1757</sup>  
July 7. Friday. Nothing particular having  
occurred since Sunday, I now come to the  
most eventful period of my whole life <sup>is</sup>  
is to wit, when our Capture by a French Privateer  
from Nantes called the Intrepid Cap.  
Andreas a Brig of about 100 Tons mounted  
12 Guns and about 80 Men, we fell in  
with her about 9 o'clock in the Morning,  
when she ordered our boat to be got out of  
the Captain to go on board with his Papers,  
after he had been gone some time the Lieu-  
tenant of the French Ship returned for the  
rest of his Papers, and we anxiously wait-  
ed the event, having at the same time our  
suspicions of its being a French Ship tho'  
she then carried English Colours, when our  
Captain had been aboard about half an  
hour she suddenly struck the English, and  
hoisted French Colours, we immediately  
judged ourselves to be captured, and we were



and a Mr. Lodge—with three more passengers. N.B.—  
 Captain Pembroke paid by Bill on me :

“ For his passage ... .. £26 10 0

Cash gave him for his subsistence

upon his arrival in America ... .. 55 0 0.”

On August 12, 1798, about a year after his departure, “ son Ralph returned from America unsuccessful and unimproved after spending the sum of £120.” On September 12 we find that son Ralph “ sailed as third mate on Board the ‘Forbes,’ Captain Pince, bound to coast of Africa for Slaves!!!” and then, on January, 1799, there is this sad note to make: “ Son Ralph died on the coast of Africa after a few day’s illness and was buried on shore!!!” May every youth who reads this be convinced that to break the Commandments of God and disobey the admonition of parents will assuredly end in some awful Punishment.”

Lying loose between the leaves of the commonplace book are two faded and dimly-inscribed bills of exchange drawn by Ralph Talbot upon Mr. Caleb Talbot, Cheese Factor, London, documentary evidence, as it proves, of the father’s relations with his prodigal son. The first is dated Philadelphia, March 6th 1798, and is drawn at seven days after sight for £50, payable to the order of Mr. James Taylor, possibly a Mr. Taylor who is a passenger with him on the boat from New York. This, it may be, represents the amount named as a provision for the son’s subsistence, seeing that it was duly accepted by his father and discharged. One interesting feature of the transaction is that the bill is made payable in transmission to Messrs. Taylor and Weston, of Manchester. These gentlemen were in the fustian trade here, and had their warehouse in Bailey’s Court. They appear to have paid it into the bank of Messrs. Jones, Fox and Co., in King Street, from whence it was sent to the London house of Jones, Loyd, Hulme,

and Co., and, as we have seen, duly honoured. The other draft is of a more suggestive kind. It is drawn at New York on July 5, 1798, at ten days after sight, to the order of William Taylor for £67. 10s., value received. How this came to be drawn is not in evidence, but when it was presented to Caleb Talbot he repudiated liability, for we find that it is protested on the 20th August at a charge of 10s. 6d., his son Ralph by this time having reached home again. The house of Baron Dimsdale, Sons and Co., to whom it had been made payable, meeting with this denial, apparently pass it back to the previous endorser, having erased their own. A second time, however, it is presented, and on the 3rd September again protested at another charge of 10s. 6d. Finally, however, the unwelcome document is paid, with one pound four shillings added for protests and postage, and a discharge is duly given by Dimsdales. This would probably take place about the time son Ralph sailed for Africa, and it may be that the offended father was induced to meet the liability by the pleading of a tender-hearted mother.

Sandwiched, as it were, between these painful records in the chronicle is a note of this event: "John Kighley arrived at my house from France, having been a prisoner on parole at Nantes five months. Was took in his passage to America." And thereby hangs a tale. To make this clear I must say that, along with this commonplace book of Caleb Talbot's, I have before me two other manuscripts, with which I have previously dealt in this direction. They are the journals of John Kighley, and consist of two works of unequal size dealing with matters which occurred to him at different periods of his life. They came into my hands from different sources and at different times, and it was the larger and later-dated volume that I made the acquaintance of first. It is a neatly-written manuscript, somewhat



faded with age, and bound in brown and tattered covers, from which the leather is peeling in strips, giving the book the appearance of what Charles Lamb would have called "a ragged veteran." It was lent me by my friend Mr. W. S. Ogden, and is one of several manuscripts of a similar kind picked up by him when that rich storehouse of literary curiosities, the library of old John Jarmyn, now deceased, was broken up and distributed under the hammer of the auctioneer. Now it happened that when a description of some features of this journal which I contributed to the pages of the *Manchester City News*—consisting of the voyages to America and adventures there of a commercial traveller from Leeds—came under the notice of my friend Mr. W. E. A. Axon, it occurred to him that he had in his possession an unsigned manuscript relating to the writer's capture and imprisonment at Nantes, and on comparison it was found that the authors of the two journals were identical. Of the Nantes manuscript I have also written elsewhere. Here, then, later, and from another direction, comes the commonplace book of Caleb Talbot with constructive evidence, throwing fresh light upon John Kighley and forming another link in a curious chain of connection. Caleb Talbot, it turns out, was the uncle of John Kighley, and for the sequel to a romantic story one cannot do better than quote from the journal of the adventurous traveller, in which there are incidental and mysterious allusions to Cousin Mary Talbot. He is on his last voyage homewards from America, and on the 7th May, 1807, writes thus: "At five this morning we passed the Lizard, and then up Channel; how we bore whilst hopes and wishes filled each fancy! What pleasure I experienced to see once more the green fields of my native country—of that country which contained the dust of my ancestors, and the living objects of my affection as I hoped. We soon passed

the Manacles, and then hauled up for Falmouth Harbour. We had to make several tacks, and at the same time had the wind blowing in strong puffs, accompanied with flying showers of rain, notwithstanding which we all felt an inclination to keep the deck and feast our eyes upon the scenery around us. Nothing could be more grateful to the eye than the beautiful green turf, studded here and there with tufts of furze in full flower of the richest yellow, where the nibbling flocks do stray. In the afternoon we came to anchor in the harbour amongst a number of other packets, and soon after once more set foot on British ground." From Falmouth he takes the mail coach to London, and is obliged to ride outside from Exeter, and a great part in heavy and continuous rain. Arrived in town, he sleeps at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, and at ten in the morning is "awakened by the thundering clock of St. Paul's." After breakfast, as he is seated in the window of the coffee house, he spies a friend passing by, as he says, under a press of canvas. "To give him a shot and bring him to was but the work of a moment, and these two were soon deep in conversation. Then later comes a visit to cousin Joseph Talbot, not previously met with for six years, and from whom he has good tidings of that other fair cousin. After some days of hospitable entertainment he says: "On Monday, the 14th May, I took a place on the coach for Bishops Stortford, intending to pay a visit to Cousin Talbot and her daughter Mary at Stansted, in Essex, about 33 miles from town. We passed through a most charming country, going over Epping Forest, and having the advantage of delightful weather, everything appeared to the greatest advantage. At Hocker Hill, which is only three miles from Piners Hill, I took a post-chaise, and at nine in the evening was set down at the place where I had long wished to be." Here,

in the parlour, he finds Aunt Talbot and her mother, a venerable old lady upwards of eighty years old, and with them Cousin Mary Talbot, and here, as far as the journal of John Kighley goes, the narrative ends.

Turn we now for the sequel to the afore-mentioned page of vellum containing the family register of the Talbots, where we read that the second Mary Talbot was born on May 1st, 1781, on Tuesday night, at eight o'clock, and in the margin against it, in the neat handwriting of her husband the words: "Married to John Kighley, 6th June, 1814; died at Judd Place East, 11th September, 1819, leaving a son and daughter; was buried at St. Pancras Church with a son and daughter who died before." With this brief obituary note, pathetically suggestive, as all such inscriptions are, one may fittingly bring to an end these glimpses into the lives of some, perhaps unimportant, but still humanly interesting people, whose acquaintance one has so curiously made, both in the journals of John Kighley and in the pages that lie between the parchment covers of Caleb Talbot's Commonplace Book.





## CHANGE.

BY ARTHUR W. FOX.

The breakers swirl their crest,  
Of whitening spray  
On the cliff's barren breast,  
Then fleet away.  
But still the eddying roar,  
That shakes the craggy shore  
In boist'rous play,  
Bears but a deeper sound from depths of ocean hoar.

The blossom's twinkling sheen  
Awhile doth light  
Its glimm'ring lamp amid the green  
With pearls bedight.  
Its warm hue shrivels fast,  
Its winsome beauty passed  
To cheerless night ;  
Yet other blooms shall beam, where its tiny seed was cast.

Spring's lustrous new-born glint  
Loses its glow  
In summer's ruddier tint,  
When roses blow.  
Soon autumn leaves are red,  
Till winter lifts his head  
Shrouded with snow.  
Yet spring shall bloom once more, when winter's cold is fled.

The pigmy child of man  
    Draws but a breath ;  
Or e'er his day began,  
    He faints in death.  
But as a fairer flower  
Blooms after winter's glower,  
    That vanisheth,  
So shall man's offspring rise enriched with mightier dower.

As the old fashion fades  
    Into the new,  
Where once were sombre shades,  
    Smiles glad some blue ;  
The cloud-banks backward sway,  
Breaks forth a clearer ray  
    Of light more true ;  
And fades dark ign'rance in the dawn of changeless day.





## MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

IT is a hard thing for a young dramatist to be styled a "Shakespeare," a "Molière," a "Schiller." Apart from bespeaking the literature of his native land as possibly of small moment, or, on the other hand, the dicta of his critics as so many impertinent flatteries, it is meretricious either as it may falsely elevate its object in his own estimation on the strength of one good play, to foist upon the world a series of more or less worthless imitations of his prototype, or it may depress him to such a degree that what would otherwise have been a pleasurable, if difficult, advance in his art, is reduced to something of the nature of a forlorn hope—each play that might be a success becoming infused with more than a *quantum sufficit* of the bitterness of failure.

Fortunately for Belgian literature, which is so limited that it cannot afford to lose a single name of even moderate distinction, the modesty, sincerity, and what has been called "the clear vision into life" of Maeterlinck has enabled him to avoid disaster in either pitfall. Wise as the deaf adder he has shut his ears to the voices of the flatterers and continued to work after his own earnest manner, and with consequent success.

Maurice Maeterlinck was born on August 29th, 1862 at Ghent, and was educated for the legal profession which he

practically abandoned as soon as he was qualified to practise it. As he remarked to a friend: "I work when I do not plead, but that happens so rarely. From time to time a poor peasant comes to ask me to defend him, and I plead—in Flemish."

He began to write for publication when he was 27 years old, his first production in book form being a small volume of verse issued in 1889, entitled "Serres Chaudes." The following year he published his first play in five acts, "La Princesse Maleine," and a subsequent volume in the same year contained two dramas, each in one act, "Les Aveugles" and "L'Intruse." The publication of these last two volumes created so much enthusiasm in Belgium, as well as in France, that his critics, unable to contain themselves, dubbed him the "Belgian Shakespeare." The Parisian critic, M. Jules Huret, hastened for an interview. He expected to find a man of mature years, and, as he says, discovered a surprise. "Twenty-seven years of age, somewhat tall and broad-shouldered, Maeterlinck, with his closely-clipped blonde moustache, regular features, youthful ruddiness of cheek, exactly realises the Flemish type. These, combined with an extremely simple, somewhat timid demeanour, without animation, but also without any embarrassment, at once aroused a feeling of very agreeable surprise. The man, correctly dressed, entirely in black with the exception of a white silk cravat, does not ape the part of a precocious genius, of the mystic, nor, indeed of anything else. He is a modest man and a sincere one."

In 1891 he published a translation from the Flemish of Van Ruysbroeck, entitled "L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles," to which he contributed an introduction, and in the same year he issued a prose drama in one act, "Les Sept Princesses."

The year 1892 saw the publication in five acts of "Pelléas et Mélisande." In 1894 he wrote three short prose dramas published in one volume, "Alladine et Palomides," "Interieur," and "La Mort de Tintagiles." These were followed in 1895 by a translation from Novalis, and another of one of John Ford's tragedies under the title of "Anabella." Maeterlinck has since written a few plays, including "Aglavaine et Selysette" and "The Cave of Illusion," and two volumes of philosophical essays—"Les Trésors des Humbles" and "Wisdom and Destiny."

Maeterlinck's plays are not dramas of action but of thought—of the soul. He has been accused of obscure symbolism, of mysticism, of dealing with impossibilities, by those who look for plot and counterplot, and the semblance of real physical life in his plays. He is indeed a realist, but his realism is that of the naked soul, not of the body. "Pelleas and Melisanda," for example contains all the elements of tragedy we find in "Othello"—a jealous husband, an innocent wife, and an equally innocent tertium quid—in this case the husband's brother; but there is really nothing to "act" or to do; no surprises, no "dramatic situations;" the external features are all cut away, the dialogue is not perhaps, anything like what would take place in actual life, but the thoughts, emotions, and impulses that prompt the language uttered are those of human nature. The words themselves in all Maeterlinck's dramas, the diction used, and the methods of their employment, give one, in actual reading, a feeling that the author is playing at hide-and-seek with the mind, not by means of the slightest obscurity, but rather of his extreme simplicity and his capacity for creating an atmosphere in which the simplest phrase of—let us say—jealous feeling, conjures up the idea of a torrential flood of the emotion. His dialogues have the impression of a series of "stage asides," where, by



a single phrase, a flood of light is thrown on the speaker's real thoughts and feelings. One does not actually read the drama in the words, but at the end one feels that the whole happening is vividly before the mind; it has been suggested by the author, and the reader has worked it out for himself. From a mere perusal of the dramas it is doubtful whether a single one would, to use a technical word, "act" well, there being little or nothing for the characters to do beyond speaking. Maeterlinck's scenes are of any world rather than this—say of that romantic sphere in which Mrs. Radcliffe revelled, and his strangely beautiful women, his kings, princes, knights, even his maid servants, are more perfect than aught on earth; but, allowing for the almost fantastic implements he uses, "he paints human nature, self-abnegation, charity, love, jealousy and revenge, cruelty and gentle solicitude, sorrow and suffering, the wisdom of eld and the impetuosity of youth," and though he chooses physical unrealities to play with, he makes a very real drama of the mind. With Browning he seems to say:

"The body is not much; 'twere best  
Take up the soul and leave the rest."

Not that I compare his method with that of Browning. The latter's picture of the storm in the human mind is that of the strong fighter, Maeterlinck's that of a quiet philosopher; but they are similar in this, that their dramas are more impressive in the chamber than on the stage. Maeterlinck's treatment of life is closely kindred to Emerson's view. Indeed, Emerson is a favourite author of Maeterlinck, who has supplied a beautiful introduction to a translation into French of some of the American author's essays, and has been inspired, no doubt, to the form—I do not say material—of his own essays in prose, beyond the poetry

of his dramas and verse, by his admiration and love for Emerson.

Like Shakespeare in his Warwickshire surroundings, or Dickens and Thackeray in London, Maeterlinck's native country and his education at a Jesuit college, subjected to "its severe, semi-monastic discipline," have had great and permanent influence on his manner of work and thought. The English translator of Maeterlinck's book, "Wisdom and Destiny," has drawn a pleasing and suggestive picture of Maeterlinck.

His environment, no less than his schooling, helped to give a mystic tinge to his mind. The peasants who dwelt around his father's house always possessed a peculiar fascination for him; he would watch them as they sat by their doorway squatting on their heels, as their custom is—grave, monotonous, motionless, the smoke from their pipes almost the sole sign of life. For the Flemish peasant is a strangely inert creature, his work once done—as languid and lethargic as the canal that passes by his door. There was one cottage into which the boy would often peep on his way home from school, the home of seven brothers and one sister, all old, toothless, worn—working together in the daytime at their tiny farm; at night sitting in the gloomy kitchen, lit by one smoky lamp—all looking straight before them, saying not a word; or when, at rare intervals, a remark was made, taking it up each in turn, and solemnly repeating it, with perhaps the slightest variation in form. It was amidst influences such as these that his boyhood was passed, almost isolated from the world, brooding over lives of saints and mystics at the same time that he studied, and delighted in Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, Goethe and Heine. For his taste has been catholic always; he admires Meredith as he admires Dickens; Hegel and Pascal no less than Schopenhauer. And it is this catholicity, this open mind, this eager search for truth, that have enabled him to emerge from the mysticism that once enwrapped him to the clearer daylight of actual existence; it is this faculty of admiring all that is admirable in man and in life that some day, perhaps, may take him very far.

It will surprise many who picture him as a mere dreamy decadent to be told that he is a man of abiding and abundant cheerfulness, who finds happiness in the simplest of things. The scent of a flower, the flight of seagulls around a cliff, a cornfield in sunshine—

these stir him to strange delight. A deed of bravery, nobility, or of simple devotion; a mere brotherly act of kindness; the unconscious sacrifice of the peasant who toils all day to feed and clothe his children—these awake his warm and instant sympathy. And with him, too, it is as with De Quincey, when he says "At no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape," and more than one unhappy outcast, condemned by the stern law of man, has been gladdened by his ready greeting and welcome.

His play, "Les Aveugles," known in English as "The Sightless," is one of his early works, having been written and published in 1890, and translated into English in 1895. All the characters, except an infant in arms, are blind, and have been brought for a ramble into the forest by the priest of the asylum where they are kept. He has died in the midst of them without a sound, and the play deals with their feelings in ignorance of what has happened. It is weird in idea as in treatment, and afflicts us with something of the despair of the blind. As an example of Maeterlinck's work it is sufficiently simple in story and dialogue to allow us at one hearing to obtain some clue to the author's method of abandoning a physical story for dialogue expressive of tense struggle in the mind. An even better specimen for the purpose is afforded by his later play, "Intérieur," the scene of which is the outside of a cottage. The characters are two, who talk as they look through the windows at what is going on inside with the family, minus one, seated there at their evening's labour. The absent one is a daughter, just drowned, either by accident or otherwise, and the bearer of the news is one of those hesitating outside, until compelled to enter when the carriers arrive with the dead body, and the play closes as the blow falls.

Translation is the offering of a "paper flower without perfume," but Maeterlinck's language is so direct and his

sentences so brief in their expressiveness that in good translations from his work it is possible to get the real flower thereof, though the perfume—the delicate aroma of the language which he uses—can never be imparted through any other medium than itself.





## A LANCASHIRE LADIES' MENTOR.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

AMONG the things which pleasure me vastly at such seasons when I feel that a few moments of golden leisure may be snatched with a "fearful joy" from "the daily round, the common task," is to rummage through the possessions of those whose business it is to purvey old books. There where the volumes most do crowd each other on the shelves in a disarray delightfully hintful of surprises and finds, I love to linger, peering into this, more slowly tasting that, and doubtless sorely trying the patient spirit of the owner of the dusty treasures. Often goes this bloodless sport of book-hunting unrewarded, save by such "gem of thought" or "flower of fancy" which even a hasty glance has sufficed to print on the appreciative brain ; but there comes now and again a thrilling instant when the shy quarry is run to earth, a long-sought-for book is found, and great is the glory of that consummation. A while ago this happiness was mine, for amid a mass of somewhat dishevelled literature I lighted upon a copy of one of the rarest of Manchester printed books. Its appearance was sadly disreputable. Its title page was transferred from its place of honour at the beginning to the doubtful distinction of after "finis" at the end. Its "cuts," which the thoughtful compiler had given careful "directions to the

binder for placing," were all discoverable after patient search, but none of them near the page they were directed to "face." The original boards had been here and there stitched to the back with string; the margins of a leaf or two were torn; and some of the pages were enriched with fox-marks. Yet not a leaf was missing, and except for these results of wear and tear and other beauty-destroying effects of time, the book was just the same as when it left the shop of Mr. Joseph Aston, printer, 84, Deansgate, Manchester, nearly a hundred years ago.

It is pleasing to fancy that this volume may have been bought at the small shop in Deansgate "near to the Star Inn" by some loving parents, thoughtful and anxious for the proper up-bringing and education of their daughter, for its title runs thus: "The Young Woman's Companion and Instructor in Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Drawing, Book-keeping, Chronology, History, Letter-writing, Cooking, Carving, Pickling, Preserving, Brewing, Wine-making, etc., etc.," and at the top of the first page there is written the name "Miss Pennington," with the long "s" peculiar to a long-since disused fashion.

Doubtless the little Miss Pennington of 1806 would revel in her present, for it is a sort of cyclopædia and "popular educator" rolled into one. But her delight may have taken a rueful cast when she read in the introduction that the work was intended to "convey information on a great variety of useful and absolutely indispensable subjects to the female sex." Her ringletted head must have shaken with apprehension as she gazed on the formidable array of knowledge "absolutely indispensable," did she but yearn to escape the terror of being "unjustly and unfairly accused of literary ignorance." A sense of doubt as to the bearing of book-keeping or brewing on "literary ignorance" possibly pervaded her mind, yet she could hardly be so charm-

ingly ingenuous as not to be aware that stewing, other than literary, would be necessary for the cooking of "soals, plaise, and flounders," or the making of possets, white caudle, and gooseberry fool.

The book is as rare as gratitude. No copy exists in any Manchester library known to me nor does the British Museum possess one. Scarcity in books, however, as in other things, does not always imply monetary value. Snakes, we know, are scarce in Iceland; yet they do not therefore command a fancy price. There is no glut of connoisseurs eagerly seeking to secure copies of "The Young Woman's Companion and Instructor" as if it were a "Caxton" or first folio Shakespeare. Still the old volume is curiously and profoundly interesting in that it displays for us the extent, the kind, and the quality of the information deemed necessary for the evolution of a female "Admirable Crichton," at the beginning of the last century. The compiler's qualifications for his self-imposed task, though scarcely academic, were not mean. Joseph Aston was a printer and a newspaper proprietor and publisher, the *Manchester Exchange Herald* and the *Rochdale Recorder* being two among other of his ventures. He wrote Manchester local history both in prose and verse; composed guide-books to our city; produced tragedies and comedies, and was so facile and prolific in the manufacture of verse that a stout volume of 536 pages was found necessary to give "room and verge enough" for the display of his attainments as a poet. He apparently fancied himself possessed of a pretty wit, for many of his "poems" have a distinctly humorous tendency. It is not a little odd that he should seem to have reserved the concentrated essence of his jocularly to grace the pages of this serious and learned "Young Woman's Companion and Instructor," and yet such was the case, as shall duly appear anon.

Let us see, then, how our local Chesterfield bore himself as their mentor toward the fair sex. He gallantly tells them that, as "the *means* of information have been *withheld* by those who have arrogated to themselves the title of 'Lords of the Creation,'" he intends to sweep away all such lordly tyranny, and to make Jill as clever as Jack. By way of commencing that laudable duty he assumes that every young lady who "looks into this book" is already able to read. Then he proceeds to give "directions for reading," very sensible and sound, passing on quickly to "elements of grammar," some of the elements seeming more than old-fashioned now. Among the instructions on writing the young woman is informed how to make and mend her pens, how to harden quills, how to make inks of various kinds, especially "sympathetic ink," because "curiosity has long been deemed a peculiar attribute of the fair sex." He gives a list of wise saws for use as exercises in penmanship, some of them highly serviceable and salutary for profuse and painstaking repetition, such as "Beauty is a fading quality," "Querulous wives torment their husbands," "Women are angels when they are good." On these naturally follow specimens of the art of writing when acquired, and though the mentor's "letter-writer" cannot be styled "complete," it contains several examples of delicately poised and appropriate epithet for use should a young lady wish to write "to a gentleman in answer to a declaration of love," or to disclose the heart "to a person to whom she is shortly to be married," or to give stern and deserved rebuke "to a correspondent who wishes to take advantage of her ignorance in business."

Then succeeds a considerable section devoted to "Arithmetic." In Mr. Aston's estimation the young woman of his day would have acquired a sufficing knowledge of the gay science of mathematics could she safely negotiate a solu-



tion of that puzzling enigma, "double rule of three." Yet is he so deeply impressed with the value of an elementary knowledge of arithmetic that he has been led into an attempt to provide a royal road to the science. The result is to make this section the most amusing and startling in the volume. Some freakish and tricky Puck stole into his brain and therein, in merry mood, spun a number of "poems," their warp and weft consisting of the "fundamental rules" of numbers. The demure young damsel of the Georgian day may have found these verses helpful; they would certainly be to her a rich and unexpected joy; but what the staid and highly proper parent thought of them can only be "imagined and not described," as the poet hath it. Addition had not sting enough to arouse the muse, but subtraction was splendidly inspiring, as thus:

A woman bought forty good loads of potatoes  
 (For she'd many children, and very great eaters);  
 They were weigh'd, and except the weigher much blunder'd,  
 They weigh'd nine thousand, and exactly six hundred.  
 The good woman boil'd, and the children oft roasted,  
 And of the good "green tops" they very oft boasted,  
 Till at last the good woman became much alarm'd,  
 For the heap had diminish'd as tho' it were charmed;  
 Or th' potatoes were stolen, and still she believes  
 That half the potatoes were taken by thieves,  
 For on weighing th' remainder she found, to her cost,  
 So many were eaten, or stolen, or lost,  
 That pounds only five hundred and forty and three,  
 In the hoard she had placed them in, now she could see.  
 Now say, ye young damsels who read in this book,  
 How many were roasted, or boiled, or took?

Neither multiplication nor division vex the poet into fine phrensy, but "reduction" almost reduces us to helplessness, so prolific is it in side-splitting "examples for practice." Here are a few:

In two thousand grains of powders  
 And five hundred drachms of salts  
 ('Twas what the doctor gave us  
 When punished for our faults).  
 Pray say, ingenious lasses,  
 Who know Reduction's rules,  
 Who know full well what passes  
 In Arithmeticians' schools,  
 Whose wit the rest confounds—  
 Come, tell me, how many pounds?

There is an engaging delicacy about this one :

If cold should seize me by the heel—  
 And who that does not the frost feel—  
 And I should wish to keep me warm  
 With what has oft been deem'd a charm—  
 A good red petticoat, the witches' bane—  
 Which sets at naught both rheums and pain,  
 But then my sister, aunt, and mother  
 Would each expect just such another,  
 To reach much lower than their garters,  
 And each requires two yards three-quarters.  
 Now how many nails and how many ells  
 Will 't take to petticoat four Belles?

The following two "examples" have an interesting and pleasant local flavour :

A trotter from *Bolton* set out in the morn,  
 Allur'd by the sounds of the hounds and the horn,  
 Forgetting his shuttle, his loom, and his wife,  
 He threw off his clogs, and he run as for life  
 Through *Hilton*, through *Hulton*, through th' park to *Chowbent*,  
 The hare and the hounds and the trotter all went,  
 Then posted by *Tyldesley*, through *Worsley* and *Barton*,  
 The hare running fairly, the hounds laying hard on.  
 Then she turn'd up to *Irlam-o'-the-Height*, where they lost her.  
 For something, the huntsmen all swore, must have cross'd her.  
 The trotter, now tir'd, bent his steps towards home,  
 His feet and legs aching, his head in a foam ;  
 As he toil'd over *Kearsley* he thought of a rule  
 He had learnt many years gone, when he were at school ;

But his brain-pan had holes in 't, his mem'ry'd run out.  
 In vain did he jostle his poor brains about—  
 He knew that he stepp'd every time just a yard,  
 Or walking at leisure, or if he ran hard,  
 That he'd put down his feet in his running that day;  
 He was sure, and would swear it if you doubted his say,  
 That he'd put down his feet just the number of times  
 Which these hobbling verses have made into rhymes,  
 Multiply'd by a thousand. Now he wanted to know  
 How many miles statute again he must go  
 Upon a straight turnpike, and on 't plant his feet,  
 Till the numbers on both days should equally meet.  
 Now, maidens, who smile from the hope of a lover,  
 Show your wit and your skill, set about and discover  
 What has tortur'd the brains of this poor *Bolton* rover?

This one brings in the old racecourse on Kersal Moor and its humours:

Last Whitsun week, a country boor  
 Set off to walk to Kersal Moor.  
 He clamber'd over gates and stiles  
 For th' certain space of twenty miles;  
 Then ran, to see the face o' th' ground  
 Along the course, till he quite round  
 Had got; but still he ran, he saw no end,  
 So onward still his course did bend.  
 Again he came t' where he'd set out,  
 And then his folly he found out;  
 The folks all jeer'd him, off he went,  
 To get soon home seem'd fully bent;  
 But half way there, besplash'd and mir'd,  
 He found it out—he 're sadly tired,  
 And well he might—so sat him down,  
 And betted 'self just half-a-crown  
 He could not tell to a barleycorn  
 How much he'd walk'd and ran since morn?  
 Including th' two miles he had ran  
 On Kersal Moor—the simple man!  
 He lost—he could not count aright,  
 And, counting, sat till nearly night.

Have pity, maidens; at your leisure  
 Take up your slates, reduce the measure,  
 Say how many barleycorns he'd run  
 An idle race to make you fun?

Then the poet becomes gloriously free and easy, shouting in a style which ought to have terrified every nice young woman :

Bring a goblet, give me wine,  
 Inspire me with your fire, ye vine!  
 Bring me straight a Pipe of Sherry,  
 Let me try what 'tis to be merry!  
 Bring another, my sweet lass,  
 And bring with thee another glass;  
 Let each a pint full measure hold  
 Of Sherry, sparkling, bright, and old;  
 And let's drink *fair* to th' very dregs,  
 Nor give a drop, whoever begs.  
 Then say, my lass, how many you think  
 Of pints of wine we each shall drink?

A sweet question that to put to any lass, particularly after having the impudence to assume that she had drank with this disreputable wine-bibber a number of "pints," represented by the suggestive formula "x." But he goes on his jaunty way unabashed, as thus :

There was one Tommy Pickup,  
 A tailor bold was he;  
 He drank till he'd the hickup,  
 He could neither stand nor see!  
 This tailor he was nimble,  
 Could work quick and drink;  
 He swore by his bright thimble  
 He liquor ne'er would blink.  
 He drank as many glasses  
 Of Landlord Dobbin's ale  
 As are, my pretty lasses—  
 But this I'll not reveal.  
 Five thimblefulls a glass held—  
 A glass was half a gill;

He drank just seven gallons.

How often did he fill?

Shocking! shocking! Out upon you, Joseph Aston! And you a family man with a beloved wife and "eight dear children," several of them young women doubtless. What sort of "companion" for them, think you, is your Thomas Pickup or your "gentleman, aged 63, who had from the age of 21 drank every Monday one bottle (that is, one quart) of wine; every Tuesday, two bottles; every Wednesday, a pint only; but on the other four days, two bottles and a pint?" And do you dream it is "useful information" that they should know how many hogsheads he had drank in the forty-two years? I should say that he had only drunk through one hogshead, and that his own, in the whole period. Is it possible that this is the clue to the reason why the young woman is initiated by you into the mysteries of "promissory notes?"

But to pass on. Geography, history, and a number of other topics are treated with a slightness and summariness which would be amusing did not the information conveyed contain so much of crudity and misstatement. The real strength of the book lies in the amount of space, nearly half the volume, given to the domestic arts. That was, doubtless its real *raison d'etre*. Domesticity was one of the prime virtues that our grandmothers were made to possess by reason of careful and assiduous cultivation. The young woman who carefully studied the instructions for cooking, pickling, brewing, etc., so elaborately detailed in this "Companion" would make an excellent wife and most comfortable housekeeper, and perhaps Mr. Joseph Aston, with most of his male contemporaries, would consider that the highest and most important, if not the whole duty of woman, was to be very learned in the wise entertainment of the "inner man."



FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

BY WILHELM MEHLHAUS.

Rire c'est le propre de l'homme.

THE life of Rabelais is less known than his works. According to Louis Barre and others, he was born somewhere about 1483; later authorities, such as René Millet, place his birth in the last years of the fifteenth century, that is, about ten years later. All, however, agree that he was born at Chinon, a little town pleasantly situated on the borders of the Loire in Touraine. His father was a chemist in a small way, or, as others maintain, a small farmer, who kept at the same time an inn. Perhaps he did nothing more than attend to his tiny vineyard and leave his children to grow up as best they could. Rabelais has told us very little about himself; but by way of compensation, his book is crowded with impressions of his childhood and youth. Even the names of the smallest villages in the neighbourhood of Chinon appear over and over again in its pages, while hundreds of his descriptions of rural life and rustic customs are no doubt due to reminiscences of his early life.

The future satirist received his first education at the Benedictine Monastery at Seillé, near Chinon, and later at the Monastery of La Basmette (La Baumette), near Angers. The higher school of the education of those days occupied itself in cramming its pupils with an indigestible

mass of grammar and catechism, which was rounded off by a superficial reading of Latin authors after the manner of the Scholastics, who gave all their attention to the form, and totally neglected the matter of their study. Fortunately for himself and for the world, the youthful Rabelais was endowed by nature with a robust stomach, so that when he left school he carried away with him his intellect unimpaired, but was filled at the same time with an utter contempt, which never left him so long as he lived, for cramming of this kind.

When his school life had come to an end, he entered as a monk the Order of Franciscans at Fontenay-le-comte, a circumstance which is probably to be explained by the fact that he was too well-educated, and consequently too little inclined for handicraft, while his poverty closed every avenue to a higher career. Fifteen years spent in this monastery sufficed to inspire the young monk with the deepest horror of the monastic life. But it was during this period that he acquired his love of learning, and through it the friendship of Guillaume Budé, a noted professor of the College, and at the same time a diplomatist of the highest standing. Here, too, he made acquaintance with the brothers du Bellay, who proved his most efficient protectors in later life. In order to escape from the miasmatic atmosphere of monastic ignorance, Rabelais devoured with keen voracity all the books of which he could lay hold by the assistance of his outside friends. The theological rubbish heaped up in the convent library did not, of course, exercise any severe temptation upon his nimble mind. He read Greek and even Hebrew, two languages which inspired the ecclesiastics of his day with superstitious horror. To the lay brethren these venerable tongues meant simply pure magic and necromantic devilry, while in the eyes of the older monks they were regarded as neither more nor

less than sources of heresy. One day the Abbot pounced upon these dangerous books, and consigned the young student to the punishment known as "Sending into the Peace of the Lord." This gently-named penalty meant perpetual seclusion from light and air; in other words, it was a slow and lingering death—the monks did not kill, they simply suffered people to die.

From his superior knowledge and his worldly connections Rabelais had naturally excited the envy of the rest of the monks. Consequently accusations were not wanting which tended to make his offence more consistent with its horrible punishment. Some accused him of having mixed exciting drugs of a peculiar kind with the convent wine; others spread abroad a story of a crime of even a worse character which he was said to have committed. They alleged that at a village festival he had created a grave scandal by taking the place in the Church reserved for the statue of Saint Francis, and by sprinkling the worshippers who came near with something very different from holy water. Little credence is to be attached to these serious charges, which may belong to the domain of anecdote, though colour is lent to the second by the fact that he makes the hero of his book perform a somewhat similar feat during his stay at Paris. Fortunately for our monk, his outside friends had not forgotten him. With their help he succeeded in making his escape from the convent; indeed, some will have it that the officer of Justice, Tiraqueau, actually forced the doors of his consecrated prison.

Rabelais never returned to monastic life, but attached himself for a time as secular priest to the person of Geoffroi d'Estissac, Bishop of Maillais, and old friend and fellow-student of his. It was probably at Ligugé, the castle of this enlightened patron, that he came into contact with more or less open partisans of the Reformation. Amongst



these new friends may have been the poet Clément Marot, and even Calvin, to whom he would be first attracted by their common admiration of Greek literature, though the intolerance of the sectary would soon alienate the more genial satirist. His love of learning and his long pent-up spirit of adventure did not suffer Rabelais to rest long anywhere. We find him wandering through France from one university to another to quench, if possible, his thirst for knowledge. But the spectacle then presented by the universities was ill-calculated to satisfy a man of his exceptional calibre. Everywhere ignorance, fanaticism, rioting and coxcombry met his eyes; nowhere could he find an attempt at serious study.

At length he settled down at Montpellier, where he made medicine his vocation. We find him next established as curate in the small village of Bouday, a living which was in the gift of the aforesaid brothers du Bellay. Here he spent several years in retirement, ministering to the spiritual and bodily wants of his parishioners, writing in his spare moments various learned books read by none now, and amassing the astounding encyclopædic knowledge which he put to so good a use later on in his immortal book, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. The desire to publish his ponderous *Commentaries on Galen and Hippocrates*, those famous doctors of the olden time, brought him to Lyons in 1532, and with this year he entered upon the most important phase of his development as a writer.

Lyons occupied a most important position in the stirring life of the early sixteenth century. It was not only distinguished as the centre of industries established by successive kings of France and still flourishing; it was also the focus of the conflicting ideas and doctrines which were running through France like an electric current. It was in close touch with Geneva, where Calvin preached, with

Basle, where Erasmus lay a-dying, and with Italy, where the movement known as the Renaissance had taken deep root. It was natural under such circumstances that the gloomy Reformation and the sunny Renaissance should have taken a simultaneous hold of the great city. In other words, both religious and literary problems agitated the minds of the citizens to the highest point of tension. That Rabelais entered with heart and soul into the intellectual strife goes without saying. The printing press was at work night and day, fed by all who could wield a pen, and the medical monk began the book which has rendered his name immortal.

It is impossible to judge a writer and his work impartially without placing ourselves in the century and amid the surroundings in which he lived. However high he may tower above his contemporaries, he will always remain the child of his time and of his country. For this reason some of Rabelais' jests, which probably convulsed his readers, do not make us laugh to-day. It is of the nature of witticisms, that they are wasted upon an audience whose taste they do not suit. Moreover, if the circumstances which provoked them have changed they are apt to become unintelligible. Who, for instance, nowadays, would have the patience to wander through the endless romances of Mdslle de Scudéry? Yet we know how eagerly they were devoured by the readers for whom they were intended. It was these same insipid romances of chivalry, wherein love is often described with gross extravagance and a brutal naiveté, which were at that time in the vogue. Even from the pulpit priests, and more especially monks, unblushingly used obscene language and told blue stories without shocking their hearers, if only they made them end in the victory of God and in the confusion of the devil. To-day we can perceive the obscenity which was

then universal, perpetuated in the sculpture of many renowned mediæval cathedrals, such as the Notre Dame de Paris.

Yet the strongly-flavoured humour of our ancestors was probably less dangerous for the morality of the people than the sentimental twaddle of a certain class of novelists of our own time. Not by stories à la Rabelais will the delicate mind of inexperienced youth be corrupted so much as by subtle insinuations finely expressed and whispered into unsuspecting ears, and worst of all, if they be clothed in a mystic language calculated to confound the divine nature of love with low sensuality. When Rabelais wrote his book the times were dark and dangerous; freethinkers, who had the courage to express their opinions publicly, might end at the stake. This was perhaps the reason why he chose as the vehicle of his ideas the grotesque and enigmatical form of a satire, or, as Lenient says :

This Apocalypse of free thought, this monstrous edifice of mud and marble, inundated by fog and sunshine, a motley of a thousand cabalistic figures, of rebuses, logogryphs and fabulous animals.

It will be easily understood from the foregoing that it will be hardly possible for me to give you a proper insight into this remarkable book without quoting here and there doubtful passages, for which I must ask your indulgence. I will, however, endeavour to shock the more delicately-constituted as little as possible.

As has already been said, the title of the work is *The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel*. It consists of five parts published at different periods. The portion, which in the complete editions forms the *second part*, had originally appeared first. I propose, however, to follow the chronological order in which the book presents itself at the present time. First of all, it must be distinctly under-

stood that all of the episodes set forth in this work are nothing more than a feeble skeleton of no special importance, used by the author as a peg whereon to hang his vehement satirical diatribes on education, administration, war—in fact, on all of the abuses and evils of his time. The heroes themselves are giants, whereas the secondary individuals introduced are of more commonplace human proportions. Rabelais says that Gargantua saw the light through his father, Grandgousier, and his mother, Gargamelle, “often making the beast with the two backs.” This phrase is quoted here to call attention to the remarkable coincidence in Shakespeare’s “Othello,” which was certainly not written until seventy years later. Is it likely that Shakespeare had read Rabelais, or had the phrase become a sort of proverbial expression, and so found its way to England?

The youthful Gargantua proved himself to be no ordinary boy. The astounding feat of the child which led his father to believe in his genius will not bear repetition. It led, however, to the engagement of a tutor for his son by Grandgousier. But thirteen years of study under the sophist Jobelin produced nothing more than the following deplorable result. When Gargantua was put under examination by Eudemon, he could do little “but stammer and weep like a calf.” Grandgousier was furious, and angrily concluded that “the teacher was nothing but an ass.” He therefore sent him quickly about his business, and placed his son under the sounder tuition of Ponocrates, who was to accompany him to Paris. Here, it may be noted, that by the contrast between Jobelin and Ponocrates Rabelais meant to put into opposition with one another the old vicious method of teaching as practised by the Sophists and Scholastics of the Sorbonne, and the newer era of more enlightened education ushered in by the

Humanists of the College of France. The principles of the latter were these: The study of science as against metaphysics and astrological speculations, and natural religion drawn from the fountain-head of the universe, as opposed to orthodox theology.

When the young giant arrived at Paris he was so much annoyed by the curiosity of the people who followed him about wherever he went that he poured down from the tower of the Notre Dame Cathedral a tremendous flood of—well, let it be called water, thus ridding himself by one and the same ingenious device of the inquisitive Parisians and of the vast quantity of wine, which he had been imbibing during his journey. This episode was probably suggested to the author by the remembrance of the accusation long ago preferred against him by the envious monks of La Baumette, which has been already mentioned. The big bells of the Cathedral took Gargantua's fancy as a suitable ornament for his mare, and he bore them off to his lodgings. The Parisians, who would seem to have been at that time as excitable as to-day, were stirred to sedition by their loss. The authorities were forced to appear to reduce them to quiet and they dispatched the most illustrious Master Janotus de Bragmardo, the great orator of the Sorbonne, to beg for the restoration of the missing bells. The good man coughed and rambled, and got entangled in the subtlety of his arguments. He mixed up his own want of a pair of breeches with the theft of the bells. In short, he made a thorough fool of himself with his bad Latin and worse logic, until he was cut short by the boisterous laughter of Gargantua and his followers, who presented him with the material for the long-coveted inexpressibles. This ridiculous harangue of Janotus is a lively parody of the empty verbosity of academic rhetoric,

which had degenerated into a hodge-podge of barbaric Latin and incomprehensible French.

Gargantua's studies, which were wisely blended with physical exercise, were suddenly interrupted by a letter from his father, whose territories had been invaded by the armies of his neighbour Picrochole. A trumpery affair was the origin of this conflict. In vain had Grandgousier offered any indemnity which might be demanded; Picrochole would listen to no terms. He was, like so many kings, possessed by the desire of aggrandisement, and had already parcelled out amongst his officers the land which he expected to conquer. He had, however, reckoned without Gargantua, whose sudden return and astonishing feats of arms routed the whole of the opposing army. Picrochole's generals had taken to flight six hours before the battle began. To fully understand and correctly appreciate this episode a brief survey of the political situation at the beginning of the sixteenth century may be necessary. The creation of standing armies, the great growth of revenue, the progress of centralisation, brought about in France by the downfall of feudalism, in Spain by the confiscation of the communal liberties, and in England by the decimation of the aristocracy through the Wars of the Roses, had put into the hands of Royalty resources of a magnitude until then unknown. The discovery of America had excited the imagination of men to the highest pitch and raised boundless hopes. The various kings dreamed of little else but battles and conquests. But not every king, like the Sovereigns of Spain and Portugal, had at his disposal a navy with which to conquer unknown worlds. To France and Germany Italy presented another America. With its blue skies, its marble palaces, its enchanting art treasures, and its beautiful orange groves, in their covetous eyes it shone beyond the Alps bright as some delicious Eden.

It is against the danger underlying ambitious schemes of conquest of this kind that Rabelais had the courage to lift up his voice in solemn warning.

But pedants and conquerors are not the worst ulcer of the world; there was another which was mightier than either—the monk. To the natural antipathy of the free-thinker Rabelais added his own personal hatred, which was the inevitable outcome of his former monastic experiences. After having vehemently attacked in isolated passages of his story the greasy, lazy, lecherous and ignorant monk, who knows and does nothing but eat and drink and wench and chant Psalms all day, he introduces in the person of Friar Jean des Entommeurs his satirical picture of a monk. One passage, to exhibit the blasphemy of this so-called religious personality, may be cited; nor would it seem to be an over-strained representation of the monkish social conversation of the period.

“Some bousing liquor, page!” he exclaims, after a piece of filthy ribaldry, which need not be set down here. “So crack, crack, crack! O how good is God, that gives us of this excellent juice! I call Him to witness, if I had been in the time of Jesus Christ, I would have kept Him from being taken by the Jews in the Garden of Olivet. And, devil fail me! if I should have ran away so basely after they had well supped and left their good Master in the lurch. I hate that man worse than poison that offers to run away when he should fight and lay stoutly about him. Oh, that I were but King of France for fourscore or a hundred years! By G——! I should whip like cur-tail dogs these runaways of Pavia! A plague take them! Why did they not choose rather to die there than to leave their good Prince in that pinch and necessity? Is it not better and more honourable to perish in fighting valiantly than to live in disgrace by a cowardly running away?”

From this gasconading speech we see that the monk, though somewhat blasphemous, was at least a patriot over his cups. He was a man of war, like David, from his youth. When the enemy were pillaging the garden of his monas-

tery and the monks, like cowards, were shutting themselves up in the Chapel, he had impatiently thrown off his cassock, and with his staff fallen upon them, hewing down the marauders right and left. When the war was over, Gargantua, to reward Friar John for his prowess, endowed him with the Abbey of Thélème, or Free-will, the rules of which were rather free than monastic, and culminated in the grand precept of "Do what you like." Here Rabelais is speaking out his own belief, which may be thus paraphrased: "Believe, think, write what you will." The satirist, therefore, in the strange character of the drunken Friar, dared to preach widest tolerances in an age distinguished by the vehemence of its bigotry.

The Second Part of this great book begins with the life of Pantagruel, the son of Gargantua, and is more or less of a reflex of the First Part. Pantagruel was born under similar circumstances with those of his father, received his first education from like incompetent hands, visited the University of Paris, and routed the enemy which had invaded his father's country. These various stages of his career embody attacks on methods of education, war, religion, and other matters of the time, presented under a slightly new garb. Here, however, we are introduced to Panurge, one of those immortal types by which the work of Rabelais will be ever remembered. Let the author tell in what a miserable plight he was found:

One day as Pantagruel was taking a walk without the city towards St. Anthony's Abbey, discoursing and philosophising with his own servants and some other scholars, he met with a young man of very comely stature, and surpassing handsome in all the lineaments of his body, but in several parts thereof most pitifully wounded; in such bad equipage in matter of his apparel, which was but tatters and rags, and every way so far out of order, that he seemed to have been a-fighting with mastiff dogs, from whose fury



he had made an escape, or, to say better, he looked, in the condition, wherein he then was, like an apple-gatherer of the country of Perche.

In spite of the woe-begone appearance of the young man, Pantagruel was so much struck by his ready wit and manifest education that he asked him to join his band of followers, to which Panurge gave a ready assent. In the person of Pantagruel's new friend the author presents to his readers that strange product of the Middle Ages, the wandering student of the worst type. Such a man was a mixture of the scholar and of the vagabond; he belonged to no class, but formed, so to speak, one of the intellectual proletariat of which the fifteenth century poet, François Villon, is the prototype. Knowing his intellectual superiority, Panurge scoffs at everything and at everybody—he believes in nothing, submits to no law, and is, in short, the revolting spirit of his age.

Rabelais had published the First and Second Parts of his work under the anagram of *Alcofribas Nasier*. When, however, he brought out the Third Part in 1546, he was bold enough to inscribe his real name on the title page. In the years intervening he had twice accompanied his protector, Jean du Bellay, to Rome upon some special mission. What journeys these must have been to a man steeped in the best traditions of antiquity! But Rome was no longer the glorious city of the Cæsars; the eternity of the Eternal City had been seriously compromised. Few remnants of antiquity had escaped from the sack of the City of the Seven Hills by the Constable of Bourbon in the year 1527. The Papal Court, with its hideous corruptions, overshadowed the land, and what Rabelais saw there of the licentiousness which reigned supreme served to confirm in him his religious scepticism. It is impossible to follow our author closely through the remaining developments of

his satire in the Third and following parts of his work. The framework of the story, which serves as a pretext for his severe and detailed attack upon contemporary abuses, is even slighter than that of the history of Gargantua. In fact, the story can be told in few words.

First of all, Panurge wished to marry, but was not unreasonably afraid of suffering that same unpleasant fate which he had frequently made the lot of others ; in plain, if antique, English, he dreaded the adornment of his brazen brow with a pair of horns. In his perplexity he consulted people of every kind ; his friends, fortune-tellers, and even mutes and maniacs were taken into his confidence. But as a man usually asks for advice to receive confirmation of his own preconceived opinion, Panurge interpreted the various counsels in his own favour. He did not, however, refrain from abusing some of those who seemed to warn him of the possible dangers of his enterprise, until at length Pantagruel took pity on him, and decided to join with him in quest of the Oracle of the Holy Bottle. Hereafter follows a wonderful satirical Odyssey through an imaginary world, which embodies a grotesque parody, or rather transfiguration, of the real world in which Rabelais lived. Imagine a long and exciting train of phantasmagorias, abstractions taking concrete shapes, men transformed into beasts or birds, shadows gliding across the scene, and all filled with allusions, which take fabulous proportions without ever ceasing to be plainly recognisable by the reader. Every evil, every abuse, and every superstition of his age is attacked and ridiculed by the author in turn.

The description of a storm, which threatened to put an end all premature to the voyage of our travellers, is a most realistic piece of writing, and a portion at least is worthy of quotation :

Immediately it blowed a storm; the sea began to roar and swell mountain high; the rut of the sea was great, the waves breaking upon our ship's quarter; the north-west wind blustering and overblowed; boisterous gusts, dreadful, clashing, and deadly scuds of wind whistled through our yards and made our shrouds rattle again. The thunder grumbled so horridly that you would have thought heaven had been tumbling about our ears; at the same time it lightened, hailed, rained; the sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick, and gloomy, so that we had no other light than that of the flashes of lightning and rending of the clouds, the hurricanes, flaws, and sudden whirlwinds began to make a flame about us by the lightnings, fiery vapours, and other aerial ejaculations. Oh, how our looks were full of amazement and trouble, while the saucy winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous waves of the main! Believe me, it seemed to us a lively image of the chaos, where fire, air, sea, land, and all the elements were in a refractory confusion. Poor Panurge, having, with the full contents of the inside of his doublet, plentifully fed the fish, greedy enough of such odious fare, sat on the deck all of a heap with his nose and a— together, most sadly cast down, moping and half-dead; invoked and called to his assistance all the blessed he and she saints he could muster up; swore and vowed to confess in time and place convenient, and then bawled out frightfully, "Steward, *maitre d'hotel*, see ho! my friend, my father, my uncle, prithee let us have a piece of powdered beef or pork; we shall drink but too much anon for aught I see. Eat little and drink the more, will hereafter be my motto I fear. Would to our dear Lord, and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very minute of an hour, well on shore, on *terra firma*, hale and easy! O twice and thrice happy those that plant cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not spin for me a cabbage-planter? O how few are there to whom Jupiter hath been so favourable as to predestinate them to plant cabbages! They have always one foot on ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever plants cabbages is now, by my decree, proclaimed most happy; for as good a reason as the philosopher Pyrrho, being in the same danger, and seeing a hog near the shore, eating some scattered oats, declared it happy in two respects: first, because it had plenty of oats, and, besides that, was on shore. Ha! for a divine and princely habitation, commend me to the cow's floor!"

There is more to the same purpose of the wailing of the sceptical Panurge in the misery of a crisis wherein his philosophy should have stood him in good stead. During a temporary calm we can hear the word of command: "Reef the topsail, stop, tack to the leeward, avast!" while Panurge continued to lament in the midst of his violent sea-sickness and the wet and the cold. "I drown!" he cries more than once. "I die! Houp, be, be, bou, bou, bou, bou-ou-ou, houp, I drown, God help me!" In the meantime the more courageous Friar John swore horrible oaths alike at the coward and at the furious elements. Undisturbed by the clamour, Pantagruel stood calmly watching the sky, and with a firm hand kept the creaking mast in its place. Herein the author presents a sublime picture of the monarch ordering the ship of state and watching over the safety of his people without any regard to his own during a political storm.

When the storm was abated, Panurge, although he still showed traces of his fear in his breeches, began to boast and to offer his assistance just at the moment when it was no longer needed. After further adventures, which may be omitted here, our voyagers landed at the island of the Pope-figs, who, from having once been rich and powerful, have sunk into a poverty-stricken, abject, and miserable degradation, in which they are entirely subject to the Pope-maniacs. Here Rabelais for the first time openly and fiercely assails the Papal Court, which he had seen himself at least twice. Without being a partisan of the Reformation, whose uncompromising sternness alienated him, he could not help feeling deep compassion for those unfortunate people who suffered so terribly from the extortionate imposts exacted from them to defray the lavish extravagance of the luxurious Court of the Vatican. The horrible iniquities of his day, openly practised by the Papal com-

pany, filled him with abhorrence. Little escaped the observation of his keenly satirical eye, and he did not shrink from publishing the shame of the Papal surroundings in its naked shamelessness.

Few pieces of satire are so keen or so bitter as the episode which is introduced when the travellers reach the Island of Pope-maniacs, who, in contrast to the Pope-figs, live in lazy luxury and perpetual ecstasy before their idol. On the moment of landing, the adventurous voyagers are asked with breathless eagerness, "Have you seen him?" To their question Pantagruel asks, "Whom?" "Him there," is the answer. "Who is he?" innocently asks Friar John. "What!" replies the questioner, in a tone of extreme amazement, "you pilgrims do not know THE ONE?" "He Who is, is God," reverently answers Pantagruel. "We do not speak of God in heaven," reply the foolish devotees, "we mean the God on earth." "They mean the Pope, by this good light!" exclaims Panurge, contemptuously. "Yes, I have seen three of them, but have scarcely profited by the sight." He spoke truly, for the one and undivided Church had at the same time three Popes, each claiming absolute authority over the whole. Benedict XIII., Gregory XII., and Alexander V. disputed the tiara, the one with the other, to the discredit of their Church in the eyes of thoughtful observers.

The last years of the life of Rabelais were darkened by religious discords, which his tolerant policy had hoped to prevent. At the same time he saw fast fading away his beautiful dream of strength and unity for the French monarchy. The Guises had replaced the du Bellays; the cunning fox had run to earth the noble lion. When the great satirist died in 1522 there was no longer room for words of peace. Protestants and Catholics were on the point of taking up arms in internecine warfare; the mas-

sacre of St. Bartholomew already showed its hideous phantom in the stormy air. Ten years after his death the scattered fragments of the Fifth Part of his great work appeared arranged and supplemented by the editors. But its tone was changed. The same boisterous and rollicking fun overflowed its pages; but it had grown embittered by disappointment, and his attacks upon current abuses were more violent and scathing. His last words on the all-absorbing religious question are characteristic. He protested with his whole soul against the dazzling splendour and palpable corruption of the Papal Court.

But in the midst of his bitterness he used the beautiful and fairy-like conception of the Ringing Island, so called because our travellers on their arrival there heard the joyous sound of large and small bells intermingled with the jubilant chanting of solemn hymns. The island itself was peopled not with human beings, but with birds of the most gorgeous plumage and of all colours. Some were wholly black, others were as white; some were black and white, some wholly red; while all warbled lustily and feasted merrily, though most of them were birds of passage. The voyagers were told that these would in any other place die of hunger, as they had no desire to work. Parents with too many children rid themselves of their superfluous male offspring by bringing them to this happy isle. Men who had been disappointed in love or in ambition, and even such as had been prosecuted for ignominious crimes, flocked to this musical City of Refuge. At length the travellers saw what they most desired to see. Their conductor, *Ædituus*, entertained them to a great banquet, and left them to the usual aftermath of heavy drinking, when—

Within a quarter of an hour he came back, and told us the Pope-hawk is now to be seen: so he led us, without the least noise,

directly to the cage wherein he sat, drooping with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little Cardin-hawks.

Panurge stared at him like a dead pig, examining exactly his figure, size, and motions. Then with a loud voice he said: "A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird; on my word this is a filthy whoop-hooper." "Hush, speak softly," said *Ædituus*; by G—— he has a pair of ears, as formerly Micheal de Matiscombe remarked." "What then," returned Panurge, "so hath a whoop-cat." "Whist," said *Ædituus*, "if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be damned; do you see that bason yonder in his cage? Out of it daily thunderbolts and lightnings, storms, bulls, and the devil, and all that will sink you down to P'eg Trantum's an hundred fathom underground." "It were better to drink and be merry," quoth Friar John.

Panurge was still feeding his eyes with the sight of the Pope-hawk and his attendants, when somewhere under his cage he perceived a Madge-howlet. With this he cried out, "By the devil's maker, master, there is roguery in the case."

This allusion to the Pope's mistress was too much for *Ædituus*, who expected every moment that the Pope-hawk would let fly the thunders of ex-communication from the mystic basin. By this basin Rabelais intended to figure satirically the solemn bell which was rung when such ex-communications were thundered from the Papal chair.

Panurge was so properly scandalised by the sight of the Pope's niece that his pungent tongue wagged freely, and he was on the point of picking up a stone to throw at the Pope-hawk when *Ædituus* laid an anxious hand upon his arm. "Stay!" he exclaimed, in the utmost terror. "Kill and murder all kings and princes of the world by treason, poison, dagger and otherwise, and you will be pardoned by the Pope-hawk. But do not touch these sacred birds for love of your life and those dear to you living or departed; even those who are born afterwards would be cursed." This satirical picture of the Ringing Island is so direct that further comment is unnecessary. It serves to mark the fearlessness of Rabelais no less than his wide learning and his

nimble wit. The warning of *Ædituus*, for example, refers to the Second Epistle of Clement of Rome, wherein the severest penalties are threatened against him who dares to molest a bishop at the work of his office.

A most gloomy picture of terrible corruption is presented by the allegory of the Furred Cats, who have an island to themselves. These are described as horrible beasts, which devour little children on marble tables. Herein is an obvious allusion to the ermine-robed magistracy of the Old Parliament, whose large marble tables stood in the High Court of Justice in Paris. These tables had been rendered famous, or infamous, by the performance of the *Basoches*, as the law-students and clerks were called. That justice so often went astray as to be seldom found within the walls of that wicked Court may be clearly seen from the strength and intensity of the satirist's picture. The description of the blood and torn limbs, the groans and cries of the victims, only interrupted by the "Well, now!" of the presiding *Grippeminaud*, is horrible enough to appal the imagination of the most callous. In this vivid description we can clearly recognise the charnel house of the Inquisition, which had been handed over to the hands of the secular Parliament. In the *Grippeminaud* we can see the figure of the execrable Judge-executioner, who assisted impassively at the tortures of his victims before handing them over to the stake. No picture of contemporary horrors has been painted with more vigour or in darker colours. It is well that the stout-souled satirist had passed beyond the reach of human persecutors before this portion of his immortal work was published.

The foregoing may suffice to give a faint idea of the work of Rabelais. But to fully understand its inexhaustible humour, its profound learning, its fearless satire, and its superabundant imagination, it must be read. *The Life of*



*Gargantua and Pantagruel* has been differently estimated at different periods and by different critics, and the author has shared the fate of his book. But both remain the property of the human race. Rabelais was undoubtedly the foremost representative of the militant literature. Like Figaro, he laughs at everything around him to save him from tears. A deep seriousness underlies his pieces of most rollicking humour, and it is to the undying discredit of his time that a genius of his kind was compelled to hide his meaning beneath a veritable dung-hill. Millet calls him a Socrates, half sage and half drunkard, with a heart of gold and the face of a Silenus smeared with wine. In fact, his great book contains extremes meeting each other on every page. Passages of coarsest ordure are found side by side with passages of a high poetical imagination and pregnant moral truth. His work is incoherent, because the abuses of his day were incoherent; yet it defies time. Rabelais has shown us life through a magnifying glass, that is why his heroes are immortal types, representing mankind with its virtues and defects through all ages, and showing a tendency to exaggerate the vices. Picrochole may stand for Napoleon I., while Panurge has been turned into Figaro by the more graceful pen of Beaumarchais. The failings of the author are the failings of the age; his genius belongs to all ages.





## LOVE'S FIRE.

BY W. BAGSHAW.

Belov'd, once more with thee have I renewed  
The very light and joy of our love's Spring,  
That unforgotten time whose memories bring,  
As each day passes, fresh beatitude ;  
Thus, past with present riches I include  
And make of them a regal offering  
Which at Love's altar foot I boldly fling,  
Gift gracing well the shrine where he doth brood.  
And in my heart Love lavishes his fire  
That hath a twofold virtue in its flame,  
Warming with generous heat and high desire  
Worthy the sacred source from whence it came,  
Then burning with a passion free from blame  
All bodily grossness on a lustral pyre.





## RUSKINIAN ECONOMICS.

BY JOHN WILCOCK.

SO much has been said of late years about the writings of John Ruskin, and they are in themselves so explicit and voluminous, that to venture to express one's views upon them is to lay oneself open to the charge of tautology. In face of this, however, it must be admitted that we have not yet heard too much about his economic writings from men actually engaged in commerce, who are daily face to face with the facts from which orthodox economists draw their inferences. Ruskin's claim to any knowledge at all of economics has been repeatedly questioned. The scientific economists have treated his works as though they were not. But from the day they were published they have been a leavening influence, and now there is scarcely a branch of literature, or sphere of thought, into which that influence has not permeated itself. The later orthodox economists are tempering their inferences with Ruskin's plea for character.

With all due deference to the value of the work done by the philosophers, it is still true that although political economy is the commercial man's proper study, from its classification of the forces and influences which control his business, he of all classes neglects it most. He seems to content himself with his own observations upon the facts limited to his particular trade, and to act accord-

ingly. It is worth the while of professors of the science to enquire why this is so.

Twenty-five years ago Walter Bagehot noticed this same fact, and happily described the cause of it at that time. "Those who are conversant with its abstractions," he observed, "are usually without a true contact with its facts; those who are in contact with its facts have usually little sympathy with, and little cognisance of, its abstractions. Literary men who write about it are constantly using what a great teacher calls 'unreal words'—that is, they are using expressions with which they have no complete vivid picture to correspond. They are like physiologists who have never dissected; like astronomers who have never seen the stars; and, in consequence, just when they seem to be reasoning at their best, their knowledge of the facts falls short."

These words are truer to-day than when they were written, and must become more applicable to a science that deals with facts which are continually changing in intrinsic power and character. There is nothing so kaleidoscopic in their movements as the facts of commerce. Competition creates so many unwritten laws in trade that when a man turns into it for a means of livelihood he is not long in cutting the academic apron-strings. And if after a brief practical experience, he goes back to his old masters for guidance, he finds them out of date and readily sees the truth of Bagehot's dictum.

Political economy as a science can only be written for commercial men by those engaged in business who are constantly in contact with its facts. For facts, nowadays, are subtle things in commerce, and are daily making abstractions more abstract. They cannot be learned by hearsay, nor discerned and drawn from newspapers and statistical tables "by the study fire." There are living

forces controlling transactions in commerce, operating on 'Change, in the shop, the warehouse, and even pervading literary and theological precincts, which have as yet escaped the purview of the scientific economist. They are developing in power and making laws with which the scientist must ultimately deal, because of their obvious effect. But every business man knows that many of them will have performed their function and have passed away ere either the facts or the inferences have been grasped by the scientist. To give concrete examples is beyond the limit of this paper. But by way of illustration, one may refer to the various applications of the Limited Liability Companies Act. Would the plain statement of this Act as an economic factor in the accumulation and possession of wealth convey any adequate idea of the influence of its latest development in the shape of trusts and combines? How many volumes might Stanley Jevons have occupied with his mathematical theory to explain the possibilities of the workings of this Act alone?

The science of political economy has without question, done enormous and good work since Adam Smith founded it a century and a quarter ago. As Bagehot says, "we are too familiar with the good we have thus acquired to appreciate it properly." But, had Ruskin never written on the subject, commercial men would ultimately have come to the question whether political economy can be limited to the classification of, and reasoning upon, the mere facts which operate in the accumulation of wealth. Indeed, it may be said that the time has arrived now. Thousands of men, who know not Ruskin, are to-day asking themselves in the great hurrying pursuit of commerce: Is the game worth the candle? Is there no better life to be led than that, be it ever so successful economically? Apart from conflicting theories among the professors of the science,

and the varying definitions of the terms used, men are seeking relief outside it. They have practised what the philosophers have preached, and find the rewards unsatisfactory. The wealthiest will give their accumulation for more life—will exchange it for the humanity sacrificed in the process of getting it. The general complaint of business men is weariness. Men are tired soon in the work, although they try hard to blind themselves to the fact. The fascinations of excitement are no compensation for the prevailing doubt and anxiety, and the responsibilities of wealth are becoming more obvious.

Now and again this truth is brought into commercial circles by the sudden disappearance of some familiar, active figure, whose mental powers have given way under the strain of competition, and whose case is as suddenly changed from orthodox economics to a category in which far higher and more important conditions have to be considered. The collecting, arranging, and reasoning upon such a man's possessions for the purposes of the science are very inferior work, as long as the moral effect upon the man's personality cannot be entered as a fact.

Orthodox economics can only do this in so far as the individual counts as a measurable quantity in the production and consumption of wealth. In its very nature as a science it must leave out of its conclusions such incalculable forces as character and conduct. These may be recognised as existent, but they must be swept into broad terms and used as hypotheses. As stated by Bagehot, "The science of political economy, as we have it in England, may be defined as the science of business, such as business is in large productive and trading communities." Whilst it analyses and simplifies the principle facts which make commerce possible, it deals also with the men who carry on that commerce. But, he adds, "it *assumes* a sort

of human nature such as we see everywhere around us, and again it simplifies that human nature ; it looks at one part of it only. Dealing with matters of business, it assumes that man is actuated only by motives of business. It assumes that every man who makes anything makes it for money, that he always makes that which brings him in most at least cost, and that he will make it in the way that will produce most and spend least ; it assumes that every man who buys, buys with his whole heart, and that he who sells, sells with his whole heart, each wanting to gain all possible advantage. "Of course," adds Bagehot, "we know that this is not so, that men are not like this ; but we assume it for simplicity's sake, as an hypothesis. And this deceives many excellent people, for from deficient education they have very indistinct ideas what an abstract science is."

Now this broad assumption makes orthodox economy most unsatisfactory. It never exactly fits the individual case of the student. No man cares to be gauged in the aggregate or general average, and in studying the recognised authorities of the science the student feels that the conclusions arrived at apply to anybody but himself.

It is the quality of personal application which makes Ruskinian economics so advantageous and attractive. It is not in the criticism of the various theories propounded by the deepest thinkers that Ruskin finds, as it were, a new economics. He does not, for he cannot, ignore or condemn their work when it is confined to its legitimate sphere. Indeed, he requires a collection and arrangement of facts in his own reasoning.

But in his higher view of the subject, this work takes a subordinate place, and, indeed, is only essential in the diagnosis of present economic errors. That we are on

the wrong track everyone engaged in competition must feel, whether he can demonstrate it or not. That Ruskin's Human Economy, as he terms it, would be more acceptable if it were workable goes without question. Is it, then, folly, to attempt to make it workable? Are we forever to read and admire it as beautiful literature and a high, but unattainable ideal? Why should not all professedly literary men who have daily experience of the inhumanity of competition strive for that in economics which Mr. Andrew Lang, Dr. Hodgkin, and others have striven for in the writing of history, and which Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," Macaulay, in his "History," and Carlyle, in his "French Revolution," illustrate, namely, the human point of view, instead of the cold, scientific statement of facts?

"The study which lately in England has been called Political Economy," says Ruskin, "is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations, nor has it been true in its investigation even of these."

Apart from the question of truth and nomenclature, orthodox economists will admit this definition of their work, and they must sooner or later recognise the limitations of it as a science, and admit, also, Ruskin's designation as "Mercantile Economics" to be the correct one. When this is accepted, Orthodox Economics will take its proper place among the sciences, and will still be able to perform its useful work there. At present it is a usurper in the place of true political economy, and too much is expected of it. Its correct method of reasoning is by deduction, for when it works by induction and comes in contact with character and conduct it has to *assume* in the manner described by Bagehot, and that is scarcely allowable even in an abstract science. "When the economist comes face to face with the moral and political capabilities of human nature he has no special



means of information, and must do as others do," says Professor Marshall—"guess as best he can."

In Ruskinian economics, however, it is not a matter of guessing. Human action is always considered as human conduct. A man's commercial transactions stand exactly upon the same scales as his moral or religious duties. It is not necessary to *assume* as Bagehot does, "something that we know is not so," in order that the abstract reasoning may proceed. The whole life of the man, and his ideal of what that life is capable of, are what Ruskinian economics deals with.

If the man's object in buying and selling is to gain all possible advantage for himself, his transactions must be tested by moral laws. Of course, we know that, as things are, he need only abide by legality, and not even by that if he can cover time and cloak himself in the statute of limitations. "Political economy," says Ruskin, "is neither an art nor a science, but a system of conduct and legislature founded on the sciences, directing the arts, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture." We can scarcely be said to be living under those conditions to-day. It is quite impossible for Ruskinian economics to come into force until an entire change takes place in the point of view men have of life in general. As long as orthodox economy teaches the object of work to be the accumulation of wealth, instead of, entirely and solely, its effect on the life of the worker, Ruskin will ever be the dreamer and impracticable.

His mandate, however, has gone forth, and those who carry it know that it is true and must prevail. "The wealth of the world," he says, "consists, broadly, in its healthy, food-giving land, its convenient building-land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, its works of art. The first principle of my political economy

is, that the material wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women in it, the connected principle of national policy being, that the strength and power of a country depend absolutely upon the quantity of good men and women in the territory of it, and not at all on the extent of the territory—still less on the number of vile or stupid inhabitants. A good crew in a good ship, however small, is a power; but a bad crew in the biggest ship—none. The wealth of a country is in its good men and women, and in nothing else; the riches of England are good Englishmen, of Scotland good Scotchmen, and of Ireland good Irishmen." This statement conveys its own proof. Tested by any of the laws of abstract science it is true, and any superstructure in harmony with and arising from it must be the truth.

Ruskin's twofold definition of wealth follows, naturally, from it, namely: "The possession of useful things, and the capacity to use them. The market or exchangeable value does not in any sense affect the intrinsic usefulness of things. "Used or not, their own power is in them." Surely a system of economics built upon such a basis as this need not wait till the whole fabric of society change its point of view to be brought into operation by those who accept it. If we may not *make* our money upon these principles, we may at least spend it upon them, and live our individual lives somewhat in harmony with them.

It is fortunate for us that Ruskin came from art to economics, and was so great in both. He has given us beautiful pictures of what our England used to be before the scientific economist taught men to practice his accumulation theory. Ruskin foretold the consequences which we now see for ourselves in the development of large industries. He was laughed at for condemning the development of large towns, and the present generation is still prone

to laugh. But whether we agree or not, wherever red brick and grey stone supplant the village green and woody pathways, men domicile themselves away from them as soon as they can afford.

What was the common inheritance of all, scientific economy has converted into luxury for the rich, and we vainly strive to delude ourselves into thinking that pure air, pure water, and the green earth are all the better for being made scarce; that it is a sign of economic advancement that the working man has more money to buy these things with, and that they are the more enjoyable after he has toiled for them.

We cannot, however, repeat too often the great text which Ruskin wrote for himself to follow, and which ought to take the form of a secular breviary to be repeated daily by every man in commerce, viz., “There is no **WEALTH** but *Life*—Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.”





## THE POETRY OF JAMES THOMSON.

BY TINSLEY PRATT.

AS the commercial spirit of a people grows and flourishes, so, in proportion, must its appreciation of sentiment in the art of poetry be diminished. We may flatter ourselves that our finer sensibilities are as yet untouched by the hurrying chaos of commercialism amidst which our days are spent. It is a comfortable lethargy into which we have fallen, and while conscious that the treasure we profess to hoard is a mere husk, we have not sufficient honesty to confess the bare truth; consequently, as the lack of appreciation for poetry grows, so the incentive to its production diminishes. "This was onetime a paradox, but now," in the words of Hamlet, "the time gives it proof." And as the demand for poetry diminishes so we are seized with a frantic desire to depopulate the tombs and set dead poets again on their pedestals. It is then that the literary faddist comes along with his precious celebrations, and as each successive poet's birth or death day comes round he, and his crowd of satellites, hold their orgies at the tomb of the dead poet. One day it is Goldsmith's ashes that suffer in this manner; another day those of Thomson. Since Thomson's memory has recently suffered at the hands of his followers, it may perhaps be

well to look the matter squarely in the face, and ask ourselves what the pother is about.

James Thomson was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, 7th September, 1700. He left his native village in early life, and settled down in London, where his time was spent in some official capacity under the Government, with occasional visits abroad as a travelling tutor. He also became known as a dramatist, being the author, amongst other plays, of "Agamemnon" and "Tancred and Sigismunda." His first play, "Sophonisba," was produced at Drury Lane on February 28th, 1730. The curiosity of the public, we are told, was powerfully roused, and many gentlemen are stated to have sought places in the footmen's gallery. Mrs. Oldfield has been described as having been especially fascinating in the title part, and the play enjoyed a run of ten nights. The copyright was sold to Millar, a publisher, for one hundred and thirty guineas, and the book ran through four editions in a year. The play is destined to live by virtue of one line that can never die. It is this:

Oh, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!

The keen eye of Fielding soon detected the absurdity, which was parodied in his "Tom Thumb the Great," the line—

Oh, Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

appearing as a kind of refrain. At a later date, it must be confessed, Thomson altered the line to

Oh, Sophonisba, I am wholly thine!

Thomson's habits of life seem to have ambled at an equal pace with his muse, and must be considered side by side. He is said to have risen habitually at noon, to have eaten the sunny side off the peaches in his garden with his hands in his pockets, and to have cut the leaves of his books with the candle-snuffers. It appears that he was careless in his

attire, but a positive dandy in the choice of his perukes. He knew well how to push the bottle, and had a fondness for old wine and Scotch ale. We may therefore reasonably suppose that the following verse from his "Castle of Indolence" was written from the fulness of his personal feeling :

The best of men have ever loved repose :  
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;  
 Where the soul soars, and gradual rancour grows,  
 Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.  
 E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,  
 The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,  
 From a base world at last have stolen away  
 So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore,  
 Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

In the autumn of 1730 Thomson announced his intention to his friend Mallet of hanging up his harp on a green willow, and accepted the appointment of tutor and travelling companion to Richard Talbot, son of the future Chancellor. His pupil died 27th September, 1733, but Thomson consoled himself with the appointment to the sinecure office of Secretary of Briefs, with an income of £300 a year. The year 1740 saw the birth of the lines entitled "Rule Britannia," destined to be, according to Southey, "the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power." It may not, perhaps, be improper to ask ourselves whether such a tribute deserves to be applied to such fustian as Thomson's lines. Here are three verses, which may well serve as a sample of the whole :

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame—  
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

The English nation has suffered severely from time to time at the hands of her poets, but never, perhaps, more so than during the past twelve months. But though, in these later singers, the patriotism has been more evident than the poetry, it may be doubted whether their least happy deliverances contain less of the stuff of poetry than the masterpiece of dulness which inspired Southey's tribute. It may be well to remember the circumstances under which Thomson's verses were written. They first appeared in "The Masque of Alfred," written by Thomson and Mallet, composed by Dr. Arne, and performed in the gardens of Cliefden House, Buckinghamshire, at a fete given by Frederick, Prince of Wales, on the 1st and 2nd August, 1740. Regarded, therefore, as occasional verse, written to delight the heart of the Heir Apparent, it may be admitted that "Rule, Britannia" is a very tolerable performance, but it is a very different matter to be asked to regard the piece as the political hymn of the country.

Hazlitt and Coleridge, we are told, regarded Thomson as "the born poet," and Dr. Johnson admitted that "he could not have viewed two candles burning but with a poetical eye." Byron held that "The Seasons" would have been better in rhyme, but that, even then, it would have been inferior to "The Castle of Indolence." Byron was doubtless right in his judgment. But what is "The Castle of Indolence?" An imitation—a very clever imitation, it must be admitted—of Spenser, but still an imitation, and nothing more.

To the category, therefore, of forlorn hopes and belated enthusiasms one must relegate the attempt which has been

made, two hundred years after the date of his birth, to revive an intelligent interest in the verse writings of James Thomson. But the energy displayed is as useless as it is unnecessary. The truth is, Thomson played his part and filled his niche in the literature of his period. We are aware that Tennyson's earliest flights in metre were written in Thomsonian blank verse, but Thomson's work was a hint, a suggestion, never an influence, and at his best he was little better than a mere craftsman in the art of verse-making. In writing what is usually considered his most important work in blank verse, he has spared us the tortures of the eighteenth century couplet; but, with a genial large-heartedness, he has denied us none of the hardly-used adjectives and journeyman jobbing in words which is a habit so peculiar to the literature of his time. Judged by the calm assurance of the man who, in apostrophising "Winter," wrote:

Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domains,  
Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure.

one cannot reasonably express surprise at hearing of "the russet mead," "sad Philomel," "the fluctuating main," "silver waves," "the woodman's toil," and other expressions of a similar character which had seen yeoman service before they came into Thomson's hands. His work is positively as dead as the Pharaohs, and no amount of enthusiasm can arouse an interest in his writings at this late period. I am not forgetting that such poets as Wordsworth and Burns may have owed something to Thomson, but, happily for us, the artificiality of his expression was abandoned for a more natural and robust manner by these later writers. It would be a comparatively easy task to select passages from the verse of Thomson which suggest a likeness to the poetry of Wordsworth. To take the passage already quoted:



With frequent foot,  
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When, nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy ;  
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domains,  
Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure ;  
Heard the winds roar and the big torrent burst,  
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd  
In the red evening sky.

Here we have the note of Wordsworth, but Wordsworth in his dullest and most didactic mood, and we cannot fail to recognise the unfortunate influence such writing must have had on the later singer. But it may be said, in conclusion, that if Thomson has failed to secure for himself a place among the immortals, he has inspired the imagination of a greater poet, Collins, whose brief ode will in all probability survive when every line of Thomson is forgotten. This, perhaps, is the greatest praise that can be accorded to him.





## TOLSTOY'S "WHAT IS ART?"

BY J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

IT has been no slight temptation in writing this paper, to make it a comparison of the lives and work of Tolstoy and Ruskin. On the whole, I have successfully resisted the temptation, only quoting the latter to elucidate or correct the former. There is so much of interest and importance in the book that is our main subject that we shall need all the space at our disposal for its consideration. And the career of both men is so well known that the reader will already have the comparison in his mind. It is enough, therefore, and merely as an introduction to our subject, to note that Tolstoy having first come before the world as a great novelist, as Ruskin first came before it as a writer on art, has ended, like Ruskin, as a reformer in the practical affairs of life: in economic, social, and religious questions. But neither of them could forget his first love; and each of them has sought to find the right place for art, including the art of literature, not as something to be pursued for its own sake, but as a part of the sum-total of human life and activity. And the book now before us is Tolstoy's contribution to this perennially interesting question.

"What thoughtful man has not been perplexed by problems of art?" asks Mr. Aylmer Maude in the introduction to the English translation of "What is Art?" Most

people will readily reply with the universal negative that is expected from them. But the book has cleared away all Mr. Maude's perplexity. "Of the effect of this book on me personally," he tells us, "I can only say that 'whereas I was blind, now I see.' Though sensitive to some forms of art, I was, when I took it up, much in the dark on questions of aesthetic philosophy; when I had done with it I had grasped the main solution of the problem so clearly that, though I waded through nearly all that the critics and reviewers had to say about the book, I never again became perplexed upon the central issues." This looks promising. But Mr. Maude, like the rest of us, may only be unperplexedly wrong when most he thinks he is right, so we must try the book for ourselves.

And in doing this we will go straight to Tolstoy's definition of art, which is as follows:

To evoke in oneself a feeling one has experienced, and having evoked it in oneself, then, by means of movements, lines, colours, sounds, or forms expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art.

Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man, unconsciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them.

The first thing one wishes to remark about this definition is that, be it accurate or not, it is not new. The utmost one can say for it is that it is freshly stated. Surely the very idea of "infection" is contained in the critic's ordinary use of the word "convincing." One begins to have doubt of the novelty, if not of the independence, of Tolstoy's theory, when one reads in Mr. Maude's introduction that of the writers on art mentioned by Tolstoy, and mentioned, we may remark, nearly always to differ from them,

"English readers miss the names of John Ruskin and William Morris, especially as so much that Tolstoy says is in accord with their views." To account for the absence of Ruskin's name, Mr. Maude says: "Ruskin, however, though he has written on art with profound insight, and has said many things with which Tolstoy fully agrees, has, I think, nowhere so systematised and summarised his view that it can be readily quoted in the concise way which has enabled Tolstoy to indicate his points of essential agreement with Horne, Véron, and Kant." Perhaps Mr. Maude does not know his Ruskin as well as his Tolstoy. Over fifty years ago Ruskin wrote in the first volume of "Modern Painters": "The landscape painter must always have two great and distinct ends—the first, to induce in the spectator's mind the faithful conception of any natural objects whatsoever; the second, to guide the spectator's mind to those objects most worthy of its contemplation, and to inform him of the thoughts and feelings with which these were regarded by the artist himself." In this second end we have Tolstoy's definition of art. Perhaps "informing" is not as good, at any rate as strong, a word as "infecting." But what does Ruskin understand by informing. He says: "In attaining the second end, the artist not only *places* the spectator, but *talks* to him; makes him a sharer in his own strong feelings and quick thoughts; hurries him away in his own enthusiasm; guides him to all that is beautiful; snatches him from all that is base; and leaves him more than delighted—ennobled and instructed under the sense of having not only beheld a new scene, but of having held communion with a new mind, and having been endowed with the keen perception and the impetuous emotions of a nobler and more penetrating intelligence." Here, surely, is the doctrine of infection stated with an infectious power

that even Tolstoy might envy! Nor has Ruskin alone amongst Englishmen stated Tolstoy's position. What shall we say of Browning's often quoted "Fra Lippo Lippi"?

We're made so that we love  
 First when we see them painted, things we have passed,  
 Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;  
 And so they are better painted—better to us,  
 Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;  
 God uses us to help each other so,  
 Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now,  
 Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,  
 And trust me but you should, though! How much more,  
 If I drew higher things with the same truth!  
 That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,  
 Interpret God to all of you!

Here, surely, is another enunciation of the doctrine of infection, and this one is forty-five years old. And without wading deeply into the literature of art one may safely say that this doctrine has been taught and held time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. But perhaps Tolstoy writes for Russians and of Russian writers only. No, he consciously writes for a wider public, and quotes the writers of many a country and period. Have we not a right to complain of the extent of his knowledge, or of the use he makes of it, seeing that, answering the question "What is Art?" he either does not say or does not know that his answer has been often given already? But we must not make the mistake of assuming that the value of the answer is lessened by this prior statement, any more than the value of the natural selection hypothesis of Darwin was lessened by its almost simultaneous enunciation by Wallace. We must try to test the value of Tolstoy's theory. But first let us show how he arrived at it, and also make it clearer, by noting the theories he discards as inadequate.

First, he tells us that "Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious idea of beauty, or of God." In three chapters he sketches the history of æsthetics, and discusses the various definitions of beauty that have been propounded; and comes to the conclusion that something as to the nature of which there is such wide and irreconcilable divergence of opinion cannot be made the test of art? He says:

To the question, What is art, to which is offered up the labour of millions, the very lives of men, and even morality itself? We have extracted replies from the existing æsthetics, which all amount to this—that the aim of art is beauty, that beauty is recognised by the enjoyment it gives, and that artistic enjoyment is a good and important thing because it is enjoyment. In a word, that enjoyment is good because it is enjoyment. Thus, what is considered the definition of art is no definition at all, but only a shuffle to justify existing art. Therefore, however strange it may seem to say so, in spite of the mountains of books written about art, no exact definition of art has been constructed. And the reason of this is that the conception of art has been based on the conception of beauty.

We have already seen that this last statement is not true. And as to the main contention, may we not urge that beauty is not lightly to be set aside because its nature eludes our analysis, and its standards vary in different ages and climes? Might we not make light of theology, ethics, even of life itself for the very same reasons? To say that because beauty is enjoyed it is enjoyment only is mere quibbling. Beauty always reveals itself as some kind of order or harmony, and is, using the word in a wide sense, moral. That the creation of the beautiful is not the be-all and end-all of art we may agree. But we cannot put it aside so rudely as does Tolstoy in the above passage. It will clear our way, I think, if we discuss this question of beauty here at some length.

And first let me take up a point, which was put at a recent conference of musicians at Llandudno, that music, alone among the arts, can suggest nothing base or immoral. Now I entirely dissent from this view. It ignores the fact that drawing, painting, and sculpture are not essentially imitative. They are essentially the harmonious arrangement of form and colour, just as music is the harmonious arrangement of sound. To instance this, I recollect walking through St. Paul's Cathedral with two friends, one of them a genial and artistic pagan. Watts's "Time, Death, and Judgment," was hung on one of the huge piers of the nave, and though comparatively small in size, held its own by reason of the dignity of its form and colour. It was impossible, unless one was familiar with the subject, to make it out from across the nave. My pagan friend caught sight of it, and at once arrested by it, said: "What's that? I don't care what it is, but it's a — fine thing." The figures were not visible, much less their import, but he knew the picture to be a masterly piece of painter's work. No more than music need any of the arts be articulate. Music becomes articulate in song. And is it inconceivable that, in the future, our very musical instruments may become articulate, so that organ and orchestra may not need the accompaniment of the human voice? Neither painting nor sculpture as such can, any more than music, utter either base or noble thought. It was surely with this distinction clearly in mind that Lord Leighton said, in one of his Academy addresses, "On one end of the scale there will be men vividly impressed with, and moved by, all the facts of life, and a powerful vitality will lend charm and light to their works; on the other hand, we may expect to find men who are most strongly affected by those qualities in which art is most akin to music, and in their works the poetry of form and colour will be thrown as a lovely garment over

abstract ideas or fabled events." And again: "Art is in its own nature wholly independent of morality, and whilst the loftiest moral purport can add no jot or tittle to the merits of a work of art as such, yet there is no error more deadly—and I use the words in no rhetorical sense, but in their plain and sober meaning—than to deny that the moral complexion, the *ethos* of the artist, does in truth tinge every work of his hand and fashion in silence, but with the certainty of fate, the course and current of his whole career." Does not this mean that there is an ethical element in beauty? What an over-worked word beauty is! And how wrong we are in supposing that our labels—æsthetic, ethic, and all the other "ics"—denote absolute differences! Is not beauty, ample, restrained, luscious, severe, sumptuous, refined, florid, reserved, redundant, dignified—and what different *ethos* in the artist these different styles of beauty denote—and how different is the nature of their infectiousness! But of this side of art Tolstoy has but little to say. The communication of thoughts and emotions by means of form, colour, and sound is what Tolstoy understands by art, not the beauty of the form, colour, and sound themselves. So he says that Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" is not a great work of art, since it cannot transmit the highest religious feeling, because music is incapable of doing so. Neither, of course, can combinations of form and colour, *as such*, teach us to love our neighbour as ourselves. Is not this kind of thing a thrusting of too much work on to the poor word art? Or, at least, if we do put it to such comprehensive use, shall we not end in confusion unless we clearly distinguish between art as *how*, and art as *what*? That Tolstoy is not oblivious of the *how* the following quotation will show:



The feeling of infection by the art of music, which seems so simple and so easily obtained, is a thing we receive only when the performer finds those infinitely minute degrees which are necessary to perfection in music. It is the same in all arts—a wee bit lighter, a wee bit darker, a wee bit higher, lower, to the right or to the left—in painting; a wee bit weaker or stronger in intonation, or a wee bit sooner or later—in dramatic art; a wee bit omitted, over-emphasized, or exaggerated—in poetry; and there is no contagion. Infection is only obtained when an artist finds those infinitely minute degrees of which a work of art consists, and only to the extent to which he finds them.

Now I maintain that the result of these minute variations of which a work of art consists is what is ordinarily understood by beauty, without which, by Tolstoy's own admission, there cannot be the infection that is the essence of art, and that, therefore, art cannot exist apart from beauty.

To the question of art being or not being the manifestation of God we need not perhaps devote much time. But to those who believe in a relation of the human to a being higher than the human, whom we name God, surely all the higher and nobler activities of human life and the ideal good towards which we feel impelled to strive must be in some measure a manifestation of the divine; or we may as well strike out the words God and divine from our vocabulary. If Fra Lippo told the officer of the guard that he could paint such high things that his work should be a revelation of God, he was at least claiming for art a kind of infection that comes within its power.

Secondly, Tolstoy tells us that "art is not, as the æsthetical physiologists say, a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy." But is not this a caricature of the theory which is generally associated with the name of Herbert Spencer? His position is that art, like play, is made possible by human energy being greater than what is merely required for the bare sustenance and continuation of

the race. But, speaking of the future, he says: "While the forms of art will be such as yield pleasurable exercise to the simpler faculties, they will in a greater degree than now appeal to the higher emotions." Surely this "appeal to the higher emotions" is only another way of stating Tolstoy's doctrine of "infection."

Thirdly, Tolstoy tells us, "Art is not the expression of man's emotions by external signs." Why not? Because, we are told, "a man may express his emotions by means of lines, colours, sounds, or words, and yet may not act on others by such expression, and then the manifestation of his emotions is not art." Is not this an illogical quibble? Is a loaf of bread not food until it has been eaten and digested? Is a picture not a work of art until someone besides the painter has seen it? "It is on this capacity of man to receive another man's expression of feeling and experience those feelings himself, that the activity of art is based," says Tolstoy again. Surely not. We ought to distinguish between the activity and the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of art. That a man giving expression to his emotion creates something with the capacity of awakening that emotion in others is implied in the very word expression. In another passage Tolstoy himself contradicts the passage just quoted, saying "The cause of the production of real art is the artist's inner need to express a feeling that has accumulated."

Art, we are further told, "is not the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is not pleasure," with which we may very well agree, doubting whether any sane person ever supposed art to be this without giving a very extended use to the word pleasure.

And at the end of these negations we have the affirmation, the definition put in other words, that "art is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same

feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress towards well-being of individuals and of humanity," which, to me, is as if one should define a cup to be a vessel made by the potter for someone else to drink out of, with the implication that it is not a cup if none but himself uses it, but though we may find nothing new in the proposition, nay, all the more for this reason, we may find ourselves able to agree with Tolstoy so far as to admit that art is the expression of feeling, including in the word expression the idea of capacity to arouse the same feeling in others. But we have not obtained any real help so far towards a clearer understanding of art.

Shall we fare any better when the writer begins to discuss the kinds of feeling that may be expressed? As to this, he tells us:

The feelings with which the artist infects others may be most various—very strong or very weak, very important or very insignificant, very bad, or very good; feelings of love for native land; self-devotion and submission to fate or to God, expressed in a drama, raptures of lovers described in a novel, feelings of voluptuousness expressed in a picture, courage expressed in a triumphal march, merriment evoked by a dance, humour evoked by a funny story, the feeling of quietness transmitted by an evening landscape or by a lullaby, or the feeling of admiration evoked by a beautiful arabesque—it is all art.

Again we may agree, but without thinking that we have learned anything new. Let us try further as to the forms of art.

We are accustomed to understand art to be only what we hear and see in theatres, concerts, and exhibitions, together with buildings, statues, poems, novels. . . . But all this is but the smallest part of the art by which we communicate with each other in life. All human life is filled with works of art of every kind—from cradle-song, jest, mimicry, the ornamentation of houses, dress, and utensils, up to Church services, buildings, monuments, and triumphal processions. It is all artistic activity.

Again we may agree, except as to the statement that we have been accustomed to use the word art as narrowly as Tolstoy says we have.

Neither, then, as to the nature, content, or forms of art have we learned anything from this book which bears the brave title, "What is Art?"

What is there left? Only the greater or less worthiness of the feelings to be evoked, expressed, and in due course transmitted. But surely this is a matter for science, not for art. Not according to Tolstoy. For he tells us that "the estimation of the value of art (i.e., of the feelings it transmits) depends on men's perception of the meaning of life; depends on what they consider to be the good and evil of life." Now, can something that transmits, and what it transmits, be one and the same? Let us say, for example, that the feeling of charity is more important than the feeling of the beauty of a landscape. Then, if the value of art be the same thing as the value of the feeling transmitted, the merest daub representing someone giving a beggar a crust of bread, or, if you will, the most rudely carved crucifix, would be a greater work of art than the finest landscape picture, or a poor sermon than a fine description of a natural scene. And so Tolstoy would have it:

In every age and in every human society there exists a religious sense common to that whole society, of what is good and what is bad, and it is this religious conception that decides the value of the feelings transmitted by art. And, therefore, among all nations, art which transmitted feelings considered to be good by this general religious sense was recognised as being good and was encouraged; but art which transmitted feelings considered to be bad by this general religious conception, was recognised as being bad, and was rejected.

It is surely clear to us that these earlier peoples accepted the one thing not as good art, and rejected the other not

as bad art, but as worthy or unworthy of treatment by art, whether good, bad, or indifferent. We see the same confusion again when Tolstoy speaks of art as "a human activity, having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen." We may agree that, morally, this ought to be the purpose of art. But certainly consummate art can and does exist, serving purposes very different from this, and art that is remarkably "infectious."

We have already seen (page 193) that Tolstoy admits this.

Tolstoy's discussion, then, of the feelings to be expressed by art, simply lands us in a confusion of art with the purposes it may be used to serve. In fact a great deal of the book is devoted not to works of art as such, but to the subject-matter of works of which the art may be good, bad, or indifferent.

But even if we are willing to include as art the subject-matter of works of art, it is not possible to accept Tolstoy's view of the position and influence of art to-day :

Such feelings as form the chief subject of present-day art—say, for instance, honour (the settling of disputes by duelling), patriotism, and amorousness, evoke in a working man only bewilderment and contempt, or indignation. So that even if a possibility were given to the labouring classes in their free time to see, to read, and to hear all that forms the flower of contemporary art (as is done to some extent in towns by means of picture galleries, popular concerts, and libraries), the working man (to the extent to which he is a labourer, and has not begun to pass into the ranks of those perverted by idleness) would be able to make nothing of our fine art, and if he did understand it, that which he understood would not elevate his soul, but would certainly in most cases pervert it.

I need hardly labour a criticism of this passage. It would be true, say, if Aubrey Beardsley had been representative of English art and Oscar Wilde of English literature and

art criticism, and if the Decadents, Olympians, Parnassians, and Impressionists, against whom Tolstoy rages, had exhausted European literature and art during the later years of the nineteenth century. That it is true of much fashionable literature and art we shall perhaps be agreed.

We are brought in the last-quoted passage to Tolstoy's claim that art, to be true art, should not be "caviare to the general," that it should be easily comprehended by the masses of the people. Is this another application of "vox populi vox Dei," which even professed democrats have now abandoned? Let us take a clearer statement of Tolstoy's view :

The appraisalment of art in general will devolve, not as is now the case, on a separate class of rich people, but on the whole people; so that for a work to be esteemed good, and to be approved of and diffused, it will have to satisfy the demands, not of a few people living in identical and often unnatural conditions, but it will have to satisfy the demands of all those great masses of people who are situated in the natural conditions of laborious life.

Here we may not only dispute the view that modern art appeals mainly to the rich, but we may also deny that the best art, both in form and in subject-matter, will ever appeal to, infect, the masses of the people. We may almost quote Tolstoy to show this, as when he says: "Religions are the exponents of the highest comprehensions of life accessible to the best and foremost men at a given time in a given society; a comprehension towards which, inevitably and irresistibly, all the rest of society must advance." Let us accept this statement for the sake of argument, questionable though it be in some respects. The best and foremost men must obviously be the few. Can the few so express their high comprehension of life as at once to infect the many with it? If so, we need not be content with mere inevitable and irresistible advance; we may expect swift,

nay, immediate conversion. But in another place Tolstoy speaks of the artists of the Middle Ages as "vitalised by the same source of feeling, religion, as the mass of the people," and says "their activity, founded on the highest conceptions accessible to their age and common to the entire people, though for our times a mean art, was nevertheless a true one, shared by the whole community." So that the best and foremost men in the Middle Ages either were the entire community, or were able to infect the entire community, which is not my reading of history. That the poor in a lump are good is about as true as that the poor in a lump are bad. And that the poor, because they are poor, are better able to grasp the highest thought and comprehend the highest beauty is not true. The poor joined in the cry, not this man, but Barabbas; and the rich young man did not turn his back on Christ because he did not understand Him. Curiously enough, Tolstoy says of the art of the Middle Ages that "the teaching on the basis of which it arose was a perversion of Christ's teaching, but the art which sprang up on this perverted teaching was nevertheless a true art, because it corresponded to the religious view of life held by the people among whom it arose." Why, then, is not the art of the Decadents and the Impressionists true art, if it corresponds with such view of life as they hold, and is duly infective? Surely a thing does not become true art merely through being done in the name of popular and perverted religion!

But, apparently, in the future, fine art is to disappear altogether, for we are told that "only under conditions of intense labour for the workers can specialists—writers, musicians, dancers, and actors—arrive at that fine degree of perfection to which they do attain, or produce their refined works of art; and only under the same conditions

can there be a fine public to esteem such productions. Free the slaves of capital, and it will be impossible to produce such refined art." Truly, this book, or at least the way in which its argument is conducted, perplexes me; however unperplexed it may have left Mr. Maude. I had thought the conditions of life were better for the great majority of people in most respects now than ever before. That if the people were in the same ways worse off, it was not because there was too much work, but that because both work and the rewards of work were ill distributed; and that the difficulty about fine art was not that the production of it was too great a tax on the workers, but that those who really pay for it do not get the benefit of it. But no. It is not desirable they should get the benefit of it, for we read further: "It is also often urged in proof of the assertion that the people will some day understand our art, that some productions of so-called "classical" poetry, music, or painting, which formerly did not please the masses, do—now that they have been offered to them from all sides—begin to please these same masses; but this only shows that the crowd, especially the half-spoilt town crowd, can easily (its taste having been perverted) be accustomed to any sort of art. Moreover this art is not produced by these masses, nor even chosen by them, but is energetically thrust upon them in those public places in which art is accessible to the people." One hardly knows what to say to this. Shall we petition our public authorities to close our Art Galleries, and trust to the artists who adorn the flags in our streets and squares?

But can we not get Tolstoy to refute himself, for all these difficulties, somehow, do not convince me that he is wrong? On the main issues I think him right. We have to allow for a personal equation. Sickened of the artificiality, selfishness, and vice, that played a so con-



spicuous part in the society in which he was brought up—our circle, as he calls it—he thought there must be good somewhere in the world, and that it must be among the oppressed and labouring poor. And do we not all know how much there is amongst the poor of the simple faith and kindness that are too often lacking amongst the rich? But, on the other hand, how the faults and vices of the rich, such as pride and jealousy, run right down the social scale, and the sexual irregularities which Tolstoy so much condemns amongst the rich are not, in my experience, unknown amongst the poor; nor do they need erotic literature and art to stimulate them into morbid activity. And take Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance, and of the evils of so-called patriotism. Does recent experience suggest to us that the masses of the people are the most open to receive such teaching? Be it right or wrong, have not its adherents been amongst the wealthiest and most highly educated, in the conventional sense? Did not the working-class disciples of Christ expect Him to set up an earthly kingdom in which they were to be Cabinet Ministers, and did not some of them wish to make the Cabinet a family party? The meritorious poor are not those who are poor because they have failed to get rich; but those who, being rich, have become poor, and those who have refused riches. Tolstoy himself is a typical example of a rich man who has thrown in his lot with the poor. But he is not the only modern European who has done this—but of course Russia is not a part of Europe. And this interjection suggests that we have to allow not only for the personal, but also for the national equation, in all his writings. And late on in this book we find him realising that things are not so black as elsewhere he has painted them, as in the following:

During the present century, works of the higher kind of religious art have appeared more and more frequently, both in literature and in painting, permeated by a truly Christian spirit, as also works of the universal art of common life, accessible to all.

And the arts and crafts agitation in our own country will prepare us to accept the following: "The artists producing art will also not be, as now, merely a few people selected from a small section of the nation, members of the upper classes or their hangers-on, but will consist of all those gifted members of the whole people who prove capable of, and are inclined towards, artistic activity."

This passage brings to my mind a picture by Dagnan-Bouveret. A group of charcoal burners or woodmen are resting after their mid-day meal in a clearing in the forest. Their womenfolk, who have brought them their dinner, are with them. All of them are in ruddy health—save one, who is thin and pale and nervous-looking, and he is playing a violin. The others, entranced—infected—by the music, forget their toil and their surroundings, and gaze at the player or look out into vacancy. Here, surely, is Tolstoy's ideal—music by the people for the people. But not by all the people for all the people, any more than democracy means government by all the people. But is the best art—best in form and in subject-matter—not more likely to be produced by those who, though they may be released from the people's toil, do not cease to share the people's life, rather than by those who, using their art to gain wealth and to separate themselves from the people, prostitute themselves and their art alike? Go round the Royal Academy with this in mind, and you may come to some new conclusions about art.

Think of the work of the Barbizon school—of those sons of the people, Rousseau, Corot, and Millet. What did the last-named say of his art? "My critics are men of learn-

ing and of taste, but I cannot get myself into their skin ; and as I have never in my life seen anything but the fields, I try to tell as best I may what I experienced when I worked in them." Does not this brief fragment of autobiography explain the world of difference between the art of Millet and the art of George Mason and Fred Walker, and, in a lesser degree, of Clausen and La Thangue—the difference between seeing things from within and seeing them from without? "There are certain Breton laments," says George Sand, "composed by mendicants, that are worth all Goethe and all Byron, in three couplets, and which prove that the appreciation of the true and of the beautiful was more spontaneous and more complete in these simple souls than in those of the most illustrious poets." And had not Scotland her Robert Burns, and has not Lancashire had her Edwin Waugh, and, as one more instance, should we like it to be put to us which we would part with, the learned John Milton or the illiterate John Bunyan? Says Tolstoy, and I think rightly :

The cause of the production of real art is, the artist's inner need to express a feeling that has accumulated, just as for a mother the cause of sexual conception is love. The cause of counterfeit art, as of prostitution, is gain. . . . And this is what the people of our day and of our circle should understand in order to avoid the filthy torrent of depraved and prostituted art with which we are deluged.

And again, though to be taken, perhaps, with more than one grain of salt :

The artist of the future will live the common life of man, earning his subsistence by some kind of labour. The fruits of that highest spiritual strength which passes through him he will try to share with the greater possible number of people, for in such transmission to others of the feelings that have arisen in him he will find his happiness and his reward. The artist of the future will be unable to understand how an artist, whose chief delight is in the wide diffusion of his works, could give them only in exchange for a certain

payment. Until the dealers are drawn out the temple of art will not be a temple. But the art of the future will drive them out.

Not less art, but more, we are to have in the future, for art is to be taught, so far as it can be taught, in all the schools. Your Grace of Devonshire, with so many pictures in your many houses that you cannot recognise your own possessions when you see them in the Paris Exhibition; here is a task for your Board of Education, when we have learned what education really means! And, says Tolstoy again,

The artist of the future will understand that to compose a fairy-tale, a little song which will touch, a lullaby or a riddle which will entertain, a jest which will amuse, or to draw a sketch which will delight dozens of generations or millions of children and adults, is incomparably more important and more fruitful than to compose a novel or a symphony, or paint a picture which will divert some members of the wealthy class for a short time, and then be for ever forgotten. The region of this art of the simple feelings accessible to all is enormous, and it is as yet almost untouched. The art of the future, therefore, will not be poorer, but infinitely richer in subject-matter. And the form of the art of the future will not be inferior to the present forms of art, but infinitely superior to them. Superior not in the sense of having a refined and complete technique, but in the sense of the capacity briefly, simply, and clearly to transmit, without any superfluities, the feeling which the artist has experienced and wishes to transmit.

We may agree with the sum of this, and yet not think that it will be necessary to abandon perfection and complexity of technique. There is surely enough superfluous energy in the human race, after providing for all its material needs, especially as more and more the forces of nature are yoked to our service, to enable us to have more complex art even than now without overburdening the many with hard work.

The most entertaining part of the book is the criticism of particular artists and their works. But our space will

not permit of quotations from this criticism, and the reader must be referred to the book itself.

After all, though Tolstoy may not in this book have told us much that is new; though we may think some of his definitions to be faulty; though we may think he sometimes confuses art with the subject-matter of art; though he may have taken certain movements in modern literature and art too seriously, exaggerating their importance and influence; and, lastly, though he may have over-emphasised the differences between himself and other writers, and not enough acknowledged his agreement with others who have preceded him in statement of the same doctrines; we may yet find ourselves substantially at one with him, and we may be glad that with so much courage and so much power he has declared himself for the things that are pure, honest, lovely, and of good report. At the same time we may not think with Mr. Maude, that we have got a clue to guide us without chance of error along the labyrinthine paths of art, any more than any teacher hitherto has rendered it quite an easy thing for us to see life steadily, and to see it whole, and seeing the way to walk quite firmly and faultlessly in it. But though life and art may still be difficult, they will be less difficult when we have read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested this little book. And perhaps, after all, we have done Mr. Maude a wrong, and this, and nothing more than this, is what he means.





BALLAD FROM HEINE'S "HARZREISE."

BY HENRY GANNON.

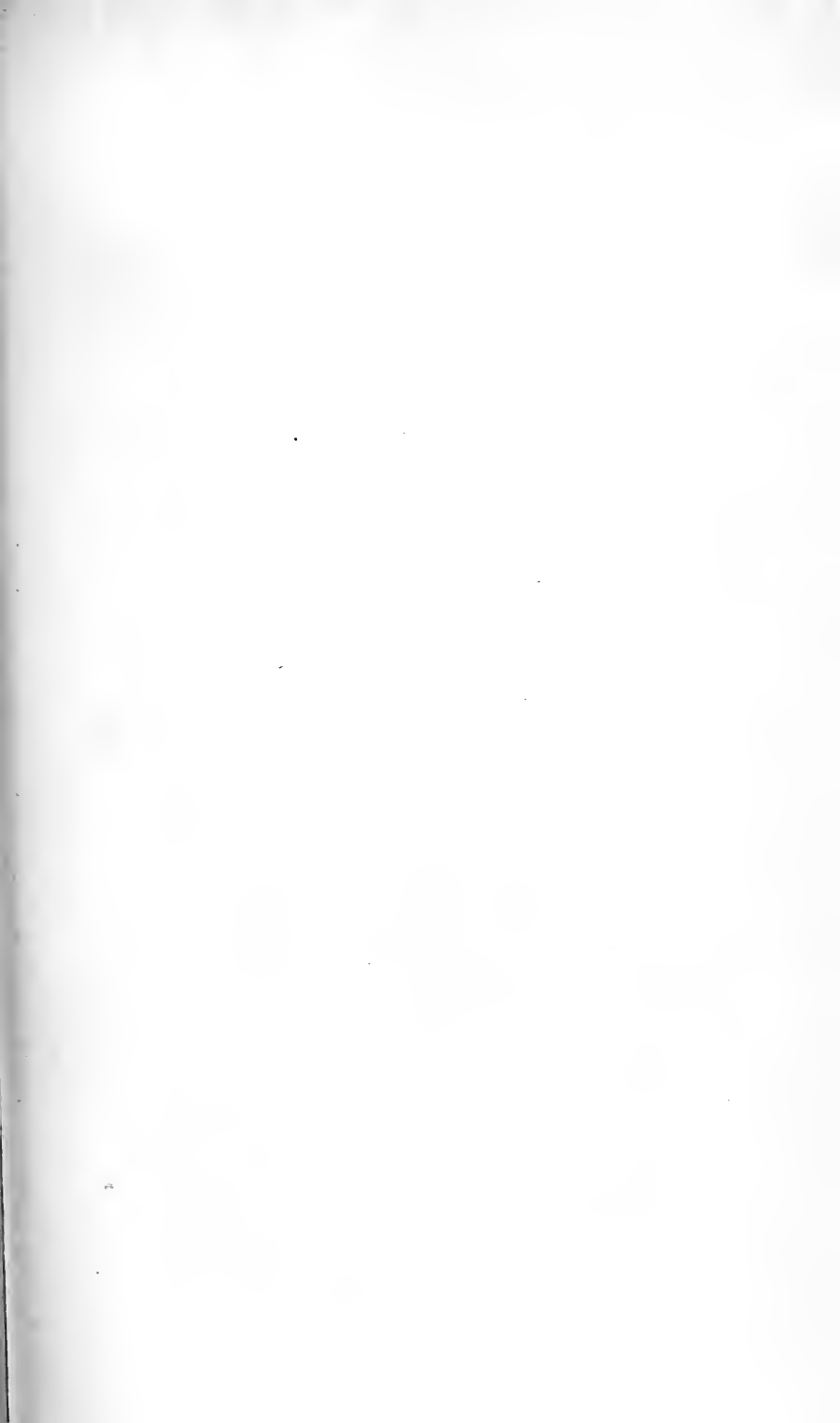
In the East the dawn is breaking,  
By the coming sunbeams kissed;  
Far and wide the mountain summits  
Float upon a sea of mist.

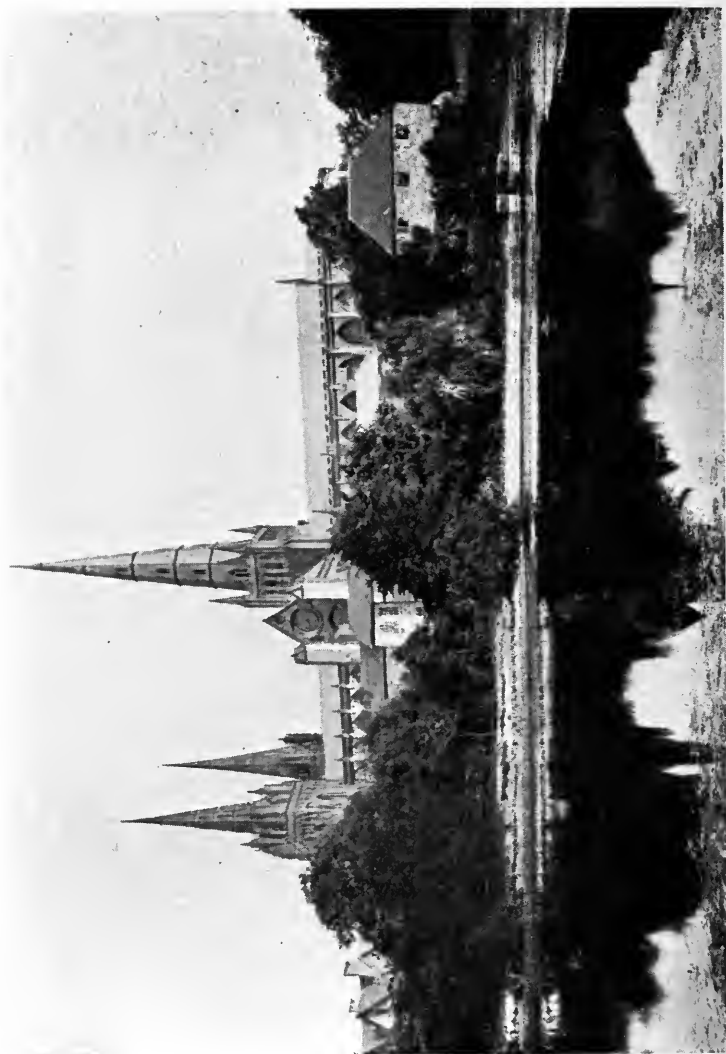
Had I seven-league boots I'd hasten  
O'er yon mountain summits drear,  
With the swiftness of the storm-wind,  
To the cottage of my dear.

Gently would I draw the curtains  
Where so peacefully she sleeps;  
Gently would I kiss her forehead,  
Gently, too, her ruby lips.

Still more gently would I whisper  
In her lily ear, and say:  
"Think in dreams that we are lovers,  
Ne'er to sever, come what may."







LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE POOL.





## A DAY OFF: LICHFIELD.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

FOR the "dem'd total" of 3s., as Mr. Mantalini would have phrased it the London and North-Western Railway Company will, on any Saturday afternoon during the holiday season, snatch you from the dust and glare and the "madding crowd" of the streets of Manchester, and whirl you away through mile after mile of our lovely England, the beauteous garden of the old world, until you come to that quiet haunt of ancient peace named Lichfield. The locomotive is our modern substitute for the magic carpet possessed by King Solomon the Wise, whereof we read in that most beloved and enchanting classic of our youth, the Arabian Nights, that the most knowing of kings was wont to seat himself upon it on his throne, and with a host of warriors around him, be carried flying through the air to whatever haven he desired. We cannot quite accomplish this feat as yet, but when the present day magician whom we call a "guard" has waved his green flag, the ugly walls, the squalid houses, the tall, grim chimneys, and the black pall of smoke seem to drop behind us like the passing away of a baleful dream, and lo! we are rushing

through the green-clad country, with the bright sunshine about us gladdening the very cockles of our hearts, and the pure air of Heaven gently kissing our cheeks.

For more than seventy miles, through Crewe and Stafford, and deep into the heart of Staffordshire, the railway carries you in the brief space of some two hours to Lichfield. From Stafford to the Cathedral city the country traversed is as an endless park. The pastoral poet of the past sang of scenery such as this, and his heart and his lyre were attuned to a wondrous sweetness by its sylvan beauty. Were it not that the smoking compartment of a third-class railway carriage is too ridiculously modern an entourage, one might fancy that here in these lush meadows where the cattle lie lazily ruminating over their cud, or beneath the shade of yonder spreading oak whose fellow giants of the forest stretch away like a waveless sea flecked with tints innumerable of emerald and orange and russet till lost in vague and purple distances, there are Damons piping to their Phyllises, and Chloes and Daphnes dancing and singing, and with light dalliance of love fleeting the happy hours away. But alas! instead of the sweet music and laughter of these ideally happy folk there is a sudden shriek from the engine, a man is leaning over from the opposite seat asking for a match, and the world of Virgil and Theocritus vanishes in a moment into the golden mist of dreamland.

When you step upon the platform of the Trent Valley Station you reflect comfortably that there is a mile and a half in which to stretch your limbs between the refreshment room and your destination. The air on this delicious July afternoon is laden with the perfume of flowers and the pleasant and pungent scent of new-mown hay. You take the footpath that meanders through those fields known hereabout as "Paradise," because of their beauty, and in-

stantly feel, as the loveliness of the scene is unfolded before you, that they deserve even such a name. Here the *genius loci* at once challenges your worship, for this was one of the favourite walks of a certain Sam Johnson, the most considerable and imposing figure among the men of letters of the 18th century, and the man who, by being born there, has made the name of Lichfield deathless in the annals of his country. There, too, by your path stands the tree called "Johnson's Willow," a descendant of that other willow beneath whose wide shade the Great Cham of Literature loved to rest, and which he failed not to visit whenever he returned to his native city. Not far away is the well named after St. Chad, the patron saint of Lichfield and founder of its Cathedral, because on its marge he was wont to stand for hours together in a state which would have acutely interested the modern policeman, but to him was merely expressive of prayerful abasement, as the lovely old tradition hath it. He was also a worker of miracles, and we are told that on one occasion, to prove the power of faith, he hung the cloak of a Saxon gentleman named Wulfhere upon a sunbeam, leaving it there without visible means of support. On his death-bed, in his cell, he was attended by a company of angels, who cheered him in his last moments with their celestial harmony, as you shall read at length, if so disposed, in that veracious book, the "Ecclesiastical History," written by the Venerable Bede.

From these fields the dainty little city of Lichfield presents a charming picture. Before you is a vast sheet of placid water, and beyond it rises the Cathedral with its three beautiful spires tapering into the sky's deep blue, while other spires rise from many points in this city of churches, and accentuate with their cool greys the red and white of the houses nestling round them. We stroll along somewhat narrow and undulating streets into Dam Street,

where the eye is arrested by a tablet let into the wall above the porch of one of the houses. It records an incident of that terrible and disastrous Civil War of ours, that conflict which rests like a pall upon our annals, yet has, however, for us of these later days, a certain compensation in that its records are a fertile and happy hunting-ground for the lover and purveyor of romance. The Cathedral Close was the only part of the town ever fortified. At the period of the Civil Wars it was surrounded with water, and walls and bastions rendered it a place of considerable strength. In 1643 the Close was garrisoned by the inhabitants of the town under the Earl of Chesterfield. The Roundheads soon made preparations to attack the Cavalier stronghold, and invested it under the command of Lord Brooke, whom the historians are delightfully unanimous in calling a "fanatic." Their attack on the fortifications was directed from Dam Street by Lord Brooke in person, and, as the tablet records, it was while watching the fighting from a window that he was shot through the head by a gentleman named "Dumb Dyott," who was posted on the battlements of one of the towers of the Cathedral. The Cavaliers were delighted, and asserted that the bullet had been specially sped to its billet by St. Chad, upon whose anniversary, singularly enough, this event happened. Archbishop Laud has left a note in his diary which indicates somewhat of the depth of hatred which that unhappy war created between brother and brother and father and son. He says :

Lord Brooke, coming to rifle and deface the Cathedral at Lichfield solemnly at the head of his troops, begged of God to show some remarkable token of His approbation or dislike of the work they were going about. Immediately after, when looking out of a window, he was shot in the forehead, when we see that, as he

asked of God a sign, so God gave him one, signing him in the forehead, and that with such a mark as he is likely to be known by to all posterity.

At the top of Dam Street you reach the crowning glory of the place. It is a picture that once seen is stamped on the mind, and remains for ever a lovely and precious remembrance. Basking in the clear sunlight is the Minster Pool, with the beautiful and imposing south front of the Cathedral rising on its farther side behind a long reach of magnificent trees. Here and there amid the foliage peeps out a gable, or a window glints with points of light. Green banks slope gently down to the pool's edge, grand old sycamores, beeches, poplars, and willows overhang its surface, making dark, mysterious depths of shade, and the picture is repeated in the still waters of the lake as sharply as in a mirror. A faint ripple disturbs the water where a passing zephyr has breathed upon it, and there come sailing towards you two splendidly-plumaged swans, expectant doubtless of a share of the abundant admiration with which your heart is overflowing. Crossing the pool at its western end is the road which takes you to the Cathedral Close, and as you pause for a moment upon the left-hand parapet of the bridge, your eye roves over a pleasant vista of the public park, where you notice, among other fascinating things, how charmingly the red coats of the "military" tell amid the bevy of white-clad nurse-girls which surrounds every one of them. The sons of the "Widdy of Windsor" throng the streets, for this is a garrison town, and little more than two miles away are some 3,000 of them in permanent encampment. In fact, the two great powers of the State, the spiritual and the temporal, are everywhere in evidence, and the juxtaposition will have its significance and suggestiveness for those who are given to the awkward pastime of thinking.

Standing before the western front of the Cathedral, the effect upon the mind of those who see it for the first time, and who have seen other of our great cathedrals, is that of slight disappointment. It appears to lack massiveness and grandeur. This feeling slowly gives place to an almost overpowering sense of perfect beauty, and this dainty, aerial, lovely conception dawns upon you at length as the finest flower of architectural art. The soul is glad that the mind of man should have imagined so fair a vision, and rejoices that his hand should have given it form and substance in imperishable stone. That it should have been treated with irreverence, its towers been battered down, its monuments defaced and destroyed, and its most sacred places used as a dunghill by men who were Englishmen, seems now a thing too vile for belief. May heaven defend it from the like again! The ancient and noble pile should not be made the object of a hasty visit. It is an epitome of fifteen hundred years of English history. It is the tangible expression of ideas which have had a more powerful influence on the literature, art, morality, and life of the world than any others yet conceived; and those fortunate ones who have leisure to make it the subject of serious and loving study will find therein ample and priceless recompense for their labour.

We note that a row of bicycles is leant against the whole length of the iron railings of the west front, hardly leaving space for another amongst them. Down upon them, as represented by statues, columns, arches, stained-glass windows, and heaven-soaring spires, the middle-ages look. The contrast is acute almost to pain. The 19th century uses all its ingenuity, all its beauty of workmanship, all its accumulation of knowledge and skill upon the creation of a toy, something that shall contribute merely to physical enjoyment and well-being; whilst the poor benighted

mediæval time spends itself in the production of the loveliest thing it can conceive, not to amuse itself withal, but that it shall remain throughout the ages to serve as a seemly and befitting shrine wherein man may devoutly bend the knee in the presence of his God. Perhaps, however, this may be a comparing of the incomparable, but certain it is that the impression made upon us by this incongruous mingling of past and present was somewhat saddening. We entered the sacred edifice, and found that afternoon service was proceeding. The service is not High Church, yet is there about it a pleasant flavour of antiquity, and, listening to it, the presence of the stress and strife of the life of to-day becomes less insistent, the influence of the beauty of the place and the calm of the past falls upon you, and for a time you feel and are folded in the peace that passeth understanding.

Let the grace and delicacy of the architecture of the nave, and the decorative charm of the stained-glass windows of the Lady Chapel gradually sink into your soul. Then should you turn your eyes to the monuments, for many here have the deepest interest. Yonder, under the east window of the south aisle, is Chantrey's masterpiece, the "Sleeping Children." It is in very truth a thing of beauty. Through the consummate skill of the master the cold white marble has become tender and poetic. The grace and naturalness of pose of the forms of the sleeping children, the loveableness of the thought embodied in the placing of a bunch of snowdrops in the hand of one of them, the sweetness and calm of the features, all combine to fulfil the sense of beauty, and the gentle pathos of this sleep of death touches the source of tears. On the opposite side is Chantrey's kneeling figure of Bishop Ryder, whose clear-cut face is eloquent, even in marble, of the fineness of the soul that erstwhile illumined it.

Here, too, are busts of Johnson, of Garrick, of Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of him who applied the theory of evolution to mankind, and monuments keeping green the memories of Anna Seward, the poetess and friend of Sir Walter Scott; of that erratic creature Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; of Dean Addison, the father of Joseph Addison, who created for us that most gracious figure, Sir Roger de Coverley; and of many warriors and ecclesiastics of old and of later time, who now rest equally well, whether in their lives they fought for King or for God. A marble slab, which seems to have been removed, once had place in the nave near the west door. It was thus inscribed: "Here lies the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Blaney, a stranger; she departed this life the 2nd September, 1694." Now this romantic young woman very nearly became the mother of the great Sam Johnson, that is, in the sense that she was within an ace of marrying his father. Mr. Boswell tells us in his ever-delightful autobiography, which he amusingly calls "The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," this little anecdote:

Mrs. Blaney [Misses were called Mrs. in those days] was a young woman of Leek, in Staffordshire, who, whilst Mr. Michael Johnson, the father of Dr. Samuel Johnson, served his apprenticeship in that town, conceived a violent passion for him, and though it met with no favourable return, she followed him to Lichfield, where she took lodgings opposite to the house in which he lived, and indulged her hopeless flame. When he was informed that it so preyed upon her mind that her life was in danger, he, with a generous humanity, went to her and offered to marry her; but it was then too late—her vital power was exhausted, and she actually exhibited one of the vary rare instances of dying of love.

What a handsome and lucky young dog that papa of Sam's must have been to have incited in the gentle bosom of the tender Elizabeth a flame so burning as this, for it was evidently not the fashion to die of love in those days



any more than it is now, or Bozzy would not have quoted this as "a very rare instance."

Amongst the military monuments you will note that those which record the deeds and the deaths of the men of Staffordshire are so numerous as to tell, all too eloquently, of the price in blood that has been paid for that glorious "expansion of the empire," which we have been so greatly exulting in of late. Most of our great and little wars of the century have claimed their tale of victims from the brave lads of the county. Here on the walls of the House of God droop, ragged, dusty, and at rest, many a banner that has been borne to victory through battles that must have seemed to those engaged in them as very carnivals of hell. Surely there is a strange irony in thus consecrating to God, as it were, emblems which have fluttered in the breeze whilst thousands of the creatures of His hand, "made in His own image," have been maimed and rent and torn and hurried into eternity with the horrible lust of battle in their hearts, and curses on their lips. The Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Chinese and Burmese Wars, the wars in Egypt, all have their monumental records here. There is one of them dedicated to the memory of a man the story of whose deeds will ever stir the hearts of Englishmen as with a trumpet-blast. This is Major W. S. R. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse. He was like a Paladin of old. He was as daring and fearless, as knightly and without reproach as any amongst that noble throng which filled the Court of Arthur. The tale of his doings during the Indian Mutiny is not only written in our histories, but should be imprinted on our hearts. He yielded his life in his country's cause, and by his valour averted a great calamity. Whilst human nature is as it is, war will doubtless remain a terrible necessity, yet if it produces in men such great qualities as those displayed by Hodson—courage,

resource, discipline, contempt of pain, and fearlessness of death—we shall assuredly reap some compensation for its bitter evils.

Should you yearn to see them, the obliging and eloquent verger will show you some of the balls which the ungodly Roundheads fired in battering down the central tower, as also certain of the antiquated weapons used by the besieged. He will point out where in the walls is to be seen the last remnant of the Saxon Church erected on the site, and show you the pretty little chapel dedicated to St. Chad, which has been recently restored. Then you shall mount with him a winding staircase until you come to the Library, wherein you shall see many rare and curious manuscripts and books and handle that copy of South's "Sermons" which seems to have been beloved of Johnson, for in his large, sprawling hand he has written on its leaves many pious "marginalia." The most ancient and curious thing here is the vellum manuscript, which you will be told is St. Chad's Gospels. It is written in Latin, but in the Anglo-Saxon character, and contains the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and a portion of Luke. The initial letter of each Gospel is very finely drawn and beautifully illuminated, and there are portraits of the three saints drawn in the style of the early Irish School. St. Chad himself, the first Bishop of Lichfield, is supposed to have written the volume. Other treasures are a copy of one of the products of our first printer, Caxton, to wit his "Lyfe of King Arthur"; a copy on vellum of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," the initial letters being coloured and gilt and highly ornamented, a manuscript copy of a curious old treatise entitled "Dives and Pauper," and many other rare and quaint things.

In a certain classic of our literature, which I will not insult you by naming, save to the extent that it was written

by a little gentleman whose initials were James Boswell, you shall read as follows :

When we came within the focus of the Lichfield lamps, "Now," said he, "we are getting out of a state of death." We put up at the "Three Crowns," not one of the great inns, but a good old-fashioned one, which was kept by Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which Johnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own property.

Thus records the delightfully garrulous Bozzy on occasion of one of those jaunts to his birthplace, which never lost their charm for Johnson. More than a century later, we, too, drawn thither by that perfervid fascination called "hero worship," so mordantly diagnosed for us in the pages of Carlyle, may, if we choose, put up at the good old-fashioned "Three Crowns," and make the most ceremonious bow we are capable of as our host introduces us to the shades of the great lexicographer and his *fidus achates*, Jemmy Boswell. You enter a somewhat small room called the parlour, and are assured that it is preserved in much the same condition as when Johnson sat over there in the large old-fashioned chair by the fire, whilst Boswell and a few ancient local cronies disposed themselves in sufficiently venerating attitudes about him, listening to the utterances of the great oracle, and accentuating the all too brief intervals in his monologue, with pulls at the mugs of Lichfield ale gracing that little round table you still see in yonder corner, or with stolid puffs at their long "churchwardens." As you sit in the chair which the present-day Boniface will assure you was ofttimes filled to overflowing by the "too-solid flesh" of weighty Sam, and imbibe a libation of ale of like brew to that so joyously recommended by the old-time host in "The Beaux Stratagem," your fancy harks back through the mists of the past and slowly envelops you in a cloud of pleasing reminiscence. You feel

to be waiting there, not without inward qualm and trembling, for that introduction to the wonderful animal which Mr. James Boswell, its proprietor, has promised you, and are wondering vaguely how the "great bear" will address you, and what shall be your deportment toward so eminent a personage. Anon there falls upon your musing senses the discord of a heavy tread, and as the small room becomes pervaded by a presence you jump up from the chair (said to have been Johnson's), blushing guiltily, because you have had the impudence to deposit your insignificant self therein, and find with joy that it is but your host who has brought in a fresh and foaming mug of Lichfield ale.

As in duty bound, if you be a true Johnsonian, you inspect the birthplace itself, and are pleased to note that the quaint old house is lovingly preserved. There is not much in its rooms to remind one of the genius of the place; but, looking from the windows, the eye rests upon the colossal figure of the Doctor sitting at his ease in the middle of St. Mary's Square, lost in thought, and with his strong, calm face turned towards his father's house. There are some personal relics of Johnson's in the town's Museum, but it would surely be more seemly were they transferred to this house of his, and were the place, which is now apparently in private hands, thrown open to the public. There is ever a closer and tenderer intimacy of association attaching to those spots where the great ones of the earth were born, than to any of their after-haunts, and such places should be held sacred. That laudable association which has made it a duty to endeavour to preserve for our pleasuring the pleasant spots and historic sites of our country should add to their list of things to be done, without delay, the purchase of the birthplaces of Johnson and of Tennyson. No true lover of our literature will feel quite content until these hallowed mementos of men of genius, whom we

all hold in honour and reverence, are made public property, and secured as effectually as loving care and requisite expenditure can avail from the destroying hand of time.\*

The statue of Johnson in the small Market Square is not, according to the critics, a high-class piece of workmanship, yet it impresses the mind by its massiveness and by the artistic rightness of the lines and pose of the figure. The figure is in truth colossal, but removed, as it is, some twelve feet above the eye by an immense pedestal, it does but seem to render more faithfully the huge proportions of the "mountainous Doctor." The rather heavy features, copied from the well-known portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, have been touched to a calmer and benigner expression than we see in the portrait. A pile of large tomes lies beneath the chair on which the Doctor is seated, and he holds a volume in his hand. On the pedestal are three bas-reliefs, not meant to be humorous, but two of them irresistibly tickle the fancy of the most sober devotee of the Johnsonian cult. In one, Johnson is represented as hardly more than a baby, bestriding his father's shoulders, resting his chin on the old boy's bald head, and listening within a foot of the nose of Dr. Sacheverell, whilst that rampant

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\* Since the above was written the following letter has appeared in the public press:—"Sir,—Allow me, on behalf of the city of Lichfield, to state that the house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born, situate in our Market Place, has, through the munificence of a citizen (Alderman John Gilbert) and other circumstances, become the property of the Corporation here. Although it is necessary to postpone its more complete reparation to a later and favourable date, the Town Council have arranged to open it at Whitsuntide, when the public will be admitted in much the same way as at other birthplaces—at Stratford-on-Avon, Olney, and elsewhere. I therefore venture to appeal to the literary public generally for books, prints, manuscripts, pictures, and other objects of interest relating to the Doctor, whose life and great personality are so intimately bound up with the city of Lichfield. The names of all donors will be appended to their gifts. All letters and parcels should be addressed to the Town Clerk, Lichfield.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE HAYNES, Mayor. Lichfield, 4th May, 1901."

divine is flooding the child's brain with his non-inspiring eloquence. In a second panel he is depicted riding to school on the shoulders of two comrades, with a third in the rear supporting the weightiest portion of his anatomy. The remaining panel, however, is decidedly touching. It records that fantastic incident in Johnson's life which has been provocative of much criticism and not a little irreverent chaff. It shows Johnson in the market place of Uttoxeter doing penance for an act of disobedience to his father committed fifty years before. He stands bare-headed—a venerable figure—and a countenance extremely sad and woe-begone, with the wind and rain driving against him, helping to suggest the gloom of his inward state. Market people and children stand about, wondering what this strange freak may mean, and ducks and poultry and other commodities of sale complete the incongruous scene. The statue is the work of Mr. R. C. Lucas. Productions of this heroic size were greatly unsuited to his powers, which are best shown in his numerous medallion portraits. It was presented to the town in 1838 by Dr. J. T. Law, then Chancellor of the diocese.

It occurs to you that Garrick, magnificent actor and delightful dramatist, he whose death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, was one of the first pupils of Johnson. But in this instance your ardour for reverencing birthplaces must be curbed somewhat, for it was not here but at the Angel Inn in Hereford, that Garrick was first introduced to the world. He was, however, sent to Lichfield Grammar School to be educated, and while there he formed that friendship with Johnson which ceased only with his death. You saunter along quiet and somewhat narrow streets until you come to St. John Street, and there, opposite the ancient Hospital of St. John, stands the Grammar School. The present building was erected in 1850, and replaces the old

school built in 1692, wherein three men, famed even amongst the most famous in our literature, Addison, Johnson, and Garrick, received their education. St. John's Hospital, one of the most ancient structures in the city, is very quaint. It presents to the street a row of eight huge brick chimneys, which add to the singular appearance of the building, but not to its beauty. It seems that before these chimneys were erected fires were lighted in the centre of the apartments, the smoke escaping through a cupola in the roof, and the sapient improver of that primitive style of heating and ventilation evidently found it more convenient to place his grates at the front instead of the back of the building. The Hospital is inhabited by poor Brethren who must have lived honestly, and upon whom the inconveniences of poverty and old age have fallen without any fault of their own; and amongst other virtues they must possess are that they "must not be quarrelsome, nor frequent taverns, nor associate with suspected persons." If the old boys were quite good, and behaved themselves to the content of the Master, they were to "receive sevenpence a week for ever, which the Master was to pay every Friday, after dinner, without deduction." This allowance has now become six shillings a week, with a cloak thrown in occasionally.

In Bore Street, not far away, is a beautiful and well-preserved specimen of Tudor domestic architecture, as fine as any similar work in Chester. It is a gem either for the antiquary or the snap-shooter. Strolling down Bird Street, you make acquaintance with two of the oldest inns, the George and the Swan. Both have historic interest, and the Swan, when you have passed its entrance archway, carries you back in imagination to the old coaching days, with all their romance of runaway marriages and desperate encoun-

ters with the masked gentlemen of the road. Its large courtyard, with the inn windows looking thereon on one side, and nearly all the remainder of the square surrounded by stabling, over whose ugliness ivy and vine and other creepers have thrown a lovely veil of green, shows how lively the roads were in the days before the advent of steam. In these later times they are becoming almost as gay with life as ever, but now the steeds need but small housing, and their riders are perforce restricted to the mild debauch of an occasional soda and milk. In the continuation of this street, and near the Cathedral, stands the Museum and Public Library. There are many excellent specimens of the art of the Potteries in the Museum, and should you feel that looking upon those things that once were actual personal possessions of a departed idol brings him nearer to your heart, here are certain trifles that Dr. Johnson called his own, and daily used.

Passing the Cathedral a short walk by the Minster Pool and through a lovely valley brings you to Stow Pool, on whose margin is the pretty little church dedicated to St. Chad. At the foot of Stow Hill is the house where once resided that eccentric character, Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." Luckily for us, we of this generation have not been nurtured, as our less happy grandfathers were, on this portentous piece of wrong-headed wisdom, and know it only through the delicious fooling of Mr. Burnand in his "New Sandford and Merton." During Day's residence there a number of literary and scientific folk who have become more or less celebrated, lived in Lichfield and its neighbourhood, and formed a pleasant little coterie amongst themselves. There was Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of our great scientist—Charles Darwin—who sang "The Loves of the Plants" with such verbosity and scientific abandon that a vast quarto was



filled with the throbbings of his lyre. There was also Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, whose daughter Maria has given us a most entertaining sketch of his character and of his many matrimonial adventures. As might have been guessed concerning a man almost as "much married" as the late Brigham Young, he invented a "perambulator," and was one of the earliest to suggest workable ideas about the velocipede and telegraphy. Among the rest were the engineers Boulton and Watt, Dr. Priestley, Sir W. Herschel, the father of Anna Seward, the poetess, and occasionally Johnson. They held monthly meetings at each other's houses, and Darwin called these gatherings "lunar meetings." Anna Seward was the most gifted poet that Lichfield has produced, and some of her verse, were it not so deeply tinted with the mannerism of her time might be read with pleasure to-day.

St. Chad's Church should not be left unvisited. It is one of the most ancient structures in the vicinity, and you will be informed that it is supposed to have been originally erected by the Romans about the end of the second century. In the present church there are traces of Norman architecture, of early English decorated, and Gothic, showing that it has passed through many transitions. It was near this site that Lichfield's patron saint, St. Chad, lived in and apparently enjoyed his cell, and close by you still may see the well by whose marge he loved to offer up his devotions. This was one of those wells which were "dressed" on Ascension Day before that ancient and charming custom of "well dressing" was abandoned in these parts.

A pleasant walk by the edge of the Pool and through sweet-scented fields of meadow and nodding corn leads you to Greenhill whereon the great event of the year, for the youthful Lichfieldians, is still consummated on Whit Monday. This festival, now known as the "Bower," was

anciently styled "The Country Array, or View of Men and Arms," and though in these days it is shorn of much of its ancient splendour, and the "Bower" business has degenerated into little more than an excuse for a rowdy fair, with its fat women shows, penny theatres, toffee stalls, and all the usual row and racket of such "high jinks," it is still carried out with sufficient adherence to old-time custom to make the proceedings of interest to the antiquarian and sufficiently diverting to the spectator. This was the old order of it.

Early on Whit Monday the high constables, with ten men, armed with ribbon-adorned firelocks, preceded by eight morrice dancers, a fool fantastically dressed, and drums and fifes, escorted the Sheriff, Town Clerk, and Bailiffs from the Guildhall to the Bower on Greenhill. Here the style and title of the court was proclaimed by the crier, and the enrolled names of the citizens called over. This was the "Court of Array, or View of Men and Arms," and was necessary before the establishment of a regular military force, to show who were capable and liable to the carrying of arms. The Statutes of Array were repealed in the reign of James I., and, therefore, this part of the business then lost its meaning. The Court, with its motley following, afterwards marched through the streets, and were joined by the constables and "dozeners" of each ward, who anciently bore the effigies of saints, but afterwards were content to carry garlands of flowers or trade emblems. The Morrice dancers danced, the armed men fired their guns, and thus the procession slowly made its joyous and noisy way through the principal streets of the city. During the day the inhabitants of the several wards were "regaled with cold hanged beef, stewed pruns, cakes, wine, and ale," at the expense of the Corporation. One old chronicler naively admits that this jolly way of spending

the public money was "gratifying to many." We easily believe him, but now that the fun has to be provided by subscription, there is hardly enough of it to go round, and it is not quite so fast and furious as it must have been in the good old times.

A stroll of half a mile from the city, and you are at Barrow Cop Hill, where tradition tells you three Kings are buried, and this legendary "fact" has given to Lichfield her arms. There is a building on the hill top, from which you get splendid views over a magnificent stretch of country, wherein the town lies like a picture in a vast framework of emerald and gold.





## CHAUCER'S TALE OF SIR THOPAS.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

AMONG the Canterbury Tales "Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas" holds a peculiar place. It is the only one in which a purely lyrical measure is used, all the rest being, with the exception, of course, of the prose tales, in the rhymed heroic couplet, or at least, as is occasionally the case, in heroic lines rhyming alternately. It is also remarkable because the poet makes it, along with the prose story immediately following—"The Tale of Melibeus"—his own contribution in person to the amusement of the pilgrims. Its importance is further enhanced by the fact that it is a critical satire in the form of a parody upon the early metrical romances of chivalry. Professor Saintsbury, in his "History of Criticism," the first volume of which has been recently published, places Dante first as the highest genius of the Middle Ages, and Chaucer second; and contends that during a period which displayed but small accomplishment in criticism, it is to these two poets that we are to look for the earliest and fullest development of the critical spirit. In Dante's case we have it in prose—in the "De Vulgari Eloquio"—and in Chaucer diffused through nearly all his work. "Chaucer," he says, "had all or almost all, the necessary qualifications of a critic—a real

knowledge of literature, a distinctly satirical humour, a large tolerance, a touch decided, but not too frequent, of enthusiasm, an interest in a very wide range of subjects and forms. And he is actually a critic in embryo, and more, throughout his work. The 'Boethius' and the 'Astrolabe,' the 'Rose' and the 'Troilus,' half the 'Canterbury Tales,' more than half the minor works, are saturated with literature—could have come from no author but one who was saturated with literature. There is uncrystallised criticism on every page. There is even some crystallised criticism in the 'Sir Thopas,' and perhaps elsewhere." Now it is because "Sir Thopas" may be appropriately taken as representing this element of literature and criticism in Chaucer that it becomes worth while to give more attention to that particular poem than has usually been given by students and commentators. Probably most readers think of Chaucer as the interpreter of life, of manners, and of external nature, and not as in any large degree a bookish poet; but we may all remember what he says about books in the "Legend of Good Women":

And if that oldé bokés were away,  
 Y-lorné were of remembraunce the key.  
 Well ought us, thanné, honóuren and beleve  
 These bokés, ther we han noon other preve.  
 And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,  
 On bokés for to rede I me delyte,  
 And to hem give I feyth and full credence,  
 And in myn herte have hem in reverence  
 So hertely, that there is gamé noon  
 That fro my bokés maketh me to goon

The introduction to "Sir Thopas" is for ever memorable in virtue of its containing a wonderfully minute and spirited picture of the poet drawn by himself. What would we not give for a portrait of Shakespeare similar in its origin?

Then follows the "Rime." It is in a swinging ballad

measure, a little irregular, but the type is a stanza of six lines, four octosyllabic, arranged as couplets, divided by a line of six syllables, but which rhymes with a similar line at the end of the stanza. Notwithstanding the serious criticism which underlies it—serious, yet playful and good-humoured—Chaucer would have called the thing a “jape.” It comes immediately after that solemn and beautiful tale of the Prioress, which was so charmingly modernised by Wordsworth. A change was needed from grave to gay, a change also in subject and metre, and we get it in “Sir Thopas.” It is clearly a parody, and both lines and phrases are frequently taken from the romances which it is intended to satirise. Sir Thopas is brought before us as a perfect knight—a flower of chivalry. His lineage and birth are duly set forth. He was born at Poperyng, in Flanders, not far from Ostend. His personal appearance is given with absurd circumstantiality. And here the satire begins, for this was the manner of the old romancer. His face was white as payndemayn—probably a very white kind of bread—his lips were, of course (following the still extant convention), red as a rose; though white he was ruddy and his *rode* or ruddiness was like scarlet in the grain, and then, with a fine double thrust at the common triviality of these descriptions and the usual resort to an obvious rhyme, we are told that “he had a seemly nose.” From that point the reader feels that the knight’s nose, like that of M. Rostand’s hero, is borne aloft in the air. But this is not enough. His hair and his beard are like saffron, and reach down to his girdle, his shoon were of cordewane, and his robe was of cloth of gold, which had cost many a “jani” (a Genoese coin). He could hunt the wild deer, ride a-hawking with a grey goshawk on his hand; he was a good archer, and at wrestling none was his peer. From his physical qualities we turn to his moral perfections. He was chaste and no

lecher, sweet as the bramble rose which beareth the red hip, and for him many a bright maid mourned in her bower when, as the poet says, with a characteristic side-thrust of satire, she had far better have been asleep. Then he goes upon his adventures, mounted on a grey steed; in another part of the ballad the horse gets the well-worn name of "dapple-grey"; a lance in his hand, and a long sword by his side. Of course he pricketh through a fair forest among wild beasts, but under his feet are delicious but incongruous herbs, and over his head the birds sing—both thrustlecocks and parrots, full loude and cleere. No earthly woman is good enough for him; he will have nothing less than an elf queene, and finds his way into the land of Fairye, and so the story goes on, including a long account of how he was armed for a fight with a three-headed giant, to the end of the first fit. Then the poet asks in curiously modern phrase if they will have any more of it: "If ye wol any moore of it, to tell it wol I fonde (try)." Having received no answer, he nevertheless proceeds with his second fit, reminding his hearers of the romances of great price, "Hornchild" and "Ypotys," "Bevis," and Sir Gy, Lybeaux and Pleyn-damour, but declaring that Sir Thopas beareth the flower of royal chivalry! He has, however, got but half-way through his fifth stanza when the host breaks in rudely and stops him with "Na moore of this, for Goddes dignitee." Probably Chaucer timed this interruption to follow immediately after the information that Sir Thopas never slept in any house, but lay in his hood on the grass, and only

Drank water of the well,  
As dide the Knyght Sire Percyvell,

ascetic characteristics which were not likely to meet with the approval of mine host of the Tabard. The conclusion, is given not in the ballad measure, but in heroic verse, and

in it the host tells the poet that he shall rhyme no longer, and begs him to give them somewhat in prose, in which there shall be at least either some mirth or some doctrine.

It may be well now to give a few brief specimens from the "Rime" itself to illustrate the style and the nature of the metre :

Listeth, lordes, in good entent,  
 And I wol tellé verrayment  
     Of myrthe and of solas ;  
 Al of a knight, was fair and gent,  
 In bataille and in tourneyment,  
     His name was Sire Thopas.

\* \* \* \* \*

The briddés synge, it is no nay,  
 The sparhawk and the papejay,  
     That joye it was to heere.  
 The thrustelcok made eke hir lay,  
 The wodédowve upon the spray,  
     She sang full loude and cleere.

\* \* \* \* \*

His sheeld was al of gold so reed,  
 And ther-inne was a boré's heed,  
     A charbocle bisyde ;  
 And there he swoor, on ale and breed,  
 How that the geaunt shal be deed,  
     " Bitydé what bityde !"

The regularity of the metrical arrangement in these lines is very marked. Indeed, I imagine that some of our modern critics would contend that if they have a fault it lies in their being too monotonously smooth. The fact is that until recent years the difficulty in reading Chaucer has been greatly exaggerated. It is to this that we owe the neglect of him by the general reader, and the attempts which have been made—some successful, some futile—to present him in a modern dress. Chaucer scholars all insist upon the ease with which he may be read. Perhaps they are a little too sanguine, but on the whole their contention is sound.



Mr. Richard Morris says: "Chaucer is as easily understood as Spenser and Shakespeare. Not many of his terms are wholly obsolete, and but few of his inflections have gone wholly out of use." Mr. Robert Bridges, writing to me a short time ago, says: "It is delightful to find that Chaucer is now read in his proper dress. To me he is far less old-fashioned than Pope." But we may go much further back and find the same opinion expressed. In 1834, a time when a contrary view would be generally held, Coleridge said: "I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the 'Canterbury Tales,' being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final "e" of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as 'ocean' and 'nation,' etc., as dissyllables; or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse."

"A few plain rules" is all that Coleridge asks for. No doubt this subject might be greatly extended, and if all the points of metre and grammar and pronunciation were gone into and tabulated, the rules would be both intricate and many. But however this may be desirable for the Chaucerian specialist, it is not necessary for the general reader, who only wishes to be able to comprehend the author's full meaning, and to scan his verses in such a manner as to make them harmonious. What, then, are these few and plain rules? 1. That the final "e" is not used arbitrarily as a syllable to make up the metre; but that it is an older grammatical form still in use in Chaucer's time, and that it is generally silent when it comes before a word beginning with a vowel, and sometimes before the letter "h." This is, in effect, nothing more than the rule

still observed in reading French verse. 2. The pronunciation of all words of French origin with an accent on the final syllable—thus, coráge, honóur, adventúre, conditióun, resoún, vertúe, licoúr. 3. Elision or the contraction of two weak syllables into one. This was much practised by Chaucer, and was no doubt regarded by him as an ornament to his verse. Most modern poets use the same license with more or less frequency, and generally with advantage. These are all the rules that are absolutely necessary. There is, however, something further to be said which may be of more use and importance than any of the rules. Chaucer's ear was so good and his rhythmical system so perfect that if you can read his lines so as to make them metrically harmonious, you will almost always find that you have adopted the right pronunciation—in other words, that which he intended you to use. There are two classes of readers—those who, not having a good rhythmical ear, evolve the measure with more or less accuracy from the lines as they read them; and those who, having the measure singing in their heads beforehand, read the lines according to that measure. Readers of the second sort will seldom go wrong with Chaucer.

Those who allow themselves to be deterred by the difficulties alluded to leave unexplored one of the fairest provinces of our literature. Spenser spoke of his great predecessor as "the pure well-head of poetry," and for Englishmen he retains that position to-day. To fall back upon his vernal freshness, his buoyancy of tone, his perennial good humour, his broad commonsense, his shrewd yet tolerant observation of men and manners, together with his tender love of solitude and nature, is to be delivered from the corrupting, the enervating, the saddening influence of much of our modern verse. I will venture to quote again from Coleridge, who is hardly ever wrong in matters of criticism,

in order to enforce this view of Chaucer's characteristics. He says :

I take increasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping.

This passage was given in the "Table Talk" for 1834, but eighteen years earlier in the "Biographia Literaria" he had written :

Through all the works of Chaucer there runs a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself.

There are poets whose work is acceptable to us only in youth ; there are those who come to us with healing in middle life, and chief among these is Wordsworth ; there are also those who help us to "warm both hands at the fire of life" in our old age, and among these Chaucer, who is also the poet of the dawn, takes the first place.





## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY R. H. SELBIE.

ON the 7th of October, 1894, the sad tidings were cabled to this country that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was dead. The news was quite unexpected, and perhaps this accounts in some measure for the comparatively little notice that was taken of it in the public press. His writings had up to the last been so fresh, so vigorous, so free from any suggestion of declining power that we forgot that the philosopher of the breakfast table had far outlived the allotted span, and had, in fact, turned the corner of his 85th year. No true lover of Holmes will, however, regret that he did not receive the doubtful honour of having his name embalmed in every provincial newspaper. To all who knew Holmes, if only through his books, the loss was felt to be a personal one, and for such information as they desired to have of the manner of his life and death they knew where to turn. Only some of our leading and more literary newspapers and periodicals sketched his career and reviewed his works, and this they did reverently and sympathetically. Surely this was most in accord

with the fitness of things. During his life Holmes did not court popularity, and cared nothing for the plaudits of that general public who, as Mr. Birrell puts it, "subscribe to Mudie, and have their intellectual, like their lacteal, sustenance sent round to them in carts."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in the year 1809 in an old "gambrel-roofed house" in Cambridge, Mass., and it is interesting to note in passing that the same year saw the birth of several other notabilities, amongst them Gladstone, Tennyson, Monckton Milnes, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Poe, Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln. Writing to a friend a few years before his death, Holmes says: "I took my first draught of that fatal mixture called atmospheric air on the 29th of August, 1809." And in another letter he says: "The year 1709 was made ponderous and illustrious in English biography by the birth of Samuel Johnson. My own humble advent to the world of protoplasm was in the year 1809 of the present century." It is said that Holmes used to take no small delight in the fact of this connecting link of a century between himself and the great Cham of Literature, and was wont every now and then to turn up his Boswell to see what his illustrious predecessor was doing on that particular day a century ago.

Holmes' father was a clergyman with Calvinistic leanings in Cambridge, and was also a writer of some note on American history. His mother, Sarah Wendell, was the daughter of a lawyer of considerable reputation, so that from both parents he inherited professional instincts. Holmes' schooldays, so far as we have any record of them, were uneventful, and he was entered in 1825 at Harvard University. It was during his early college days that he first showed signs of possessing the poetic genius which he afterwards developed. A proposal was on foot to break up the old frigate "Constitution," which had become un-

seaworthy. To Holmes, with his fine susceptibilities, this appeared to be little short of sacrilege, and his indignation found expression in a short lyric, in which he pleaded strongly for its preservation. It is pleasing to know that he did not plead in vain, and that violent hands were not laid on the old craft. His first intention was to adopt the legal profession, and for twelve months Blackstone and Chitty were his text-books. But law does not appear to have won his affection, and we find him commencing his second College year in the Medical School. Here he went through the usual curriculum, and in 1833 visited Europe, spending a considerable time both in Edinburgh and Paris in the prosecution of his studies. In 1836, on his return to America he commenced to practice, living with his father in the old house at Cambridge, and afterwards, on the latter's death, removed to Boston, where he married. In 1847 he was appointed to the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology at his own University of Harvard, and he held this position until so recently as 1882, when he felt it his duty to make way for a younger man.

Treating of Holmes as a lecturer, his biographer says, after describing the lecture theatre, with the partly-dissected body upon the table :

To such a scene enters the poet, the writer, the wit, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Few readers of his prose or poetry could dream of him as here in this charnel-house in the presence of death. Respect for poor humanity and admiration for God's divinest work is the first lesson, and the uppermost in the poet-lecturer's mind. He enters, and is greeted with a mighty shout and stamp of applause. Then silence, and there begins a charming hour of description, analysis, simile, anecdote, harmless pun, which clothes the dry bones with poetic imagery, enlivens a hard and fatiguing day with humour, and brightens to the tired listener the details of a difficult though interesting study. As a lecturer he was accurate, punctual, precise, unvarying in patience over detail, and though not an original anatomo-

mist in the sense of a discoverer, yet a most exact descriptive lecturer, while the wealth of comparison, illustration, and simile he used was unequalled. Hence his charm; you received information and you were amused at the same time. He was always simple and rudimentary in his instruction. His flights of fancy never shot over his hearers' heads. "Iteration and reiteration" was his favourite motto in teaching. "These, gentlemen," he said on one occasion, pointing out the lower portion of the pelvis bones, "are the tuberosities of the ischia, on which man was designed to sit and survey the works of Creation." But if witty, he could also be serious and pathetic; and he possessed the high power of holding and controlling his rough auditors.

It was during his occupancy of the Professor's chair that most of his literary work was accomplished. We may date his literary reputation from the year 1857, when a magazine, entitled the "Atlantic" first appeared under the editorship of James Russell Lowell, and to which Holmes contributed the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." This was followed by the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" in 1860 and by the "Poet at the Breakfast Table" in 1872. Of his novels, "Elsie Venner" came out in 1861, "The Guardian Angel" in 1868, and "A Mortal Antipathy" in 1885. He also produced at various times several works of a technical character on medical subjects. In 1886 he paid a second visit to England and France, accompanied by his daughter, an account of which he published in the following year under the title of "Our Hundred Days in Europe." His last work, "Over the Teacups," appeared in 1890, and between that date and his death four years later he contributed many articles and poems to magazines.

Holmes seemed to take a peculiar delight in the feeling that he was growing old, and it often formed the subject of his verses during the later years of his life. Here is a stanza written on his seventieth birthday:

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden.

Let me not vex the too long-suffering lyre,  
 Though to your love untiring, still beholden,  
 The Curfew tells me—Cover up the fire!  
 And now, with grateful smiles and accents cheerful,  
 And warmer heart than look or word can tell,  
 In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful—  
 Thanks, brothers, sisters, children—and farewell.

And again :

Youth longs and Manhood strives, but Age remembers—  
 Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,  
 Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers  
 That warm its creeping life-blood to the last.

The call came to him unexpectedly, and just as he would have wished it. He experienced none of those "cold gradations of decay" which are so much to be dreaded. Within a very few days of his death he was out and about taking his usual walks, and at the last he was sitting in his study chatting pleasantly to his son, when suddenly, and without warning, "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Such is a brief resumé of the main facts in the life of Dr. Holmes, gathered from his biography as written by Mr. J. T. Morse. To that gentleman we are indebted for two most delightful volumes, entitled the "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes." Of strictly biographical matter, they contain comparatively little, for the reason that Holmes' life was almost entirely devoid of incident. With the exception of his two visits to Europe he spent practically the whole of his life in or near Boston. "Fortunately," says Mr. Morse, "the picturesqueness of poverty was never his, nor the prominence of wealth. Days and years glided by with little to distinguish them from each other, in that kind of procession which those who like it call tranquil, and those who dislike it call monotonous."

In these volumes we find a full, and no doubt accurate,



account of Holmes' labours in the fields of medical science and of literature, and deeply interesting that account must be to all his admirers. The great charm of the book, however, is in the letters. Holmes made a fine art of letter-writing, though he was diffident in its practice, and one only needs to be acquainted with his style in the Breakfast Table books to be sure that his letters to his friends must be of exceptional interest, and of a high literary order. Amongst his correspondents we find the names of James Russell Lowell, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, J. G. Whittier, John Lothrop Motley, and many others less known. The subjects upon which he writes are even more numerous than his correspondents, and include almost every conceivable topic from the immortality of the soul to the maximum length of a rattlesnake. The letters are so many and varied, so full of humour, freshness and vitality, so thoughtful and yet so apparently effortless, that it would be impossible to adequately convey any idea of their character by quoting extracts from them. They must be read to be appreciated, and of the man who fails to appreciate them it may truthfully be said that he has been taught to read in vain.

In the case of a man such as Holmes a written biography is in no sense necessary to the formation of a correct estimate of his character and life work. To the careful reader of his books a biography can contain little that is new concerning him beyond the mere accidents of his life. In so far as it deals with his thoughts, opinions, aspirations, speculations, and philosophy, it can only be a more or less imperfect epitome of his writings. The biography tells us of the Dr. Holmes who died on the 9th October, 1894; in his books we have the Oliver Wendell Holmes who still lives. All that was noblest, all that was immortal in him is reflected there. From those pages he still speaks to us.

cheers us when depressed, counsels us when in difficulty, inspires us with lofty ambitions, calls out our sympathies to the aid of the downtrodden and unfortunate, points with unmistakable distinctness to the difference between profession and conduct, and never fails to direct us to the true source of all real happiness and prosperity. Leigh Hunt, in his essay on "Books," makes this remark: "I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases me I should wish to be accounted worthy of pleasing others." Holmes somewhere expresses the same wish, but on higher grounds. He wished to remain with men in the shape of his books, that they might have the benefit of his long years of study and observation of human nature in its varied aspects, and we must admit that his profession afforded him exceptional opportunities of prosecuting such a study. Though it may not be generally admitted, I certainly look upon Holmes as a teacher. Not in any didactic or scientific sense, but nevertheless a teacher of great truths. His writings are full of the milk of human kindness, and I defy any honest-minded man to read carefully any of his books, be it novel, table-talk, or volume of poems, without feeling that he has had his sympathies enlarged and his love of truth and justice strengthened. He hated all narrowness, bigotry, and intolerance in whatsoever sphere of life it appeared, and under whatsoever disguise, with a perfect hatred, and was never afraid of saying so. He wished to remain with men in the shape of his books that he might help and instruct as well as please them, and we can well imagine his saying, in the words of another poet:

For me to have made one soul  
The better for my birth;  
To have planted but one flower  
In the garden of the earth;  
To have struck one blow for truth  
In the daily fight with lies;

To have done one deed of right  
In the face of calumnies;  
To have sown in the souls of men  
One thought that will not die;  
To have been a link in the chain of life—  
Shall be immortality.

We have not many examples of the combination of the professions of medicine and letters. Holmes' time, taking his life as a whole, was pretty equally divided between his two professions. He never allowed his literary work and engagements to interfere with the faithful discharge of his duties either as College Professor or general practitioner, and he drew largely upon his experiences in both these capacities in his novels and essays, and his writings are enriched by the allusions and illustrations they afford.

Now and then these medical metaphors come in a most quaint and unexpected manner. In his verses on music-grinders he refers to the blissful quiet that comes when the street organ has moved away, and says:

But, hark! the air is still again,  
The music all is ground;  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound.

And again, in speaking of the miseries and trials of authorship, he says: "I am always glad to hear that any literary friend of mine is doing as well as can be expected when he has had a book." There is another good story related of Holmes which may be mentioned in this connection. Walking down the street one day, a physician told him of an amusing marriage—a love match—which had occurred in his family, wherein the bride was eighty-eight years old and the groom a trifle younger. Holmes was greatly amused. Coming to his house, he walked slowly

up the steps, then suddenly turning, running down, and calling after his companion, he said: "Of course, they didn't have any children; but tell me, did they have any grandchildren?"

As I have already mentioned, Holmes' claims to literary reputation date from the year 1857. At that time America had no first-rate, purely literary, magazine, and the opportunity was taken by the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson and Co., of Boston, to commence such a publication. They were fortunate in securing the services of James Russell Lowell as editor, and he was still more fortunate in persuading Holmes to become a regular contributor. It was Holmes who suggested the name for the magazine which has since become so famous, viz., "The Atlantic." In casting about for a subject for his first paper, Holmes called to mind two articles he had contributed during his college days, twenty-five years previously, to the "New England Magazine," which lived only from 1831 to 1835. These articles were written in a discursive and conversational style, and as Holmes himself puts it, "the recollection of these crude products of my uncombed literary boyhood suggested the thought that it would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again, and see if the ripe fruit would be better or worse than the early wind-falls." That he shook the bough to some purpose we all know well, for the result was the series of papers which appeared under the nom-de-plume: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The style of writing immediately took the public fancy, and the success of the magazine was assured.

Mr. Morse, in his very admirable Memoir, is at some pains to allot Holmes his precise place on the roll of literary fame and to show in what way he must be differentiated from other American writers.

He contends, and no doubt rightly, that Holmes did not write as an American, but as a New Englander; that he does not in his books interpret the life and thought of America, but of New England; in other words, that, as a writer, he was not national so much as racial or provincial. The descendants of the original Puritan settlers had during successive generations kept the State of Massachusetts exclusively to themselves, and had thus become, "for all social, moral, and intellectual purposes, a race." It was Holmes' function in the Breakfast Table books to present this people to his readers. In his novel he draws for us pictures of them, but "The Autocrat," to quote Mr. Morse, "is not a picture of New Englandism; it is an actual piece of New England cut solidly out of the original body." This is, of course, exceedingly interesting, but I doubt whether it had anything to do with the enthusiasm with which the book was received on its first appearance, or with the place which it has ever since held in the affections of both Englishmen and Americans. I am rather inclined to think that it is the strong human element that pervades the book and the atmosphere of a large charity breathed from every page that endears it to us.

"The Autocrat" is generally allowed to be Holmes' best and most representative work. It bears evidence of his fine sense of humour and his high poetic genius. Its pages contain some of the author's choicest verses, and the prose-writing abounds with poetical conceptions. He introduces us to his fellow-boarders, and reports something of their sayings and doings, but the large proportion of the book is composed of his own table talk. Notwithstanding this, it is free from all trace of egotism, and it never occurs to one to ask what the other boarders thought of the autocrat "holding the floor" so continually. With one exception, viz., the schoolmistress, Holmes tells us very little

about his audience round the breakfast table, and yet we seem to know them all intimately, such knowledge being acquired chiefly from the questions they ask and from their manner of receiving the communications of the Autocrat. The characters in many a modern drawing-room novel whose pedigrees and peculiarities, love affairs and hate affairs, are laboriously impressed upon us, have far more of the puppet about them than the lodgers in this Boston boarding-house. "The old gentleman opposite," "the young man called John," "The Divinity Student," "the Schoolmistress," and "the Landlady," are all living people to us, and we hail them as old friends when we meet any of them again in the pages of the author's subsequent works.

In addition to the poetry and humour which the book contains, there are many examples of that delightful fooling in which Holmes not infrequently indulges, as instance the following, which he wrote as a skit on the nonsense which so often appears in provincial papers under the heading "From our Foreign Correspondent." This is supposed to emanate from "Our Sumatra Correspondent":

The principal vegetable productions of this island are the pepper tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organised in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters as an addition to this delightful condiment. . . . During the season of gathering the pepper the persons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks that the unfortunate victims of them are frequently driven backwards for great distances at immense speed. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. . . . The bread tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar title of maccaroni. The smaller twigs are called vermicelli. They have decidedly an animal flavour, as may be observed in the

soups containing them. Maccaroni, being tubular, is the favourite habitat of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferocious by being boiled. The Government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston by which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the maccaroni arrives amongst us. It therefore always retains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

Please do not mistake me. I have not quoted this passage as an example of Holmes' humour. I have called it "delightful fooling," and am not disposed to put it any higher. Humour at its best is too subtle a thing to lend itself readily to quotation. A funny or a jocular man is not necessarily humorous. A great many people who can crack, and even see, jokes don't know what humour is. It has been frequently pointed out of late that many people labour under a grievous misconception as to what humour really is. To many the terms *wit* and *humour* are synonymous, which is a fatal error. Someone has said that "humour is the electric atmosphere and wit is the flash." But this is only half the truth. Some few years ago it was my privilege to hear Canon Ainger, of Bristol, who, it will be remembered, is Charles Lamb's great champion to-day, lecture on "False Wit and Humour in English Literature." His definition of humour, and the manner in which he showed that it was not necessarily provocative of mirth, were most excellent, and one expression he made use of I shall never forget, as it seems to me to contain the pith of the whole matter. It was this: "There is humour that is too deep for laughter, just as there is sorrow too deep for tears." Holmes was a great wit, but he was a greater humourist. His wit was the product of his mind; his humour came from his heart. It is his wit that tickles our fancy and makes us laugh; it is his humour that stirs our

deeper emotions and sympathies. It is his wit that we applaud ; it is his humour for which we love him.

Holmes has been spoken of as the Charles Lamb of America, and from the nature of the work of the two men the coupling of their names together is almost inevitable. To every true Englishman, however, there is something sacred about the very name of Charles Lamb which forbids that any other should be bracketed with, and much less put before it. I shall not, therefore, enter upon any comparison between the two men, but content myself with saying that in my humble judgment they differ from one another only as "one star differs from another star in glory."

In the conversations round the breakfast table the Autocrat covers a wide range of subjects, and if he does not go very deeply into them or throw any strikingly new light upon them, there is no mistaking the fact that his words are those of a man who has thought for himself and dipped deep into the well of knowledge. Holmes was a master in the "art of putting things," and the style of writing which he chose as the vehicle of his thoughts was specially well adapted to the exercise of that art. I have come across some poor belated people who say that they cannot read "The Autocrat," that they have not the patience for it, and that they cannot do with the way in which the author hops about from one subject to another. Why, his very discursiveness is one of his greatest charms. I quite admit that for certain ends and under certain circumstances it is necessary to keep the thoughts in one specific groove, but it is neither necessary nor desirable in all one's reading to have the mind chained to one subject like a bear to a pole.

Holmes does not, as I have hinted, set up as an authority on the many questions on which he touches, still less does



he attempt to force his opinions upon us. His object in his more serious writing seems to be to lead the reader more by hints and suggestions than by actual assertions to think for himself on the various speculative and other questions which he introduces. However sure of his ground he may be, he would not have anyone to follow him blindly. "I don't want you," he says, in one place, "to believe anything I say. I only want you to try and see what makes me believe it." If he finds himself at any time getting out of the depth of his imaginary audience round the table he allows one of them to pull him up sharply by the putting of an irrelevant question or the perpetrating of a bad pun. Once when he had been interrupted by one of the latter, he directed an elaborate tirade against the nuisance of punning, and ended by saying: "People who make puns are like wanton boys who put coppers on railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little tricks may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism." "The Autocrat" abounds in little aphoristic sentences of this kind: "Sin," he says in one place, "has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all." "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged." "Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection." "Nature, when she invented and manufactured authors, made critics of the chips that were left." "The sound of a kiss is not so great as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer."

One other quotation only must I give from "The Autocrat." He is in one of his more serious moods, and has been talking about individual responsibility and

the necessity for every man "being fully persuaded in his own mind" as to the right course of action and conduct in the highest matters.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift or lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this, that one cannot help using his early friends to mark his progress. If we take the old familiar simile of a fleet leaving the harbour and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it.

There is one of our companions; her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then bye and bye her sails blew out of the ropes one after another, the waves swept her deck, and as night came on we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But, lo! at dawn she is still in sight—it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong but silent; yes, stronger than those noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of a jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug, with skeleton arms, which comes out of the mist sooner or later, and takes us all in tow, grapples her and goes off groaning and panting with her, it is to that harbour where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, towering in our pride, may never come.

The "Professor at the Breakfast Table" appeared during the year 1860. Some of the old faces are still at the table, and there are others that we have not met before. The "young man called John" is there, with his smart, slangy sayings. The "Old Gentleman opposite" smiles over his coffee as benignantly as ever. The divinity student, the landlady, her daughter, and their poor relation are also present. Amongst the new faces the most interesting are those of a little deformed man known as Little Boston and a young girl called Iris. This book, unlike the others of the series, contains a tragedy for this and nothing less, is the narrative of the life and death of Little Boston. His

grandmother had been hanged for a witch, and the iron of that injustice had entered his soul. His latter days were sweetened by the love that was born in him for the young girl Iris, who tended him with the gentleness and devotion of a sister during his last illness, and held his hand even as he passed through the dark valley. The writing in the Professor is perhaps more serious than in either of the companion volumes, and it contains two of the author's most beautiful hymns. The kindness of Holmes' disposition and his faith in the Divine love being "broader than the measure of man's mind" come out strikingly in the closing paragraph, in which he says:

And so my year's record is finished. The Professor has talked less than his predecessor, but he has heard and seen more. Thanks to all those friends who have from time to time sent their messages of kind recognition and fellowfeeling! Peace to all such as may have been vexed in spirit by any utterance these pages have repeated. They will doubtless forget for the moment the difference in the hues of truth we look at through our human prisms, and join in singing inwardly this hymn to the Source of the Light we all need to lead us, and the warmth which alone can make us all brothers.

And then follows the hymn so well known to us, beginning:

Lord of all being, throned afar—

Twelve years elapsed before the publication of the "Poet at the Breakfast Table," the third and last of the series. All the old boarders have now disappeared, and we are introduced to an entirely new company round the table. Like "The Autocrat," the book contains a romance. Among the boarders is a young astronomer who has his room in the attics, and spends his days in reading about the starry heavens and his nights in gazing upon them. There is also in the house a young woman, who is wearing her life away in writing little stories for so many, or rather for

so few, dollars for so many pages for the publishers of third-rate magazines. The astronomer, with the rashness of youth, undertakes to lighten the weariness of the poor girl's existence by revealing to her some of the mysteries of his science. She had not, however, examined many stars through his telescope before he invited her attention particularly to a certain double-star situated on the right foot of Andromeda. He explained how the two stars shone for each other and made a little world of their own. The sequel is easy to guess. Other delightful characters in the book are Scarabee, an old entomologist, whose life and labours were devoted to the discovery of a supposed new branch of the beetle family, and the "Old Master." It is into the mouth of the latter that Holmes puts a little speech on music, with the sentiment of which we must all agree.

I don't like your chopper music. That woman—she had more commonsense in her little finger than forty medical societies—Florence Nightingale—says that the music you pour out is good for sick folk, and the music you pound out isn't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down upon it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands, to limber 'em I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as if they would pretty much cover the keyboard from the growling end to the squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on them both at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear

a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me—I know the difference between a bull-frog and a wood thrush.

The main idea of the three Breakfast Table books is Talk. Holmes was a famous talker, and his conversation ever bore the impress of his strong personality. Thackeray paid a graceful tribute to this fact on one occasion when he wrote to Holmes to support an invitation sent to him to visit this country. "Come to England," he said; "come to stay, if only to talk to us. We will welcome you everywhere if you will only let us listen to you." Bearing this in mind, we no longer wonder that his Breakfast Table chat should be so acceptable to us, or that this should be regarded as the richest part of the legacy he has left to the world. Throughout the three volumes there is not to be found a single instance in which he employs his wit in such a way as to hurt the feelings of any individual or to offend any class. No matter what a man's opinions might be, so long as he held them honestly he was sure to find a listener, if not a sympathiser, in Holmes. Acrimony was foreign to his nature, and he scorned to hit below the belt. He was possessed of a great heart and of that gentleness of disposition and consideration for others that go to make up the true gentleman. He was ever ready to make or to hear excuses for anyone who was led by misfortune or bad training to take a warped or narrow view of life, and to make every allowance for those who differed from him on even vital points. He was what most men would call tolerant, but I hate the word used as it generally is to-day. What is now known by the name of tolerance ranks as one of the virtues, but so far as my reading of our great "Guide Book" goes, I have not come across the injunction that we must tolerate our neighbours. The Pharisee tolerated the publican in the Temple, but we know which of them went

home feeling the better. It is doubtful whether the millennium will be brought very much nearer by our tolerating one another. It is not difficult to read between the lines of the three volumes I have been speaking about that Holmes bore to those less gifted and less happily circumstanced than himself a far nobler feeling than that of tolerance.

One other point I should like to name before leaving the Breakfast Table Books. Have you not noticed how often in reading them you find expressed thoughts and ideas which at some time or other you have been conscious of yourself, but have never had the opportunity, or possibly the courage, to put into words? There are passages which to the casual reader convey very little meaning, but which to the thoughtful man who, by a careful study of the books, has brought himself into thorough sympathy with the writer, have a hidden and a deep significance, and commend themselves not only to his intelligence, but to his heart. In reading such passages during Holmes' lifetime many of us must have felt that, though the bottomless Atlantic lay between us and the writer of them, our spirits were for the moment in very close communion with his in a sphere where time and place do not exist. In experiencing this relation to him we were reminded of

Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness ;  
Thus on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another  
Only a voice and a thought, then darkness again and a silence.

Holmes produced three novels, viz., "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy." From what I have been able to learn, they are not widely read to-day, but they appear to have had an extensive circulation at the time they were published and for some years afterwards. As works of fiction they do not rank very

high, and anyone who is not prepared to face pretty frequently a whole chapter unrelieved by a word of conversation, and possibly having no direct bearing upon the story itself, had better leave these novels alone. They are, however, eminently characteristic of their author, and this is surely sufficient guarantee of their worth to anyone who has sat with him at the Breakfast Table.

In "Elsie Venner" Holmes deals with a certain peculiar phase of the heredity question, and to my mind does so more convincingly, because more scientifically, than Ibsen in any of his plays. The Doctor's studies had led him to a belief in the existence of a closer connection between the human mind and body than is generally allowed, and while admitting that the story of "Elsie Venner" has no direct foundation on fact, he states that in it "through all the disguise of fiction a grave scientific doctrine may be detected lying beneath some of the delineations of character." It is a weird story of a girl who had a strange affinity with serpents in consequence of her mother having been bitten by a poisonous rattlesnake very shortly before giving her birth. Holmes' purpose in writing the book was to discuss the question as to how far one's responsibility is affected by inherent tendencies due to pre-natal causes.

It is interesting to note in this connection, and as evidence of the pains which the Doctor took to perfect his work and render his descriptions realistic, that while the book was being written he kept a live rattlesnake in a cage at the College, and spent a good deal of time in watching it and prodding it up in order to familiarise himself with its habits and character.

As a story "Elsie Venner" lacks plot, but abounds in incident. It contains a fight, several love affairs, and an attempted murder, the last-named being in the most

approved American style, the villain endeavouring to strangle his victim by casting a lasso over his head as he flew past him on horseback. But the real charm of the book for us to-day lies not in these things, nor yet in the scientific theories advanced, but in the touches of nature which it reveals, in the sympathetic character of the writing, and in the thousand and one little asides, which, while totally irrelevant to the narrative itself, are in delightful harmony with the thoughts induced by the story in the mind of the attentive reader.

It is not necessary to deal at any length with the other two novels, seeing that they run upon very much the same lines as "Elsie Venner," and treat of the subject of heredity in other but less startling phases. The love for humanity which prompted Holmes to devote his life's work to the discovery of means for alleviating the ills to which our flesh is heir led him also in his writings to seek to throw light upon some of the mysteries which surround our mental and spiritual being with a view, if possible, to enlist our sympathies on behalf of those whose maladies lie beyond the reach of medical science.

One other of Holmes' prose works calls for mention—"Over the Teacups"—which he brought out only four years before his death. It was written in his 81st year, or, as he quaintly puts it, when he was three-score years and twenty. The title is appropriate. The two first of the Breakfast Table series were written in the morning of his literary career; now he has reached the evening of his life. The writing has still about it much of the old vigour and charm, and in character does not differ materially from "The Autocrat" and "Poet." It is noticeable, however, and surely significant, that while the author shows no diminution of interest in speculative questions, such as those treated of in his earlier works, he appears to lean



more confidently upon the great eternal verities, and insists more strongly upon the necessity of our acceptance of them, and of our shaping our conduct and lives accordingly.

To turn now to Holmes as a poet, I said at the beginning of this paper that Holmes possessed the true poetic genius, and I think it is not difficult to justify that statement. There are many men who have the poetic instinct within them who never wrote a line of verse; that is to say, there are many men who in their own minds can make the commonplace seem beautiful, who can weave a fair network of imagery around the most ordinary things, and to whom the "meanest flower that blows can bring thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," but who have been denied the gift of clothing their thoughts in fitting language, and so communicating them to others. Many people have an exquisitely fine sense of harmony, and are stirred to the very depths of their being by good music, but it is only very rarely that a Patti or a Paderewski is given to the world. It is customary to reserve the title of poet for those who not only have the real poetic instinct but who are also able to give expression to it in the language it demands, and I claim for Holmes a place amongst the number of these. Again, even when a writer has made good his title to be called a poet, it does not follow that all the verse he writes must be true poetry. Holmes wrote an abundance of verse, but only in a comparatively small proportion of it does his poetic genius appear. Like others of his fellow-poets, he was fully conscious of the inequality of his work, and even of his inability to express in words at all some of his finest conceptions. When in 1862 he brought out a fresh volume of poems, he prefaced it with the following lines amongst others:

Deal gently with us, ye who read,  
 Our largest hope is unfulfilled;  
 The promise still outruns the deed—  
 The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find,  
 Our ripest fruit we never reach;  
 The flowering moments of the mind  
 Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear  
 One streak of morn or evening's glow,  
 Accept them; but to me more fair  
 The buds of song that never blow.

By common consent Holmes reaches the high-water mark of his genius in his two lyrics entitled the "Chambered Nautilus" and "The Last Leaf." When the former appeared, Whittier spoke of it as being "booked for immortality," and there is little doubt that it will live and be loved long after much that its author wrote has passed into oblivion. For purity of conception and beauty of expression it is unsurpassed. The chambered nautilus is a species of shell fish, its peculiarity being that each year it builds for itself a new, larger, and more pearly shell. After describing this process in exquisite language, the poet continues:

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn,  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:  
 Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Tennysen has expressed the same idea by a different figure, but even he does not strike a finer chord when he speaks of men rising as by "stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

Holmes was a poet of occasion, and for many years no important celebration in Boston was complete without a poem from his pen, and all the great national events which occurred during his lifetime he has recorded in delightful verse. On a fixed day in every year, from 1851 to almost the end of his life, the members of the College class which he had attended in 1829 met and dined together, and Holmes never failed to treat his old classmates to a poem appropriate to the occasion. These meetings called forth many of his happiest verses. Latterly the number of these old comrades grew small, and when there was not a head round the table but had been touched by the hoary finger of time, to the poet they were still the "boys of '29." It was frequently his duty to sing the dirge of some one who, since their last meeting, had been called to his account, and no man ever handled the virtues and frailties of a departed brother more tenderly than he.

Nor was Holmes wanting in poetic fire when the theme of his song called for it. He was an American to the backbone, and gloried in his country's independence. The stars and stripes of his nation's flag inspired him on many an occasion, and his songs of freedom have the true patriotic ring about them.

Empire unscathed! What foe shall assail thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man!  
Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the nation's cry—  
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Having given as the subject of this paper the name of Holmes only, I need offer no apology for dealing with him alone. In treating of some authors it is necessary to a right understanding of their merits and position to consider at length the state of literature at the time they lived. This, however, applies in a very modified degree in the case of an American writer, the literature of that country having advanced but little beyond its infancy. In spite of this, or possibly on account of it, such occasions are not infrequently made the excuse for the drawing of a quite unfair comparison between the literature of that country and our own. If the result were to make us more thankful for our inestimable birthright as Englishmen, and more ready to take advantage of the privileges that are ours in belonging to a nation with a literature that is second to none, such a comparison might not be in vain; but, unfortunately, it often ends in an unreasoning conceit on our part, and in our putting too low an estimate upon the literature of our sister country across the water. I am conscious that I am here treading upon delicate ground, and I shall content myself with only saying further that a nation of the age of America need have no fear for her literary reputation either now or in the days that are to come while she can point to such names as those of Emerson, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Holmes, and say, "These are *my* sons."

In conclusion, I do not claim for Holmes that he was a great writer in the sense in which that word is usually

employed. Shakespeare was great: a genius such as his is given to a nation only once in its history. As poet and dramatist, interpreter of human emotions and passions, he is admittedly without rival. Dr. Johnson was great; by his ponderous works and sturdy championship of literature as a profession his life marked an epoch in the literary history of the country. Scott was great; by the touch of his magic pen he made the dry bones of long-dead kings and warriors live again, and wove the most fascinating romances in our language out of the country-side legends of his native Scotland. These men, and such as these are deservedly called great, and their names will be handed down from age to age and from generation to generation long after we have passed into the silent land. But does not that very fact seem to remove them to a distance from us, and is there not a certain coldness in their very greatness? Holmes' sphere is, if I may use the expression, at the fireside, and when we take one of his volumes from the shelf we instinctively draw up our chairs to the fire and prepare for genial converse. He has something to say to us in our every mood and herein lies the secret of the love we bear him. On being asked on one occasion whether he derived more satisfaction from having written his "Treatise on Puerperal Fever," which had been the means of preventing much human suffering and saving human life, or from having written the "Chambered Nautilus," he said: "There is more selfish pleasure to be had out of the poem—perhaps the nobler satisfaction from the life-saving labour." We may take this reply as characteristic of Holmes' attitude generally towards his medical as compared with his literary work. But posterity may well take a broader view of the matter. Medical science advances with rapid strides, and the contributions made to it by Holmes may at any time be super-

seded by still more important discoveries. But charity, sympathy, brotherly kindness, cures for the troubles of mind and heart which are so prominent a feature of his writings, are the same in all time, and will be as efficacious a hundred years hence as they are to-day. It is men possessed of such virtues that the world needs, for it is they who most surely hasten the coming of

The one, far off, divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.





## OLD MALABAR, JUGGLER AND ACROBAT.

BY WILLIAM DINSMORE.

From his native hills

He wander'd far ; much did he see of men—  
Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,  
Their passions and their failings.

—Wordsworth.

**M**ALABAR was the most popular acrobat of his day. He was a familiar figure at all the race meetings and in the principal towns and cities in Great Britain. I first saw him perform at Glasgow Fair in the year 1838. The last time I saw him he was performing his oft-repeated exhibitions of juggling and feats of strength in Norfolk Street, Brown Street, Manchester. His modest manner and his dexterity interested me, and the foreign name — Malabar — inscribed on his waist-belt seemed to invest him with an air of mystery and romance. I am not possessed with that affected wisdom which prompts inartistic-minded persons to look down on art occupations which they deem useless. Therefore, I like the honest showman's art. The old juggler always seemed contented and happy.

I almost envied his lot spent in easy and interesting journeys, halting to perform in quiet villages, anon performing in busy towns, gladdened by the delight and applause of children, animated by the smiles of the fair sex, and supported by the contributions of his admirers. Householders and heads of families might envy such a lot as Malabar's. He was free from anxieties respecting house rent, increase of taxes, accumulation of rates, tradesmen's bills, servants' caprices, and the cost and the care of bringing up a family never troubled him. As he wandered among rural scenes, basking in sunshine, or resting in shade, he could snap his fingers at Misfortune and set her at defiance; her frown could not daunt him. He was blessed with infancy of heart, gifted with a genial nature, and favoured with a constitution sound as a vigorous oak tree strengthened by bright sunshine and invigorated by pure air. The changes in fashion of male attire did not trouble him. The latest sheet of tailor's patterns just received from Paris, was as uninteresting to him as a sheet of blank paper. His simple attire—dark blue blouse, knickerbockers, long stockings, and strong shoes—was the fashion of his choice, and sufficed him for the morning costume and evening dress. He was not expected to don mourning habiliments, and he was not solicited for a vote of any kind. Nearly all his long life he arranged his own show, independent of the rule or the caprice of any manager. Malabar could sit in his lodgings at night and calmly listen to actors complain of their trouble under the manager's sway. He could hearken unmoved while distressed actors related how their manager raged during a final rehearsal of a new piece, because the leading actors were not letter perfect in their part, and in consequence of this remissness and other shortcomings there ensued a violent hurricane of profanity from all points of the theatrical compass.



The old acrobat never forgot his part ; he never required prompting. The effect of study and wearisome repetition of a character, which operates upon the memory of some performers in an extraordinary manner, ending in forgetfulness of almost every line of their part, was unknown to him. Malabar possessed a "wingy nature" of mind and freedom of movement of body, he was as free as the unrestrained wind to roam at will without let or hindrance. In addition to the name on his waist-belt he might have added the words Art and Liberty as his motto, or he might have chosen John Selden's motto, "Above all things, Liberty." For forty years he was spared even the trouble of looking after his show properties; his devoted wife and constant companion took charge of the apparatus, and during the performance arranged the articles and handed them to him in proper order.

He performed without the aid of musical attraction ; he was independent of face-painting, which many of his profession require to conceal the ravages of dissipation or to hide the impress which time, with heavy hand, marks on the street performer's visage. For a long time I was puzzled anent the origin of the name inscribed on the old equilibrist's belt. I fancied that perhaps he had won a large sum of money on a horse named Malabar, and in honour of the lucky event had adopted this name. Betting men sometimes have odd ways of perpetuating the names of their favourite horses. The old acrobat's real name was Patrick Feeney. His father was a farmer in County Sligo, and Pat was born on the 20th February, 1800. At school he was a slow scholar, and when he expressed a desire to see the world and start life on his own account, his brothers provided him with thirty shillings to begin with, so he cut his stick and greased his shoes, and off he went to Dublin. There he found scanty

employment, and his cash dwindled down to a shilling. Thinking he might find constant employment in England, he worked his passage in a small vessel bound for Liverpool. Shortly after landing there he witnessed the performance of Tusany, a Chinese juggler. Feeney was charmed with this exhibition, and he followed the performer about the streets until dusk. Without money and without friends, the wandering boy was obliged to sleep in a shed near the docks. Next day he saw the Chinese perform. The boy, faint with hunger and cold, asked permission to carry the juggler's apparatus, and thereby obtain refreshment. This proposal was accepted, and Feeney became a servant to "Tusany," and afterwards his co-adjutor. The Chinese named the boy Malabar, and provided him with food and lodgings for his services. After a few years' servitude Malabar started business in Scotland on his own account. Scotia and its people had charms for him, and although he travelled from John o' Groats to Land's End, he preferred to roam mostly in the "Land o' Cakes." The Scottish people admired him for his geniality, and applauded his tricks of skill and feats of agility and strength. He attracted attention by his peculiar dress, tall and powerful build, and his strongly-marked features. His deportment was manly and graceful, he pattered in a modest manner, and his discourse had a blend of quiet humour. The principal items in his programme were turning somersaults, balancing a heavy coach-wheel on his chin, Japanese top-spinning, juggling with brass balls, rings, and daggers, throwing a brass ball to a great height in the air and cleverly catching it in a metal cup strapped on his forehead, the sensational trick of throwing a heavy cannon ball high in the air which he caught on the back of his neck, and the amusing feat of balancing an ass fastened on a ladder. Before he elevated his four-legged co-adjutor Malabar exclaimed:

“Tuppence more, ladies an’ gentlemen, an’ up goes the donkey.” He said he originated this well-known phrase, which Waugh adopted as a heading to Chapter II. of his “Besom Ben Stories.” When Malabar’s patient four-legged companion died, he placed a big boy on the ladder, and as he elevated him the old humourist quaintly said: “I’ll give this boy a rise in the world.”

The veteran acrobat usually finished his performance by exclaiming, “Now then, old slack-breeches;” after this reminder he threw a somersault on his well-worn carpet. There seemed to some juvenile minds to be magic in the very web of this old bit of fabric, and young hearts throbbed quickly as he spread it out, like a prelude to his entertainment.

Malabar possessed a remarkably strong constitution, which he preserved by temperate habits. His occasional tittle was mild ale; once in his lifetime he partook of a glass of whisky punch. The bewildering effects of this draught of hot liquor caused him to miss catching the brass ball in the cup fastened on his forehead, and this was the only slip he had in the course of his professional career. Like many of his craft, he delighted to speak of his special engagements. He often narrated he had performed before kings, dukes, knights, and squires by request, and he rejoiced in describing how he balanced his donkey before George IV. at Ascot, by command of His Majesty. He told, with a degree of pride, that he had performed on the stage of the Theatre Royal, formerly in Fountain Street, Manchester. He also prided himself on his appearance in Boucicault’s drama, entitled “The Flying Scud,” produced at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and he affirmed that his appearance in the racecourse scene gave it due and proper effect. His last performance was given on the streets of Glasgow on the 5th of November, 1883. There

he was in the foul weather—old Malabar, indeed—striving to pick up a living, very old, yet resolute, age covering his head with reverence, patient and light-hearted, cracking his simple jokes after the manner of his race, whose humour often bubbles up even when the inevitable has struck the final blow.

At noon of this dreary November night, the 5th, the invisible and invincible one of mightiest power silently entered the old performer's bed-chamber, and smote him once, gently—no struggling, no wrestling in this encounter. The invincible did not maliciously hover about his victim or torture him by long and weary suffering. Thus the once-familiar form of the old entertainer for ever disappeared from the streets of Saint Mungo City. In the mirk and gloomy night, no star or moon revealed, he who had entertained two generations of Caledonians passed. On the 6th of November the once-powerful frame of the aged acrobat lay stark and motionless, a worn-out shackle that his immortal part had laid aside. Several of Malabar's friends in Glasgow considered that a memorial stone ought to be raised to mark where his mortal remains are laid. This desire indicates that he bore a good character.

He worked out the problem of life gently and cheerfully. The venerableness of his age and his virtues confer a degree of reverence on his memory. Thus musing, many an honest Scot may unbonnet in remembrance of him and say "Rest in Peace—Rest."





## ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

OCTOBER next will close a record of a thousand years in our island story. In that month a thousand years ago, Alfred, the King of the West Saxons, laid himself down to rest. He is the one monarch in our history styled the Great. His contemporaries declared him the father and the darling of his people. England's darling. The Elizabethans nominated him Great. Why was he great? In what did his greatness consist? Is the epithet rightly applied or misapplied? He was a successful soldier king, confessedly a warrior, no mythical or fabulous hero, like Hercules or Achilles, Sampson or Ajax; who did not himself claim, like Anthony or Cæsar, descent from the antique Gods, though he was of Cedric's line, but was simply a pious, sensible God-fearing West Saxon, who voluntarily bowed his head and shaped his shoulders to the ceaseless pressure of the iron yoke of duty, and, as I propose to suggest, was the real maker and founder of England. He was monarch by birth and election, and his office—or mission, if you prefer that word—was to weld the mixed Scandinavian, Teutonic, Jutish, and Anglian peoples into one nation and into one kingdom, to be known hereafter honourably as England.

He was great, I shall submit, in very deed. In prowess, patience, persistence, policy and piety, in his purposes and in his practice—a monarch who honoured his kingship, who justified the accident of his birth—a ruler of true imperialism, who governed with love in the hearts of his people; a leader who led his countrymen through their highest instincts, and with the noblest aspirations of their race, and who in his person embodied their then and subsequent ideals.

He found his nominal kingdom divided against itself, captive, dishonoured, dismembered, and broken—in truth, in fragments and little more than a name; he left it united, homogeneous, strong for purposes of power, peace and perpetuity, internal safety, and external concord.

Before his death in 900 or 901 he had fused its discordant elements, ended its schisms, converted it to Christianity, and left a united people, with united interests, God-fearing, laborious, and with a kingdom to honour and sustain.

Egbert, his valiant grandfather and predecessor on the throne, had, by his military prowess and success in battle, laid the stones of a practicable West Saxon dominion, but died before he was able to reduce the territory he had conquered under control, or cement it by central authority into a nation. Ethelwolf, the father of Alfred, a pious and soldierly prince, did little, with his eldest son in rebellion and dividing his regality, to consolidate his kingdom. When Alfred, his youngest and fifth son, succeeded his elder brother Ethelred in 871 the Danes, who had first appeared in our island some forty years before, by their annual freebooting expeditions were practically the rulers and masters of the greater part of the country, and levied tribute on all sides. Between 860 and 868 almost every shire and hundred had been devastated. All the monasteries and abbies which had been founded and established

during the preceding reigns by the piety of the Saxons, Lindisfarne, Croyland, Tynemouth, Ely, Medeshampton, Bardsley, Coldington, were burned or rased to the ground, and their monks and servants had been slaughtered and put to the sword, the ruthless invaders, if the monkish historians are to be believed, sparing neither age nor sex, infancy nor infirmity. They had levied tribute in Mercia, and finally, some three years later, had driven out its king and annexed his kingdom. They had secured possession of nearly all the country north of Somerset, and a great part of Wessex, to the Welsh border, excluding Cornwall, and were also masters of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, and part of Berkshire, with a settlement at Reading, which they fortified, and another in the south-west, at Exeter. Theoretically, the crown of Wessex included the Government of Wiltshire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Gloucestershire, and so much of Devonshire as lay east of Totness and Bideford; but almost every province and district enumerated had been overrun and laid waste, as well as parts of Surrey and Kent, the incursions and ravages of the invaders for several years after Alfred came to the throne becoming each year bolder, more predatory, and disastrous.

Under these circumstances, for many years, and until the crowning victory of Ethandune, or Edington, in Wiltshire, in 878, Alfred's life might be described as one of all but unceasing warfare, fighting as many as nine pitched battles, according to the Saxon chronicle, in the year he succeeded to the throne, and with varying fortune and results, and this in spite of ill-health and infirmity of constitution. He was assailed on all sides, and his sovereignty was a bare struggle for existence. His mobile foe, recruited each year from the North, attacked in all directions. They overrun all East Anglia and beheaded Edmund, its king. They

penetrated to Ashdown, near Reading, in Wessex, and to Ethandune, in Wiltshire, and Merton, in Oxfordshire. During the next six years he had to encounter them with various fortune both by sea and land on the coasts of Hampshire and Devon, and at Wareham and Exeter. Practically, it may be said that all East Anglia, Mercia, and a great part of Northumbria as well as of Wessex, fell under the enemy's dominion, Alfred being content to buy off the intruders, and, by paying tribute, bind them by what proved after to be only illusory oaths.

For seven weary years the Fates frowned dismally on the young King. It was, according to Asser, in the early part of the year 878 that his fortunes reached their lowest ebb. Then, deserted by his army and followers, his kingdom was bounded within two small acres of morass. Here, in the place, or, as it was termed, the island of Athelney, surrounded by marshes, occurred the incident recounted by nearly all the chroniclers, of his hiding almost or quite unattended, and his sheltering in the swineherd's hut. This was about Easter, and here followed one of those strange revolutions of fortune that affirm the proverb, "'Tis always the darkest, the hour before day." Within a few months—indeed, by the end of May—he was able to rally about him nobles and subjects, summon an army to the field, and was also in a condition to try conclusions with his inveterate foes, for once with overwhelming success. He met them, as has been already indicated, on the confines of the forest of Selwood, at Ethandune, near Westbury, in Wiltshire, and near Brixton, or Egbert's Stone, and secured on one fateful day, and, as it would appear, by one desperate and despairing effort, such a triumph as changed the whole tenour of his life, and secured him that foothold which enabled him to march onwards to his supremacy and Imperial rule.



It were difficult to say whether he attained success in his people's eyes because he succeeded, or because he for the first time deserved and conquered fortune, and that his trials and experiences had changed and modified the purport of his existence. The point is left in too much obscurity to be fathomed. It is certain that afterwards he pursued a career which from afar appears one of unbroken success. He soon after, in July, induced Guthrum, the Danish king, to become Christian, and entered into a treaty of peace with him at Wedmore, known as the treaty of Wedmore, which must be considered the basis of Alfred's regality. From this time must be dated his efforts to consolidate his kingdom and win the love and confidence of his people, to maintain the law, and, if possible, to secure peace and order within his dominion. By the peace, the outline of his new kingdom of Wessex was defined. Its confines, as ratified by the treaty which still exists, were: "From the mouth of the Thames up to the River Lea, then to the source of the Lea following the river boundary, through Middlesex and Hertfordshire past Luton, and so on to Bedford; then striking sharply to the east past Huntingdon and St Ives and Ely, on, still east, to King's Lynn, on the north coast of Norfolk, and thence on by Watling Street and the Ouse."\* The capital of West Saxony was Winchester, and I have already indicated the nominal extent of the kingdom when Alfred began his reign. By this treaty of July, 878, he acquired the command of Western Mercia, and by his subsequent defeat of Guthrum, who rebelled in 892, temporary rule in East Anglia. He appointed his son-in-law as Ealdorman of Mercia, he being the suzerain or overlord. At the same time he granted its people local government and internal control and independence. Practically, he was able soon after

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\* Spelman, p. 67.

to annex South Saxony, Essex, and the rest of Mercia, laying the foundations of a kingdom undreamed of by his predecessors, absorbing the various peoples of the Octarchy, he being the recognised overlord and ruler in Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumberland, east to the German Ocean, west to Weymouth, and on the south to Ramsgate and Deal, and from south to north from Brixham to Berwick, and from Newhaven to Northumberland.

When, finally, he attained peace and secured respite from the invaders of his realm, constitutional government became for the first time practicable. His sovereignty was comprised of petty Principalities, of different races and nationality, of alien birth and alien faith, Angles, Norwegians, Jutes, Saxons and Danes, with little in common save their predatory instincts and a general distaste for all authority or government save in time of war, the tendency of the Teutonic mind, as we know from Tacitus, being one of revolt against all rule save military leadership. With a certain settled domesticity, deference to women, and homage for social superiority, they held a vehement inclination to so-called independence and individualism. Their idea of government was limited to family control and petty chieftainship. It was much the same as we see it in a primitive and almost unchanged form in the Boer organisation of to-day. Every man desired to be his one and only governor, and was hostile to any invasion of his personal rights except under the pressure of immediate necessity, being unwilling to make any sacrifice even for personal security or the common good. The confines of a man's own land or garden were with him the boundary of empire. He was content if his capital was a village, his cities collections of huts, and his leader in time of war the Ealdormar or Dux of his county. A social and municipal authority

being sufficient, as it prevailed in the petty Dukedoms in Germany almost to our own time.

With such discordant elements, with no long or uninterrupted period of peace during his reign, and from so inauspicious a starting-point, after the wasting devastations of years, it has been a problem with all historians how Alfred contrived to develop so magnificently during his reign the resources of his kingdom. The repeated and organised attacks of the Viking Hastings, a most powerful leader, towards the close of his reign, in combination with the Northumbrians, and his own countrymen in the east and north-eastern counties, and in alliance with the Welsh, and their almost simultaneous incursions in Essex, Surrey, East Anglia, Kent, Devonshire, and in the Wirral peninsula, as well as in the confines of Cornwall, which were all in turn successfully encountered, attest the extraordinary vitality and resource and the amazing completeness of the internal administration of the Saxon King. He was attacked in the Bristol Channel, at Exeter, at Farnham, on the borders of Essex, and in the Isle of Sheppey, in the same year, and was able, by the various and skilful disposition of his local forces and followers, and by the volunteer aid of his subjects to his main army, to achieve victory in all his encounters.

With these external difficulties to surmount, the ideal of his kingly duty, to consolidate his kingdom, and to advance his people in knowledge and in all the arts of peace, seems never to have deserted him. In his writings and in his translation of Boethius he has expressed his views of the idea of politic and representative government as he understood them, concluding with the declaration: "This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works" This,

indeed, seems to have been the sum of his sense, of the high obligation of kingship. He desired no conquests save over his own desires; he manifested no ambition save that of being the worthy exponent of the best instincts of his own people—to be their agent and attorney, so to speak, rather than their controller, their prolocutor rather than their ruler, their shepherd and friend rather than their monarch. The government he thus inaugurated, put into modern phraseology, was a government of the people by the people, for the people—the preservation of a regal or Imperial peace for which the ruler was responsible, with a settled government of law and confirmed concord throughout his dominion. This was his ideal of that law and order which his descendants have been so often derided for worshipping. This was the absorbing and inextinguishable purpose and abiding pursuit of his life. If the chronicles are to be believed, he made sacrifices to this end. He hanged, says Andrew Horne in his quaint language\* in the “*Miroir des Justices*,” 44 judges in one year for their false judgments, and, we may perhaps add, he began at the right end, and also suggest that law thus prevailed and order was maintained.

Having overcome these initial difficulties, or some of them, in the administration of justice, we are free to follow the monarch in his pursuit of constitutional government, and in that conscientious, exacting, and unceasing, even tireless round of duty, he prescribed himself as due to his kingship, and which, by him initiated, was consecrated in so beautiful a form in the life of our late ever revered Sovereign, his descendant.

We are all of us, of necessity, dependent more or less

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\* Il pendist Darling pur ceo que il avoit Judge Sidulf a la mort pur la rettreit de Edulfe son fits, que puis l'acquit del fait principal. Il pendist Segnar, etc.

for our views of history on some recognised or nominal authority. Hume, Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, have in their turns had much to answer for. Their prejudices, leanings, inaccuracies, and foibles have misled many men. Unluckily for us, Professor Freeman, a master of style, fluent, fervent, picturesque, aggressive, positive, and inaccurate, took in hand the Anglo-Saxon people. Under his guidance many modern students have been taught to regard several of Alfred's merits as more or less mythical. As a superior person the professor discovered that poor, frail humanity "had strangely misconceived Alfred's historic position." This is the Academic manner. It is so infallibly wise. The poor world, which is not enlightened, believed Alfred to be great, called him Great, and endowed him with many virtues, some of them possibly Apocryphal; but in the main, I submit, had formed a most accurate and comprehensive view of his true nobility of soul. Asser, his friend and biographer, in various passages in his life, testifies in his favour :

"That his noble nature implanted in him from his cradle a love of wisdom above all things," and that he was affable and pleasant to all, liberal in his largess, and curiously eager to investigate things unknown; moreover, that in spite of the terrible malady which incessantly tormented him from the 20th to the 40th year of his life, his constant wars, his daily infirmities of body and suffering, and the invasions of the Pagans, he ceaselessly devoted himself to the internal development of his kingdom. . . . He taught his workers in gold and silver, and his artificers of all kinds to build houses majestic and good beyond the precedent of his ancestors, and encouraged them to pursue their mechanical inventions, and also to devote themselves to the improvement of the Saxon tongue, to recite the Saxon poems, and to make others learn them, and he never desisted from studying most diligently to the best of his ability.

On this theme, therefore, I prefer the evidence of his contemporary to that of Mr. Freeman: "I will take the

ghost's words for a thousand pounds." The conclusion I have arrived at by careful study of the Warrior's life is that we are much more indebted to him than we are aware, or than has ever been acknowledged or known. We owe to him some of our noblest political privileges, as well as many of the most valuable safeguards of our national freedom. That he did not primitively found Oxford as a University may perhaps be conceded, but, even if we discredit Asser as to Grimbauld's mission on the point, his generous endowment of all of its religious and scholastic institutions suggests that he was its earliest and most substantial patron. Sir John Spelman, his most accurate biographer, has said that in his foundation of the greater, lesser, and little halls of the University, he was not merely the founder, but the first author of the name University.

We are certainly indebted to him for his most Royal virtues, his magnanimity, his virtuous and pious example, his lofty sense of duty, his disciplined self-sacrifice for the benefit of his people, his inextinguishable love of learning, his generosity to foreigners and scholars, his reverence for the sanctity of national honour, and his overpowering sense of justice. He bore the standard of the dignity and elevation of man forth into space, and planted it there. He established an ideal of kingship, as was afterwards manifested in Henry the Fifth, and in the same spirit of reliance on Heaven in just causes,\* which remains as an imperishable example to his successors. What, then, do I claim for the first King of all England.

1st.—That he was a great and pious ruler, and literally a father to his people.

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\* "Oh God, Thy arm was here;  
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone  
Ascribe we all."

—"Henry V.," Act 4, Sc. 8, l. 112.

2nd.—That he was a truly Imperial constitutional King, a King in very deed by reason of his valour, virtue, and political resource ; that he was a most sound and sagacious legislator and law giver ; that his explanation annexed to his code ; “ that he had gathered together the laws which the forefathers of his people held, and those which seemed to him to be good he submitted to his witan, to reject the bad, and that he durst not venture to set down much of his own, and that his witan selected and confirmed them, and said that it seemed good to them to be holden,” sufficiently indicate his view that the wants of his people were to be the fountain of law, and that they were to be its makers and creators, and that his monarchy was ministerial and judicial, and not absolute.

3rd.—That his legal institutions were conceived in the happiest spirit of intuitive legislation. He was the founder of the common law ; he initiated trial by a man’s peers, or what is now known as trial by jury ; his suggestions for the protection and privileges of strangers and merchants were incorporated in Magna Charta ; his regulations as to the change of property by sale in market overt ; his division of the country into shires, ridings, hundreds, and tithings, though not originated by him wholly, as there were shires and Ealdorman before his day, was a disposition made effectual by his prevision and foresight ; and that his definitions of burglary and contrivances for securing the sanctity and privilege of a man’s house, as a castle for his safety, as well as for his repose, and his distinctions between manslaughter or wilful and accidental homicide in their inception, were the basis of the modern law. Pre-eminently, and placed in the forefront of his dooms, was his attempt to emphasize and establish the sentiment of national honour, and the solemnity to be attached to all oaths and pledges, and the obligation that every man’s word should

be his bond, these provisions, one and all, being devised in the highest spirit of sagacity. In addition, the institution of Frankpledge, by which the head of a family was answerable for the good conduct, peacefulness, and sobriety of his household and neighbours, and which Sir John Spelman regretted had in his day and during the civil wars of York and Lancaster declined, and which is perpetuated in our system of sureties for good behaviour, and in cases of breach of the peace, was marked by great foresight and political wisdom.

4th.—That his triumphal defence of his kingdom between 893 and 897 proved abundantly his skill and resource as an exemplary administrator and organiser. In this period he had, under the leadership of the redoubtable Hastings, been assailed on all sides. But during the comparative respite he had enjoyed of fifteen years he had created and organised, being also its founder, a national navy, as well as a complete system of internal defence, which proved him a statesman as much as a soldier. His fiscal arrangements and his levies for the erection and repair of bridges, of forts in all exposed situations and highways, and his establishment of free boroughs, were the devices of a great co-ordinating mind. Many institutions which we now enjoy, although devised, were not perfected by him. They developed and grew. He did not make the tree; he planted the acorn, and it became a noble oak and a possession to after ages.

5th.—That his virtues as a civil administrator thus exemplified were not less meritorious and exceptional than his military exploits in rescuing his country in its hours of direst distress and humiliation. He was wise, patient, submissive, and magnanimous in prosperity as in adversity; he was a most liberal patron of all the arts; he was the friend of all scholars and learned men; he was hospitable



and generous to all foreigners and merchants ; while his endowment of all kinds of religious and scholastic edifices, abbeys, churches, schools, and seats of learning amply attest that enthusiasm for wisdom, spiritual and moral, that Asser suggested. His rebuilding of London after its sack and pillage, his charters to free towns and vills, and his encouragement of guilds, being all evidences of the same comprehensive and far-reaching mind.

To briefly explain the scheme of frankpledge, as a means for the maintenance of internal order and peace, it may be described as a plan of obligatory mutual suretyship. To ensure this, it was compulsory on every citizen to become a member of an established community. So rigidly was this law enforced that every guest or visitor, for more than ten days in residence, was constituted a member of the family with whom he stayed, who became responsible for his morals and manners, in purse and person. Sir John Spelman, the son of the great patriot and antiquary, in the 17th century, as I have already said, deplored the decline of this bond of union, and the absence of the courts leet attending it, and which were the administrative courts of justice of these free communities. These leets were composed of the citizens, and were presided over by one of their body and of their self-governing organisation. The function of these leets was to inquire into all abuses of law and order affecting the Commonwealth. They sat in judgment on offences against morals and manners, as well as those pertaining strictly to law. Thus they took cognisance of all kinds of nuisances, slanders, tale-bearing, drunkenness, infidelity of husbands, scolding wives, neglect of children, of manure heaps, frauds in the sale of bread, meat, and beer, short weight, and generally all deceits in trading and in the sale and retailing of goods, and of breaches of social peace in these primitive com-

munities. In constitution they were as simple as the parish vestry or our parish councils are as now constituted, every resident householder being a member. Their executive officer was the borsholder, headborough, or chief constable, he acting as chairman of the executive and as controller during his term of office, and being elected by the voice and vote of the other members of the leet.

Over these leets there were again hundred courts, with a larger criminal jurisdiction, dealing with a more serious class of offence, and with more ample powers of prohibition and punishment. In command of these there were again county courts exercising a civil and criminal as well as an equitable jurisdiction, and presided over by the Ealdorman, or ruling member of the county, and the Bishop, the chief men respectively in their shire.

Prior to Alfred's reign the laws, it must be understood, were of extreme simplicity, the rule of the strongest being the chief controlling force. The enactments and penalties inflicted to maintain something like order consisted almost wholly of pecuniary fines, levied as compensation, as bot or boot, or equivalent for the wrong done. These were payments to the injured or their family, and under these every trespass or injury had an assessed value or specified price. Thus, the maiming of a man's eye, tongue, tooth, nose, ribs, ear, fingers, was estimated and covered by a prescribed sum. This legislation presumedly was intended to control the private right of revenge which in a warlike community was but too likely to be resorted to. In the laws of Alfred, for the first time, we find that in addition to the bot or blood recompense, a fine was payable to the King for the breach of that settled amity enjoined by the ruler, and which he had made himself answerable for as "the King's peace." Thus in a case of homicide, the relatives or dependants of the man slain

were paid, in the case of a man of superior degree, known as a twelve hynde man, a wer of 1,200 shillings, and in that of a two hynde man 200 shillings, the offender being also bound to give full security to the kinsmen, and within twelve days pay 1,200 shillings for the breach of the King's peace. And in injuries to property, as burning trees, he had to pay the owner of the tree 5 shillings, and to the King 30 shillings as ransom, and in cases of ordinary theft the same rule held, the King claiming a fine for the breach of his authority, for which the goods of the thief were answerable, in addition to the restitutory fine to the person wronged.

It is not to be assumed that Alfred's laws were in other respects greatly in advance of those of his predecessors. Laws to be effectual must grow and be developed rather than contrived. As he has told us, they were a compilation of the best of those of his progenitors, Ethelbriht, Hlothaire and Eadric, Withraed and Ina, his kinsman. But the code of Alfred was more comprehensive, containing provisions against kidnapping and selling children to slavery, cruelty to slaves, outrages on women consecrated to a holy life, as nuns, accidental homicide, adultery, fighting in the King's hall or court of justice, violation of the sanctity of a man's home by night, it being to him, in the words of the Elizabethan lawyers, "his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose," the consequences of which were that a man might kill the invader of his peace by night without rendering himself criminally liable for homicide. These were some of the various changes and innovations introduced. They comprehended, however, breaches of trust, necromancy, unnatural crimes, tale-bearing and slander, batteries and assaults, the maladministration of justice and worship of false gods, usury, outrages upon children, riots in the folk

mote, recklessness in the use and conduct of weapons, etc., and formed, indeed, the first rude effort of codification, which is but a dream with us to-day.

I have but roughly indicated some of the changes wrought in our institutions by the sagacity and prevision of the King. It has been, as I think, heedlessly stated by an eminent and learned professor of law that Alfred was not a legal reformer. With this I do not acquiesce even remotely. He did not undertake any violent reform or change. He proposed only to adopt and simplify, but, as I have already indicated, he infused new principles and a humanising and more merciful spirit than was existent before. Thus, without suppressing the old blood feud for homicide, he modified the terms by which it was to be enforced, by providing sanctuary for the culprit, surrender of his arms and weapons, and shelter in his home for a time that he might summon his kinsmen and neighbours to his aid, if he would not place himself in mercy by surrender and paying compensation, and entering into sureties for his future good behaviour. He also punished adultery, brawling in the courts of justice, and inflicted the penalty of outlawry for contumacy, and the enforcement of sureties in cases of sale in open market.

The American Ambassador, Mr. T. F. Bayard, in the course of a lecture delivered last year in Burnley, attributed to Alfred those principles of local self-government which had laid the foundations of the American Republic, and been a means of founding that great nation. He even went so far as to say that Magna Charta embodied many of the monarch's views, and that these had also been crystallised in the American constitution.

But there is one aspect of his character which is of predominant interest—his fervency as a scholar. Like Ion, the ministering high priest of Apollo's temple—he kept

the sacred fire on the altar of learning alive; he found a few ashes and blew them into flame. He was the true founder of our national literature; he consecrated the Anglo-Saxon speech; he gave us our first national history; he improved and embellished our mother tongue; he translated Boethius and the History of Paulus Orosius from the Latin, the pastorals and dialogues of St. Gregory, as well as some of the works of Bede, notably his Ecclesiastical History and the Psalms of David, besides framing a manual or Enchiridion adorned by the sayings and opinions of the learned Asser. Alfred's first inclination was towards his native poetry. He had the same heroic vein in his blood that stirred Sir Philip Sydney to say that the song of "Chevy Chase," recounting the heroism of men of his blood, even when sung by some old blind crowder in tattered weeds, stirred him more than a trumpet. The poetry he revered was rude and simple, but it was stately, and appealed directly to the patriotic and warlike enthusiasm of a kindred soul. To Alfred, according to Asser, his native poetry was a perpetual font of enjoyment. By day and night he was an assiduous listener when it was recited, and it also inspired him with immediate emulation. He became himself a versifyer, and this in spite of his early neglected education. When, as Asser has described, the future King was first able to read in his mother tongue, he found, no doubt to his dismay, that he was but in the antechambers of knowledge. All the lore and learning of antiquity were to him as a sealed book. Bede, Alcuin, Gregory, Boethius, whom he heard praised and cited on all sides, were in Latin. He had, therefore, to instruct himself in that language. That he attained some proficiency is clear from his translations. But his rendering of the "Consolations of Philosophy" of Boethius, which was no doubt a vade mecum with the clergy, his

instructors, and the latest work of literary fashion of the time, as he himself has told us, was by no means literal. He took many liberties with the text, and has expanded his version with many reflections and observations of his own, especially where the author dealt with sacred subjects and the attributes and beneficence of the Deity. Many of his conclusions on false glory, the insincerity of homage and worldly esteem, the worthlessness of transmitted splendour, and of riches and power, without virtue to sustain them, seem to sound a far-off echo of the Duke's reflections in "Measure for Measure." His strong sense of sympathy with and belief in immutable justice is shown by his asseveration that God will requite all men according to their work, and that all evil should be punished in proportion to its guilt, and that every unjust punishment is the evil of him that inflicts it, not of him who suffers it. "It is an heretick that makes the fire, not he which burns in't," says our divine poet, and the King concludes that the injured are happier than those who injure them.

It must not be supposed that I desire to ascribe to Alfred a faultlessness the world ne'er saw, or even accept unreservedly, the fulsome praises of his parasites and panegyrists, who then, as now, no doubt discovered merits in a monarch they would not have descried in a subject. It seems conceivable from the testimony of Asser and the life of St. Neot, and the chronicle of Melrose, that before he settled down to his life's work after Ethandune he may have lapsed from the paths of virtue, and have surrendered himself to slothfulness and self-indulgence, as well as undue severity in his rule, although his own self-accusations and confessions, being those of a too sensitive and conscientious person, are not to be accepted literally. But in spite of the overwhelming successes and devastations of the Danes before 878, and their great victories

at Reading, Exeter, Wareham, and Chippenham, his cause, resources, and prospects would hardly have been reduced to so low an ebb as they appear to have reached if his conduct had been as exemplary and unblemished as it became after his chastening experiences in that year. No doubt the country was greatly exhausted and spent by its repeated defeats, but there is a possibility that his exacting austerity of rule, coupled with some laxity of self-indulgence on his own part, alienated his followers, and explains in part their apparent defection.\* The suggestions of Asser and the monk of Croyland convey the impression that a certain laxity of character was manifested by the Monarch in his earlier years, and that this may have conduced to his first want of success and his military disasters. But in the absence of better confirmatory evidence than their's, this is mere hypothesis. Still it is not incredible that, like our national hero, Henry the Fifth, he spent part of his early manhood in folly and self-indulgence. Sir John Spelman attributed the extremity of disaster and the apparent defection of the army in 878 to seven battles fought two years before, but this seems an inaccuracy, and the biographer has confounded these with the nine battles of 871, mentioned by the Saxon chronicle. The only severe engagements in Wessex of which we have an account between that date and Ethandune being those I have indicated.

Let me draw to a conclusion, and I can hardly do so in more fitting terms than in those of the great legal commentator, Mr. Justice Blackstone, who has said: "That the mighty genius of Alfred prompted him to remodel the constitution, to rebuild it on a plan that should endure for

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\* This is suggested by John of Wallingford, and was accepted by Mr. Sharon Turner.

ages, and out of its old discordant materials, which were heaped upon each other in a vast and rude irregularity, to form one uniform and well-connected whole." This he effected by reducing the whole kingdom under one regular and gradual subordination of government, wherein each man was answerable to his immediate superior for his own conduct and that of his nearest neighbours; for to him we owe that masterpiece of judicial policy, the subdivision of England into tithings and hundreds, if not into counties, all under the influence and administration of one supreme magistrate, the King; which wise institution has been preserved for near a thousand years unchanged. This learned author also points out that the Monarch moreover collected the various customs that he found dispersed in the different states of his composite Kingdom, and reduced and digested them into one uniform system, or code of laws, in his *Dom Boc*, or *Liber Judicialis*, for the use of the whole kingdom, and which was extant as late as the reign of Edward the Fourth, and formed the touchstone of our liberties in our contest with our Norman conquerors. This compilation was in truth the origin of the *lex non scripta* or common law, and the basis of that adoption of usage and custom, and of the conveniences, practices, and experiences of trading and mercantile life, which has made our common law so flexible and adaptable to all emergencies.

Personally, looking back over these ten centuries, Alfred's life is the one that occurs to me, as that of the first Englishman who undertook in its full significance "the white man's burden." His industry and zeal were phenomenal. He never spared himself. He seemed ever to live in the eye of his great Task Master. When we consider the multiplicity of duties he undertook, his unceasing efforts to humanize, to foster the intelligence, and cherish the



better feelings and instincts of his people, we are simply amazed. No detail of State service seemed to escape his vigilant attention. He grappled to his bosom with hooks of steel every scholar who seemed likely or able to serve as his coadjutor in his beneficent plans. Grimbold, John of Erigena, John, the monk of St. David's, the friend of Asser, Denewulf, the swineherd, whom he first educated and then made Bishop of Winchester, St. Neot, Plegmund, made Archbishop of Canterbury, Werefrith, Bishop of Worcester, who translated the "Dialogues of Pope Gregory," Ethelstan, Werewulf, all of Mercia, and many others. Asser has said, speaking of the disadvantages the King laboured under in early life: "His noble nature implanted in him from his cradle, a love of wisdom above all things, but—with shame be it spoken—he remained illiterate even till he was twelve years old." This was another of the disadvantages he repined under and had to overmaster, like so many of his trials and afflictions thrust upon him. Yet, amid all his wars—and he had to fight 56 pitched battles with the Danes—his incessant cares of office, his embassies to the Mediterranean, Rome, and furthest Iberia, he was able to build and restore towns and cities and forts, endow Abbeys and Bishoprics, and establish schools throughout his dominions. He created the cities of Abingdon, Dorchester, Shaftesbury, Winchester, and Wantage. He founded schools and Abbeys at Athelney, Shaftesbury, Middleton, Barford, Devizes, Alfreton, Wimborne; and Bishoprics at Sherborne, Oxford, and Winchester; and William of Malmesbury claimed for him that he was "a grammarian, a rhetorician, a philosopher, an historian, the prince of Saxon poetry, a musician, a geometrician, and an excellent architect," and, we may add, a mighty hunter and a warrior of unique record.

Therefore, when I pass in hurried review the self-

sacrificing services of so many great men of his race in Aquitaine and Normandy, in India, on the continents of America and Africa, their conquests over nature and over themselves, I see behind them all ; the revered figure of this imperfectly educated Saxon King as their exemplar and teacher, through all the ages. He indeed felt that life was not to be trifled away, but was to be dedicated in all humility, to his Kingly duties, and to the advancement of his people, and was to be sacrificed and offered up to just causes, honourable endeavour, virtuous enterprises, and a laudable ambition.

Well might the early Saxon chronicler write : “ He was wise on his word and wary on his speech, both King and scholar, loving God’s work—the wisest man that was in all England.” England’s herdman, England’s darling, and, as we say compendiously to-day, Alfred the Great, the first anointed King of England.





## HAROLD THE SAXON: A BALLAD OF SENLAC HILL.

BY TINSLEY PRATT.

Where the Saxon downs look southward, at the break of an  
autumn day,  
The alien hosts of the Norman in warlike order lay ;  
And glad was the sun's uprising, but bitter the tale to tell  
Of the fortunes of the battle, and the carnage that befell.  
There waved the pontiff's banner o'er the ranks of the  
Norman foe,  
Borne by the hand of Toustain—the fair-haired knight of  
Caux ;  
And there rode the proud Duke William, with iron mace in  
hand,  
With his brethren twain around him, and the flower of the  
Norman land ;  
There were the stout cross-bowmen, and the lances of  
Bayeux,  
And the French and the Breton horsemen, and the archers  
of Evreux.  
Then the proud heart of Duke William thus spake from  
his lips and said :  
“ Ere yon sun moves to its setting—moves over the quick  
and dead—

The Norman arms shall triumph, and the Saxon churl shall  
yield

His crown unto my keeping upon this Senlac field ;  
For since the perjured Harold hath furnished him forth  
for fight

This day he shall feel my anger, and bow to the Norman's  
right!"

Thus proudly spake Duke William to one with forehead  
bare—

The Warrior Bishop of Bayeux, who rode in his hauberk  
there ;

And the Churchman bowed in silence, while the ominous  
murmur grew,

And the word was passed for battle, and the bolts and  
arrows flew.

But on the opposing hill-side the hosts of Harold lay,  
And many a prayer was uttered on Saint Calixtus' Day,  
For help to the Saxon bowstring—for despair in the  
feathered death—

For the might of the axe in conflict, as ever the record  
saith ;

And gaily the banner of Harold above them floated wide  
Its folds to the breeze of morning, on Senlac's steep hill-  
side.

" By the Holy Cross !" said Harold, " If God my aiding be,  
I'll hold this Saxon Kingdom from Norman William free,  
Who cometh with pomp of battle, and the heart of a ruth-  
less foe,

To waste and slay and spare not, and to work us shame  
and woe ;

Then late as ye slew the Sea King, who swept o'er the  
Northern foam

To harry the land with Tostig—fight now for hearth and home ;

But if the hap of Fortune may nowise us bestead

Then shall the body of Harold be found with the Saxon dead!"

His house carles pressed around him, and the Saxon Earls were there,

Earl Gurth, the mighty warrior, and Leofwin, named the Fair,

And a cry went forth of menace, as they watched the moving foe,

From the wielders of the war axe and the bearers of the bow ;

Then towards these deadly trenches the alien horsemen drew,

And loud o'er the press of battle their cries rang ever anew.

" Now loose your arrows, bowmen!" outspake then Harold the King,

And in the morning sunlight the feathered death took wing ;

It smote down horse and rider, it bore down squire and knight,

And the grip of the fiend of battle held sway o'er that ceaseless fight.

Thrice they assailed the trenches and the wattled palisade,  
But the deadly axe and the javelin were ever the Saxon's aid.

Then down that hill of Senlac the shattered horsemen reel,  
Bloody and maimed and helpless, foredone by the Saxon steel,

While over that shield-bound phalanx the voice of Harold cried :

" The God who ruleth kingdoms hath smitten the Norman's pride.

Behold how the foes of England are punished with bitter loss!"

And the shouts rang from the trenches, "For Harold and Holy Cross!"

Then stern grew the heart of William, and the fire flashed from his eye

When the scythe of Death swept slowly amidst his chivalry,  
And never, ere that day's battle, such shame had his proud heart borne,

As he watched his knights of prowess mowed down like the autumn corn.

"Shame on you, Norman bowmen! Shame on you, squire knight!

Shall the hosts of Harold triumph and count you as spoils of fight?

For this have I dight my army that the lips of the Saxon thane

May hold up the Norman prowess to scorn in his deep disdain?

Lay by, then, the sacred banner; lay by, then, the steel cross-bow,

And the lance and the tempered armour that make such goodly show;

And since your knees are limber, go now and your shames unfurl

In the suppliant words of the vanquished, for the sport of the Saxon churl!"

Full bitter the speech of William, and all his knights that heard

Feel shame in their hearts arising as he uttered the angry word:

"By the splendour of God, I'll conquer!" in bitter thought he said,

Then spurred his charger forward 'gainst the Saxon pali-  
sade.

And many a knight rode after, with vengeful eyes a-flame,  
To scatter the Saxon savage who covered their arms with  
shame ;

And dire was the tale of the conflict, as they swept with  
mingled shout,

Towards where the Wessex Dragon waved over the far  
redoubt.

In the heart of the ruthless William the fox and the lion  
vied :

For the cross-bolt, and the arrow, and the lance had in  
vain been tried ;

But when the day was waning the foemen were seen in  
flight,

And the Saxons poured from the trenches with laughter  
at the sight ;

Then the crafty Norman leader crept up the hill again,  
And the holders of the trenches dealt out their blows in  
vain,

For the palisades were broken, and the King, with angry  
frown,

Beheld his bill-men sweeping athwart the rolling down ;  
But he cried unto his house-carles : " Hold still where the  
Dragon flies ! "

And loud yet rang over Senlac the Saxon battle-cries.

But the Norman knights were gaining in the press of that  
bitter fight,

And the axemen of King Harold sank 'neath Duke  
William's might,

For he wheeled his mace around him, and he laid the  
Saxon low,

Nor could the boldest house-carle withstand his deadly  
blow.

Alas, alas for Harold! the warrior Gurth is slain,  
 And Leofwin, too, lies silent, with many a Saxon thane;  
 But Harold, still undaunted, fought on with his Saxon few,  
 Where over them in the twilight the Dragon of Wessex  
 flew;

And he dealt out death with his hand-stroke, and the foe  
 knew shame and loss,

For the cries yet rang o'er Senlac, "For Harold and Holy  
 Cross!"

Then outspake one, "The arrow! Behold, the Saxon dies!"  
 And the last of the sons of Godwin on the field of Senlac  
 lies—

Yea, past the help of healing the form of Harold lay  
 When the sunlight faded slowly on Saint Calixtus' Day.  
 They tore down the golden Dragon that waved o'er his  
 goodly head

In the radiant glow of the noontide, ere the life from his  
 lips had fled;

And they hacked and hewed at his body, the Norman  
 butchers then,

For the wolfish lust of the savage now ruled in the hearts  
 of men.

But the night came over the carnage and the field of the  
 dead was still,

And Harold and all his brave ones lay cold upon Senlac  
 Hill.







CONCERNING SOME SELECTIONS FROM  
RUSKIN.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

AMONG the volumes on my book-shelves is one entitled "Selections from the writings of John Ruskin," published in 1862. I gave five shillings for it at a time when the expenditure of such a sum upon a book betokened a real and substantial interest in the author. If, in some unfortunate condition of things, I should be under the painful necessity of parting with that motley collection of literature which I am pleased to call my library, the privilege being conceded me of retaining a small selection of those books which I prize most, I should certainly include this of Ruskin's among the chosen few. No other book that I possess, save an early copy of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," shows greater signs of frequent use and handling. It is soiled, thumbed, and dog-eared, and the pages are breaking away from the faded, familiar green cover. It sadly needs pulling together by the binder's thread and might, with advantage to its appearance, be re-clothed ; yet, somehow, I prefer to let it remain as it is, though tree calf or gilded vellum would not be too costly to form a cover for its contents. There is something honourably

attractive in its worn, time-stained condition and general dilapidation, which restoration would destroy. It resembles those novels in the old circulating libraries, whose sullied leaves and worn-out appearance had such a charm for Charles Lamb, because they were suggestive of the thumbs of tender-hearted sempstresses and other fair sentimentafists, who had turned them over in eager perusal. Of such and other well-worn books which bear the like signs of the reader's devoted attachment he says, "Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?" If you would "learn the spell"—as Eliza Cook says of her love for a certain article of household furniture—it is to be found in the fact that it was through this volume that I made my first literary armchair acquaintance with Ruskin. It was compiled, as the publishers stated, for the benefit of readers to whom the principal works of the author were not easily accessible. I was of that company, and have felt, and still feel, an indebtedness to those wise publishers, for which the five shillings I paid them seems but a poor discharge.

In a general way your volume of selections is a book to be avoided, if the author is accessible in his fulness elsewhere. There is always something unsatisfactory about such compilations. At best they resemble a collection of precious stones taken from their original settings and tumbled into the drawer of a cabinet. They may be separately beautiful and attractive, but they lack something—they are unlinked. There are times, however, in the process of mental culture and the acquisition of intellectual food when half a loaf is better than no bread. If we cannot have a seat at the banquet, whether of Plato or Ruskin, and sup full with the favoured guests, one must be content, like Lazarus, to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. The many-volumed "Modern Painters,"

"The Stones of Venice," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," were not to be possessed by a man who had only five shillings to spare, but here, for that sum, he was provided with choice and dainty pickings of Ruskinian pabulum, from all these and various other sources. The book in its arrangement is a model for all such compilations. It forms within its limits an index to the author's mind, giving you, under various groupings, many of his choicest pronouncements on nature, art, and social ethics. One specially interesting feature is the portrait with which it is prefaced. It is an engraving by Holl, after a painting by Richmond, and gave one a first impression of the outward presentment of the man. The attitude is contemplative, and the head is shown resting upon the right hand. It is the face of an idealist, finely-featured, broad-browed, the forehead crowned with a waving abundance of hair, with luminous, penetrative eyes beneath, and with the lines of its contour tapering downwards to a delicate curvature of chin. The mouth is mobile, and about the lips there is just the suspicion of a lurking smile. Altogether it is a highly attractive face, in which intellectual strength and delicacy are blended, the quality of delicacy appearing to prevail. It was this aspect of it which struck Crabb Robinson when he first saw Ruskin in a company which had met to consider a memorial to Wordsworth. He says: "The party was not large. The most interesting person was Ruskin, who talks well, and looks better. He has a very delicate and most gentlemanly face and manners."

Turning over the pages of this book in the effort to revive the impressions of that early acquaintance, the mental portrait obtained of the author shapes itself somewhat in this wise. Among the great Victorians who influenced one most at that time, there were three who stood out more distinctly than the rest, and these were Tennyson,

Carlyle, and Ruskin, a poet and two great prose writers. Of this Trinity, Carlyle had, in a sense, consigned the fine arts to the devil, but Ruskin presented himself as the Apostle of Beauty, or perhaps rather as a High Priest at the shrine thereof. Before his time Keats had said, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." The attitude of Keats, however, was, as we know, that of a brooding spirit taking a sensuous delight in all manifestations of beauty. As Matthew Arnold says, "He hovers over the tumult of life, but does not really put his hand to it." Of definitions of beauty there have been many, but with these we need not concern ourselves. It will be sufficient if we regard it as the fairest aspect of things, consistent with truth, which the world has to show in nature, art, or human relationships. Now the aspect of things is determined by the outlook, and differs in accordance with the point of view. The builder of Tennyson's "Palace of Art" had a keen perception of beauty, but the acquisition and enjoyment of it in his case was purely selfish. Ruskin had another purpose in view and another Gospel to preach. In the cultivation of beauty he began with his own nature, seeking to find out what was best in it, to this end cleansing and purifying what he called "the mirror of the soul," so that only the fairest aspects of things should be reflected there. Ideas of beauty, he says, depend on purity of mind. "The sensation of beauty," he tells us, "is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other; but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and for its intensity, insomuch that even the right after-action of the intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended is dependent on the acuteness of the heart-feeling about them." This association of beauty, in its perception and expression, with the best dispositions of the heart of man, constituted the

main features of the new Gospel. If, then, in connection with this, you associate a profound and unselfish desire to promote the best interests and happiness of men by cultivating the sense of beauty in nature, art, and human relationships, combined with what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," you have, in brief, the impression one got from his book of Ruskin as an Apostle of Beauty and a critic of human life. Along with this cultivation of beauty, Ruskin, as strongly as Carlyle did, preached a gospel of work. You were not only to brood over life and take æsthetic enjoyment therefrom, but to "put your hand to it," and whatever you might find for your hand to do you must do it with all your might, following the highest instincts of your nature, and with a reverent and devout belief in God. Of the virtue of right purpose he says: "However mean or inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well-doing of it which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue; and the truth, decision, and temperance, which we reverently regard as honourable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative or derivate influence over the works of the hand, the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect, and as thus every action, down even to the drawing of a line or utterance of a syllable, is capable of a peculiar dignity in the manner of it, which we sometimes express by saying it is truly done (as a line or tone is true), so also it is capable of dignity still higher in the motive of it. Hence George Herbert:

A servant with this clause,  
 Makes drudgery divine;  
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
 Makes that and the action fine.

Unlike many other preachers, Ruskin was a living exemplification of his own doctrine, as far, at any rate, as the noble use of language is concerned. Language is of the essence of all forms of art and of all human communication. Rightly considered, it is the embodiment of ideas in any form. It is not confined to human speech or literary conditions of prose or poetry. As Ruskin maintained, painting itself is a language. He says: "Painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but in itself nothing." So a true picture consists in the reflection of the artist's best powers, not only of eye and hand, but the best powers of his nature within the limits of his effort. He is a conveyer of ideas in his own language, and according to the range of these we estimate the relative value of his art.

Ruskin was himself an artist; he might have been a painter or a poet, but controlling influences made him a prose writer, and in the samples which the book before me presents he stands out as one of the greatest prose writers England has known. He painted in words as men paint on canvas, but with wider and more powerful and abiding results. Every sentence is a work of art, and exactly shaped so as to express the intended idea as lucidly as possible. And what rhythm and cadence and beauty of proportion there is in those finely-balanced utterances! Matthew Arnold thought that there was sometimes too much rhythm and cadence, and that Ruskin was trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do, and that what he was attempting he would never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his own satisfaction. Whatever might be the value of that opinion, Ruskin was trying to make his prose as perfect and beautiful in its expression as was possible to him. It was word-painting in its purest form, and

as a true painter mixes himself with his colours and reflects upon the canvas, not only an imitation of what he is depicting, but "something far more deeply interfused," which is the reflection of himself, so Ruskin blends his own personality with his prose—the man and the style are identical. Among the scenes of travel there is a description of the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, which consists of a single sentence only, but it is a long one, requiring near upon three hundred words for its evolution. In spite of its length, however, it is perfect in construction, and the reader is safely piloted through all its beautiful intricacies until he is brought sweetly and smoothly to the desired haven.

In dealing with the characteristics of nature Ruskin is revealed to us as one who

has talked with rocks and trees,  
And finds on misty mountain ground  
His own vast shadow, glory-crowned,  
He sees himself in all he sees,

Like a true poet and philosopher, there is for him in nature nothing great or small. He discourses with equal eloquence upon the open sky, the mysteries of clouds, and the little wayside pool in which they are reflected; a mountain is not more suggestive than the boulder upon its side, in which he finds a mountain in miniature. Was there ever anything written in the world on the lowly lichens and mosses more beautiful than this?—"Yet, as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not; strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery.

Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance, and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims in the parched meadow, the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like, upon the stone, and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

And now I must close the book regretfully, and without having said much that I intended to say, especially in the way of personal association and reminiscence. The wise sayings contained in it have come back to me in many scenes and circumstances, in city streets, in meditative walks in the fields or by the sea-shore, or on the tops of mountains, in picture galleries and cathedrals, and always with an illuminating influence, and in such musical forms that it seemed quite natural that one should chant the words. The book contains for me the Ruskin I like most to have in my mind's eye—an "adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who has given himself so prodigally, only never to the Philistines." Outside the book one was made aware of eccentricities, inconsistencies, contradictions, schemes Utopian, and theories of the pugnacious politico-economical order—hard to understand, and harder still to reconcile with the practical work-a-day facts of the world; but one was never made aware of any lack of sincerity, nor of any departure from the ideal he had shaped to himself of man's highest destiny. However differentiated, the influence was there, and always will be there, in the direction of things that make for righteousness.

To the lover of the English Lake-land and the literary associations thereof, Ruskin will be as closely and intimately identified with Brantwood and Coniston as Wordsworth was with Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The selec-



tions are of the Denmark Hill period, and the portrait is also of that time. One cannot help contrasting it in its hopeful brightness with one taken at Brantwood, which shows the venerable sage in his declining days seated in a garden chair, with his back bowed and his long locks and straggling beard whitened, and falling in careless order about his seamed and rugged face. In the story of the final years of his residence there one comes to a point where it is necessary to tell

How discord on the music fell  
And darkness on the glory.

And—presaging that period when art had lost its influence mayhap, and when the eyes were averted, not only from the landscape, but the sight of men—there is something pathetic in the picture of the Apostle of Beauty looking out from the Brantwood windows with saddened eyes, and writing such words as these :

Morning breaks, as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake-shore. Oh that someone had told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood, in the dews of morning, should be completed ; and all my thoughts be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more.





THE SEA—THE OPEN SEA.

BY LAURENCE CLAY.

Oh, for a breath of the salt, salt sea,  
The swirl on the rocky coast!  
Winds that have roamed both far and free!  
'Tis these that can charm me most.

Winds from the moor or the hills I love,  
The whisp'ring of leaves and trees;  
But winds to the wave sings songs that grove  
Ne'er chants to the softest breeze.

Blow, O thou wind, and the kiss of waves  
Impassion thee fiercely free!  
The dead wake not, though o'er their graves  
Thou dancest in maddest glee.

Wave to the wind, and wind to the wave,  
Dance on, be it sun or shower;  
Brave are the sons that roaming crave  
Of the sea's burr'd breast their dower.

Sharing its turmoil and daring all  
That wind or that wave can reap,  
Oft conquering both, at last to fall  
To rest in the depths and sleep.

Tranquil their rest in thy tranquil deep,  
Thy great diapason rolls  
Its requiem grand, and God doth keep  
The record of all their souls.

Ocean and wind be then ever free,  
Race and fare far as of yore ;  
None would roam o'er a waveless sea,  
Or muse by a songless shore.





## EPITAPH.

BY ARTHUR W. FOX.

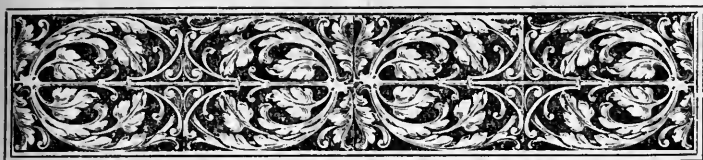
Mark that little verdant mound,  
Where the turf is trimmed with flowers,  
Where the breezes sadlier sound,  
Dropping tears in sunny showers.

Once they wantoned in the night  
Of her curls of raven hue ;  
Stirred her lashes glinting light,  
From her lips drank floods of dew ;

Nestled on her sighing breast,  
Whisper'd to her throbbing heart,  
Wander'd blithely on her hest,  
Scarce could tear themselves apart.

Still they mourn around her sleep,  
Moaning soothing lullabies ;  
Ah! they cannot choose but weep,  
Sunk in endless rest she lies.





## FRANCOIS VILLON, POET AND BURGLAR.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

**I**T has been observed that in times of national distress a country, from its very suffering, gives birth to the men destined to relieve it. The converse is equally true, for the same country produces the beings who but serve to aggravate its agony ; one of whom seems capable of doing evil more than ten patriots can counteract. The darkest years in the history of France were those in the first third of the 15th century. At its opening Charles VI. was King in little more than name ; the several regents had, during his minority, robbed the Treasury, such as it was ; the Queen was a profligate, and the King's uncles, in disputing their claims to pre-eminence, had cast the country into the pandemonium of civil war. Fire, sword, anarchy, ravaged the land. The misery of the common people was at its worst. The nobles—save the name!—robbed the poorest of the poor and beggared even the hospitals, to riot away their spoils in the lowest debauchery. Even the King, half devoured by vermin, was often left a prey to

want and nakedness. In the heart of this time Henry V. of England took advantage of the state of affairs to press his claims to the French throne. But France had not as yet reached the dregs of its degradation, and on Henry's arrival at Agincourt it was but to find still so much coherency in the French army that, though brothers-in-arms endeavoured in private quarrel to slay one another, they had wit enough to band together against their common enemy. True, Henry's victory reduced that army by a third in number, and the survivors to a disorganised rabble in spirit; but it was at such a cost to himself that he was compelled by discretion to retire to England. No sooner had he set sail than the French nobles resumed their quarrels. The King was a nonentity, his son joined the Orleanists, whilst the vicious Queen Isabeau gave her active support to the strongest opposing faction, the Burgundians. Soon the latter entered Paris, and celebrated the capture by the slaughter in its streets of an odd 18,000 or so of their enemies. Without a King capable of preserving order; not a patriot to stem the current of crime; no money; no trade; the land in waste by civil war; famine and pestilence stalking amongst an already gaunt people, decimating—nay, taking even a full third of their number; the streets of the cities flowing with blood as often as with water; every man raising his hand—never weaponless—against his fellow; murder, rapine, robbery, every crime that ever was or can be committed, boldly ruffling it without fear of punishment at the hands of the justice; and suddenly amongst the tumult, altogether unexpected and unprepared for, Henry, ominously thundering at the very gates of Paris, demanding and getting both kingdom and King's daughter; thus closed the year 1420. Two years later died both Kings, and with the accession of Charles VII. France began once more to look for the sun. Six

years of strong English rule under Henry VI. gave the land a respite, and then appeared the patriot born of the humiliation of the country, a poor peasant girl, Jeanne d'Arc, who, rousing her countrymen from their lethargic degradation, for three years drove the English northwards ; thereafter to fall a victim to the cowardice of her followers and the superstitious folly of the age. The state of France was improved only in respect of having a definite policy for its King to pursue, the driving out of the English. As for the rest, the long wars had reduced the northern provinces to a desert, the midlands to barren heaths, and thorns and briars grew too thickly in the western lands to permit even military manoeuvres. In consequence of their inability to till the land, the villagers took refuge in the cities, only to starve, since no corn was to be had there. The dead, slain by the sword in numbers too large for burial, in turn slew the living by the pestilence they bred. The poor tore up and dismantled the woodwork of their houses for fuel, so that even Paris, after its abandonment by the English, was in such a dilapidated condition, that when Charles entered to take up his abode in the city his triumph was but a sorry one, since (so impracticable was his wish) he in turn had to leave it for a time to the beggars, the wolves, and the swarms of adventurers, disbanded soldiers, turned bandits, robbers, and assassins. Thus France in 1431 ; in which year the ashes of the brave Jeanne d'Arc were scattered in the Seine, whilst among the ruined hovels of Paris, before their abandonment by the English, was born a new subject of the English Crown, the subject of this paper—one of the doers of evil produced from the seed of misery, François Villon, student, poet, rascal, debauchee, tippler, cheat, pick-lock, cut-purse, thief, sanctuary-breaker, burglar, assassin, and devil-in-ordinary to half the priesthood of Paris.

It need not, of course, be matter for surprise that this name was not the scamp's own. Like most of his few material possessions, he had purloined it from its legitimate owner, and it suffered in the transition. His father's patronymic was—in the absence of documents there is somewhat of doubt—Corbeuil, Corbier, or Montcorbier, and it belonged to an honest enough fellow, who died too early for his only child's welfare. His Christian name (we may suppose he was christened, since his mother was piously given, and he himself at the time was not of an age or physical stamina to object with any success) he admitted to be François. Says he, in an epitaph he composed whilst lying in gaol condemned to die in a manner which was not consummated :

François am I, misserime,  
Born in Paris, near Pontoisy;  
Soon at a rope's end shall I see  
My neck too frail for my body.

Nevertheless, on occasion, he discarded it for any that seemed more judicious, and with less of a personal application. Jehan des Loges, Michael Mouton, François Villon, and a string of others, were all synonymous. But this happened when his education was complete. In the meantime, and life long, his mother did her best with him, and the only feature of his life, apart from his literary skill, that redeemed him from the utmost worthlessness, was the unvarying and infinite tenderness with which he regarded her. Theoretically, let us say; practically, her moral influence and wishes were disregarded. In his "Greater Testament," that farrago of sardonic legacies to all and sundry, his acquaintances, friends, and enemies, he bequeaths to his mother, poor, uneducated woman, one of his most beautiful "Ballades that he wrote to assist her in her prayers to the Virgin," in this manner :



To pray unto our Lady sweet  
 I give unto my mother dear,  
 Who sorrowed for me more than meet—  
 God knows—the ballade following here.  
 No other refuge have I near,  
 When over me deep troubles roll,  
 Where I may rest without a fear,  
 Than her soft bosom, poor old soul!

Poor, indeed! Poverty was hereditary in Villon's family, as in all bourgeois families in France in his day, and, spite of the spoils of his many plunderings, he never knew even pecuniary comfort, if we may believe his own words written when he was thirty or so :

Poor have I been from youthful prime,  
 Born of a poor and lowly race,  
 Nor rich my sire at any time;  
 Nor was his grandsire, old Erace.  
 Want dogged our footsteps' every trace  
 Upon my fathers' tombs so mean  
 (Whose worthy souls pray God embrace)  
 No crowns nor sceptres may be seen.

Therefore it happened that his education was undertaken by his uncle, Maitre Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of the Church of St. Benoit-le-Betourné. Whether this gentleman was a friar of orders grey with a ready wink for venial sins, or a strict disciplinarian, is a matter we fail to gather from what his graceless nephew says of him. From the nature of the latter's bequest to him we may assume anything, that it was a sardonic legacy intended to hurt the feelings of this kindest of uncles, whom we may suspect Villon of addressing with his fingers to his nose, or that Villon really means the kindness that his words express and knows that his uncle will appreciate—with shutters closed and bolted door—the filthy Romance copied out in

fair hand by that bottle-scourer Tabary, that lies about somewhere under a bench, and the said uncle may have, if he can lay his hands upon it. This early ancestor of French gutter literature, constituting his whole library, he leaves

To Guillaume de Villon  
 Much more to me than father he,  
 To me more tenderness hath shown  
 Than mother to her babe on knee.

Whatever may be gathered from Villon, he was certainly indebted for his education to this uncle, who entered him at the Paris university in his seventeenth year, paying for his board and education the prescribed weekly stipend of two sous; or is there here a mistake, and should it be inferred that this magnificent sum was the equivalent of Villon's Saturday penny? Villon's university career was certainly short, and perhaps brilliant; or possibly we may assume that the conferment of a degree was compatible with mere residence, owing nothing to learning. He was Bachelor the year following his entry, and Master of Arts in August, 1452, at the age of twenty-one, after an attendance of four years at the Sorbonne. This period was his great opportunity for advancement, since sages in the French metropolis were at a premium. He had the entry to the presence of clergy and lawyers, was a frequent visitor at the house of the provost of Paris, Robert d'Estateville, whose wife, "a wise, pure, and noble woman," had a leaning towards clever men, especially poets, and he was actually made a learned member of his Alma Mater, with the title of *clerc*. In the first year of his freedom he generously undertook the keep and education of three orphans. Colin Laurens, Girard Gossoyn, and Jehan Marceaux, whom, in his Testament, he provided for by bequeathing them to the tender mercies of the charitable world.

Item : For three small children dear,  
 For pity of their nakedness,  
 (Whose names are set forth under here)—  
 Poor babes!—to soften their distress,  
 All fatherless and motherless,  
 I wish to make provision  
 For finding them in food and dress—  
 At least until the winter's gone.

How long this generosity endured we have no means of knowing ; but the manner of their learning can be fairly surmised when we have discovered that their schools were the taverns Pomme du Pin, La Grosse Margot, and all the tipping houses of the town, whither they were accompanied by Maitre François ; and the nature of their acquirements, under the guidance of such a master of the arts of trickery, deceit, and falsehood as Villon had become—God help them!—assured them in after years the continuous desire on the part of the Provost's Procureur for their society.

Villon's apprenticeship to the profession of scoundrel extended over three years, his indentures falling in some time during 1455, and—a swan amongst the geese—from a mere tinkerer at petty crime he blossomed out as the master of his masters, celebrating this inauspicious occasion by a murder. His doings pending these years are matters of surmise only. He lived with his uncle at St. Benoit ; across the way was a pretty girl, of whom we shall hear more anon ; whilst the blackguard nephew—Regnier de Montigny—of one of the canons of the Church, and the son of a neighbour, Colin de Coyeux, whose skill in lock-picking was an "open sesame" to all the strong boxes in Paris, and his passport to the Provost's gibbet at Montfaucon, were his tavern-mates. Beginning with an ear for the clink of the cannikin, a tongue for the tasting of its contents, and an eye thereby inflamed to the appreciation of the lascivious beauties of Helène the glover, Blanche the slipper

maker, a nameless pastry-cook, Guillemette the tapestry sewer, Jehanneton the milliner, Katherine the spurmaker, and all and sundry the numberless light-o'-loves that caught his fancy, down he fell among the thieves and disreputables in drunken earnest—duck-stealers from the moat, blackguards that haunted the market o' nights, pimps, cutpurses, picklocks, and the rest of the vile crew, all sailing carelessly before the breeze blowing steadily Montfaucon-wards—the witty Villon, with more trickery and cunning in his pared turnip of a noddle than all the rest of Paris rascaldom could collectively furnish, at the helm as pilot and captain. Amidst such a cargo of rascality it is not probable that so totally unregulated a temperament as that of Master Francis would at all stay him in any cheatery or infamy offering the slightest show of immediate pleasure that came his way. From onlooker in the game it is an easy transition to participator. Still, his first recorded adventure on his gallows-ward voyage was a murder, and that, perchance; since the crime seems to have been unaforethought five minutes before the victim lay stretched on the pavement with Death hurrying only a night's journey behind him. It was on a fine night in the summer of 1455—to be precise, the 5th of June, about 9 of the clock, a late hour for the times—and Villon, after supping, we may suppose, over-copiously, was seated on a bench outside St. Benoit with Gilles, a priest, and a casual woman named Isabeau, all three dallying and taking their pleasure, whatever that was. Up came another priest, Master Philippe Sermaise, with one Jehan le Mardi, both, like Master Francis, with sword and cloak. For what now happened we have only Villon's version as guide. Sermaise began the fray with a blustering denial of God, but Villon, with the kindest intention, made room for him on the bench, whereupon Sermaise thrust him rudely back, drew

his sword, and cut his lower lip. Villon, all politeness to this point, retaliated, thrust Sermaise through the groin, cracked him on the scone with a paving stone, and then departed to find Fouquet, the barber, to have his lip mended, and so disappeared. Sermaise lay the night long in the prison of St. Benoit, and after being examined by an official of the Châtelet, laying the blame on himself and pardoning Villon, he died shortly after at the Hospital. A warrant was issued against the absent Villon by the Châtelet, and he was sentenced to be hanged somewhere convenient. And now he made his first and only mark in the history of his country. He appealed to Parliament against the sentence of the Châtelet, and that body commuted his sentence to banishment; whereupon he retired

To Saint Genou  
Near St. Julian of Vouentes,  
In the Marsh of Poitou.

where were damsels fair and free, indispensable to this damned libertine of a poet. Here he debauched away six months, the while as François Villon, alias des Loges, petitioning the King for a pardon, which was not granted till the January of 1456; together with another for a cunning blade of the name of François de Montcorbier—alias François Villon we may add. But why two pardons? Ah, this poor, wronged innocent was, then, neither innocent nor wronged prior to the Sermaise affair, and it would seem that there were certain complications around Villon's old quarters which were being nosed out by that ferret of a Provost; hence these certificates of immunity to our trusty and well-beloved—villain.

Thus Paris once more had her master rogue at home; but he was not universally welcomed. One of his former flames, Jehanneton the milliner, closed her door upon him, having

first kicked him down the steps. So he would be virtuous, and turned to the before-mentioned pretty girl across the way, Catherine de Vaucelles, a mercenary little wench, who favoured his advances—but no further than the house door—so long as he could make her presents; whether of his own or other people's chattels mattered not. Master Villon's Cupid was a very blind one indeed, leading his prisoner into scrape after scrape, but then he never set eyes on that gentleman. Had he possessed half an eye he would have discovered that Villon was not, forsooth, a particularly pretty young blade, and might well be luckless in his many loves. Thin and dry as a summer-hanged malefactor, his complexion muddy as a mulberry or an old besom, as much hair, beard, and eyebrows as a crab, only twenty-five, with the appearance of fifty, by excess and privations of all kinds worn and whittled to a mere thread of a man. He said he was one of love's martyrs. This is a bonny fellow, in faith, to pose as one of love's martyrs, by the side of Solomon, Samson, Orpheus, Narcissus, Sardanapalus, David, Herod, and the like, among whom he would be classed! We can well imagine pretty Catherine persuading her cousin and lover, Noë le Joly, to give him that farewell greeting whereat he was thrashed like linen on a washboard—beaten out of his love and all sight for Catherine's fair face, who, henceforth, became to him a "scrag-necked hag." Rabelais could have had no better model for his delightful Panurge, between whom and Villon exists a particular resemblance, not merely accidental. Panurge, the poltroon, braggart, ribald, with six-and-twenty of his pockets crammed with picklocks, skeleton keys, nippers, hooks, purse-clippers, and a thousand and one other harmful engines of nefarious usage, was in very truth a lathen dagger; his gorgeous gallantry, tempered by a too liberal allowance of a discretion smack-

ing of the cowardly ; perpetually suffering, in spite of his sixty-three methods of prevention, from that incurable disease, lack-o'-money ; grossly impious, yet withal superstitious ; a glutton, lecher, and cannikin-tosser, the result, apparently, of the amours of a wine-bottle and a ham-bone. He, indeed, is the caricature of Villon, the latter having, however, the advantage of something human surging through his blood, if it be only his love for his mother. For the rest, Villon's Bohemian complexion, his long, dry hands, with their birdlime-like capacity for sticking to all they touched, his rags, his hairlessness, his malady of money-flux, his respect for the Deity, the Virgin, and the whole choir of saints, to whom in troubled hours he offered invocations sandwiched with filthy revilements of their messengers, the priests and monks ; all these characteristics belonged to the real man even more than to his supposititious double. Hence Catherine's notion of presenting him with a good, hearty cuffing was, if not exactly grateful, at least discreet. We find him now attacked by melancholy, which he vented in his first work, "Le Petit Testament," and amidst the social charms of his learned fellow pilferers—learned, for they were adepts at claiming benefit of clergy. This document, of forty stanzas of eight octosyllabic lines each, occupied the intervals between his innumerable cups of Beaune until, perhaps, early in the following year—at least, he was busy with it at Christmas, 1456. His ignominious dismissal by the astute but faithless Kitty ; a threatened journey to Angers, of which more presently, and a presentiment he would never return thence ; his first taste of the real danger of his ultra-Bohemian calling, in the form of Monsieur Le Provost and the newly-erected gibbet at Montigny, necessitated by the unprecedented demand by the swashbuckling element for passports

to the nether world; all these and sundry other matters of despondency combined to induce him to cast his thoughts in a testamentary direction. So he begins, in the true notarial fashion of the time, with his name, status, condition of mind and body, and a prayer to the Holy Trinity. An early legacy to his late sweetheart takes the form of a supplication to God that He will *not* curse her, the thoughts of whom sadden him and, possibly, incite thirst, since the subsequent dispositions of his own and other folk's properties savour vinously. To his uncle he leaves his fame; his barber, no doubt the aforesaid lip-plasterer, comes in for what so bare a man as our testator never had—the ends and clippings of his hair; to a lawyer's clerk he leaves his hose, wherewithal the said clerk may clothe his mistress more decently; to one jolly blade he bequeaths a couple of lawsuits as an antidote to undue obesity; on another he bestows a kick; a third may have his shaving-dish; a witless fourth a new memory; a drunken fifth, with a shrewd taste in gems, two rubies made from the glass of a tavern lantern; his cobbler takes his old shoes; the broker his ragged clothes; the world his three orphan pupils;

Item: I leave the hospitals

My curtains, which the spiders spun;

And to the rascals 'neath the stalls

A crack upon the eye, each one.

So he reels off these sardonic legacies by the score, until he hears the clock of the Sorbonne chime the Angelus, whereupon he goes to—he says—Vespers, but the inference is they were held at the tavern of that grimy hag Fat Madge.

About this same Christmas, *circa festum navitatis Domini*, Villon formed one of a party of five at a supper at the sign of the Mule, in company with Colin de Cayeux,



Petit Jehan, Dom Nicolas—a Picardy monk, no less—and Guy Tabary, the romance-copyist, of whom let us observe here that he had known trouble in his day, and was better acquainted with the interior of the Bishop's prison as occupier than was its owner as landlord. After supper, being ten of the clock, Tabary, who seems to have been naught but a hanger-on of misdeeds, a mere servitor to their misdoers, was sworn to secrecy, and the party went forth to the house of one Robert de Saint Simon, next door to the College of Navarre. Here four of them divested themselves of their cloaks, leaving Tabary in charge, and after scrambling through Saint Simon's garden, found a ladder, wherewith they scaled the high wall of the College. From the court into which they dropped they found their way to the vestry and its strong boxes. At midnight Tabary beheld them returning, and to him they gave ten crowns and a promise of a two-crown dinner on the morrow. It was a long time before he discovered that their booty amounted to five hundred golden crowns, but he seems to have had such respect for the superb talents of his masters that, in spite of his scurvy treatment, he made no complaint.

Villon, for obvious reasons other than his love of misadventures, given as such in his "Petit Testament," now found it convenient to take the air at Angers as being more healthy than that of Paris, scented with gallows-fruit. Tabary, meanwhile, having a dispute in the public streets with a duck-stealer, was marched off by those inconvenient umpires the police to renew his acquaintance with, and improve his knowledge of, the Bishop's prison. While still there, the remaining three conspirators planned a second neat little affair. Brother Guillaume Coiffier was invited to say mass at St. Mathurin. When he returned he found his chamber bestrewn about, and a leakage from his strong box of some six hundred crowns and sundry

silver plate. Little Thibault, a recalcitrant goldsmith, had, on account of his knowledge of articles of value, been taken into partnership with the housebreakers, and found means to send Tabary eight crowns, whereby his services became once more available to the hurt of possessors of gold and silver and precious stones. Villon, with the lust of loot running riot through his pulses, soon recovered his fright in the air of Angers, but only to plan the robbery of another uncle, a priest there, and reputed rich. If he succeeded in this—the matter is doubtful either way—it must have been conducted with skill, as he remained in the neighbourhood till the autumn. During the interval the fruits of his affairs in Paris were ripening against his return. That wineskin Tabary—it might be about April 23rd of this same year—became mighty well acquainted with the venerable and worthy Prior of Paray-le-Monial, Master Pierre Marchand, who (unknown to the gossip) was a close sympathiser with Brother Goiffier's loss of crowns and plate, and naturally took a great interest in coffers and picklocks. Tabary's shallow brain noted this, and, scenting a boon companion, and fed and feasted at the Prior's cost, opened his heart to him and introduced him to his companions, at present—blessed be religion!—in sanctuary at Notre Dame. They would give no information worth having, so Tabary, in disgust at their reticence, told, over the winecups of the Prior, all he knew of the past, and something of the future. This little comedy ran until May the 17th, when the band, getting scent of Tabary's idiotcy, vanished from Paris, and from existence for aught anybody could tell; while the Prior was unfolding a very lengthy and most interesting story at the Châtelet—a little behind-hand it is true, but not uselessly. One by one, here and there, soon or late, they were all gathered within the fold of the Provost's jurisdiction. The first was Montigny, who

was taken in the August following and charged on many counts, the most prominent being sacrilege, robbery, fraud, murder, and general incorrigibility. He was claimed by ecclesiastical authority as clerk. This was met by the charge of incorrigibility; and he was duly condemned by that wolf of a Provost. Appeal of high birth and what not brought from Charles VII. a commutation of the death sentence to imprisonment for a year and pilgrimage to Galicia; but, unfortunately, that appeal and the consequent reprieve did not set forth that he had been denied the benefit of clergy, nor did it say aught of that unfortunate murder by Montigny, two years before, of Thevenin Pensete in the house near the Cemetery of St. John. No; therefore must he accompany Henry Cousin, high executioner, to the place where he had often picnicked—the tree at Montfaucon—and himself be a spectacle for human feasters and a feast for the carrion crow and magpie. Barely was this satisfaction of justice ended when Villon himself, casually strolling Pariswards from his holiday at Angers, in ignorance of all this to-do, was quietly but sufficiently gathered up in the net spread for him and his fellows, and any other of like kidney. We have no data for what immediately follows, but we may take it for granted—Villon would not let any quip or quibble escape him more than it were a golden crown—that the lay and clerical authorities disputed for the right over him, and that he swaggered and pleaded as the fit came upon him. Nevertheless, assuredly did he—the very man to call down Heaven's curses on the swindler who watered his wine—undergo the torture by water until his bowels were distended. Here, indeed, was a spectacle of the irony of fate, a man whose insatiable thirst could never be satisfied with wine, wallowing in water sufficient to

prevent a thirst for evermore. Truly, as Mathurin observes :

There is no punishment so nice  
For evil man as his own vice.

And further and most assuredly was Villon condemned to be hanged. In prison, prior to the sentence, though in sight of the gallows, he could not take seriously to heart the thought of his end in that way. Hence he could pen the already-quoted quatrain by way of epitaph. But the fact of his condemnation was not to be trifled with, and a sample of what he really had in his power crops up just now. That he was no coward in face of an obvious danger is proven in this that, at the point of death, he could pour out his soul with his pen, and at that, produce the finest poem up to his day—a poem in ballade form, with the strenuousness and clearness of an etching by an artist in whose brain the picture itself had been etched by the sharp acid of his experience. We can say that it is one of the really few sincere things he ever wrote—sincere in that we cannot suspect him of the slightest jest or ironic utterance throughout. This “Epitaph in Ballade Form which Villon wrote for himself and his companions whilst waiting to be hanged with them”—such is its full title—begins with two stanzas pleading for forgiveness from everybody, each one concluding with the line “But pray God grant us of His grace”; the third stanza is a mordant picture of the piteous spectacle of the corpses hanging, whilst the Envoi is a short prayer, as here :

At times we're scoured and washed with rain,  
Again dried up and black'd i' the sun;  
Magpies and corbies have out ta'en  
Our eyes, and brows and beard are gone.  
By day or night rest have we none,  
But, ceaseless as the winds may blow,

We swing and rattle to and fro;  
 Than thimble more bird-peck'd in face.  
 O brothers, shun the way we go;  
 But pray God grant us of His Grace!

## ENVOI.

O Jesu, throned in highest place,  
 Save us from damnation and hell—  
 Our sins, forgive them and efface.  
 Folk, mock us not—'tis now not well;  
 But pray God grant us of His Grace.

His appeal to Parliament was meantime pending, and, having no assassination to answer for—that of Sermaise, it may be remembered, was already condoned by the pardon given to Michael Mouton—that body graciously commuted his condemnation to perpetual banishment. In return by way of thanks, he wrote a letter to Parliament in ballade form, of fulsome adulation, in diction and composition so weak, and in feeling so mean and trivial, that, had the Court seen it in time, they might have pondered the possibility of reconsidering their reprieve. So for the present, in this late autumn of 1457, we may leave Villon tramping the hundred and odd leagues along the south road to Roussillon, leaving, as he says, a bit of his rags on every bush, and no doubt levying toll by way of money, food, drink, and kisses, willingly or by petty theft all along the route, with no eye for nature except its humanity and its humanity's worldly goods. Stevenson gives us a pleasing imaginative picture of the man: "A strange figure he must have cut in the eyes of the good country people, this ragged, blackguard city poet, with a smack of the Paris student and a smack of the Paris street arab, posting along the highways, in rain or sun, among the green fields and vineyards. For himself, he had no taste for rural loveliness; green fields and vineyards would be mighty indifferent to Master Francis; but he would often have

his tongue in his cheek at the simplicity of rustic dupes, and often, at city gates, he might stop to contemplate the gibbet with its swinging bodies, and hug himself on his escape." Arrived at Roussillon, he passes from our ken for a few years.

The following summer, July, 1458, Tabary the gabbler succumbs to the police, and for him there are no more merry suppers at the Mule or elsewhere; just plain gaol fare spiced with the question ordinary and extraordinary, winding up far too soon with that unpleasant interview with Henry Cousin at Montfaucon or Montigny, it mattered not what place.

Of all the others, the only one of whom we have any news is Colin de Cayeux, caught in the autumn of 1460 robbing the great Church of St. Leu d'Esserens in the valley of the Oise. The Provost of Paris was very busy in this, the last year of the reign of Charles VII. The only ground on French soil left to the English was Calais, and the land had something of peace, the Government thus being more at liberty to attend to interior matters. Therefore were its orders decisive, and Paris was to be swept clear of poor and indigent persons, thieves, cheats, and lockpickers; therefore was Colin caught up in this new broom with many others, and swept away up the St. Denis Road to Montfaucon, where he had the "bad taste to die in a perpendicular position."

In this same year it would seem that Villon took a prominent part in a poetical tournament under the auspices of Charles d'Orléans, but the why, wherefore, and how are all conjectural. When next we really find him, he is once more caged up, or rather down, since his prison at Meung-sur-Loire was a kind of pit. He here spent the summer of 1461, at the instance of Thibault d'Aussigny,

Bishop of Orléans, for what crime or under what sentence we know not; yet here he was crunching crusts and drinking water, gnawing his fingers, and muttering curses in the dark against his gaoler, until Louis XI., in triumphal procession through his kingdom on the occasion of his accession, releasing all manner of prisoners on his way, arrived at Meung on October 2nd, 1461, and Villon, a free man again, was pitched out once more into the sunlight and the weather. Straightway he voyaged to Paris, only to find the bones of Montigny, de Cayeux, Tabary the silly, and the rest rattling on the gibbets, and his three quondam pupils swashbuckling through the city on their own account. The times are changed, justice will no longer be scurvily contemned with impunity, and his fellow iniquitors have become carrion; so

In the year thirty of my age,  
 All spent in gaining nought but shame;  
 Not quite a fool, nor yet all sage,  
 But, notwithstanding, much to blame,

Villon, almost an old man, settles down to write his "Greater Testament" for the easing of his mind, bestowing, first of all, the following stanza on his late host:

Bishop of mine nor lord is he,  
 Of land of him I hold no kind,  
 Nor homage owe nor fealty;  
 I am no slave of his nor hind.  
 For me but dry bread did he find  
 And water cold a summer long;  
 And, as he was so meanly kind  
 To me, may God deal him such wrong!

This is the worst thing he has to say of the Bishop, that he had fed him so sorrily. It may well be that he could think

of nothing worse to say. For three-fourths of his life Villon had been half-starved, and never alludes to victuals except with the utmost tenderness, and a respect amounting almost to reverence. He revels in culinary details as they were love passages, and for a host or vintner to add water to wine is a crime unpardonable in his opinion. His knowledge of the ropes of the Mule, the Fir Cone, the Fat Peg, and all the other cabarets of his frequenting, fears him not so much of the strength of a draught as of its being diluted.

This "Greater Testament" is a monument to the glorious ignominy of the testator. Similar in style and manner to the "Little Testament," executed five years earlier, it contains one hundred and seventy-three stanzas, in the same metre and rhyming, interspersed with a score or so of ballades, rondeaux, and minor pieces bequeathed to various legatees; and from its incidental references, it is possible to piece together a tolerable life of its author. Villon is as frank to us in the first person singular, as though he were confessing to his priest. If you imagine Byron's "Don Juan" written in octosyllabics instead of hexameters, you will have a fair idea of Villon's two Testaments; and the similarity is not merely on the surface. There is a similar tone about both works, the same mingling of sentiment and jest, of enthusiasm and seriousness. In a page moist with tears of repentance you will find a *melée* of nonsense, or a curry of scurvy japes; one Ballade is a prayer of the sweetest kind, the next seething with obscenity of the grimmest and most uncompromising character; like a beautiful landscape disfigured with grotesques. One digression leads to another, ironic legacies are bestowed unstintingly; to this one a ballade, to that a *rondeau*, here a filthy jest, there a hymn or prayer. Whatever his most capricious fancy can imagine at the moment,



that Villon leaves to someone—ay, and the person to whom it will be most fitting, whom he will depict in a word with a simplicity and directness as surprising as the skill of a lightning caricaturist. He is the greatest poet of his time, and the breaker of fresh ground in French literature. No stereotyped ideas for him; away with the ballads of eternal spring, away with the weak complainings against the cruelty of some fair woman, away with miserable, feebly-amorous drivel. His muse is strong and naive, a pretty woman who does not make a wry face at a naughty word; she will not hesitate to enter an inn with you, nor to put your purse into her pocket whilst enjoying your hospitality. No, she is the most complete personification of all classes of the common people at this period, without the slightest tinge of love for the country, and she sees more possibilities in two sous than in a whole forest. Like Debureau, another type of the French people, Villon did not like to hear the nightingale. Charles of Orléans was the spring poet of the day; Villon charged his poetry with a wealth of colour and detail, but no landscape. He initiates us into the mysteries of the indoor life; from him we learn a myriad little fashions and customs we find nowhere else in French writings, taverns, gambling hells, cookshops, and their hosts and companies. He knows his characters so well that a touch suffices; with distinctive sagacity he suggests a name, an epithet, and behold the man complete. Had the innumerable historians done their part thoroughly from monarch to beggar, from the wealth of matter within their grasp, history would long since have superseded the novel. Amid all these wantonings Villon has always a pure, sweet, simple touch for his mother, who blossoms in his verse like a lily on a dungheap. One stanza in illustration:

I am a woman, old and poor,  
 Who nothing know, nor letters spell;  
 When to my Church I make my tour,  
 Shines Heaven, with harps and lutes, and Hell  
 I see, and souls in torture fell,  
 Which fear me; but my joy is high  
 From duty done, as God knows well,  
 And in this faith I'll live and die.

To return to our comparison. Where Villon and Byron most closely assimilate is in their bitter disenchantment of life, the gloomy depth of their views of the world, regrets for the past, the feeling for all that is good and beautiful sunk in a quagmire of apparent degradation, the loss of all illusion and consequent despair. Villon, the more ignoble of the two, complains less elegantly than Byron, but far more truly, more bitterly, even more savagely:

Sinner am I, I know right well;  
 Yet God my death doth not require  
 Thereby, but that I fly the hell  
 Of sin, and worthier things desire.

This in milder mood, but we question its sincerity. Not its truth—that, we admit every Sabbath of our lives; its sincerity personally to Villon, whose next phrase may be blasphemy for aught we remember. “Do as I say, not as I do,” is a ready phrase that characterises Villon’s writings and life, and many a time he posed as preacher on the propriety of a moral life, but his reasons were not worthy the advice. Be good or you will be hanged, was his idea:

My fellows in debauchery,  
 Sick-souled, with bodies well be-fed,  
 Beware that withering wind, say I,  
 That tans men only when they're dead.

He was sincere in three things only—his mother, his hatred and revilement of the rich because they were not poor, and his mordant regard of death. Yet even this

is a problem with arguments, pro and con, that prove nothing. Is his sincerity a verbal invention, an illusion of literary talent, or is it a duplicity *cum crocodilis lacrymis*? He travelled a shameful road, yet the tumultuous joys, perils, privations, have not smothered his better thoughts. He may mean nothing by them, but he expresses them, and often, from the rottenness of his soul, in a most exquisite poetical form, and if naught to him, they may have angel wings. He always lets himself go like a weak-willed man, but he judges himself unsparingly, though like his monarch, Louis XI., he snaps at every item to his credit. In another phase he asks himself how much happier would he have been had he followed his strictly proper career through the University to the Church? How does he reckon this up? We answer in one word, "materially." He complains of his misery, the outcome of his own wrongdoing, and sums up that if he had not been a sinner he would have had a house over his head and a down bed to sleep in. A truce to such repentance, we may say forthwith. But may not this very material view be akin to that of some fallen woman who, from the depth of her misery, sees in some plain, honest girl that passes by more comeliness than catches the eye of everyday folk. Beyond the most beautiful of his verses there is nothing in Villon's life incompatible with that of a professional malefactor, though amongst all his crimes, and they were many, he never reached the depth of deliberate murder; the Sermaise affair, since he received the first blow with a weapon, was to some extent in self-defence.

This Prince of Ballademongers did not fear the approach of death in one of its ordinary courses, though he hated the idea of undue hurry out of the way of nature. He loved even his life, wretched as it would seem to be :

Better is life with rags to wear  
 Than to have been a noble lord  
 Rotting in splendid sepulchre.

and his only consolation is that he is alive, though he faces death as thus :

For I am not, and well I know,  
 Son of an angel, starry-crowned,  
 That wings the heavens to and fro.  
 My sire is dead—his soul God found ;  
 His body lies beneath the ground.  
 I know my mother poor must die ;  
 She knoweth whither she is bound,  
 And Death her son will not pass by.

I know right sure that rich and poor,  
 Wise, foolish, presbyter and lay,  
 Noble and serf, gracious and dour,  
 Little and great, or fair as day  
 Or foul, and dames in trim array  
 Of petticoat and dainty cap—  
 No matter whosoe'er be they,  
 Death seizes all, whatever hap.

The following Rondeau, which he bequeathed to a gentleman whose betrothed wife had lately died, bespeaks consolation with a touch of defiance, and is noticeable as anticipating by a century a happy phrase of Shakespeare's :

Death, from thy rigour I appeal.  
 Why hast my sweetheart torn from me?  
 And know'st not yet satiety ;  
 But from me, too, all strength must steal,  
 And let me naught but weakness feel?  
 In life what harm did she to thee,  
 Death?

One heart sufficed us two so leal ;  
 That being dead, so must I be ;  
 Or, if I live, as statuary  
 I'm soulless, or for woe or weal,  
 Death !

Even on this topic he could not be perpetually serious. Take, for instance, this quatrain :

Fair women's bodies, white as snow,  
 Soft, winsome, graceful in each bend—  
 Must they Death's tortures undergo?  
 Ay! Or alive to Heaven wend.

Villon, rolled in every gutter, passing through all grades of crime and debauchery, depicted with spirit and wit, is the cleverest and most penetrating poet of the fifteenth century, if only for some two hundred lines of the not very great number he wrote. It is useless to say if he had led a right life he might have written more and finer poetry; probably in the upright man the poet would have been lost, and of the two, good poets are the more rare. Much of his matter is frankly gross, but his technique is perfect. He was a very master in some of the most artificial forms of poetry ever used, compared with which a modern sonnet is freedom itself. The *rondel* which Charles of Orléans wrote so well he never touched; but in his *rondeaux*, the most exquisite type of which he has given us, no one ever touched him. The *ballade*, with its three stanzas and *envoi*, with the recurring burden, was his favourite. No one since he wrote—or before, for that matter—has got so much out of this particular form of recurrent rhyme and refrain, though many have tried. Who else out of a mere string of names as occur in the “*Ballade of Old-time Ladies*,” with its sad burden of “Where are the snows of yester year?” or in the two “*Ballades of Old-time Lords*,” with their echoing “But where is the doughty Charlemaine?” and “The wind doth bear their like away”—who else has got so much that is really exquisite out of so little with true poetic effect? Or who else has been able to make these repeated refrains a legitimate and withal vital part, not only of the form, but the sense and

beauty of the poem? I am afraid most of us, after the first stanza, would thrust them into the dance in wooden shoes, or lead them forward on stilts.

Stevenson has summarised Villon's picture of the times in a very charming manner, and it bears the stamp of historical accuracy. "Paris swarms before us full of famine, shame and death; monks and the servants of great lords hold high wassail upon cakes and pastry; the poor man licks his lips before the baker's windows; people with patched eyes sprawl all night beneath the butcher's stalls; chuckling Tabary transcribes an improper romance; bare-bosomed lasses and ruffling students swagger in the streets; the drunkard goes stumbling homewards; the graveyard is full of bones; and away on Montfaucon Colin de Cayeux and Montigny hang draggled in the rain. Is there nothing better to be seen than sordid misery and worthless joy? Only where the poor mother of the poet kneels in the Church below painted windows, and makes tremulous supplication to the Mother of God."

Villon himself might count for something as he pens his laborious will—he is at least out of mischief for the time—and with what, but for a ghoulish flavour in its early lines, might have been a thought of Tennyson, directs what shall be done with his only real possession—his body:

Item: My body I bequeath  
 Unto our grandmother the earth;  
 The worms will have small gain beneath,  
 So much hath hunger shown its girth.  
 To her, the soil that gave me birth,  
 Let it return. All things are fain  
 And glad, if what I say be worth,  
 In their own place to rest again.

What became of his body is one of the mysteries of his life, or death. His "Greater Testament" is the last

authentic date of his life, but we hear of him in August, 1463. He, more sober now than heretofore, had supped in his study room with three companions, and was leaning with them out of the window, when two clerks called them down. A quarrel was the outcome; Villon's voice was heard in the dark, and, alive or dead—no one knows—he disappeared for good.

Thus he goes out from us in mystery, the wildest and most saddening figure in all literature.





## THE POET WITH THE DOWNCAST EYES.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

IN Tennyson's "Palace of Art" the builder of that "lordly pleasure house," after describing many pictures with which its walls are adorned, goes on to say :

And with choice paintings of wise men I hung  
The royal dais round.

For there was Milton, like a seraph strong,  
Beside him Shakespeare, bland and mild,  
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song,  
And somewhat grimly smiled.

Now, every lover of literature, to whom the poets are familiar friends I take it, builds for himself an imaginary palace of art in which their portraits are hung. Of course, they have all, in their degrees, noble heads, not excluding that of Wordsworth. For here I am reminded how someone—Coleridge or another—when asked what sort of a head Wordsworth had, replied: "You have seen a horse's head, sir—well, that is what Wordsworth's head is like." In such a House Beautiful, Chaucer, as the father of English poetry must find an honoured place. His figure, however vaguely defined, must needs have its special charm, shaping itself, as it does, from surroundings full of



the picturesque beauty of old romance. The portrait of him which lies before me shows a head, black-hooded, with grey-bearded, venerable face, bent forward, and with the eyes cast down and peering meditatively. I have heard of another portrait, on the margin of which the artist has depicted a daisy. Upon what foundation of veritable fact these limnings are based I know not, but of certain features of this one we have Chaucer's own confirmation. In the prologue to "Sir Thopas," describing himself as the narrator of the tale, the poet makes the host say :

What man art thou?  
 Thou lookest as thou woldest fynd an hare,  
 For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

From the same source we learn further how the poet is possessed of a certain plumpness of figure, is "small and fair of face," with a seeming elfishness of countenance, and shy withal in his conversations with his fellows. To help us to still further knowledge there is a rhymed description of him written by Robert Green, the Elizabethan dramatist, which runs thus :

His stature was not very tall,  
 Lean he was, his legs were small;  
 Hosed within a stock of red,  
 A buttoned bonnet on his head,  
 From under which did hang, I ween,  
 Silver hairs, both bright and sheen.  
 His beard was white, trimmed round,  
 His countenance, blithe and merry found,  
 A sleeveless jacket, large and wide,  
 With many plaits and skirts beside,  
 Of water camlet did he wear,  
 A whittle by his belt he bare.  
 His shoes were corned broad before,  
 His inkhorn at his side he wore,  
 And in his hand he bore a book—  
 Thus did this ancient poet look.

From other sources we get to know how he was modest in conversation, and a man of few words. In the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" he tells us how fond he is of reading, taking heed of nothing in comparison. He has read until his eyes have become dim, and the only thing that takes him from his books is to walk in the green fields.

With such descriptions as these before me, I must confess that when I am disposed to "call up him who left half-told the story of Cambuscan bold," it is this downward, pensive look upon the face that most impresses me. To the host of the Tabard it only wore the appearance of one who looked for a hare, but to the lover of Chaucer as a poet it means something much further reaching and more penetrating than that. It is expressive of the finer parts of his nature, the sweet seriousness of it—his love for fields and flowers. When, therefore, I am asked to give my impression of Chaucer, I find in this meditative look the keynote, as it were, for any modest song of praise I may have to offer.

To help me to a further consideration I take down those six volumes of the Aldine edition from my shelves and reflect on the contents. I glance over the life of the poet, noting the main features, principal among which is the fact that Chaucer was not a poet by profession, but a man of affairs having much business to do in the service of King Edward III. and his successor, Richard II. The writing of poetry was one of the recreations of his life, and does not, in his varying fortunes, appear to have brought him much pecuniary gain. In view of his apparently peaceable disposition, I am inclined to think that story apocryphal which tells how he was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street, or, if it is true, that the friar deserved it. In like manner,

I should like to believe that he did not betray his friends to get released from imprisonment in the Tower. Among other possible things, it is pleasant to think that a mission on the King's service in Italy brought him into personal intercourse with Petrarch. Anyhow, in his wide reading he became acquainted with that poet, and with many other authors, Italian and French, from whom he gained rich material for his story-telling. How deep and varied was that reading we may all learn from Warton's "History of English Poetry," in which Chaucer's tales and romances are traced to their sources. Among the facts of his life it is interesting to the student to know that it was in the evening of his days, and after his sixtieth year, that he wrote the "Canterbury Tales," and that, like the story of "Cambuscan," these also were left half-told.

Turning now to these written works of his, one might concern oneself at length with the language in which they are conveyed, but this does not come within the scope of the present purpose. That well of English undefiled, of which Spenser wrote, has proved a difficult and far-reaching draw-well for the ordinary reader, and has tended to the neglect which the poet has suffered. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true that if Chaucer is to be enjoyed to the full, this flavour of the old language must remain in the expression. Take it away, and the charm is in a great measure gone. Get over the difficulty of the rhythm, the sounding of the final "e," which otherwise is mute, and, by the aid of a glossary, hunt out the obscure words, and slowly but surely the ineffable light breaks in, and "as it deepens drowns the written word." When once you become accustomed to him, Chaucer in translation, even of the best, will be unsatisfactory. Dryden has essayed it, using matter of his own, which does not enhance the charm; even Wordsworth, with all his honesty of purpose and poetical

power, cannot transmute the thought without conveying a sense of deterioration. Spenser, with a truer poetic feeling, did not seek to interpret, but rather, within his powers, to continue that unfinished tale of "Cambuscan," but only with infinite apologies to the older poet as thus :

Then pardon, O most sacred, happie spirit!  
 That I thy labours lost may thus revive,  
 And steal from thee the meede of thy due merit,  
 That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive;  
 And being dead, in vain yet many strive,  
 Nor dare I like, but through infusion sweet  
 Of thine own spirit, which doth in me survive,  
 I follow here the footing of thy feet,  
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Tennyson did not even dare so much, but when, after reading the "Legend of Good Women," his eyes had fallen on sleep, he dreamed in consequence that "Dream of Fair Women," which, without imitation, is a poem most worthily begotten of the other.

Passing to the subject matter of Chaucer, it is necessary to the right understanding of him to know the sources of the medium in which he worked. We have seen that he was deeply and widely read, and his reading lay among the old story-tellers and romancers. He was familiar with Boccacio and other of the great Italians, and also with the Provençal authors and the Troubadours. Chivalry and love were the favourite and prevailing themes, so he took these old romances, and, passing them through the alembic of his mind, gave them a new embodiment, and, like Shakespeare, stamped them with his own image. Dealing with the tellers of stories, he proved himself a prince of story-tellers, but beyond this he showed his genius in the introduction of characters of his own creation. The "Canterbury Tales," in their prologues and chief actors, afford evidence indisputable of his keen perceptive powers,

his humour, and his insight into human nature. Upon such features of the poet, however, one cannot grow discursive at this time. More to the purpose in view is it to say a word upon those other powers in which he reveals himself to us as a lover of nature—the poet with the downcast eyes. And here the question is one concerning the limits of his love, his sincerity, as it were. A poet of human nature he undoubtedly was. He held the mirror up to that, and reflected the results faithfully, and to our vastly enhanced knowledge of the men and times in which he lived. But to be a poet of nature is something quite other. His love for flowers is expressed over and over again, and his preference for the daisy, the sweet marguerite, has brought that flower into the closest relationship with his memory. Over and over again we meet with it, powdering the fresh green grass in the May time—a never-failing source of joy to the gladdened eye of him who sings its praise. It carpets the meads where move his ladies fair and debonair, and they, too, are counted among its worshippers. Most prominently does it figure in the romance of “The Flower and the Leaf,” but here, with two ladies representing them, the flower is typical of indolence and the leaf of perseverance, the worthiest knights being crowned with leaves rather than with flowers. Many other flowers of the field and garden enter into Chaucer’s verse, and in “The Romaunt of the Rose” we are shown how, through many difficulties, a faithful pursuer gains possession of the ultimate sweet rose of his desires.

In reading Chaucer without the original from which he drew, there is always a difficulty in determining where the poet himself enters into his work of translation, but that he does so enter there is no doubt whatever. This love of flowers, of pastoral scenes, might be but a reproduction of that flower worship which had its expression in the Floral

Carnivals of France, where, as Warton tells us, the poets assembled in the May time and competed with each other for prizes, which took the form of flowers, artificial and natural. If Chaucer's love of nature went no deeper than that, he would have smaller claims upon our affection than is accorded to him. Likewise, if his chivalry had no deeper root than the Courts of Love afforded, from which he drew his material, it would have been a romantic interest merely. But there is one well-known illustration in "The Romaunt of the Rose" which shows that Chaucer could add gentleness of a finer nature than he found in the Romance verse. There has been a discussion lately in one of our journals—the *Spectator*, I think—on the meaning of the term gentleman. In Chaucer's translation of the Romaunt he gives us a description, which is not in the original, and to the effect that it is not a matter of birth—a man is not only gentle because of his lineage,

But whoso is vertuous,  
 And in his port not outrageous,  
 When such one thou seest thee beforene,  
 Though he be not gentle born,  
 Thou maiest well saine this in soth,  
 That he is gentle because he doth  
 As longeth to a gentleman.

To villaine speech in no degree  
 Let never thy lippe unbounden bee;  
 For I nought hold him in good faith.  
 Curteis, that foule wordes saith;  
 And all women serve and praise,  
 And to thy power her honours raise;  
 And if that any mis-sayere  
 Despise women, that thou maist here  
 Blame him, and bid him hoïd him still.

So in like manner one is inclined to the pious belief that it was with such gentleness as this that the poet with the

downcast eyes loved the green fields, the flowers, and the birds of which he sang so sweetly. There is a wide difference between the daisy of Chaucer and those with which Tennyson and Wordsworth dealt, and the way in which these respective poets dealt with the flower marks a broad distinction between them. Matthew Arnold, while giving Chaucer his full meed of praise, says he lacks the quality of high seriousness which marks the great poet. However that may be, one may fitly apply to "the morning star of song" the words which Matthew Arnold applied to Wordsworth, and say :

He lays us as we lay at birth,  
On the cool, flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles break from us, and we have ease,  
. . . . . the breeze,  
Goes o'er the sunlit fields again.

True, also, is it that he brings—

To spirits dried up and closely furled,  
The freshness of the early world.





## THE MATCHLESS ORINDA.

BY ARTHUR W. FOX.

WHEN a clever and comparatively harmless female versifier is extravagantly praised by a poet of the compass and fame of Abraham Cowley, some curiosity is not unnaturally aroused as to her real merit. Such was the distinction of Katherine Fowler, better known as "The Matchless Orinda," who was born at Bucklersbury on New Year's Day, 1631.\* John Aubrey† tells several interesting stories of her precocious girlhood. As was fitting for the child of a sound Presbyterian, she was in the habit during her early years of praying much aloud. Upon one occasion she was overheard to supplicate God for the speedy removal of the Bishops. When she was ten years old she could repeat the long and strong sermons of her time word for word, in which capacity she showed herself a more attentive listener than commonly falls to the lot of present-day preachers. She began to make poetry at school, and, according to the Wiltshire gossip, "she had a red pumpled face." He further asserts on the authority

\* Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, London, 1873, upon whose delightful sketch this brief study is based.

† Aubrey, *Little Lives*, Oxford, 1898, edited by Andrew Clark, pp. 152-155.





"THE MATCHLESS ORINDA."

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of her cousin Blacket, "that she had read the Bible through before she was full four years old." He adds that "she was very good-natured, not at all high-minded; pretty fat, reddish faced."

In or about 1647 she was married to a good Royalist, James Philips, of Cardigan Priory, who converted her to his political principles towards the close of her life. By him she had two children, a daughter who survived her, and a son who died in infancy, upon whom she wrote two touching epitaphs. The first may find a place here to illustrate the character of her poetry :

What on earth deserves our trust?  
 Youth and beauty are but dust.  
 Long we gathering are with pain  
 What one moment calls again.  
 Seven years childless, marriage passed,  
 A son, a son is born at last—  
 So exactly limb'd and fair,  
 Full of spirits, mien and air,  
 As a long life promised,  
 Yet in less than six weeks dead.  
 Too promising, too great a mind  
 In so small room to be confin'd:  
 Therefore, as fit in heav'n to dwell,  
 He quickly broke the prison shell.  
 So the subtle alchemist  
 Can't with Hermes' Seal resist  
 The powerful spirit's subtler flight,  
 But 'twill bid him long good-night;  
 And so the sun, if it arise  
 Half so glorious as his eyes,  
 Like this infant, takes a shroud,  
 Buried in a morning cloud.

The foregoing lines are tender and pathetic, and the final simile is alike mournful and appropriate.

Dissatisfied with the scant appreciation of her husband, Orinda formed a circle of friendship in her Welsh home.

To each of her friends she gave classical names. Sir Charles Cotterel became Poliarchus; Anne Owen was christened Lucasia; Mary Aubrey was known as Rosania; Jeremy Taylor was Palaemon; and Sir Edward Dering Silvander. But wedlock broke up the little circle, of which Cowley sang, and many of Orinda's poems bewail the inconstancy of her female associates. One of her poems on "Friendship's Mystery"\* may fitly be quoted at this place, both from its novel stanza, and to illustrate the principles of the society.

Come, my Lucasia, since we see  
That miracles men's faith do move,  
By wonder and by prodigy,  
To the dull, angry world let's prove  
There's a religion in our love.

For though we were design'd t' agree,  
That fate no liberty destroys,  
But our election is as free  
As angels, who, with greedy choice,  
Are yet determin'd to their joys.

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,  
Here mixture is addition grown;  
We both diffuse, and both engross:  
And we whose minds are so much one  
Never, yet ever, are alone.

We court our own captivity  
Than thrones more great and innocent:  
'Twere banishment to be set free,  
Since we wear fetters whose intent  
Not bondage is, but ornament.

Divided joys are tedious found,  
And griefs united easier grow;  
We are ourselves but by rebound,  
And all our titles shuffled so,  
Both princes, and both subjects, too.

‡ *Poems*, 1678, p. 134.

\* *Idem*, pp. 21-22.

Our hearts are mutual victims laid  
 While they (such power in friendship lies)  
 Are altars, priests, and off'rings made :  
 And each heart which thus kindly dies  
 Grows deathless by the sacrifice.

After such a tender outpouring of friendship it is pathetic to think that Cupid proved too much for the weaker bondage of Orinda's friends. One by one the gentle maids fell into the sterner durance of wedlock, and left Orinda to sing of their desertion. She begins one of her poems thus :

Whoever thinks that joys below  
 Can lasting be or great,  
 Let him behold this parting blow,  
 And cure his own deceit.

Alas, how soon are pleasures done  
 Where fortune has a power.  
 How like to the declining sun,  
 Or to the withered flower.†

The kindly yet busy little gentlewoman, amidst her disappointments, could still find time to sing sympathetically of the gladness of a country life. Her lines are simple and artless with just a faint echo of Parnassus in their tranquil cadence. She begins :

How sacred and how innocent  
 A country life appears,  
 How free from tumult, discontent,  
 From flattery or fears.  
 This was the first and happiest life,  
 When man enjoyed himself ;  
 Till pride exchanged peace for strife,  
 And happiness for self.

After more lines in a similar strain she concludes with a wise resolve :

\* *Poems*, 1678, pp. 21-22.

† *Idem*, p. 159.

But I, resolved from within,  
 Confirmed from without,  
 In privacy intend to spin  
 My future minutes out.  
 And from this hermitage of mine  
 I banish all wild toys,  
 And nothing that is not divine  
 Shall dare to tempt my joys.  
 There are below but two things good,  
 Friendship and honesty,  
 And only those of all I would  
 Ask for felicity.  
 In this retired and humble seat,  
 Free from both war and strife,  
 I am not forced to make retreat,  
 But choose to spend my life.\*

In spite of her good resolutions, she went to London at the Restoration, where her loyal poems recommended her to the notice of the Duchess of York. Here she was feasted and honoured, amongst many others, by the poet Cowley at Barn Elms. We can picture the shy poet and the gushing muse intermingling their poesy by the quiet flow of Father Thames. From London Orinda went to Dublin, where she finished her translation of Corneille's "Pompey." In 1663, by the help of Earl Orrery, the play was brought out in London, where it attained considerable popularity. She busied herself in 1664 in the translation of "Horace" by the French dramatist; but when she had completed four acts she was stricken with smallpox, which made an end of her on June 22, 1664, at the early age of thirty-three. The last three months of her life were spent in a whirl of the best society of London, and she was a welcome visitor at Court. Her later life had been troubled by lawsuits, in which she would seem to have had but indifferent success. Of this period an invaluable picture of her life is presented

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\* *Poems*, 1678, pp. 88, 90-91.

in her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel. She writes with a simple grace and a keenness of descriptive power, which gives her correspondence a distinction of its own.

Of her poetic merit much might be said, but it has been said by the Royalist poets of her day. Her poems were at first handed about in manuscript, and a surreptitious edition was printed in 1664 to her great annoyance. This edition was suppressed after much difficulty, and after her death three more editions appeared in 1667, 1669, and 1678. Her "Letters to Poliarchus" were printed in 1705. Her portrait by W. Faithorne confirms Aubrey's description of her person. She impressed all of the distinguished persons who met her by her keen intellect and vivacious disposition. Every elegy of her teems with compliment, while Cowley is so complimentary that he is not a little cloudy. His laboured elegy need not be quoted here; but his praise carried in his own day, and must still carry with it, no little authority. He was keenly susceptible of rhythm and happy turns of thought, and he found both in an uncommon degree in Orinda. Her enthusiasm captivated the retiring poet, and it was not his manner to stint praise. There was a simplicity, too, and an artless grace in her writing which caught the ear of that artificial age, and she attained a contemporary fame beyond her deserts. A literary woman was so rare in her day that the linnet was transfigured into an eagle. But alas for the eagles of past poetry, they take a high flight in their own generation to fall rapidly into oblivion in the next.

Still she forms an interesting personality of the seventeenth century, and scarcely deserves to be so entirely forgotten, as is her lot to-day. Her soul was fired with a fine enthusiasm, with which her lines did not always correspond. She retained her Puritan delicacy in a foul-mouthed chorus of song. She had many friends of the first rank

both by birth and natural gifts, and had she lived she might have soared to greater heights than she reached in her brief life. Her translations from French poets show a considerable ease and a trained mind. Her letters are among the best of that period of clever letter-writing. Her poems are pervaded with a simplicity of tone and a general exactness of rhythm which make them pleasant reading. Now and then a real tenderness shines in her verses, which reveals the kindness of her heart, and it must be admitted by the censorious critics of the present that she was a highly-accomplished woman. If we compare her with the queens of song she cannot hold ever so small a place amongst them. The "Matchless Orinda" was unmatched in her own day, no doubt; but others of her sisters to-day have soared to greater heights on a stronger pinion. She lived a not undistinguished life in her own time, and sang her little song, which is all but unheard in the sublimer choir of sister-singers. We may pay her our less exaggerated tribute, which will sound but faintly amongst the courtly eulogists who mourned her death; but it will be none the less sincere in its simple truth.







## HEINRICH HEINE'S HARZREISE.

BY HENRY GANNON.

The spirit of the world,  
Beholding the absurdity of men—  
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile  
For one short moment wander o'er his lips—  
That smile was Heine!

THUS writes Matthew Arnold in an abortive endeavour to give us, in a single word, the quintessence of one of the most subtle, enigmatical, and many-sided minds in all literature.

Well, after all, it is perhaps not a bad shot, though far from being a bull's eye. But none the less we may give Arnold credit for astuteness, at least in choosing this way out of a difficulty that has baffled many wise men and profound German scholars and critics—a little mystery goes a long way in either picture or poem. Given a pretty figure of speech, surround it with a cloud of vague, intangible metaphor, and lo! you seem to have solved the problem. But metaphor, after all, though apparently satisfying for the moment, is not very sustaining, and in the end you find yourself just where you were.

Others who have tried what I would call the frontal attack on this fascinating problem, in contradistinction to

Arnold's flank movement, have in the end given it up in despair. In their extremity they have betaken themselves to comparisons, likening Heine in turns to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Cervantes, Burns, Sterne, Jean Paul Richter, Swift, Byron, Voltaire, Shelley, Beranger, and others. But all this is only a half-truth. For though Heine has something in common with each and all of the above writers, he has much besides that is all his own, which none of them shared with him.

In short, the problem in question is one of those tough, knotty, cross-grained things that you can't break across your knee; Heine's complexity and many-sidedness have been at once the fascination and stumbling-block of critical students—German, French, and English, and must remain so, I am afraid, till the end of the chapter. It seems, indeed, little else than a fruitless attempt to solve the insoluble.

Well, we will leave this, and turn our attention now to our actual and more congenial subject, "The Harzreise," for I must candidly confess that I have no specific of my own to recommend, except it be this; Let each one read Heine for himself, and then formulate his own analysis of his character and idiosyncrasy.

As regards the "Harzreise," we may say without hesitation that it is one of the few books of Heine's that may be taken up, read with unalloyed pleasure, and laid down again with a tolerably clean palate. The two or three questionable—what the Germans call *schlüpfrige*, and we call *indelicate*—passages we may condone in consideration of the general purity of the book as a whole. In Germany it was received from its first appearance with unstinted popularity, which it has retained ever since through good and evil report. Even in those dark days, when the name of Heine was anathema maranatha, when he was stigmatised

among his compatriots as the most un-German of Germans, when the Prussian Government proscribed him and all his works as those of the Evil One; though they would at the same time fain have provided him with free board and lodging in Spandau for the rest of his days. Even then the "Harzreise" was read by stealth. In fact, its popularity has never waned to the present day, partly on account of its pleasant banter, its trenchant wit, its delightfully lucid and nervous prose, which has never been excelled, even by that of Goethe himself; but more especially for the inimitable lyrics interspersed throughout the work. I say advisedly "inimitable," for I am not so conceited as to imagine that these translations of mine—or, for that matter, any translations I have ever seen—do more than come within modestly measurable distance of the originals. They must be read in their native idiom to be fully appreciated. Another undoubted cause of its popularity is that it was written before his ink was mixed with so much gall, and before that period of his life when Heine acquired that unenviable dexterity, which he developed eventually into a fine art, of shooting poisoned arrows at his enemies, and even at his quondam friends. But even at this early period there are not wanting evidences in the biting satire and persiflage so liberally sprinkled throughout the pages of the "Harzreise" that the child was father to the man.

It was in the autumn of the year 1824 that Heine strapped his knapsack on his back, and with a stout cudgel in his hand and a tolerably well-filled purse in his pocket, thanks to his Uncle Salomon, gladly turned his back on the sleepy old town of Göttingen, and his face towards the Harz Mountains for a four-week's holiday among their valleys. His brain seething with poetic fancies, to the almost total exclusion of jurisprudence, and the Pandects,

which, by the way, he was supposed to have been most assiduously studying, one can almost realise the cry of exultation, like that of an animal that has slipped its chain, with which he breaks loose from all the trammels of the dry-as-dust University, from the Philistinism, shams, and conventionalism of Göttingen, and turns his face towards that fabled land of the Brocken. There he will be free to roam at his own sweet will along the banks of the crystal Ilse, to dream among its ruined castles, to associate with the simple peasantry and miners, listening to their weird stories and legends of Kobold and fairy lore and legend, all of which he afterwards turns into purest gold. The following poem, which he pens as a prologue, or rather, one might say, an overture, to the piece that follows, is a cry of contempt and a protest against all cant and snobbery, from which he is escaping, for a short season at least. It is the keynote of the story. It means—Ho! for the mountain side and the purple heather, for the dark pine forest, for the sunlit valleys, where birds are singing and brooks are leaping over rocks down into shady amber pools. The poem runs:

Swallowtails and silken stockings,  
 Snow-white ruffles, courtly airs,  
 Tender speeches, soft embraces—  
 Ah, if only hearts were their's!

Hearts within their breasts, and love, too—  
 Glowing love within their hearts—  
 Oh, it kills me, all this drivel  
 About love and Cupid's darts!

Up the mountains will I clamber  
 Where the honest cotters dwell,  
 Where the breast with joy expands, and  
 Winds blow free o'er rock and fell.

Up the mountains will I clamber  
Where the dark pines shoot on high,  
Brooks are brawling, birds are singing,  
And the clouds sail proudly by.

Fare ye well, ye polished salons!  
Polished lords and ladies, too!  
Up the mountains will I clamber,  
Thence look down and laugh at you.

The "polished salons," with their male and female simulacri above aimed at, were probably those of Bonn or Berlin. But poor old Göttingen was not to go unscathed from the arrows of Heine's wit, or shall we rather call them explosive bullets, for they eventually caused a very pretty flutter in the dovecotes of that ancient university town, when, two years later, the "Travel Pictures" made their appearance. The following passage furnishes a tolerable sample of Heine's style of flagellation:

The town of Göttingen, famed for its sausages and its University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains 999 inhabited houses, various churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a University, a prison, a library, and a municipal bierkeller, the beer whereof is very good. The brook which flows by the town is called the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing; the water is very cold, and in some places so broad that my dog Pompey had really to take a good run to clear it. The town itself is pretty, but the view is pleasantest when you turn your back on it. It must be very old indeed, for I remember when I matriculated there five years ago, just before I was rusticated (i.e., was asked to take my name off the books), it had just the same grey, old-world look. Some people even assert that it dates from the time of the migration of the tribes, and that each tribe dropped on its way an unbound copy of itself, from whom are descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Swabians, Teutons, Saxons, etc., who, at the present time, are distinguished by the colour of their caps and the tassels of their pipes. The inhabitants of Göttingen may be roughly divided under the heads of Students, Professors, Philistines, and Beasts; but between these four estates there is no strict line of demarcation. The beasts, however, are the most important class. The number of the Göttingen Philistines must be like that of the sands—or rather the mud—of the sea shore, and

verily, when I see them with their white bills and dirty faces planted at the gates of the academic court, I can hardly conceive how God ever created such a pack of vagabonds.

This is savage enough for a budding young author. But when Heine once got fairly launched on the war-path he knew no mercy, and, like a veritable Malay running amok, kriss in hand, sharp as a razor, he dealt his blows right and left, sparing neither age nor sex. Indeed, it is the fair sex of Göttingen to whom he next turns his attention, and he is, I am sorry to say, ungallant enough to attack them in a very tender part, viz., their poor feet! He continues :

Full details about the town may be studied in Marx's topography of Göttingen. Although I own myself, to be under the deepest obligation to the author, who was my doctor, and was exceedingly kind to me, yet I am unable to recommend his work without reservation, inasmuch as he has failed to contradict with proper severity the false opinion about the big feet of the Göttingen women. Indeed, I have been occupied for a long time back with a serious refutation of this heresy. With this object in view, I have attended lectures on comparative anatomy, made extracts from the rarest works in the library; I have stood in the Weenderstrasse for hours studying the feet of ladies as they passed by, and in the exhaustive treatise embracing the results of these studies I treat (1) of feet in general; (2) feet of the ancients; (3) elephants' feet; (4) feet of Göttingen women; (5) I collate all the remarks I have heard about feet in general; (6) I consider the feet in their general connection, enlarging on calves, knees, etc., and finally, if I can obtain paper of sufficient size, I intend to add a few facsimile drawings of the Göttingen ladies' feet.

Having thus passed in review the men and women of Göttingen, he has still a Parthian arrow left in his quiver for the little boys of that town, which he lets fly at them in passing through the gate. "Near the Weender gate," he says, "I met two small schoolboys, natives of the place, one of whom remarked to the other: 'I must really cut Theodor's company altogether—he is a cad; only yester-

day he actually didn't know the genitive of mensa.' So insignificant and trivial as these words may sound, none the less I feel constrained to record them here. Yea, I would write them on the gate as the town's motto, for as the young birds chirp the old ones pipe, and these words embody precisely the dry and narrow pedantry of the learned 'Georgia Augusta.'"

From this point we may leave Heine to pursue his journey, picking him up again at Osterode, on the borders of the Harz district. "I awoke next morning," he says, "at Osterode with pleasant music in my ears. It was the bells of the herd being driven to pasture. The golden sun smiled in at my windows and lit up the paintings on the walls. They were scenes from the war of liberation, showing us faithfully what heroes we all were. There were also execution scenes from the French Revolution, Louis XVI. at the guillotine, and similar cutting-off of heads, the sight of which makes a man thank God that he is lying cosily in bed and drinking excellent coffee, and feeling that his head still sits comfortably on his shoulders. The town of Osterode," he continues, "has so and so many houses, sundry inhabitants, including a few souls. For further particulars see 'Gottschalk's Guide for Harz Tourists.' There are many ruined castles in the neighbourhood, of which the Hardenberg is the finest. If your heart is on the left side, as it ought to be—I mean on the liberal side—you cannot view without some regretful feelings the rocky nests of those privileged birds of prey who bequeathed to their degenerate descendants nothing but their ravenous appetites. Such, at least, were my thoughts that morning. The farther I got away from Göttingen, the more my spirits showed up, and again, as in the past, all romantic feelings awoke, and, as I journeyed, shaped themselves into the following song:

## AUF DEM HARDENBERGE.

Burst, oh heart, thy stony portals!  
 Rise, ye dreams of old again!  
 Songs of joy and tears of sadness  
 Rush tumultuous through my brain.

'Mid the pine trees will I wander,  
 Where the merry fountain springs—  
 Where the stately deer are browsing,  
 And the tuneful throstle sings.

On the mountains will I clamber,  
 On the steepest craggy height,  
 Where the gray old castle ruins  
 Stand in rosy morning light.

There I lay me down and ponder  
 On the deeds of ancient date,  
 Of those past and glorious races  
 And of vanished pomp and state.

Grass now overgrows the tiltyard  
 Where the gallant champion fought—  
 Fought, and overthrew the stoutest;  
 Then the prize of valour sought.

From the balcony hangs ivy,  
 Where the fair one stood on high,  
 Who the doughty victor vanquished  
 With a glance of her bright eye.

Ah! the victor and the lady  
 Conquered are by death's strong hand.  
 This grim knight of scythe and hour-glass  
 Flings us all upon the sand.

“A little farther on my road I met a travelling journeyman tailor from Brunswick, a puny little mortal, so thin that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's spirits of the mist, and altogether a quaint medley peculiar to his countrymen, of humour and melancholy, showing itself particularly by the comic pathos in which he sang the folk song, ‘A beetle sat on a fence—



sum, sum!' One good thing we Germans have is that no one is so crack-brained, but he can find another madder than himself who can understand him. No one but a German can enter into the spirit of this beetle-song and weep and laugh himself to death over it. He also sang a song where Lottchen is sorrowing over the grave of Werther. The tailor melted into tears at the words:

Lone I'm weeping by the rosy bower,  
 Where the late moon watched us from above;  
 Sadly now I wander by the fountain  
 That once whispered thoughts of bliss and love.

"Soon, however, he fell into his frolicsome mood again, and told me about a Prussian they had in the tailors' lodge at Kassel who made just such songs himself. 'He can't sew a blessed stitch,' he said, 'and if he has a penny in his pocket he has a twopenny thirst, and when he gets tight he takes the sky for a blue waistcoat, and weeps like a downspout, and sings a song in double poetry.' I asked him to explain the last expression, but my little tailor only hopped about on his spindleshanks and went on repeating, 'Double poetry is double poetry.' At last I got at what he meant, namely stanzas with double rhymes. Meanwhile our knight of the needle became very fatigued from over exertion and a contrary wind that was blowing. He did, indeed, make a few desperate attempts to walk and swaggered: 'Now I'm off!' But soon he complained that he had walked blisters on his feet, and that the world was much too extensive. At last he sank down softly at the foot of a tree, and, wagging his poor little head like a lambkin's tail, saying, with a melancholy smile: 'There, I am, knocked up again like an old rip!'"

At this point Heine gives us, not without a touch of

humour, his views on Nature's scheme of colour, of harmony, and composition in landscape :

Here the hills grow steeper, and the pine woods wave below like a green sea, and fleecy clouds are sailing across the blue sky. The wildness of the landscape was, at it were, toned down by its unity and simplicity. Nature, like a good poet, sets her face against violent transitions. The clouds, fantastically shaped as they some times are, have a mild, white tone corresponding harmoniously with the blue sky and the green earth, so that all the colours of the landscape melt into each other like soft music, and every aspect of Nature is soothing and calming to the mind. And, like a great poet, too, Nature knows how to produce the greatest effects with the fewest materials. Here we have the sun, trees, flowers, water—and love. Should the latter, however, be lacking in the heart of the spectator, then the whole makes but a sorry show; the sun is then merely so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for fuel, the flowers are classified by their stamens, and water is wet.

Arrived at Klausthal, where the silver mines belonging the Hanoverian Crown are, the first person Heine meets at the inn is an inquisitive and pushing young commercial traveller, full of brag and bluster. In reply to his enquiry of "What is the latest news from Göttingen?" Heine tells him that just before his departure the University Senate had issued a decree imposing a fine of three thalers on anyone who cut his dog's tail off, because, in the dog days, mad dogs kept their tails between their legs, and thus could be distinguished, which would, of course, be impossible if they had no tails. Heine visits the smelting-houses and the Mint. In the latter he moralises :

In the mint I got to see how money is made, and that is about my share of it. Further than this I have never been able to advance. In such matters I have always been a mere looker-on, and I verily believe that if it were to rain thalers down from the sky I would only get holes knocked in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With a curiously mixed feeling of reverence and emotion I watched the bright new thalers, took up one as it came fresh from the die, and addressed it

thus: "Young Thaler, what fortunes await thee! How much good and how much evil wilt thou cause? How wilt thou protect vice and patch up virtue? How wilt thou be loved and execrated? How wilt thou promote debauchery, pandering, lying and murder? How wilt thou pass through clean and dirty hands for centuries, till at last thou art gathered, guilt-beladen and weary of sin, to thy fellows in Abraham's bosom, who will melt thee down and refine thee, and recast thee in a better mould—perhaps as an innocent teaspoon, with which my own great-great-grandson will stir his pap.

To follow Heine in his description of the visit to the silver mines would carry us too far for the limits of this paper, though written in his happiest vein, and full of picturesque passages. Whoever has been down a mine, whether coal or silver mine, with its strange rumbling and roaring, its mysterious creaking of machinery, bubbling of subterraneous springs, dripping of water, and sickening exhalation, may realise for himself Heine's thoughts and feelings.

Most of the miners live in Klausthal and in the neighbouring little mountain-town of Zellefeld. He visited many of these honest, simple people, observing their modest household arrangements, listened to their songs, which they accompany very prettily on the zither, their favourite instrument, got them to tell him their old fairy tales of the mines and to repeat the prayers they are accustomed to join in before descending the dark shaft, and joined himself in many a good prayer. An old foreman actually proposed to him that he should stay with them and become a miner, and when he took his leave of them, gave him a message to his brother, who lived in the neighbourhood of Goslar, with many kisses for his little niece, of whom we shall hear more anon.

Calm and stagnant as this life may appear, it is still, as Heine maintains, a real living life. The ancient palsied dame who was sitting opposite the big clothes-press behind

the stove may have been sitting there for a quarter of a century, and her feelings have grown one with every corner of the stove and with every bit of carving of the press. And press and stove have become living things, for a human being has breathed into them a portion of his own soul.

It is only by this life of deep and direct intuition—*Unmittelbarkeit*, as Heine terms it—that the German Märchen took birth, the peculiarity of which is that not only beasts and plants, but also inanimate objects, speak and act. Thus we see in the Märchen the marvellous and still, at the same time, what seems to be the matter of course. The needle and pin come from the tailor's lodge, and lose themselves in the dark; straw and coal try to cross the brook, and come to grief; shovel and broom stand on the stairs and quarrel, and throw things at each other.

"Next morning," Heine continues, "I had to lighten my knapsack again. I threw overboard the pair of boots it contained, and struck out for Goslar. I got there without knowing how. All I remember is sauntering up hill and down dale, looking down into many a pretty dell, the rippling of silvery brooks, the sweet twittering of woodland birds, and the tinkling of cow bells, the manifold green of the trees were tinged with the gold of the glorious sun, and above the blue silken canopy of the heavens was so transparent that one could gaze straight into the holy of holies, where the angels sat at God's feet studying in His features their thorough bass."

From Goslar Heine starts next morning, half at random, half with the intention of hunting up the brother of his *Klausthal* friend the miner. He meets with a companion by the way, whom he sums up thus: "He was a smug, greasy-faced native of Goslar, with an expression at once cunning and stupid. He looked as if he had invented

the cattle plague. He told me no end of ghost stories, which would have been all very well but that they ended in not being ghost stories at all. The ghostly white figure in the wood turns out to be a poacher, etc., etc. Only sickly, silly people believed in ghosts. He hardly ever ailed anything, only now and then he suffered from skin disease, which he cured with fasting spittle. He drew my attention to the practicalness and adaptability of Nature: 'The trees are green because green is good for the eyes.' I coincided with him, and added that God made cattle because beef broth was strengthening; asses, too, He created in order that man might draw comparisons from them; and man, too, He created that he might eat meat soups and not make an ass of himself. My companion was charmed to find one of his own way of thinking, and his face beamed with pleasure as he took leave of me."

"While he was near me," Heine continues, "he seemed to take all the magic out of Nature, and no sooner was he gone than the trees began to converse with me, the sunbeams became musical, the flowers of the field danced, and the blue sky embraced the green earth. Yea, I know better, my friend, God created man that he might admire the glory of the world. Every author, however great, wishes his work to be praised. And in the Bible, the memoirs of God, we read clearly and explicitly that He created man to His own praise and glory.

"After much wandering here and there I at last found the home of the brother of my Klausthal friend, where I spent the night, the result of which has been the following 'pretty poem':

A CHILD'S IDYLL.

On the mountain stands the cottage  
 Where the ancient miner lives;  
 There the dusky pine tree rustles,  
 'And the moon her radiance gives.

In the cottage stands an armchair,  
 Richly carved and quaint and high;  
 He who sits therein is happy,  
 And the happy one am I.

On the footstool sits a maiden,  
 On my knee her arm is laid—  
 Eyes as blue as stars of heaven,  
 Mouth like rosebud, crimson red.

Those twin stars, so bright and roguish,  
 Eye me as she lays the tip  
 Of her little lily finger  
 Softly on her rosy lip.

No, the mother does not see us,  
 For she spins the whole day long;  
 And the father plays the zither  
 As he sings the old, oid song.

And the little maiden whispers  
 In my ear in accents low  
 Many an important secret  
 Not for other folks to know.

“Since the death of dear old aunty  
 We are not allowed to go  
 To the shooting-ground at Goslar,  
 And it's such a pretty show!

“And up here it is so lonely  
 When the biting storm-winds blow;  
 And in winter we are buried—  
 Yes, quite buried in the snow.

“I am but a timid maiden,  
 And am frightened as a child  
 When the wicked mountain spirits  
 Hold at night their revels wild.”

Suddenly the dear one ceases,  
 And, as terror-stricken, stands,  
 Whilst the two blue eyes are buried  
 In her little lily hands.

Louder moans the neighbouring pine tree,  
 Deeper hums the spinning-wheel,  
 And the sounds of song and zither  
 Gently o'er the senses steal.

Fear thee not, my little maiden,  
 Wicked spirits' baneful might;  
 Guardian angels watch around thee,  
 Little darling, day and night.

## II.

Pine tree, with its long, green fingers,  
 Taps upon the casement low,  
 Whilst the moon, the nightly watcher,  
 Casts within her golden glow.

Father, mother, gently snoring,  
 In the neighbouring chamber sleep,  
 Whilst we two in blissful prattle  
 Wakeful still each other keep.

"I can hardly think that you have  
 Spent much time in saying prayers,  
 Or your lips, from too much praying,  
 Got that ugly twitch of their's.

"Ah, that twitch, so cold, so cruel!  
 Frights me more than I can say,  
 Till your eyes, so clear and honest,  
 Banish all my fears away.

"Whether you have faith, or any  
 Real faith, I doubt almost;  
 And I fear you don't believe in  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

My dear child, when yet a stripling,  
 At my mother's side I stood,  
 I believed in God the Father,  
 Lord and Ruler, great and good—

Who the bounteous earth created,  
 Man, too, in His image made;  
 Sun and Moon and stars of heaven  
 Their appointed courses laid.

When I'd grown a little older  
Still more knowledge I had won,  
And could comprehend and reason  
And believe now in the Son.

That dear Son God's love revealing  
To mankind, so loved and died;  
And for guerdon, as is usual,  
By mankind was crucified.

Having now much read and travelled  
And attained to manhood's dower,  
I believe, and quite sincerely,  
In the Holy Spirit's power.

It hath done the greatest wondrous,  
And much greater yet will do;  
It destroyed the tyrant's strongholds,  
Burst the bonds of serfdom, too.

Ancient, deadly wounds it healed  
And the good old law renewed,  
That all men are born as equals--  
Children of a noble brood.

It dispels the mists of error,  
Drives the phantom shapes away  
That embitters all our pleasures,  
Grinning, threatening, night and day.

Chosen hath the Holy Spirit  
To fulfil its high behests;  
Hosts of gallant knights, instilling  
Burning zeal into their breasts.

And their trusty falchions glitter,  
And their banners flutter free--  
Ah, my deary, would it please thee  
Such a gallant knight to see?

Well, then, look on me and kiss me,  
Little maiden, without fear,  
For in me, then, such a champion  
Of the Holy Ghost is here.



III.

Silently the moon is hiding  
In the pine trees' shade without;  
And our lamp's last dying flicker  
Casts its feeble rays about.

Still the two blue eyes are gleaming,  
And like starlight are their rays;  
And the crimson rose is blooming,  
When the little maiden says:

"Little people, naughty mann'kins,  
Steal our bread and meat at night—  
Locked at evening in the cupboard,  
All is gone at morning's light.

"And they come and skim our cream-pots,  
And then, having licked and messed,  
Go and leave the pots uncovered,  
And the cat drinks up the rest.

"And that cat's a witch, I'm certain,  
For she sneaks at midnight hour,  
Off to yonder ghostly mountain  
Where you see the ruined tower.

"There once stood a mighty castle  
Full of mirth and music, where  
In the merry dance they tripped it,  
Knights and squires and ladies fair.

"But a wicked sorceress cursed it,  
Castle, knights, and ladies, too;  
Now the night owls haunt the ruins  
With their weird 'to-whit to-who.'

"But my dear old aunty told me,  
If the proper word you say  
At the proper hour of darkness,  
In the proper spot and way,

"Then the ruins all would vanish,  
And you'd see a castle there  
Full of music, mirth, and dancing,  
Knights and squires and ladies fair.

“And that word—the man who speaks it  
Lord of all the place shall be,  
And the music shall play homage  
To his young nobility.”

Thus from out the crimson rosebud  
Visions fabulous arise,  
And o'er all is shed the lustre  
Of those dear bewitching eyes.

Then her golden tresses twining  
Round my hand, at her sweet will  
Pretty names she gave each finger,  
Laughed and kissed me, then was still.

All things in that quiet chamber  
Seemed to me like friends of yore,  
And methought the press and table  
I had often seen before.

Smoothly, gravely, ticks the house clock,  
Softly, faintly, too, I seem,  
For to hear the zither tinkling,  
And I sit as in a dream.

Now, now is the proper moment,  
And thou'dst wonder, little maid,  
For this is the proper place, too,  
If the proper word I said.

Louder roars the brook, the pine wood,  
And the midnight spirits wake,  
And we feel the mountain tremble  
As the fateful word I spake.

Zither tones and elfin ditties  
From its rifted fissures ring,  
And from these a world of flowers  
Blossom out like faerie spring.

Giant foliage, prodigious  
Flowers, quaint, from Fairyland,  
Many-odoured, eager, quivering,  
As if touched by passion's wand.

Roses wild and gleaming ruddy,  
Flashing out amid the crowds ;  
Lilies fair, like crystal columns,  
Shoot aloft towards the clouds.

And the stars, like suns, are flaming,  
Looking down with yearning glow,  
As they pour their streams of radiance  
In the lily-cups below.

But far greater transformation  
O'er ourselves has come, my dear ;  
Gold and silk and flaming torches  
Glitter round us far and near.

Thou, too, hast become a princess,  
And this hut a castle, where  
Now are dancing and carousing,  
Knights and squires and ladies fair.

And I, too, at last have won thee—  
Castle, knights, retainers all ;  
And my lordship they're proclaiming  
To the trumpet's piercing call.

Next morning our wandering minstrel took an affectionate leave of his kind host of the miner's cottage, just as the mists were vanishing from the mountains like ghosts at the third cock-crow. He was evidently in good poetic form still, and the spirit of the mountain favoured him with such a view of the Harz as he rarely designs to reveal to any other traveller, well knowing that a poetic wight like Heine would have many pretty things to say about him. He continues: "The morning dew of love suffused my cheeks, the rustling pines understood me, their branches parted, moving to and fro, clapping their hands, as it were, like dumb mortals giving evidence of their sympathy ; and in the distance I heard fairy music, wonderful and mysterious, like the bells of a lost church in the woods.

They say it is the cow bells, the tones of which in the Harz country are exquisitely clear and pure.

“It must have been about noon, judging from the position of the sun, when I came upon one of these herds and the herdsman, a pleasant, fair-haired youth, who told me that the mountain at whose feet I stood was the old world-famed Brocken. For miles around there is not a house, and right glad I was when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a dejeuner consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep nibbled up the crumbs, the pretty, sleek heifers skipped about us, roguishly jingling their bells and laughing at us with their great beaming eyes. We feasted right royally, and altogether my host seemed to me a genuine king, and as he is the only king whose bread I have hitherto eaten, I will sing him right royally :

KOENIG IST DER HIRTENKNABE.

Youthful monarch is the herdboy,  
 And his throne the hillside green,  
 And the glorious sun above him  
 Is his crown of golden sheen.

Round him lie his woolly subjects,  
 Gentle flatterers are they,  
 And the calves are his cavaliers  
 As they strut around and play.

Court comedians are the kidlings,  
 While the song birds and the kine,  
 With their piping and their tinkling,  
 Make an orchestra divine.

All this sounds so sweet, so slumbrous,  
 Linked to music soft and deep,  
 Of waterfalls and whispering pine trees,  
 That the monarch sinks to sleep.

But meanwhile his faithful premier,  
Watchful collie, rules the flock,  
And his snarling and his barking  
Echo round from rock to rock.

In his slumbers the young monarch  
Lisps: "'Tis hard to rule I ween;  
Would that I were in yon cottage  
And beside my darling queen.

"In the arms of my dear consort,  
Gazing in those two blue eyes,  
With my head upon her bosom,  
There my boundless kingdom lies!"

To follow Heine in his ascent of the Brocken, to do even the scantiest justice to his delightful descriptions of the scenery by the way, to follow him in his criticism of the guests, and the wild orgie of the students at the supper in the Brocken house, would require too great a space. It is the culminating point in the story of the "Harzreise." The fun is fast and furious, and the fooling is excellent. But I must try to find room for at least one short extract descriptive of the two moon-struck, sentimental youths, students from the University of Halle. These two youths, who, like the rest of the company, had dined and wined not wisely but too well, were reduced to a state of maudlin melancholy, to which they would fain give vent. They are described as handsome and pale as two marble statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. During the mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses they sat gazing at each other with infinite passion, whispering sad love stories full of the most exquisite bathos, then sighing as if their poor little hearts would break:

At last one said to the other: "My soul is sad; come with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery, I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds, as rippling streams they

find an echo in my breast; but my soul is sorrowful." The two youths rose; one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roysterers at the supper table. I followed them, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in the front of it, and with yearningly outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains: "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first, "how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! How sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men, and the blinking blue waters! Hark! below in the valley is the rustling of pine trees! Above me in the mists flit the spirits of my fathers! Oh, that I might fly with you on your cloud-steeds through the stormy night o'er the rolling sea, up to the stars! But, oh! I am laden with care and my soul is sad!" The other youth had stretched out his arms, full of yearning, to the clothes press. His eyes were streaming with tears, and in a melancholy strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he mistook for the moon: "Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! Sweet is the calm of thy countenance! Thou walkest in paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East! The clouds rejoice in thy presence, and their dark forms are illumined! Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dwellest thou in the shadow of morning? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy joyous fellow-wanderers of the night, are they no more? Yes, bright orb, thy sisters fell from Heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes, the night will come when even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths will know thee no more. Then will the stars lift up their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Tear aside, ye breezes, the clouds that the daughter of night may shine forth, and the bosky mountains may gleam, and the sea roll his foaming billows in light!"

At this juncture a fat and frisky student, who had drunk and eaten enough for six guardsmen, came staggering in, and without more ado flung the two maudlin youths in a heap into the clothes press, then rushed out again, swearing like a trooper. The youths in the press lay whining and groaning, imagining they lay crushed and mangled at the foot of the mountain. The blood-red wine

gushed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to the other :

"Farewell! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye wake me, O breezes of spring? Ye woo me and say, 'We bedew thee with the dew of Heaven.' But my days are in the sere and yellow leaf; near is the storm which will soon scatter my leaves! To-morrow the wanderer will come, will come, who saw me in my beauty; to-morrow he will seek me in the field and find me not." But high above the hurly-burly without rose the well-known bass voice of the fat student, yelling and cursing and swearing that not a lamp in the whole damned dark Weenderstrasse was lit, and how the devil can a fellow tell whose windows he's smashing?

Next morning Heine is up with the rest of the guests, who were anxious to see the sun rise, and describes in a few words the scene from the summit :

"The mountains were swimming in a sea of vapour, which hid all but their peaks. We seemed to be standing on a low hill in the midst of a flooded plain, with only here and there a knoll emerging from the waters. To fix my impressions I wrote the following :

BALLAD.

In the East the dawn is breaking;  
By the coming sunbeams kissed;  
Far and wide the mountain summits  
Float upon a sea of mist.

Had I seven-league boots I'd hasten  
O'er yon mountain summits drear,  
With the swiftness of the storm-wind,  
To the cottage of my dear.

Gently would I draw the curtains  
Where so peacefully she sleeps;  
Gently would I kiss her forehead,  
Gently, too, her ruby lips.

Still more gently would I whisper  
In her lily ear, and say :  
"Think in dreams that we are lovers,  
Ne'er to sever, come what may."

A brother bard, with many points of resemblance to Heine, our own Robbie Burns, leaves it on record somewhere that

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,  
 Till by his lane he'd learned to wander  
 Adoun some liltin' burn's meander,  
 And nae thing lang.  
 Oh, sweet to muse and pensive ponder  
 A heartfelt sang!

Surely kindred thoughts to these must have been running through Heine's brain as he wandered down the Brocken side, musing at his own sweet will, along the banks of the lovely Ilse, and gave vent to the following:

"Yes, the saga is true, the Ilse is a princess who, with the light laughter of blooming youth, leaps down the mountain side. See how her white foam-robe shimmers in the sunshine. See how her silver breast-knots flutter in the breeze and her diamonds sparkle and flash! The tall beeches beside her are like solemn fathers, regarding, with furtive smiles, the waywardness of a darling child. The silver birches nod their heads like aunts, pleased but alarmed at the girl's reckless leaps. The proud oak looks down like a surly uncle, who fears he will have to pay the piper. The birds of the air trill out their applause; the flowers on the bank whisper tenderly: "O, take us with thee, take us with thee, sister dear!" But the merry maiden will not stop or stay; she rushes forward and suddenly lays hold of the dreaming poet, and there streams upon him a floral shower of rippling sunbeams and melodious music. My senses fail from sheer loveliness, and I hear only a flute-like voice chanting:

Yes, I am the Princess Ilse,  
 And dwell in the Ilsenstein.  
 Oh! come with me to my castle,  
 And bliss shall be thine and mine.



Thy fevered brow will I moisten  
With my wave, so clear and bright,  
Till all thy cares be forgotten,  
Thou sorrow-stricken wight!

In my white arms I will clasp thee,  
And we will coy and kiss,  
And there shalt thou lie in rosy dreams  
Of legendary bliss.

And I will kiss and caress thee  
As once I kissed and caressed  
The dear old Kaiser Heinrich,  
Who now has gone to his rest.

But only the living live and love,  
So let the dead ones lie,  
For I am young and blooming fair,  
And my merry heart beats high.

And when my heart is down below  
There's joy in my home so fair;  
And many a knight and lady bright  
And squires are tripping it there.

And iron spurs are clinking  
To the rustle of silken trains;  
And dwarfs, with their fiddles and trumps and drums,  
Fill the hall with their merry strains.

And my arm shall be around thee  
As it once held the Kaiser fast—  
But my rosy fingers stopped his ears  
Lest he heard the trumpet's blast.





## SHAKESPEARE'S ITALIAN CRITICS.

BY WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

THE fascination which Italy has exercised upon many generations of English people powerfully affected Shakespeare. It is almost certain that he never visited that country, but its unique history, the fame of its natural beauty, the place it held in regard to poetry, above all the fact that it had been successively the seat of Roman domination, of mediæval splendour, and in large measure of the revival of learning—all these things appealed to his imagination with recurring force. In comedy, tragedy, classical and romantic plays he was wont to place his situations in Italy; from Italian sources he drew the foundation of some of his plots, and he shared in the sonnet-teering vogue which had received much impetus from Petrarch and other Italian poets.

It might have been supposed that this liking of the dramatist for Italy would have led the Italians to study his works with particular zeal. This was not the case until quite recent times. For a long period, dating from about the time of Shakespeare, Italian letters fell to a low ebb. Italians gave little heed to their own writers, and, of course, less to those of other countries. Their country had become

once more a prey to tyranny. Occasionally an eloquent voice was raised to fire the spirit of patriotism, and gradually in the last century a "re-united Italy" passed from a dream to a realised fact. Only in the last quarter of the century have Italians been able to give much attention to serious literature of other nations, except sporadically

Perhaps the study of modern international literature as an organic whole, as a manifestation of the modern man, is a more recent habit than is generally thought. Until the nineteenth century attention was chiefly directed to the classics. To take a single striking instance, the study (or shall one say the cult) of Dante in England, widespread as it now is, effectually began only some sixty years ago.

It is then easy to understand the meagre records of Shakespearean study in Italy. There were occasional references, of slight importance, in the eighteenth century; a translation of "Hamlet" in blank verse appeared in 1774, but it was done through the vulgarised and misleading adaptation of Ducis. To this day it is a foible of secondary Italian critics to work through French translations rather than directly from the English. It is tolerably good evidence of lukewarmness in regard to an author if no good translation exists. This is still the state of affairs in Italy, though Michele Leoni issued a translation of all the plays in verse in 1819-1822, and Carlo Rusconi in prose in 1831. The favourite plays, "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," have been translated separately a number of times.

In 1890 Signor Chiarini, perhaps the first sober and weighty critic on the subject, stated succinctly the condition of Shakespearean study in Italy. Speaking of a recent translation of the sonnets by Sig. Olivieri, he remarked: "We have some translations, in part bad, in part middling, most of them not recent. Of studies and commentaries I do not know that we have more than a poor compilation

by Levi ("Studi su Shakespeare," di A. R. Levi, 1875), cited with commendation by Furness—foreigners are easily deceived and are naturally good-natured in judging our writings upon their works—a study by Gustavo Tirinelli on Shakespeare's sonnets, 1878, a preface by Molmenti to the translation of "Othello" written by Pasqualigo and a dozen or so of articles, if so many, in the periodicals since 1860. This is, so far as I know, the sum total of our Shakespearean literary baggage; it is, I think, neither remarkable for its quantity nor valuable for its quality. Possibly some article has escaped me, but I believe nothing noteworthy. And the worst of it is that the true translator of Shakespeare has not yet appeared in Italy. Since none of those we have renders a true image of Shakespeare, none claims comparison—I will not say with the famous German translations of Schlegel and Tieck, but even with those in French of Hugo and Montégut."

To this list should be added the name of Baretto, who opposed Voltaire in his diatribes against Shakespeare. Alfieri may be mentioned. During his sojourn in England he studied the poet. Personally, I cannot trace the Shakespearean influence which some feel in Alfieri's works. Mazzini, Nencioni, and De Sanctis may be mentioned, and the translators Maffei and Carcano.

In the last dozen years or so writers have become more frequent, including the following: Olivieri's translation of the sonnets; Giuseppe Chiarini's "Studi Shakespearani," 1887-92; Carlo Segre's "Saggi Critici di Letterature Straniere," 1894; Tullio Giordani, "Shakespeare"; Giovanni Zino "Shakespeare e la Scienza Moderna"; Federico Garlanda, "Guglielmo Shakespeare, il Poeta e L'Uomo," 1900.

Italy has produced fine Shakespearean actors, chief

among them Rossi, Salvini, Ristori, Novelli. And Verdi translated into the sister art of music his remarkably spirited impressions of Macbeth, Othello, and Falstaff. The poet Signor Boito was his librettist in the two latter.

A glance at this record reveals the fact that it contains few authors of high reputation. In France and Germany the greatest writers have thrown themselves with ardour into the study of the great modern dramatist. Not so in Italy. Even the brilliant Carducci, so wide in his literary sympathies and researches, has left him aside; otherwise he might have spoken with weight.

However, Professor Chiarini's essays were sound, painstaking, and suggestive. He began what promises to become a vigorous and thoroughgoing school of Shakespeare criticism. He made exhaustive studies of the sources used in "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice," going far afield and hunting up analogues, however remote. His valuable essay upon *Le Donne nei drammi dello Shakespeare e nel Poema di Dante*, is, I think, a comparison not previously made. He endeavours to deduce from a study of the two poets their conceptions of woman and their artistic treatment of the subject. Shakespeare's treatment is shown to be relatively large and ample, as permitted by the dramatic form; Dante's treatment is more concise, each character being touched on incidentally, with flying pen, scarce interrupting the narrative of the most severely ordered and rhythmical of epic poems.

An Englishman finds it difficult to accept the conclusion that Dante is no whit inferior to Shakespeare in his women creations. Save only Francesca, there is none in the "Divina Commedia" to compare with a score of Shakespeare's.

Signor Carlo Segré is an appreciative writer upon Shakespeare. Like most foreign critics, he finds a diffi-

culty in digesting the dramatist's disregard of rules, as when he refers to "the rude, audacious, tumultuous pen of the British poet"; but the published essays and journalistic work of this young writer will materially assist in the popularising of Shakespeare in Italy.

The best earnest of this, however, is the book published last year by Signor Federico Garlanda, *Guglielmo Shakespeare il poeta e l'Uomo*. Signor Garlanda, editor of "Minerva," Doctor of Classical Philosophy at the Philadelphia University and Turin, who occupies the chair of English philology at the University in Rome, and is an ex-deputy of the Italian Chamber, writes with knowledge and notable clearness. He has a firm grip of his subject, and knows much of the literature surrounding it. His book is facile princeps among all Shakespearean work hitherto produced in Italy, and merits some attention.

Clearing the way for a frank consideration of the poet whom he regards as "the most deeply thoughtful and mentally vigorous the world has ever known, except perhaps Dante alone," he starts with certain virtuous resolutions:

(1) He will not tickle the ear with fine writing such as where the character of Ophelia seems: "A wave of sweet music passing by us on the wings of silent night, which we feel rather than hear; or an exhalation of the violet, dying even as it entrances the sense; or a snowflake dissolving in the air before the earth may tarnish it; or the light foam of the sea dispersed by a breath of wind."

(2) He will avoid the overwhelming erudition which crams ponderous tomes with learning.

(3) Above all, he will steer clear of building philosophical systems out of Shakespeare: "He was not a philosophical German constructing his world on a prearranged and pre-

determined plan. He was a poet in the richest sense of the word. He studied men, life, the world, affairs, and represented them with an ever greater art, an ever deeper intuition, as he progressed in his work."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But we must resolutely renounce any pre-conceived system or well-designed scheme of thesis and antithesis to explain the order and nature of his creations."

Thus resolved, Signor Garlanda examines most of the plays with great care, giving digests and prose translations. It is needless to follow him in this work, except to recognise its excellence. Nor is it possible in a short paper to do more than indicate a few passages, containing, it may be, a fresh point of view, an unwonted literary parallel, a sense of proportion different from ours, or some evidence of appeal to another nationality.

Signor Garlanda shall speak for himself as far as possible. Here, for instance, is a suggestive observation upon the Greeks, Dante, and Shakespeare :

To the spirit of the Middle Ages human life was but a shadow, a flying apparition. The life of the world to come, the beyond-the-grave, was the only reality. For Shakespeare, as for the modern man, this world has its own value. Dante himself, who in so many things anticipated modern times, is essentially in his philosophy mediæval; a man of passions and full of life, he only sees the reality of this world through the hereafter; in his eyes the present life fades, nothing is of value, nothing may be equitably judged except in relation to the coming life. Shakespeare, the modern, does not deny the higher life, but it does not preoccupy him; he does not deny Divinity; he finds that the Divine exists in life itself. Life, with its passions, its joys, griefs, splendours, misery—this is reality. And being real, and having value in itself, it becomes serious, positive—in other words, tragic. Life is not tragic when it is only considered as a shadow, as a reflex of reality elsewhere. The joys and griefs are tragic when real and subsisting in themselves. The tragic, which in the Greek world was strictly associated with something outside of human life, whether Fate, Erinnes, Nemesis, or

Jupiter, always above, aloof, exterior to human life, in the Shakespearean drama, is found in life itself, form his conception of life.

Never was there a conception of life more instinct with tragic elements; none is so in harmony with the modern spirit which sees in man himself, and his environment the germs of his destiny. In this fact, leaving aside the sovereign beauties of form, we find the secret, or at least one of the secrets, of the ever-increasing fascination of Shakespeare for reflective and cultivated minds.

Certain passages upon Italy are worth quoting :

None has described with greater fidelity some of the principal characteristics of Italian life; no one has so faithfully reproduced the colour of it, nor felt so profoundly the spirit of it.

Speaking of "Romeo and Juliet," he remarks :

With characteristic intuition, Shakespeare chose this man of the south (Romeo) as the representative of candid, ingenuous, entire, imperishable love, which impulsively rushes through its course, never stopping to think of consequences. Not less characteristically he chose the youth of the north, Hamlet, as representing the man of reflection, who thinks and meditates upon what to do, what decision to adopt, what may be the consequences—meditates until often the power of action is dissipated.

Again :

We must not forget that this world of intense tragedy is placed amid the beauties and summer ardours of an Italian scene. No scene could be more worthy of such a picture. The plays of Shakespeare are sparing in description and scene-painting, as is natural in dramatic works. None is so rich in them as *Romeo and Juliet*.

As the continual intrigues, provocations, and combats form a background of vulgarity, from which starts in contrast the pure and delicate flower of that love, so the sweetness and opulent mildness of the Italian country are interwoven into a garland of high, sweet, and melancholy poetry. What a pity that Shakespeare never visited Verona, that his pensive eyes were never gladdened by the beauty of the valleys and the grace of that lovely city, kissed by the Adige, and surrounded by smiling hills. Who knows what richness of local colour would have vivified his story. His scene would then have been at once Italian and Veronese; now it is simply Italian, but that must suffice us. The power of his poetry is such that, however



beautiful the city is, and however rich its history, no one speaks of Verona without thinking of Juliet; no one speaks of Juliet without thinking of the city on the banks of the Adige. Poetry of such power attracts to Verona thousands of visitors from remote corners of the earth, more than the glorious amphitheatres and the greatness of historical memories.

#### JULIUS CÆSAR.

And we who move where Julius Cæsar lived and worked, who breathe the air that he breathed, cannot without emotion hear those great Romans speak as very Romans, through the mouth of the greatest poet of a race not ours; we cannot fail to share the sympathy which reveals the races to each other, and makes akin all who are animated by noble things, without distinction of place, time, or race. We cannot fail, in the presence of these great creations of the human mind, to feel ourselves citizens of a greater country, and attracted to that new and greater civilisation to which the world is making, in which, when barriers are broken down that now seem inviolable, men will understand each other, according to the phrase of another English poet, "In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

#### OTHELLO.

An example of Professor Garlanda's freedom from national prejudice is the contrast he makes between the tale by Giraldi (Pinero), which was the source from which Shakespeare drew his Othello, and the tragedy itself. After quoting from the original story, he remarks (speaking of the death scene):

Of this most vulgar, brutal scene, in which two men, two miscreants, join to beat a gentlewoman to death with a stocking filled with sand, we do not find a trace in Shakespeare. Ignoble brutality possesses no element of tragedy; it does not move—it repels us. What moves us is, to echo Brutus, not the butcher, but the sacrificer. In place of this vile misdeed we have the scene so well known, grievous, violent, but full of tragic pathos.

Giraldi's poor story serves only to demonstrate from what a height Shakespeare regards men and things, life, and the world, with what force of truth and penetration he depicts them, and how he clothes them in an atmosphere of poetry.

Throughout the book are scattered passages of real insight upon what may be described as the splendid gallery of women which we owe to the dreams of Shakespeare. He recalls the fact that in Shakespeare's time women occupied the thrones of England and Scotland. Here are a few extracts :

#### PORTIA AND JULIET.

In the great richness of his types of women, Portia, the daughter of Cato, the wife of Brutus, is the finest example of a wife, strong, devoted, affectionate, heroic; as Juliet is of the young maid—pure, direct, vehement in her love. Both noble types derived, we may be permitted to say, from our history.

#### WOMEN.

It is noteworthy that his women—Juliet, Portia, Lady Macbeth—are more prompt in action than the men. The man thinks more and pauses longer to consider pro and contra; the woman of Shakespeare (perhaps woman in general) thinks less, subtilizes less, feels more, wanders less from reality, acts more directly.

#### LADY MACBETH.

Alone among Shakespeare's heroines, this terrible woman has no familiar name. Unlike Ophelia, Juliet, Portia, Imogene, Cordelia, she is not called by the name by which her father and mother had called her; simply by her official title, "Lady Macbeth." This is a detail not to be forgotten in estimating a character, who must have failed to inspire in anyone about her that confidence, that touch of tender affection, which almost always accompanies the use of the first name, or, as the English say, and as we should say, the baptismal name.

Professor Garlanda, in an eloquent and engaging final chapter, tells us that his aim is to aid the reader, especially the Italian reader, to enter better into the mind of Shakespeare and his creations. This aim the book is well adapted to accomplish, and much more. Signor Garlanda is no half-hearted enthusiast. He is clear-eyed, as when he advances strictures upon the ghosts in "Richard III.," or analyses the artificiality in "As You Like It," or places his

finger upon the comparatively puerile puns, word-fence, and preciosities of some of the earlier plays.

But to him "no author in the world is comparable with Shakespeare for the intensity, power, variety, and richness of his creations. Reading Shakespeare, one appears to mount some high mountain, whence at every turn is discovered an ever-varying horizon, ever richer, animated with cities, towns, woods, rivers, men, and all living things."

With the following suggestive extracts this brief paper may fittingly conclude :

For us Italians the study of Shakespeare is natural, because our mind has more freedom and fantasy than the French mind, and is more matter-of-fact than the German. It is not by mere chance that we have given to the theatre some among the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare's works; nor need it cause surprise that at performances the enthusiasm of the Italian public is generally greater than that even of the English or American public. It is a thousand pities that we are still awaiting a really good translation of these incomparable masterpieces. He who will give this to Italy, faithful in letter, spirit, and intonation, will add to the national life a precious treasure of moral force.

It is worth the while of any cultivated man to learn English, if it were only to read William Shakespeare. We must study him. In inspiration he is already in part ours. Ours are the elements and the spirit of many of his greatest creations. We must study him because his free and fecund art will contribute towards rejuvenating our artistic and literary inclinations. . . We must study him, because, habituated, as we are, by scholastic education to admire too exclusively works of art and of expression, it will be a sane corrective for us to absorb his British admiration for the man of action rather than the man of words. England was fortunate in this, that long before Carlyle, William Shakespeare inaugurated in his country "hero-worship."





## DANTE ALIGHIERI ON DIALECTS.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

THE edifice which Dante Alighieri reared is so colossal in dimensions and so perfectly proportioned and beautiful in all its parts that only by considering his work in detail do we arrive at a true understanding of his greatness. It is no longer necessary in England to defend his great Epic from the absurd charges of barbarism, bigotry, and ignorance; the many good translations and late reproductions of his works are the best replies, but it may not, perhaps, be superfluous to call attention to his prose works, which, beside giving us an insight of his genius, form the best commentary we have on the *Divina Commedia*.

The chief characteristics that endear Dante to us are his universal sympathy and his insatiable desire for knowledge, which embraced nearly all the knowable of his time and country, and it is not strange, therefore, that the problem of language engaged his deep attention. He says:

Whosoever is of such weak intellect as to think the place of his nativity the most delightful under the sun will also like to put his own vulgar—that is, maternal—speech before all others, and consequently identify it as the original language. But we who have the world for fatherland like the fishes have water, although we have drunk of Arno before we could eat, and love Florence so much that

for her sake we suffer an unjust exile, must lean more on reason than on sense. And although for our enjoyment or the repose of our feelings there does not exist a more beautiful place than Florence, pondering over the volumes of poets and other writers in which the world is described as a whole and by parts, and revolving in our mind the conditions of the various countries from the uttermost poles to the equator, we consider and confidently assert that there are many more noble and delightful cities and districts than Florence and Tuscany, of which I am a citizen and native, and many nations and people of a more pleasing and useful speech than the Latin.

But, notwithstanding this, he had such a high opinion of his own Italian that he proceeded to write a treatise in its praise, the "*De Vulgari Eloquio*," two books only of which have come down to us (if the others were ever written). In the first he selects the good or courtly speech from all the numerous dialects of Italy; the second is devoted principally to the rules and analysis of the canzone. It is the first book that I wish to bring before your notice, because it shows Dante's interest and knowledge of dialects, a subject which most of us have at heart, and also because it is one of the earliest pieces of criticism we possess in the modern sense, and it will be perceived that inductive reasoning is used some three hundred years before it was universally recommended.

As we do not find that anyone before us (says Dante) has treated of the common eloquence, and this grace is indispensably necessary, not only for men, but also for women and children in their different degrees; wishing to enlighten the minds to some extent of those who walk like the blind, mistaking the first for the last, we will, God helping, try to be of use to the language of the common people.

He then proceeds to trace the origin of language, and, following the Bible version, attributes its divisions to the crime of the Tower of Babel:

In as many varieties of workmanship as were being brought to the edification, in so many languages was mankind then divided; and

the more refined the workers, so much ruder and more barbarous became their speech; but those to whom the sacred language remained were neither present nor consenting to the act, but, greatly abhorring, derided the foolishness of the builders.

We need not smile at his simplicity, for to Dante the Holy Scriptures asserted facts, nor had the distinction between religious and ordinary truth been invented. Had it not been for his belief he would have traced the origin of language with as great a precision as any modern thinker; and although it is easy to point out where, relying on authority, he goes wrong, it is equally clear that where he uses his own observation and reason he is invariably right. He may have been wrong in his origin of speech; he was certainly right in his origin of dialect. After the Great Confusion mankind was dispersed to all the quarters of the earth, and although the majority went Eastward, three great streams came West, one going to the north of Europe, one to the south, and the third (the Greeks) settled partly in Europe and partly in Asia. All the tracts of country extending north of a line from the mouths of the Danube along the northern borders of Italy and France to the ocean were peopled by a race of one idiom, which was after divided into different vulgars (dialects) by the Slavs, Hungarians, Teutons, Saxons and English, the sign of their common origin being the affirmation *jo* (*ja*, yes). From the confines of Hungary to the most Eastern part of Europe another idiom prevailed (the Greek). In all the rest of Europe excluded from these two another idiom had sway, which was divided into three branches, called, from their word of affirmation, *oc* (Southern France and Spain), *oil* (French), and *si* (Italians). That these vulgars came from the same idiom is clear from the fact that many things are called by the same names, such as *coelum*, *Deum*, *amorem*, *mare*, *terram*, and *vivit*, *moritur*, *amat*.

Thus far Dante has been leaning on authority. We now come to the most noteworthy part of his treatise.

It behoves us now, he says, to test what ground we have for asserting that an original idiom has suffered change, for in this statement we are not supported by any authority. And because it is safer and more expeditious to travel on a well-known road, let us consider our own idiom, neglecting the others.

By quotations from the three principal branches of Latin he shows their similarity, and affirms that this likeness could not have existed at the time of Babel, for it would not have tended to confusion.

Why, then (he asks), are there these threefold varieties, and why does each of these in turn suffer change? For the language of the right of Italy is different from that on the left; the people of Padua talk differently from those of Pisa. Why do the inhabitants of adjoining territories differ in speaking, as those of Milan from Verona, and the Romans from the Florentines? . . . And what is still more wonderful, there is difference even among those living in the same city, as in Bologna the citizens of Borgo San Felice differ from those of Strada Maggiore. All these differences and varieties of speech will appear to be dependent on one and the same cause—which he proves at some length to be the changefulness of the circumstances of man, and that language, no more than habits and customs can remain fixed.

After briefly discussing the respective merits of the languages of *oc*, *oil*, and *si*, in which he shows an intimate knowledge of their literature, he relinquishes the idea of pronouncing judgment on their claim to superiority, resolving to confine himself to the Latin (or Italian) vulgar, treating of the different existing dialects and comparing them with each other.

Roughly (he says) we can divide the dialects of Italy into two classes, according as they lie on the right or the left of the Apennines. On the right we have part of Apulia, Rome, the Duchy of Tuscany, and the March of Genova. On the left, the other part of Apulia, the March of Ancona, Romaniola, Lombardy, the March

of Treviso, and the Venetians. Aquileia and Istria we can consider part of the left, and Sicily and Sardinia part of the right. Each of these dialects differs from the others, so that in Italy there are no less than fourteen of them; moreover, there are varieties of each, as, for instance, in Tuscany there are the Senese and the Aretino; in Lombardy, the Ferrarese and the Piacentino; and sometimes, as we have said before, there are varieties even in the same district. So that, if we reckon the primary, secondary, and subsecondary varieties of Italian dialects, we shall find that their number in this small corner of the world will not amount to less than a thousand, and may be more. Among so many varieties of dissonant vulgar Latin let us search for the best and most distinguished speech, and that we may have a clear course let us remove the entangled shrubs and brambles from our path. As the Romans, therefore, think that they should be placed before everyone else, we shall in this primary or uprooting not unworthily take them first, protesting that in no manner of vulgar eloquence are they to be approached. For we declare that the Roman is not a dialect, but the vilest jargon of all the Italian vulgars.

Nor is this strange when in morals and customs they are in more evil odour than all the rest; they say *Me sure, quinte dici*. After these we may eliminate the inhabitants of Ancona, who say *Chignœmente sciate sciate*, in company with those of Spoleto. Nor must we omit to mention, to the shame of these three communities, that of the many canzoni composed by them, we could only find one written by *Castra*, a Florentine, rightly and perfectly measured. It began: "*Una ferina va scopai da Cascoli.*"

After these we can weed out the Milanese and their neighbours of Bergamo, who can sing lines like this:

*Zio fu nel mes d'ochiover.*

For their bad accent we can also part with the natives of Aquileia and Istria, and also with the Sardinians, for they stand alone without a dialect, imitating grammar (Latin) like apes, as when they say: *Domus mea et dominus meus*.

Having eliminated some of the worst Italian dialects, let us now compare briefly some worthy of more honourable mention. And first we will examine the Sicilian, the most famous of them all, both because all polished poetry composed by Italians is called



Sicilian, and also because we find many native poets to have nobly sung in that dialect, as in the canzoni beginning :

Ancor che l'aigua pe lo foco lassi.

and

Amor che longamente m'hai menato.

But, alas ! if we look rightly at the signs of the times, the fame of the Trinacrian land appears to have remained only as a reproach to our Italian princes, who follow pride not like heroes, but plebians. For, indeed, those illustrious heroes Frederic Cæsar and his nobly-born son Manfred, when fortune favoured them, displayed the nobility and rectitude of their nature, following human things and disdaining the brutal. And because they were noble of heart and gifted with grace they endeavoured to adhere to the majesty of princes, so that in their time the best productions of Italian genius always made their first appearance at the court of these crowned ones, and whatever our ancestors produced in the courtly vulgar was called Sicilian, which, indeed, we do now, nor will our descendants be able to change it. . . .

But better return to our subject than inveigh in vain, and we say, therefore, that if we take the Sicilian as spoken by the people, it is too long-drawn-out, as in this example :

Traggenni d'este foeora, se t'este a bolontale,

But when we receive it from the mouths of the best Sicilians, as in the canzoni mentioned above, it differs not from the best vulgar, as we show later.

The Apulians, perhaps, from their closeness to the Romans and the Marches have a harsh, barbarous dialect, though they have good writers in the courtly tongue .

We now come to the Tuscans, who stupidly arrogate to theirs the title of courtly vulgar, which foolish opinion is not only held by the ignorant, but by even such famous men as Guido Aretino, who never touched the courtly style ; Buonaguenta from Luca ; Gallo of Pisa and others, whose writings, when deprived of rhymes, savour more of the municipality than the court.

But although nearly all the Tuscans are obstinate in their bad speech, we are acquainted with some who have known the excellent vulgar, such as Guido, Lapo, and another among the Florentines—[we are left in no doubt as to the identity of the other, for in one of his sonnets he says " Guido, I would that Lapo, thou, and I "]—and Cino of Pistoia, who, though mentioned last, I consider not the least.

Therefore, considering how the most illustrious writers have diverted their speech from the Tuscan, we shall not hesitate to declare that the polished vulgar we are in search of is not theirs. And the same may be said of the Genoese, whose chief distinction is the harsh predominance of the letter z. Crossing the Apennines, we find two dialects alternating in opposite extremes—one so effeminate that a man pronouncing it talks almost like a woman, as we find the Romanioli saying *Deusci* for *si*, and *oclo mes* and *corrada mea* in caressing; and another so harsh that it gives even a woman a mannish expression, as we hear among the people of Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, who say *magara* and cut short all their participles, as in *meres* and *bonte*; and also in Treviso and Brescia, where they cut off the end of words and change *v* into *f*, as *nof vif* for *nove* and *vivo*. Nor are the Venetians worthy of the honour of the best dialect, and Ildebrando, of Padua, distinguished himself by abandoning it for the courtly one. Passing quickly over what remains of our Italian hunting ground, we think those not altogether wrong who maintain that the citizens of Bologna speak one of the best dialects, adding to their own the best of their neighbours; for from Imola they borrow a certain softness and smoothness of speech, while from Ferrara and Modena a certain loquacity which is a feature of the Lombards. And the reason why no good poetry has been written in Ferrara, Modena and Reggio is that those who are accustomed to their own loquacity cannot attain to the courtly vulgar without much struggle, as witness the people of Parma, who say *monto* for *molto*. So that Bologna, receiving from opposite extremes, is tempered with a pleasing sweetness, and, comparing it only with other dialects, we would willingly give it the preference, but we dissent from allowing it to be the best speech of Italy, otherwise it would not have been forsaken by Guido Guinicelli and the best Bologna poets. To finish our sifting process, we say that Turin, Trent and Alexandria are placed in such a dangerous situation in Italy that if their language were as beautiful as it is ugly it would very soon be perverted.

Having searched all Italy for the principal, courtly, and polished dialect, and finding it not, we assert that it belongs to all the Latin cities and communities, and is proper to none individually. By it all other dialects are measured and compared. It is illustrious, because from all the uncouth Latin words (Italian), intricate constructions, defective pronunciations, and rustic accents, it has selected so excellent, so clear, so perfect and polite a language.

This language we call the Latin vulgar. For as there is a vulgar that is proper to Cremona, so there is one for Lombardy, so one for all the left of Italy, and finally, one for all Italy, which has been used by all the famous writers and poets of Sicily, Apulia, Tuscany, Romagna, Lombardy, and both the Marches.

I have thus very briefly tried to give Dante's views on the dialects of his time ; from them we perceive that his ear was perfectly attuned to all good sounds and rhythm, and that his knowledge of contemporary writers was as great as that of the Latin classics and the fathers. And to illustrate the merit of his little book I will only say that if the writing an essay on all British dialects from Land's End to John o' Groats, with a discussion of the merits of their writers, would be no easy task, with all the library facilities that we have, what must it have been at the beginning of the fourteenth century to review the dialects of Italy, when very few aids were to be had.





## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

BY B. A. REDFERN.

ON one of those numerous occasions of winter when I allow the members of my family to go abroad in search of food or dress stuffs, and I remain at home to keep up the fire and engage in other lonely and unselfish occupations, I was looking over my bookshelves, and came upon a volume entitled "The Philosophy of Laughter and Smiling," by George Vasey.—Southampton Row, London : J. Burns, 1875."

I could not then, and cannot now, remember how it came into my possession, and possibly its real owner, made sad by its perusal, and sadder by its loss, is yet seeking for it in anything but a philosophic or laughing mood.

But having once had it on my shelves—and my mind—I do not propose to make this an instance of bookkeeping by double entry, and in default of the owner's application for it within a reasonable period, shall present it, along with certain "Volumes of Sermons," to some public library, the custodians of which have soundly serious views of their duty to the public, if any such can be found—willing to accept it.

In his "Preface" Mr. Vasey says: "The subject of laughter is no laughing matter," and then goes on to say, "My theme is entirely novel—I may say unique—and the opinions which I have ventured to advance are diametrically opposed to those universally entertained on the subject." An exordium which naturally excites some curiosity.

In his "Introduction" he speaks of the "mechanical parrot and monkey training now so universal," and ends it with much modesty thus: "The present essay is a humble but earnest attempt to investigate the nature of, and question the propriety of indulgence in a habit—that of laughter—which is extremely prevalent, and which in Christendom, at least, is regarded with unanimous complacence and approbation."

Before proceeding to give you a few extracts from this rare volume, and so virtually taking you out of Christendom in Mr. Vasey's company, I stay for a moment to express surprise at so little having been done by our weightiest authors in the direction of "putting down" a habit from which they must have suffered so much, for even greater than the misery of the wretch who strives, but fails, to evoke a laugh, is that of the serious-minded unconscious humourist who obtains it.

After speaking of "the Golden Harvest" perennially reaped by those who can provoke laughter, Mr. Vasey says: "In former times to keep one fool to do this was considered so choice a luxury as only to be indulged in by a king. At the present time the common people can afford to keep some hundreds."

In the next chapter he goes on to prove that laughter is not natural to children, and then, after devoting another to show that the effects produced by it are invariably injurious, and sometimes fatal, he says, "Coughing and laughing are both performed by the same important organs

and they both have a very similar influence on the lungs and brain, and that influence is always of a painful and injurious character." Let us pause here to shudder as we think of the brain injuries and restlessness incurred by some of us who pose as laughing philosophers. Says he further, "In the paroxysm of laughter the lungs are dilated, and so they remain until the cause ceases. If the passage through the lungs be impeded for more than a few seconds, the brain becomes congested, apoplexy ensues, and in very many cases ends fatally."

It is evident, then, that this is a very serious matter. We must not any of us ever dare in face of these facts to be "as funny as we can," or we shall be making of ourselves constructive murderers. What positions in the Hierarchy of Crime are held by malefactors like Aristophanes, Shakespeare, and Cervantes, I hardly dare to conjecture, but I implore my readers not to employ their means, or descend to their level.

But let me quote or summarise again: "Man is not a laughing animal. It is only civilised man who laughs, and laughter is unknown where vice and crime are rare, where levity and frivolity do not exist, where manners are simple and unsophisticated. The savage mother never tickles her child, and it never laughs." (By the bye, he says nothing of what may be done by other members of the family.) "The red men, Maoris, Hindoos, Arabs, seldom or never laugh. Egyptians, Turks, and Spaniards are not prone to the exercise of risible muscles. The ancient Greeks and Romans thought laughter neither dignified nor graceful. The wit of the poets and satirists rarely had the effect of throwing their hearer's respiratory apparatus into convulsions. You may enjoy wit without laughter." In proof of this he gives an instance thus: A Nottingham publican

named Littlejohn kept the Robin Hood Inn, and his sign had this inscription :

All ye that relish ale that's good,  
Come in and drink with Robin Hood ;  
If Robin Hood is not at home,  
Come in and drink with Little John.

"Now this," says Vasey, "is genuine wit, but it does not force us to laugh." Mr. Littlejohn died, and one Samuel Johnson succeeded him, but when the sign read thus :

All ye that relish ale that's good,  
Come in and drink with Robin Hood ;  
If Robin Hood is not at home,  
Come in and drink with Samuel Johnson.

"the wit had gone, and yet you were irresistibly excited to laughter," says our author.

And then he gives another instance, which I abbreviate as follows: Louis XV. once heard that Lord Stair, an Englishman at his Court, was remarkably like himself. The King said, on seeing his Lordship, "A remarkable likeness, my Lord; pray, was your mother ever in France?" Lord Stair replied: "No, please your Majesty, but my father was." Mr. Vasey says, "This was admirably witty, but it does not excite laughter."

"Laughter," says he, "follows a dangerous practical joke, an indecent anecdote, or an annoying accident, when one should rather frown or blush or weep. There is, then, no rational or natural relation as of cause and effect between laughter and the action or words which precede it, and at which we laugh. The conclusion is unavoidable that the absurd habit of laughing is entirely occasioned by the unnatural and false associations which have been forced on us in natural life. Natural and instinctive actions are common to men of all nations, but all men do not involuntarily and violently heave their chests and distort

their countenances when they witness monkey tricks and buffoonery, or when they hear vulgar tales."

Certain so-called "proofs" are here brought forward by Mr. Vasey to show that the words and actions which provoke laughter are neither elevating, refining, nor humanising. They are "immoral in tendency, degrading, vulgarising."

Then he goes on: "Fun, as it is complacently called, is altogether beneath the self-regard of a sensible man to imitate or encourage, ridiculous, absurd, indicating partial suspension of intellect or judgment, an emptiness of mind verging on imbecility. Indeed, if a man's mind be occupied by good and useful ideas, how can it be possible for him to laugh?"

But I think this is the proper time for me to stay a moment or two to exhort those of my readers who have hitherto "involuntarily and violently heaved their chests and distorted their countenances" (that sounds like a description of sea-sickness, by the bye) in encouragement of what is complacently called fun, to let their cacchinations be rare, and their sense of humour be as profoundly latent as that of Mr. Vasey himself, lest they should 'blow the gaff' of their mental condition while on the earth, and in the case of those who have anything to leave, lest even their testamentary wishes be overborne.

But let me return to our author. He next occupies a chapter in quoting with commendation a condemnatory article on Bernal Osborne for his incessant joking in Parliament. The last passage in it could hardly have impressed itself on Mr. Vasey's mind, or he would have seen an attempt at a joke in it which would certainly have brought down his censure. It runs thus: "We should therefore be inclined to advise Mr. Osborne to mend his ways. Let him abjure jokes. Let him never provoke laughter.



Let him be bigoted, solemn, and dull, and he will be made a Tory Minister, or be statistical and serious, and he may one day get an Under Secretaryship from a Liberal Ministry."

The degrading consequences of laughter are next referred to by Mr. Vasey. He begins thus: "Thomas Carlyle says that England contains twenty millions of people, mostly fools." We, he says, cannot help fully endorsing Carlyle's estimate.\* Mr. Vasey then goes on to show how this over-production of fools is chiefly due to the attempts to excite mindless laughter in human beings during the pliant period of infancy and childhood by ridiculous and outrageous lies, and by the recital of the most grotesque actions and the grossest follies and ribaldry, to wit, by such "gems of fiction" as "Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," "Puss-in-Boots," "Little Red Riding Hood," etc. "We might easily," says he, "append a list of modern productions of an equally edifying description adorned with elaborate works of art, exhibiting the skill and ingenuity of the artist in supplementing the heathen mythology by the addition of such fabulous creatures, hideous monsters, etc." Here one thinks of Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel and their loathsome creations in the "Alice" series, and wonders what punishment should be meted out to miscreants like Judge Parry and Walter Crane. "Can we wonder," he continues, "at the immense number of silly, frivolous, giddy, giggling, full-grown fools infesting all ranks of society when we reflect that their nascent minds were perverted and distorted and shrivelled in their childhood by such surpassing nonsense and trashy garbage as the nursery rhymes and juvenile literature we

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\* As Carlyle's estimate was based on thirty millions, and his on twenty millions, he does not seem to endorse it quite as fully as he should do.

have just described. These extremely stupid and vulgar books have been, and continue to be, the bane and curse of the intellect of the rising generation, and in a vast majority of cases the utter ruin of their morals. Nor can we hope to have any improvement in the conduct and conversation of human beings until our present nursery literature shall be completely swept away, and replaced by books of a pure and rational character. Every book put into the hands of children should have some decided relation to rational ideas or virtuous principles, to some rule of conduct, or to some useful action."

At this point our author falls foul of Milton thus: "But these are not alone responsible. Men of the highest stamp have degraded themselves and prostituted their great talents to the propagation of loose principles and the encouragement of licentious actions. As a specimen take the following extract from 'L'Allegro' beginning with 'Come, thou goddess, fair and free,' and ending with 'Mirth, admit me of thy crew, to live with her and live with thee, in unreproved pleasures free.'" "Verily," says Vasey, "the moral world owes John Milton a certain amount of pity not unmingled with contempt, for setting forth such alluring incentives to debauchery."

Further on we are told that laughter is not necessary to the good or great man, and that there are thousands such who never laugh. Finally, in another chapter, our author proceeds to distinguish between laughter and smiling, and it is pleasant to discover that smiling of a certain kind is distinctly permissible. "A smile," says he, "is quite spontaneous, whilst a true laugh is invariably compulsory, and it is often excited in direct opposition to our wishes." And the chapter ends thus: "Another very marked distinction between laughter and smiling is that smiling may be caused—and, in fact, is generally caused—by witnessing

the exhibition of any of the virtues, but we cannot imagine for a moment the possibility of any sane person laughing at the performance of an honourable or virtuous action.”\*

Then we have a chapter traversing the generally held opinion that a man who never laughs is morose, unfeeling, malignant, a suspicious character not to be trusted. In the course of this, Mr. Vasey remarks incidentally that we are told in the New Testament that “Jesus wept,” but, says he, “there is no record that he ever laughed, nor can we conceive the probability or consistency of such an event.”

In the concluding chapter we are told that “whatever is good and true, kind, beautiful, excellent, useful, noble, or magnanimous never gives rise to the “madness of laughter.” But these are precisely the qualities which produce human happiness, says he, “and therefore they are the qualities which should universally abound. In proportion as these qualities increase so will laughter dwindle. When they become universal, laughter will expire.”

The volume is profusely illustrated with engravings, but I would prefer not to speak of their merits as works of art. There is an appendix to the book which deals chiefly with the subject of “Tickling—Physical, Intellectual, and Moral,” which may have its interest for some readers, especially those who read French; but there is also a section on the last few pages of the book in which Mr. Vasey discusses, and expresses his dissent from, Darwin’s

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\* Here one naturally thinks of Oliver Wendell Holmes, with his—

You hear that boy laughing? You think he’s all fun,  
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
 The children laugh loud, as they troop to his call,  
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

From which it is plain that Holmes had never read Vasey.

opinion on laughter in his "Expression of the Emotions," which is of general interest. It is satisfactory to find that he lets the great scientist down very softly. He certainly claims to know more of the sensations and methods of expression of idiots and imbecile persons than does the Professor, and on laying down the book, I feel bound to admit that there is much to be found in its pages that will induce the reader to make a ready admission of his claim. Certainly Darwin's knowledge of the subject, like that of Mr. Vasey, could not be introspective, and could only have been obtained at second-hand.

There is hardly any doubt that this book was intended by its author to be a serious contribution to literature, but no reader with a sense of humour can accept it as such. One can imagine George Vasey or his ghost being greatly shocked at the effects produced upon its readers by this publication, and saying in paraphrase of another George, of different fame: "They could not be talking of me, for they laughed consumedly."





## JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES.

BY JOHN DAVIES.

WE are but commencing in Wales to enjoy the advantages of an educational fabric, almost perfect. The Eisteddfod for a great number of years was practically the only medium through which aspirants to literary, musical, and other attainments could rise to higher things. From the National Eisteddfod, with which in these latter days you have been made familiar, have sprung smaller gatherings of a like nature ; originally called literary meetings, they are now known as local Eisteddfodau. They are very numerous, and, in many cases, important institutions. It was at such a meeting, held at the Welsh Chapel, then situated in Grosvenor Square, All Saints', Manchester, the building now known as the Holy Family Church, that Ceiriog won his first competition prize for poetry.

John Ceiriog Hughes was born at Penybryn, Llanarmon, Dyffryn Ceiriog, about nine miles from Llangollen, on September 25th, 1832—the day before Sir Walter Scott was buried. His father, Richard Hughes, was a farmer, and regarded as a man of common sense, and his mother,

Phœbe Hughes, was in those days, and in that district, looked upon as a somewhat superior woman. She had spent much of her youth in England, and was able to converse well in English, an accomplishment then a rarity. She was a great lover of nature, and had a keen eye for colour. They were a very devout couple.

After exhausting all the educational facilities then available, Ceiriog returned to the farm to assist his father. It was soon apparent, however, that he had no love for the work, and arrangements were made in 1848 for apprenticing him to a printer at Oswestry, subject to a three months' trial. At the end of that period the thought of being bound for seven years was not congenial to him, and he next turned his steps to Manchester, where we find him at the age of seventeen.

He entered the business of Thomas Williams, who kept a grocery shop in Oxford Street, between Saville Street and Gray Street. This place was a regular rendezvous of Welsh people—on Saturday evenings the establishment was crowded; thus Ceiriog had exceptional advantages for knowing and being known by his fellow-countrymen.

In 1854 Thomas Williams was in difficulties, and Ceiriog opened a shop of his own in Oxford Street, at the corner of Charles Street. He was not very successful, and he was next engaged as clerk in the goods store at Ducie Street of the M.S. and L. Railway. It was whilst he was here that he really commenced to write, and most of his best work was done in Manchester. About this time he was appointed local correspondent for *The Baner*, a Welsh periodical started in 1857. This is still in existence and in a flourishing condition, the notes from Manchester yet forming a feature in each issue. After a stay of sixteen years Ceiriog left Manchester to assume the post of station-

master at Llanidloes, later at Towyn, and finally he became superintendent of a branch line of the Cambrian Railways, and resided at Caersws. He died there in April, 1887, at the comparatively early age of 54, in the height of his career as a poet, and amid the grief of his friends and countrymen. The epitaph on his gravestone was written by himself, a custom much in vogue with Welsh bards. It is an "Englyn," a form of epigrammatic verse.

In appearance he was about the average height. He had a good face and very expansive forehead. The upper lip was clean shaven, but he wore a beard. This was quite a Welsh custom a few years ago. I have been unable to trace its origin, but it is evidently a development upon the Saxon contempt for whiskers. Of a genial and sunny temperament, he was exceedingly good company. He had brilliant eyes, and it was a fine thing to see the fire in them after composing a poem.

The Rev. Elvet Lewis, one of our cleverest poets of today, writing of the Eisteddfod, says :

The Eisteddfod is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. If it comes to be looked upon as the goal of highest effort, a mere dispensary of prizes, its sordidness will sooner or later become intolerable. If, on the other hand, it encourages struggling talent, and gives to creditable performance a certain stamp of distinction, then its necessary asperities, its whims and fads, will be largely forgiven or ignored by right-minded people. The winner should go forth haunted not by a vacuous vision of an unlimited series of prize takings, but the new responsibility laid upon him by the new distinction. His nation has from that day a claim upon him.

I am told, upon winning the prize for poetry already referred to at the Welsh Chapel in Grosvenor Square, Ceiriog was profoundly impressed by similar thoughts, and he devoted his talent without stinting to his country.

He felt keenly the loss of early education, and strove with much energy and a fair amount of success to overcome the difficulty. He was, as a young man in Manchester, very studious, and generally to be found reading and writing when at home. He inherited his mother's love of nature, intensified a thousandfold, together with a passionate love of his country, its customs, and language. He likewise had a very keen sense of humour; several of his poems are written in this vein, but would not bear translation; they are decidedly local, and to the phlegmatic Saxon, worthless.

If it were asked what were his chief characteristics as a writer, the reply would inevitably be—songs and lyrics. It is in these branches that he has come to be definitely regarded by the best and most capable critics of to-day as the chief of our Welsh lyrical poets, and again, the greatest charm is the sweet simplicity which pervades them.

In these he shows himself, as indeed in the whole of his work, a simple child of nature. He is reported to have said that the only reason possible for his extraordinary popularity was that he had always written from his heart, and that it was generally the indication of his feelings under extraordinary circumstances. His writing is often emotional, and as such it has always a willing audience in the Welsh people. He ever entertained an utter disregard for what he termed "head" poetry, insisting that it is only through the heart the people are truly reached. I have indicated previously his loss of education, and it is a great tribute to his genius that this poor son of the soil, labouring under such disadvantages, and in such a short life, should have received the cordial appreciation of his readers in his lifetime, an attention generally deferred until after death.

His published works consist of seven volumes, one being posthumous. They are as follows :



Vol. 1.	Oriau'r Hwyr.	Evening Hours.	Published	1860
„ 2.	Oriau'r Bore.	Morning Hours.	„	1862
„ 3.	Cant o Ganeuon.	100 Songs.	„	1863
„ 4.	Y Bardd a'r Cerddor.	The Bard and Singer.	„	1864
„ 5.	Oriau Ereill.	Other Hours.	„	1868
„ 6.	Oriau'r Haf.	Summer Hours.	„	1870
„ 7.	Yr. Oriau Olaf.	The Last Hours.	„	1888

They consist of songs, lyrics, odes, pastorals, etc. Vol. I. bears the following dedication :

TO ALFRED TENNYSON, Esq.,  
Poet Laureate,

As a tribute of respect to his great Talent and gratitude for the noble manner in which he has treated the Cymric Legends.

This volume went through five editions, and enjoyed a circulation seldom attained by Welsh books.

In the preface to Vol. III., dated Jan. 13th, 1863, he says :

Many of my friends tell me I ought to publish my books in a better and costlier form, and not to fear the risk. But my publishers say my most numerous friends are the young men starting their careers in this world, and with little to spare on " Editions de luxe." Many of us remember only too well the longing for a book, and I am not ashamed to confess I have often wept

Because the price was too big  
And the money too small.

Although he published his six volumes in a cheap form, so as to reach the people, in his later years he contemplated a complete edition in two uniform volumes. He made arrangements for size and price, etc., but death intervened, and hence the posthumous volume. However, his publishers have carried out the idea of the two volumes, but Volume VII., " Last Hours," was printed and published elsewhere after his decease.

It was undoubtedly his connection with music that brought him so prominently before the notice of the people.

He seemed to have felt the want of a Welsh national song writer and stepped into the breach. No poet, before or since his time ever had so much verse wedded to music. He possessed all the qualifications for the post, having so strong a love for his country. Possibly his great charm is melody, or what we call "awen." In this he is so natural, it bubbles up incessantly, and you are carried along with it. He spoke in a language understood of the people—that was another virtue—and there is never much difficulty in following his meaning. The collection of Welsh national melodies is a prolific one. Ceiriog himself, in Volume IV., gives us a list of 1,195 known airs. Most of these originally were composed to words, which, in the course of time, have been lost. He applied himself to the task of writing words to a great number of airs, suitable to the sentiment and tradition. This I regard as his greatest and most lasting work, for wherever the Welsh melodies are sung we have the spirit of his muse. It was a loving task to him, for he says :

Songs of Wales live in our ears  
 Through the swiftly passing years;  
 Moaning stormwinds, as they blow,  
 Murmur songs of long ago;  
 Voices of our dead ones dear  
 In our country's airs we hear.

Whispering leaves in every grove  
 Murmur low the songs we love,  
 Sings the sea 'neath roaring gales  
 Snatches of the songs of Wales;  
 And to Kymric ears they sound  
 Through creation all around.\*

It was a singular coincidence that in the year the Prince of Wales attained his majority, 1862, the National Eistedd-

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\* I am indebted for this translation and for those of "Myfanwy Fychan," "Mountain Rill," and "Her Visit" to the work entitled "Welsh Lyrics of the 19th Century."

fod was held at Carnarvon, in the grounds of that castle where the first Prince of Wales was born. The Committee desired to commemorate the occasion, and invited Ceiriog to compose a special work, which he did under the title of "Prince of Wales Cantata," introducing all the historical facts. With regard to the Prince of Wales' feathers, he had a theory about the motto. Edward the First failed to conquer the Welsh by force of arms, and had recourse to other means, which had almost immediately the desired effect. He took his Queen from London to Carnarvon in order that their first-born child should be born Welsh. Thus we had our first Prince of Wales. With the authority of the Myfyrian Archæology to sustain his claim he maintained the motto was "Eich Dyn" ("your man"), a very different rendering from "Ich Dien" ("I serve"). Shortly after this the wedding of the Prince and Princess was arranged, and a fitting opportunity presented itself for introducing a truly Welsh national anthem. Brinley Richards and Ceiriog discussed the subject, and "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was written. This song of Ceiriog was, after two months' singing up and down the Principality, done into English by George Linley. He called it "Prince of our Brave Land," though the literal meaning is "Prince of the Land of Mountains." Brinley Richards thought Linley's title was somewhat vague, and by a happy inspiration gave to it the name which is so well-known to-day. Ceiriog tells us "Its success was stupendous and immediate. The new anthem became the musical feature of the London season." When in Manchester he translated the words of a great many English glees and part songs in order that the Welsh choral societies might include them in their repertoire. It would be no hardship on any Welsh musical agent to arrange a full programme of songs and glees from his works. His

love songs are charming. There is always a pure atmosphere about them. The most delightful one is "Myfanwy Fychan," from which a translation of two stanzas follows:

Myfanwy, thy fair face is seen  
 In primrose and clover and rose,  
 In the sunshine, unsullied, serene,  
 And the starlight's untroubled repose.  
 When rises fair Venus on high  
 And shines 'twixt the heaven and the sea,  
 She is loved by the earth and the sky,  
 But thou art, Myfanwy, far brighter, far fairer to me—  
 A thousand times fairer to me.

Would I were the breezes that blow  
 Through the gardens and walks of thy home,  
 To murmur my love as I go  
 And play with thy locks as I roam!  
 For changeful the breezes and bleak—  
 Now balmy, now chilly they blow—  
 Yet they, love, are kissing thy cheek,  
 O heart of my heart, not changeful my love towards thee—  
 Eternal my love towards thee.

Another beautiful lyric is "Nant-y-Mynydd"—"Mountain Rill." In this he displays the childlike love of nature I have referred to.

Mountain rill, that darkling, sparkling,  
 Winds and wanders down the hill,  
 'Mid the rushes, whispering, murmuring,  
 Oh, that I were like the rill!

Mountain ling, whose flower and fragrance  
 Soarest longing to me bring  
 To be ever on the mountain—  
 Oh, that I were like the ling!

Mountain bird, whose joyous singing  
 On the wholesome breeze is heard,  
 Flitting hither, flitting thither—  
 Oh, that I were like the bird!

Mountain child am I, and lonely,  
 Far from home my song I sing;  
 But my heart is on the mountain  
 With the birds amid the ling!

But the one song which endeared him to the people for all time is "Ti wyddost beth ddywed fy nghalon," the literal translation of which is "Thou knowest what sayeth my heart." The Rector of Llanidloes, in his admirable translation, has it for the sake of euphony, "You know what my heart, dear, is saying." In this poem is portrayed his passionate love for his mother. It has a touching incident connected with it, and was written in a fit of homesickness after her departure to Wales from her first visit to him in Manchester:

Her visit was ended and back to her home  
 Far away my dear mother was going,  
 But now that the hour for parting was come,  
 With sorrow her heart was o'erflowing.  
 Oh, pale grew her cheeks and fast fell her tears,  
 Her faltering counsels delaying.  
 Then low fell these words on my listening ears:  
 "You know what my heart, dear, is saying."

"Sin not." In the skies through this sentence I read  
 In letters of fire engraven,  
 Though roared the loud thunder in accents of dread,  
 "Transgress not the laws of high Heaven."  
 Though slowed the swift lightning to one solid flame,  
 My feet from ungodliness staying,  
 Far stronger the words from my mother which came:  
 "You know what my heart, dear, is saying."

I should like to touch, very briefly, upon his great loyalty to his Queen, and his equally great love of the Empire. Had he been amongst us to-day we should have proclaimed him in the front rank of Liberal Imperialists. To the air of "The Men of Harlech" he wrote the following:

Heavenly Father of all nations,  
 Ruler of their destinations,  
 Hear our earnest supplications—  
     Guard our Gracious Queen.  
 Thus on high, Eternal Founder,  
 Of the throne where thou hast crowned her  
 In her sacred gloom surround her,  
     Guard our Gracious Queen.  
 Facing war's commotion,  
 Aid the realm's devotion,  
 Aid our arts and friendliness  
     To bless the Isles of Ocean;  
 Beam upon the fate before us,  
 Lead our hosts to fields victorious,  
 Long to sway her sceptre o'er us,  
     Guard our Gracious Queen.

Then there is:

I MET A SHEPHERD BOY.

I met a shepherd boy one day  
 In Cader Vronwen pass,  
 And asked him playfully to say  
     What countryman he was.  
 He calmed the dog that snarled at me  
 And to me nearer drew;  
 "I am an English boy," said he,  
     "And I am Welsh, sir, too."  
 "You can't be both, my little boy,  
     If you but think the matter o'er."  
     With rustic pride  
     He then replied:  
 "I am, sir, as I said before;  
     For a Britain can  
     Be an Englishman—  
 An Englishman and something more."

I'M PROUD TO REMEMBER MY FATHERS.

I'm proud to remember my fathers,  
     Who made this bright land what it is;  
 And he is no Britain who'd rather  
     Some other great Empire than this.

There are gems in her crown which from hither  
Will light every far distant land ;  
The firs of the forest may wither,  
But the oak of old England will stand.  
Then fill the Hirlas Horn again ;  
'Tis the Briton's cup—  
Drink, drink it up  
To the British blood of Englishmen.

This brief notice of a most interesting and gifted man could not conclude better than with the words of Mr. O. M. Edwards, of Oxford :

When we come to the beginning of this century the poets become exceedingly numerous. The two best representatives are perhaps Ceiriog and Islwyn. Ceiriog, the bard of the Berwyn, represents the naturalness of modern Welsh poetry. In him it is pure as the dew, it is the idealisation of a shepherd's life, brimíui of tenderness, and with the grace of its fashion wonderfully perfect.

It reflects faithfully the Welsh adoration of woman, the unending delight in the grandeur of the mountains, and the beauty of the vales, and the vigorous strivings after higher ideals.

It is worth noticing that the education of Wales was the subject in which the most characteristic Welsh poet took greatest interest.





## AUTUMN.

BY LAURENCE CLAY.

Summer hath fled with her gossamer bright,  
But beauty e'en yet decks the scene,  
For autumn reveals how her sister of light,  
A witch with her colours hath been.

Stored she her gold 'gainst the time of her need  
Of cloak for the sere of decay ;  
Stored all the hues that now silently plead  
Her love, as she passes away.

Strange that decay should have garment so rare  
And magic of colour untold !  
Sweet was the promise of spring-time and fair,  
But autumn is wealthy with gold !

Nature in life hath its sweet jocund mood  
And gamut of colour and tone ;  
Nature in death adds a colour of blood  
'Midst its varying russet and brown.

O, for like art to grow gracefully old  
Near those in whose love we have shared !  
That the autumn of life may, too, have its gold,  
Its colours remain unimpaired.



Should e'er the time come for me to grow old,  
And life wear to solemn decay,  
May hues limn'd by love then as sweetly unfold  
And glad to the last all my day!

Gently, then, falling to sleep on earth's breast,  
As leaves flutter sadly to ground,  
Lie there, and dream thro' the long silent rest  
That alone in the grave shall be found.

Sleep! Ah, yes, sleep 'till the need pass away,  
And sleep, like the night, thence is o'er;  
Dream of new life, for the dawn of that day  
Will make that dream true evermore.







*Report and Proceedings*

FOR THE SESSION 1900-1901,

WITH

*RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS.*



*Report and Proceedings*

OF THE

# Manchester Literary Club

FOR THE

SESSION 1900-1901,

WITH

*RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS.*



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## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL ON THE THIRTY-NINTH SESSION.

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THE Council of the Manchester Literary Club, in submitting their Report on the Session now completed, feel that they can warmly congratulate the members on its pleasantness, instructiveness, and success. There has been an ample presentation of interesting and valuable papers and short communications, and the proceedings have been agreeably diversified by the customary musical evenings. The nights specially devoted to Ruskin and Chaucer were productive of much good work of a character somewhat of a new departure with the Club. Many of the papers read during the session have been printed in the *Manchester Quarterly*, which fully maintains its high position among the literary periodicals of the day.

Twenty-two ordinary meetings have been held, at which twenty-two papers and forty-one short communications were read. The following is a list of the papers :

1900.		
Oct.	8.	Lancashire Humour.....THOS. NEWBIGGING.
„	15.	An Old Lancashire Village .....REV. A. W. FOX.
„	22.	The Music of Reginald Spofforth .....N. DUMVILLE.
„	29.	Robert Langton: In Memoriam.....JOHN MORTIMER.
Nov.	5.	Ruskinian Economics .....JOHN WILCOCK.
„	12.	Humours of the Yorkshire Borderland .....J. E. CRAVEN.
„	19.	Jean de la Bruyère .....ED. MERCER.
„	26.	Rise and Development of the Sea Novel .....E. E. MINTON.
Dec.	3.	Literature and Art .....W. N. JOHNSON.
„	10.	Tradition in Epic .....W. BUTTERWORTH.

## 1901.

Jan.	7.	Tolstoy's "What is Art?" .....	J. E. PHYTHIAN.
"	14.	Recollections of Waugh and Brierley .....	SIM SCHOFIELD.
"	21.	Rabelais .....	WM. MEHLHAUS.
"	28.	Words and Music .....	THOS. KAY.
Feb.	4.	Oliver Wendell Holmes .....	R. H. SELBIE.
"	11.	Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas.....	GEO. MILNER.
"	18.	Reminiscences of Waugh .....	WM. DINSMORE.
"	25.	St. Francis of Assisi.....	W. N. JOHNSON.
Mar.	4.	Ruskin Economics .....	JOHN ANGELL.
"	11.	Heine's Harzreise.....	HY. GANNON.
"	18.	François Villon .....	ED. MERCER.
"	25.	Alfred the Great .....	J. T. FOARD.

The short communications were as follows :

## 1900.

Oct.	8.	Libraries of Munich and Vienna .....	C. H. BELLAMY.
"	8.	Verses on the death of R. M. Ross.....	MARK BAILEY.
"	8.	Two Sonnets .....	ABM. STANSFIELD.
"	15.	Nomenclature of the Power Loom.....	O. S. HALL.
"	15.	Milner's Bards: Verses .....	JOS. BRIERLEY.
"	29.	Lines on a Programme .....	A. BENNIE.
"	29.	A Moorland Walk.....	H. E. CAMPBELL.
"	29.	Omar Khayyam Imitations.....	W. R. CREDLAND.
"	29.	Maurice Maeterlinck.....	ED. MERCER.
Nov.	5.	Reminiscences of Ruskin.....	J. E. PHYTHIAN.
"	5.	Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston .....	W. N. JOHNSON.
"	5.	Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing".....	GEO. MILNER.
"	5.	Ruskin Letters .....	F. J. SHIELDS.
"	12.	Silas Told .....	LAURENCE CLAY.
"	19.	John Cleveland .....	REV. A. W. FOX.
"	19.	Selections from Ruskin .....	JOHN MORTIMER.
"	26.	A Lady's Mentor .....	W. R. CREDLAND.
Dec.	3.	Old Malabar .....	WM. DINSMORE.
"	10.	Poetry of James Thomson .....	TINSLEY PRATT.

## 1901.

Jan.	7.	Ideas and Action .....	H. E. CAMPBELL.
"	14.	Maggie: A Love Story.....	JAMES BRIERLEY.
"	21.	Harold the Saxon: Ballad .....	TINSLEY PRATT.
"	21.	City Pavement Artists .....	WM. DINSMORE.
"	28.	Elegy on the death of the Queen .....	TINSLEY PRATT.
Feb.	4.	John Ceiriog Hughes .....	JOHN DAVIES.
"	11.	Chaucer's Life and Times .....	J. D. ANDREW.
"	11.	The Poet with the Downcast Eyes .....	JOHN MORTIMER.
"	11.	Chaucer's Handwriting.....	C. H. BELLAMY.
"	11.	The Canterbury Tales .....	ED. MERCER.
"	11.	Chaucer's Miller .....	B. A. REDFERN.
"	18.	Shakspeare's Italian Critics .....	W. BUTTERWORTH.
"	25.	Dante on Dialects .....	WM. WHITEHEAD.
"	25.	Sonnet.....	WM. BAGSHAW.
"	25.	Vasey's "Philosophy of Laughter" .....	B. A. REDFERN.
Mar.	4.	T. E. Brown .....	B. A. REDFERN.
"	11.	Peep into Paradise .....	JAMES BRIERLEY.
"	18.	"Ave Mancunium" .....	TINSLEY PRATT.
"	18.	The Matchless Orinda .....	REV. A. W. FOX.
"	25.	End of the Session: Verses .....	WM. BAGSHAW.
"	25.	Dooley's "Philosophy" .....	H. E. CAMPBELL.
"	25.	Visit to Lichfield .....	W. R. CREDLAND.

The papers and short communications, numbering together 63, may be thus classified: Art and Music 6; Bibliography, 6; Biography, 11; Criticism, 12; History, 4; Poetry and Drama, 15; Humour, 6; Travel, 3.

#### LIBRARY.

The Library contains 610 volumes, consisting principally of books by members of the Club, with the addition of some works of reference and a number of volumes by local authors or of local interest.

Among the gifts to the Library during the Session may be mentioned Mr. F. Smith's "Chest of Viols"; Mr. W. V. Burgess's "Hand-in-Hand with Dame Nature"; Mr. Thomas Newbigging's "Lancashire Humour"; Mr. W. Peer Groves's "Song of Love"; Mr. D. H. Langton's "History of Flixton"; and Mr. J. E. Phythian's "Story of Art in England."

#### EXCURSION.

The annual excursion of the Club was made on Saturday, July 7th, to Lancaster. The occasion was made peculiarly pleasant and memorable by the hearty reception and delightful treatment the party received from the Mayor, Town Clerk (Mr. T. Cann Hughes), and other gentlemen of that ancient borough, and by a charming drive through the lovely valley of the Lune.

#### BUST OF THE PRESIDENT.

A bust in bronze of Mr. George Milner, the President of the Club, has been purchased from the artist, Mr. John Cassidy. The Committee representing the subscribers, who are all members of the Club, has requested the Council to present the bust to the Manchester Corporation for preservation in the Art Gallery. The Council has undertaken to make the presentation, and the ceremony will take place on Wednesday, April 17th.

#### CONVERSAZIONE.

The Session was opened on Monday, Oct. 1st, 1900 by a *Conversazione*, held in the Club's rooms. An exhibition of pictures and an attractive programme of music, songs and recitations was enjoyed, and the occasion was made touchingly interesting by the appearance amongst his old friends of the President after the regrettable accident which deprived him of his right arm. The Session was terminated by a *Conversazione* in the Club's rooms, held on Monday, April 15th, 1901.

In addition to the *Conversazioni* a paper was read by Mr. N. Dumville on the "Music of Reginald Spofforth," which was illustrated by a number of his pieces sang by a glee party. Mr.

Thomas Kay also contributed a paper on "Incidents and Incidences of Words and Music," during which several songs written by him and set to music by Mr. Darman Ward were sung by a choir.

#### CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

The usual Christmas Supper was held on Monday, Dec. 17, 1900. Mr. George Milner, the President, was in the chair, and the supper, to the great satisfaction of those present, was held in the Club's room. The customary ceremonies were performed with elaborate care. Mr. B. A. Redfern again represented Father Christmas. Among the most delightful features of the proceedings were the number of original contributions in verse, and of appropriate songs and recitations given by members during the evening.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The losses by death during the year have been Mr. Robert Langton, H. M. Ross, Samuel Gradwell, J. A. Eastwood, William Mehlhaus, John Preece, R. C. Christie, LL.D., and W. F. Ramsden, M.D.

#### MEMBERSHIP AND FINANCE.

The Club lost 17 members by death, resignation, or being struck off the roll, and 15 new members have been elected. The number now enrolled is 229. The Treasurer's statement shows an income of £251 1s. 5d. and an expenditure of £235 17s. 7d., being a balance of income over expenditure of £16 3s. 10d.



TREASURER'S STATEMENT, 1900-1901.

CHARLES W. SUTTON, *Treasurer, in Account with the Manchester Literary Club.*

Dr. Cr.

INCOME.	EXPENDITURE.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
o Balance from 1899-1900 .. 28 18 11	By Administration—
o Subscriptions received :	Rent ..... £20 0 0
Ordinary members :	Postages, Parcels,
2 for 1898-9 .. 2 2 0	and Sundries ... 15 6 6
16 for 1899-00 .. 16 15 0	Printing and
170 for 1900-01 .. 178 10 0	Stationery .... 24 9 0
o Corresponding Members :	(Including Albums for
1 for 1896-7 .. 0 10 6	Portraits presented
1 for 1897-8 .. 0 10 6	to the President, and
1 for 1898-9 .. 0 10 6	printing for the Con-
1 for 1899-0 .. 0 10 6	versazioni, Excurs-
9 for 1900-1 .. 4 14 6	sions, and Christmas
18 Entrance fees 18 18 0	Supper).
223 2 6	Advertising ..... 2 18 6
	62 14 0
	By Publications—
	Annual Volume 110 0 0
	Editor's Fee.... 15 0 0
	Reprints (supplied
	in 1898) ..... 2 15 0
	127 15 0
	By expenses of Con-
	versazioni, Musical
	Evenings, Christ-
	mas Supper :
	Refreshments.... 7 15 0
	Hire of Pianos .. 8 1 0
	Collecting and
	hanging pictures 3 7 0
	Disbursements by
	conductors of
	singing parties, &c. 4 17 6
	Christmas Supper,
	hire of costumes 4 0 0
	28 0 6
	By other expenses—
	Excursions..... 1 16 0
	Books (Murray's
	Oxford Dictionary) 0 12 6
	Insurance ..... 0 17 6
	Bank Interest and
	Commission (4
	years) ..... 14 2 1
	17 8 1
	By Balance..... 16 3 10
£252 1 5	£252 1 5

We have seen and examined the Vouchers for the above, and found them duly in order, and certify the accounts to be correct.

H. TINSLEY PRATT.  
J. H. BROCKLEHURST.



# Proceedings.

## EXCURSION.

### LANCASTER.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900.—The annual excursion of the members of the Manchester Literary Club was taken on this day. "Time-honoured Lancaster" was the spot chosen for the visit, and a goodly number of the members and their lady friends were attracted by the fascinations of the programme. The party was met at Lancaster by the Mayor (Alderman Preston), the Town Clerk (Mr. T. Cann Hughes, a member of the Club), the chief-Constable, and other gentlemen, and conducted to the Church of St. Mary, where Mr. Locker, the senior curate, and the sacristan described the ancient building, and communicated many details of antiquarian and historic interest connected therewith. Some regret was expressed that the Castle was not available for visiting, owing to the Assizes then being held there, but its impressive towers and bastions were viewed with due awe from several exterior points of vantage.

After dinner at the King's Arms Hotel, Mr. J. F. L. Crosland, who presided, expressed the deep regret of the members that Mr. George Milner, their president, was unable to be with them on that occasion because of the serious accident which had befallen him in Ireland. It was the first time for many years that he had been absent on those little jaunts, and it was earnestly to be hoped that it would be the last for many years to come. The Mayor and Town Clerk were warmly thanked for the attention they had given to the party, and the Mayor replied in a few hearty and suitable words. Carriages were then taken, and the party, still accompanied by the chief officials of the Council, drove for several miles up the lovely valley of the Lune, passing Hornby Castle, which presents a striking view

to the traveller by road to Malling, from whence the return journey was made through delightful country lanes, with hedges ablaze with the white and red of the wild rose of Lancaster, or overshadowed with the green gloom of grand old trees. An excellent tea at the King's Arms Hotel was much appreciated, and afterwards, at the invitation of the Mayor, the party adjourned to the Town Hall, where the town charters, the mace, and other insignia were displayed. This was perhaps the most educational, and certainly not the least interesting, item of an attractive and pleasant programme.

The day was lovely throughout, and the return journey in the cool of the evening, and amid a cross-fire of gossip and chatter, was a fitting conclusion to one of the most enjoyable trips the Club has ever known.

## OPENING CONVERSAZIONE.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1900.—The Thirty-ninth Annual Session of the Club was opened by a *Conversazione* at the Grand Hotel, held on this evening. The Club's rooms were crowded with members and their friends. The reappearance of Mr. George Milner, the President, after his regrettable accident gave additional interest to the occasion. Opportunity was taken during the evening to present to Mr. Milner the album containing an address and 120 signed photographic portraits of his fellow-members of the Club, which was prepared in March last, in commemoration of the completion of his twenty years' presidency of the Club, and the attainment of the age of three-score years and ten. The musical and literary programme was provided by Miss Lily Greenwood, Miss Mavis Clifford, Messrs. B. A. Redfern, Thomas Newbigging, George Minty, Wentworth Minty, Herbert Yates, Harrison Hill, and Ryder Boys. Mr. Redfern's contribution was descriptive of a symposium of the Club in the seventies, whilst Mr. Newbigging gave some reminiscences of Mr. Joseph Chatwood, the first president of the Club. There was an interesting exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and photographs by Messrs. Reginald Barber, John Cassidy, Henry Gannon, George Higenbottom, Noel Johnson, E. E. Minton, Albert Nicholson, and Maxwell Reekie, in addition to two recent water-colours by Mr. Milner, and also some by Mr. Freemantle, contributed by Mr. Thomas Kay. The following Sonnet of Welcome, written by Mr. Milner, and sung by Mr. Wentworth Minty to music composed by Mr. N. P. Thamsen, was printed on the programme:

Come once again and fill the wonted room  
 With friendly faces and with Beauty's smile,  
 Let cheerful music all sad fears beguile,  
 And native humour drive away our gloom;  
 For still behind us evil shadows loom—  
 Famine and Slaughter and avenging War  
 Red-handed, and we hear from lands afar  
 The wail of hunger, and the canon's boom.

Now to these thoughts a truce; bid public care  
 And private sorrow pack and haste away,  
 Of either, each, perchance, has had his share,  
 But joys await ill-fortune cannot reach,  
 And fires of wit and phantasies of speech  
 Shall turn black winter nights to radiant day.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER said that the peculiar circumstances under which their President occupied his accustomed place on the present occasion prompted him to say a few words. They had all been made painfully aware of the serious mischance which had befallen Mr. Milner since last they met together in that way. He would not dwell upon the untoward event, but some reference seemed unavoidable. Of such reverses John Henry Newman said :

When mirth is full and free  
 Some sudden gloom shall be.

Such a gloom fell suddenly and unexpectedly upon their President, and as a consequence upon themselves. Happily, the shadow had passed away, and though they were there that night to express sympathy and regret for suffering undergone, they were able to blend with those feelings a sense of extreme satisfaction and joy. Their President had borne his sufferings with a brave and cheerful heart, and had set them all an example of the exercise of calm and unshaken courage in the face of calamitous circumstance. He had come back to them bringing with him proofs not only of unimpaired vitality of mind, but of the development of faculties, especially in the artistic line, hitherto unexercised. It was a favourite quotation with the President that "We live by admiration, love, and hope." That is perfectly true of natures the most nobly endowed, but if it be true also, as it may be, that the exercise of these qualities towards another may have a sustaining effect upon the object of our regard, then the elements of enduring existence will not be wanting for their President. He had their admiration, and he had their love, and there was not one of them who did not cherish the hope that his days might be long in their midst, and that no further mischance might occur to disturb their continuous tranquility.



Mr. MILNER, after referring to the warmth of his reception, and the kindness which had been shown to him by many friends, and especially by members of that Club during his illness, proceeded to give his presidential address. He said at the opening of a Session it was as well to ask themselves what the Club had done, and what it proposed to do. There was, he thought, abundant evidence that Manchester was pressing forward in all directions in the matter of education. There were also signs of a gradual elevation in the public taste. Books of a higher class, he believed, were being read more than formerly, and the interest deepened as to things appertaining to the mind. In this movement the Club took its share. Year by year it called its members together for the study of literature in all its forms and manifestations; the literature of our own and other countries, and it did this upon no narrow basis. Catholicity of choice had always been a distinguishing feature in the Club's proceedings. It had also done good work in the same direction by the quarterly publication for nineteen years of a journal more purely literary perhaps than any other in the country. They believed that the maintenance of the literary side of education was all-important. The accumulation of facts was not in itself education. For the enlargement of the mind, for the increase and strengthening of its powers, and for the making it in Newman's phrase, "apprehensive and discriminant," a wider and nobler training was necessary; and this could only be got by continued contact, through the channels of literature, with the deepest and highest thought of all the great minds, which had appeared among us since the beginning of human history. There could be no doubt that when wide and liberal study of literature was added to technical and scientific training, the result was an intellect of greater power and of ampler scope than could possibly be developed if the literary side of education was neglected.

Mr. B. A. REDFERN contributed to the programme the following humorous verses:

A CLUB SYMPOSIUM IN THE "SEVENTIES."

In those "the good old times"—Consule Planco—  
 The Club's bright days, for then we had no knight;  
 Of course, we'd Dons, but most of us played Sancho,  
 And p'r'aps, all things considered, we were right.

We ofttimes "flitted" then—don't ask me why—  
 From inn to inn, and once on entering one  
 In search of friends, fair Hebe made reply,  
 "The Littery Club, sir? No, thank Heaven! they've gone."

Thus, vagrant-like, we wander'd o'er the town,  
 "Seeking a sign" 'neath which we might find rest;  
 We'd tried the "Mitre," dar'd we take the "Crown"?  
 And, ever in good spirits, sought the best.

Don't ask, then, where it happen'd, that don't matter;  
 But ask me when, and then I'll say December  
 Of seventy-five or six—let's choose the latter—  
 And now suppose you're there, a silent member.

Now glance around; observe our braves of old,  
 Our Nestor Charles, our Ajax Morgan B.,  
 Achilles Nodal, and Ulysses bold—  
 He's here to-night, thank God! still here, to see.

That's Hector Howorth, with Agamemnon Page  
 (But here my Greek analogies won't work);  
 And here's our lov'd O'Connor, priest and sage,  
 Talking to what he needs—a well-filled Kirk.

Lo! here we've got the Baileys, New and Old,  
 And there's a Bealey in that corner chair;  
 That youth's O'Neill, a spirit strong and bold,  
 And that's a Peel Park Plant, with Sutton sitting there.

A paper's read, 'tis short, discussion's shorter,  
 Most short the writer's temper when 'tis o'er;  
 His critics, he avows, deserve no quarter,  
 And with them, if allowed, he'll wipe the floor.

The critics rise, but quick the hammer falls,  
 The business ends, and now the evening's free  
 For recreation, and the Chairman calls  
 On one nam'd Frank to start the minstrelsy.

Of England's grand roast beef brave Hollins sings,  
 And Axon joins the chorus, as is meet;  
 While Samelson and Newton wish they'd wings  
 That so with easy grace they might retreat.

And now is Milner's far-fam'd top note heard  
 In praise of well-filled mead cups, ever bright;  
 And Charlie Hadfield tells some tale absurd  
 Of Irish patriots lick'd in Limerick fight.

And then "Bab" Dawson to Gilbertian lays  
 Gives point, and adds a humour all his own;  
 Or John, the gentle, talks of well-spent days  
 On moor or strand, in glens or forests lone.

And next, while soft emotion stirs each face,  
 Our Edwin croons his "Mary," sweet and low;  
 Or Charlie Potter wails, with native grace,  
 The song of fair Gleniffer's tale of woe.

And now comes Rowley, whose pathetic cry  
 Of how his sweetheart sold him, makes us weep ;  
 Or Lawson's mighty voice, for once pitch'd high,  
 Awakes John Evans from his well-earn'd sleep.

Next, Lockhart takes the floor with "Uncle John,"  
 And Waugh's loud laughter shakes the inn's best room ;  
 Or Ab o' th' Yate his song weaves on and on,  
 And seems the man he sings of, at his loom.

Then one who was, but couldn't look teetotal,  
 Joe Cooper hight, a right down Temperance Jingo,  
 Whose muse and speech alike were anecdotal,  
 Sang his own song in praise of "Good Old Stingo."

Or Stelfox sings how he's for "Free Opinion,"  
 But, orthodox himself, he'd have each cuss  
 Inclined to be Agnostic or Darwinian  
 Hung, drawn, and served up neatly "a la Russe."

Next Alister MacHindshaw takes his "fling"—  
 A Highland one, perfervid, special Scotch,  
 Till Newbigging takes fire, and fain would sing,  
 But Nodal shakes his mane, and shows his watch.

And last 'twas our delight that brilliant eve  
 To join in Percy's Nocturne, praising theft ;  
 Here Greengorse said he'd sing, with their kind leave—  
 They gave him leave—and took it, for they left.

Such were our revels. Those our simple joys  
 When at our ease we talk'd and laugh'd and sung,  
 When all, whate'er their age, behav'd like boys,  
 In those brave days, when this old Club was young.

MR. THOMAS NEWBIGGING read some reminiscences of the Club's first President :

#### REMINISCENCES OF JOSEPH CHATTWOOD.

Mr. Joseph Chattwood was the first president of the Manchester Literary Club, founded in the year 1862. Probably he was its actual originator. My first introduction to the Club, not as a member, but as a visitor, was in 1864. Its meetings at that time were held in the old Clarence Hotel, which occupied a portion of the site of the present General Post-office. I did not then reside in Manchester, but some twenty miles away, and I made occasional visits to the Club meetings down to the year of my election as a member in 1868. It was a privilege and an honour to attend meetings of the Club in those days, just as it is in these.

Mr. Chattwood had a dignified presence, and was able to fill a chair as but few men could. He was a man of resource in emergencies, and was blest with a full share of self-confidence. As president he had a fine high-and-mighty air, with a patronising manner, especially towards literary aspirants, and was able to make a good speech, but his abilities were in the scientific rather than in the

literary direction. If his speeches did not reveal any wide acquaintance with literature, at least they were full of well-rounded periods, and they were always interesting. I am not, of course, attempting to disparage Chattwood in any way, far from it. I had always a great admiration for his abilities and his clever tactfulness as a chairman, but I wish to present a truthful picture of the man. He needed all his tact and his strict disciplinary methods in those early days of the Club, for there was often a strong tendency to drift off into rollicking fun amongst the members, as those who knew the Club in the early sixties will readily believe. When the President did give the reins to the coursers and the fun became fast and furious, as was not infrequently the case, Chattwood would throw off his frigid parental manner, and was one of the wildest spirits of the hour.

Chattwood could not be considered a literary man, even as an amateur, but he prided himself on being the *fidus achates* of those who were. Towards Waugh, for example, he acted as a very *Mæcenas*, and, imitating the example of the great Latin patron, would have established the later poet on his paternal acres if he had had the means. As a matter of fact he did actually instal Waugh in a farmhouse away in a lonely nook amongst the hills above "Th' Arks o' Dearden," close to Rooley Moor, on the Rossendale border, and kept him there for many weeks, out of the reach of temptation, as he said, writing his Lancashire songs and stories; whilst he and other friends made a weekly pilgrimage to the Sabine farm of the Lancashire Horace, carrying with them such dainties in the way of food and drink as could not be obtained on the lonely hillside. It was a thoughtful and kindly thing to do.

Chattwood eventually became suspicious that Waugh was not holding himself the hermit he professed. So on the next Saturday's visit they looked in at the well-known hostelry at the head of the valley leading from Stubbins towards "Th' Ark o' Dearden." Calling for some refreshment, Chattwood inquired of the landlady whether a chap of the name of Waugh—Edwin Waugh—ever paid them a visit. "Waugh," she repeated, "Waugh, no; we han no callers o' that name as aw know on; but dun yo mean that felly as ma'es poetry and lives up o' th' moor at Fo' Edge yonder? Why, he comes here welly every neet. Th' bar-parlour'll scasely howd him an' his pals. An' sich marloching there is among 'em, aw never seed like." So the cat was out of the bag. However that may be, I was assured by Edmundson of Bury, who was one of the privileged week-end visitors, that Waugh wrote some of his best pieces both in prose and verse during his supposed exile away on the wide moors.

But I knew Mr. Chattwood long before that time, namely, when I was a youth serving my apprenticeship as an engineer at Bury, and I wish to relate an incident in his career which might otherwise be forgotten. My first recollection of him was in the year 1849. I was a member of the Bury Mechanics' Institution, situated in what was called "The Wyld," one of the best and most useful institutions of the kind in the country in those days. There was quite a galaxy of talented and even brilliant young fellows in Bury at that time. These were all connected with the institution, either as ordinary members or as teachers of the evening classes. Chattwood was one of these, and I may put on record the names of a few others. There was Tom Baldwin, noted as a mathematician; Will Hartley, as an algebraist; Edmund Simpkin (still living), unequalled as a mechanical draughtsman; Joseph Pomfret, the able secretary of the institution, and teacher of the freehand drawing class; Downham, a

well-remembered printer in the town; and last, but by no means least, the Rev. Franklin Howarth, who conducted an English Literature class, and gathered round him a number of devoted students, who listened entranced to his disquisitions on Chaucer and the other early English poets, pointing out the large number of existing dialect words that are to be found in their writings. Mr. Howarth left his impress on the mind and on the career of every young man who came under his influence. Chattwood, as I have said, was one of these brilliant young Bury men. If not the most gifted, he was probably about the most capable all-round man of the lot.

In the year 1849, a series of three lectures on astronomical subjects was announced to be delivered in the large room of the institution by a lecturer under the pseudonym of "Parallax." Science lectures were better appreciated in those days than they are now. The large room of the institution was filled to overflowing nightly. "Parallax" in his lectures endeavoured to prove that the earth was not a globe as was generally believed, but was simply a disc, and as flat as a pancake. He had a difficult subject to handle, as may well be supposed, but he was so thoroughly master of it, and was able to account for the eclipses, both of the sun and the moon, for the movements of the other heavenly bodies, for the rise and fall of the tides, for the disappearance, first, of the hull of a vessel at sea, and then, gradually, the sails, with all the other supposed proofs of the earth's rotundity, and his arguments and illustrations were so ingenious that it was no easy matter to confute him. He had a number of movable diagrams of his own construction, and altogether he was so cogent and convincing that, except to those well versed in astronomy, he could almost delude his hearers into accepting his theories. I don't for a moment believe that he was in earnest in his absurd doctrines. He was too good an astronomer for that, but he certainly lectured as though he was, and it was his way of making a livelihood.

At the conclusion of the third evening's lecture, the audience was allowed the opportunity of replying to and refuting the lecturer's arguments if they were able and cared to do so. Chattwood, who was well versed in astronomical science, undertook that duty, and in a masterly speech, as I well recollect, showed the utter fallacy of the theories that had been put forth by the lecturer. "Parallax" returned to the charge, combating his opponent's arguments, and by means of his diagrams proving that all the phenomena adduced by Chattwood were easily explainable on the hypothesis that the earth was as flat as a penny-piece. The discussion, I well remember, lasted till midnight, with a wonderful display of erudition on the part of the rival disputants, and, as a climax, Chattwood challenged "Parallax" to an actual practical demonstration. It was proposed that a series of posts of precisely equal length, with a ring on the apex of each, and placed at intervals for a distance of one and a half or two miles, should be set up along the sea-shore, when, as Chattwood argued, a spectator stationed at the first post of the series and directing his eye along the line of the rings, would not be able, owing to the earth's rotundity, to see through the rings from end to end. The loser was to bear the considerable expense of the trial.

"Parallax" accepted the challenge, and the shore at Blackpool was selected as the testing ground. Chattwood undertook to get the post, made and set up. The greatest interest was taken in the trial, and on the day appointed for finally settling the momentous question, Chattwood, accompanied by quite a number of the young Bury scien-

tific lions roaring after their prey, set out on their expedition. Going to Blackpool in those days was a three hours' journey and not to be lightly undertaken. Blackpool itself was a hum-drum place then, compared to what it is now. They reached Blackpool in due course, expecting to meet "Parallax," but no "Parallax" appeared. He had disappeared and left no intimation of his whereabouts, leaving his rival to bear the whole cost of the experiment that had been instituted. There can be no doubt that Chattwood did good service in successfully exposing the fallacies of this charlatan.

After the lapse of many years, "Parallax" again budded up in Lancashire, though he gave Bury a wide berth, still trying to disseminate his ingenious but ridiculous views. He was, in his best days, unquestionably one of the cleverest characters that ever tried to humbug the British public from a lecturer's platform, and, as in the case of many another such, it was something of a treat to listen to him.

Mr. Chattwood eventually left Bury and took up his abode at Higher Broughton, Manchester. Here he won distinction as an architect and valuer, his services being much in request at arbitrations. He had a fine portly presence and good address, and the wide-brimmed hat which he affected in his later days added to his patriarchal appearance, though he was by no means an old man when he died in 1875.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1900.—The first ordinary business meeting of the Session. Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, occupied the chair. The Manchester Statistical Society presented a copy of their "Transactions" for 1899.

Mr. C. H. BELLAMY, of Tourcoing, France, sent the following short paper, which was read by Mr. J. H. Brocklehurst :

#### THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL LIBRARIES OF MUNICH AND VIENNA.

I fancy that every possessor of a few books (which he modestly designates a library) must always enjoy the pleasure of viewing larger collections, for there is a strange fascination in books, even if looked at through the barred doors of some old monastic library, or the glass-panelled book-cases found in some of the libraries of modern halls, or even in looking at them in a bookseller's shop with an empty purse in one's pocket. So it seems only natural to regard the libraries of Continental cities as one of their attractions, and thus to make as much a point of visiting them as of the picture galleries and other show places. So the renowned treasures of the grand libraries of Munich and Vienna naturally claimed my willing and gratified attention during a recent visit to those cities.

The Royal Library of Munich is housed in a sumptuous building; indeed, it is a model library structure. The exterior, whilst scarcely beautiful, is a very pleasing example of the Florentine style. The steps at the entrance are adorned with four colossal seated figures representing Aristotle, Hippocrates, Homer, and Thucydides, and on entering we ascend a magnificent staircase with broad marble flights of steps, whilst above on either side is a gallery, borne by sixteen marble columns, and on the walls are medallion portraits of celebrated poets and scholars. There is an air of great vastness about this entrance, as if space were of no account, and the whole building

is on a lavish scale, as rightly befits the largest collection of books in Germany. Indeed, it is one of the most extensive in Europe, comprising upwards of 1,300,000 volumes and 30,000 MSS. This library has had a lengthy existence, as it was founded so long ago as 1550-79 by Duke Albrecht V. of Bavaria, who, besides making numerous judicious purchases from Italy, incorporated the libraries of the Nuremberg physician and historian Schedel, of Widmannstadt, and of Johan Jacob Fugger, the founder of the Fuggerei at Augsburg. The present building was erected in 1832-42 under King Louis I. The rooms and galleries for the storage of books seem well nigh endless, and yet such are the spacious lines on which it is constructed that, as the librarian pointed out, these could easily be duplicated without unduly crowding the building. The library is especially valuable for its theological and Biblical literature, every language being well represented, and the collection of Bibles being most extensive. But it was specially gratifying to find that it is kept well abreast of current English literature, all the latest books of history, geography, travel, science, and general literature being there. Amongst other sections I found a very fair collection of geographical works, including the transactions of most of the European and American geographical societies, and those of the Royal Geographical Society of England. There was also a complete collection of the works of the Hakluyt Society, and I rather astonished the librarian by pointing out in several of the volumes the name of a member of the Manchester Literary Club. The library has three catalogues—(1) a general alphabetical catalogue; (2) an alphabetical repertorium of each of the 195 sub-divisions of the library; (3) biographical and other subject catalogues. The catalogue of the MSS. is in eight volumes. The library is only open a few hours a day, which seems to be a great mistake, seeing its great value, and that between two and three thousand pounds are annually spent on books and binding.

The National Archives of Bavaria are bestowed on the ground floor, and contain about half a million parchment documents, and include an interesting collection of medals and impressions of the seals of German emperors, princes, and noblemen.

But the gems of the library, and its most interesting rarities, are exhibited in the room called the Fürsten-Saal. Here are incunabula, old missals, breviaries, and many precious MSS., many of them being derived from the libraries of the monasteries closed in 1803. The Oriental MSS. are numerous and valuable, and include the library of Martin Haug. Among them are several Arabic specimens remarkable for their splendour and beautiful writing. Among the more modern MSS. I saw a beautiful copy of Petrarch, with graceful marginal drawings, and a MS. collection of Calderon, the value of which is greatly enhanced by a final note in the author's own handwriting. One of the oldest is the Breviarium Alarici, an extract from the Code of Theodosius the Great, made in Spain by order of Alaric, King of the Visigoths, 484-506.

Amongst old bindings I was specially interested in the collection of specimens from the eleventh to the seventeenth century, and with a series of ivory covers illustrating the development of ivory carving from the Roman period to the end of the sixteenth century. One binding is especially noteworthy; it is the "Codex Aureus," written in gold uncial letters in 870 by order of the Emperor Charles the Bald, the cover being a plate of embossed gold, with jewels and pearls. Prayer books, missals, calendars, breviaries, gospels,

“Were thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa.”

some with marginal drawings by Albert Dürer, miniatures by Memling, and miniature paintings by Hans Meielich.

But perhaps the most interesting portions of the collection were the typographical specimens in illustration of the history of printing. There were some block-books of the fifteenth century, and some of the earliest printed books, including the Mazarin Bible, printed by Gutenberg and Fust, at Mayence in 1455; Dürer's *Passion* of 1511 the first edition of Holbein's "Dance of Death"; Sandro Botticelli's engravings, dated Florence, 1481; the first editions of Columbus' and Amerigo Vespucci's letters on the New World, and many others, to say nothing of an extensive collection of valuable autograph letters, especially of German notabilities.

I cannot close my notes of this library without acknowledging the exceeding courtesy which was shown me on the occasion of my visit, and the great anxiety evinced that I should see all its wonderful treasures.

From Munich to Vienna is only an eight or nine hours' railway ride, and the two cities present many points of resemblance. Fine, wide streets, with imposing public buildings, are common to both, although perhaps Vienna, as befits the capital of an empire, possesses the finer. But this is not true, however, in respect of its Imperial Library, for its exterior is nothing like so imposing as the Royal Library at Munich. It is situated in that part of the city called the Hofburg, the residence of the Austrian princes. Here are the Imperial palaces, gardens, and statues, the Government offices, barracks, etc.

The Library was erected in 1722, and occupies one side of a large square—the Josephs Platz. Like the Munich library, its foundation is much older than its present tenement, for it was apparently founded by the Emperor Frederick III. in 1440, although its illustrious librarian, Lambecius, in the well-known inscription over the entrance, which summarises its history, attributes this honour to Frederick's son, Maximilian. However this may be, the munificence of succeeding emperors greatly added to the wealth of the collection, including a not inconsiderable portion of the dispersed library of Corvinus. Although it is the largest library in Austria, it is not the oldest, that distinction belonging to the library of the Monastery of St. Peter at Salzburg, which was established by St. Rupert in the sixth century. This must be a wonderful library, for out of its 60,000 volumes, no less than one-third (20,000) are incunabula. I regret that, although I broke my journey from Munich to Vienna for six hours at this pleasantly situated city, one of the most beautifully situated cities that I know of, it was at an hour of the day when it was not possible to inspect these treasures.

But the Imperial Library at Vienna possesses some 400,000 volumes and 20,000 MSS., including valuable Oriental documents collected by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, and 12,000 volumes of music. But then it must be borne in mind that since 1808 this library has been entitled to a similar privilege to that of the British Museum, the right of a copy of all books published in the empire, and that a sum of 26,250 florins (nearly £2,000) is annually spent in the purchase of books.

The main library apartment is one of the most splendid halls in Europe, measuring 255 feet by 54 feet. In the centre of this richly-



decorated hall are statues of Charles VI. and other princes of the House of Hapsburg. The imposing dome is embellished with frescoes by Daniel Gran.

Among the 6,800 incunabula are a Psalter of 1457 by Schoffer and Fust, and the oldest edition of the "Biblia pauperum" of 1430. The chief treasures of the library are exhibited in eight glass cases. Amongst these are some Greek and Latin MSS., one of the former being fragments of the Book of Genesis, of the fifth century. There are some noteworthy German MSS., and amongst other languages Tasso's "Gerusalemme Conquistata," written by the poet's own hand. There is also connected with this library a collection of about 300,000 engravings and woodcuts, embracing artists from the earliest period to the present time. The collection of portraits comprises 34,000 plates.

I was interested to find that a device which I once employed in order to hide a closet door in a room by sinking shelves of books in it, and letting it open on a small roller, and which I innocently thought was original, had been anticipated here; and that the long line of books was pierced by a number of doors of books, leading into smaller rooms, all well filled with volumes.

Much more might be said about this wonderful library. But the noble hall is in a quiet mood, we are the sole occupants, and as we recall the gentle Elia's meditations in the Bodleian, "What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state"—we take our leave, recalling the unknown poet's lines:

Tread softly here, as ye would tread  
In presence of the honoured dead,  
With reverent step and low-bowed head.

Speak low, as low as ye would speak  
Before some saint of grandeur meek,  
Whose favour ye would humbly seek.

Within these walls the very air  
Seems weighted with a fragrance rare,  
Like incense burned at evening prayer.

Here may we sit and converse hold  
With those whose names in ages old  
Were in the book of fame enrolled.

Enough! Mere words can never tell  
The influence of the grateful spell  
Which seems among these books to dwell.

Mr. MARK BAILEY contributed some verses on the death of Mr. R. M. ROSS, a greatly-respected member of the Club, which were read by Mr. J. F. L. CROSLAND.

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD read two original sonnets, suggested by the regrettable accident to Mr. George Milner.

Mr. THOMAS NEWBIGGING read the principal paper on "Lancashire Humour." During the discussion that followed, in

which the President and Messrs. Guppy and Mellor took part, the latter gave some further specimens of local humour, telling the stories in a most entertaining manner.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1900.—Mr. C. W. SUTTON, Vice-President, occupied the chair.

Mr. OSCAR S. HALL read a short paper entitled "The Nomenclature of the Power Loom."

Mr. JAMES BRIERLEY read some humorous verses entitled "Milner's Bards; or, The Uncreative Critters."

The Rev. A. W. FOX read the principal paper, descriptive of the life and humour of an old Lancashire village.

An interesting conversation followed, in which Messrs. Sutton, Kay, Newbigging, Chrystal, Gleave and Redfern took part.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1900.—The chair was taken by Mr. JOHN MORTIMER, Vice-President.

Mr. NATHANIEL DUMVILLE read a paper on the "Music of Reginald Spofforth," which was musically illustrated by a glee party consisting of Messrs. J. N. Stokes, T. Simpson, Ditchburn, Holden, W. H. Cradock, and the reader of the paper, with Mr. W. D. Booth as pianist. Reginald Spofforth, born in Southwell in 1770, was the composer of many popular glees, the best known of which is "Hail! Smiling Morn." Of a retiring and unobtrusive nature, there are but scanty materials for a detailed memoir. As an organist, pianist, and conductor he filled various posts, and also taught. He was a member of, among other societies, the Madrigal Society, founded in 1741 and still in existence. He first attracted notice as a glee writer in 1793, when he gained two prizes offered by the Nobleman's Catch Club with his glees "Where are those hours?" and "See, smiling from the rosy east." He died on September 8, 1827, and was buried at Kensington Church.

On the motion of Alderman Gibson, seconded by Mr. John Wilcock, and supported by Alderman Mandley and Mr. Edward Ireland, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the singers for their services.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1900.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER was in the chair.

Mr. A. BENNIE contributed some humorous lines written on the programme during the performance at an Halle Concert.

Mr. H. E. CAMPBELL read a short and breezy communication entitled "A Moorland Walk," dealing with the healthy and inspiring solitudes of a hill country near Manchester.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND contributed the following imitations of FitzGerald's quatrains of "Omar Khayyam," playfully quipping the Club and some of its members. The numbers refer to the quatrain of the original which the writer has attempted to imitate.

## HOMER CAYENNITIES.

19

I sometimes think that never smile so sweet  
Heaven's angels, as the joyous men who meet  
On Mondays, in this smoke-tormented room,  
To quaff and chaff and get upon their feet.

48

We measure time by twinklings of a star,  
How brief the seconds and the Minutes are!  
Yet in that tiny span, that minute's breath,  
May come some happy jest, and travel far.

71

They say our wisdom and our folly's writ  
At large by Him who silently doth sit;  
Nor may our tears, nor all the whisky shed,  
Blot from the page a single line of it.

12

Some rose-leaf roll'd, some kindly djin, I vow,  
Some well-writ screed, droned soft and low, and thou  
Seated beside me, drawing quaint conceits,  
For one rare Soul is happiness enow.

21

What do we here? Whence come we? Whither go?  
Answer me that! and do not drink so slow;  
Drink while you may in peace. To-morrow we  
May be with yester year's long-melted snow.

32

I struck a bell, and after years there came  
A black and villain sprite—Kellner, his name—  
To him I spoke in flaming words, and yet,  
I wait that waiting waiter just the same.

87

Seeing an open door, I potted through,  
And Pots in quaint disorder met my view;  
"You're big and empty Pots!" I said. And then,  
"We're cracked," they cheerful chirped, "the same as you!"

28

Man is the great creator, and we know  
 From out his brain doth well a ceaseless flow  
 Of Things Creative. Still, methinks, at times  
 The stream runs thin, and most exceeding slow.

13

Some dream they're Poets, some Deep Thinkers, some  
 Sigh for the Blarney Gift that will not come.  
 Ah! take the fun and let ambition go;  
 More sweet sounds Laughter than fame's noisy drum.

18

Of Milner's words no man could wish surcease,  
 But there be those whose end is glad release;  
 And Fox—that mighty smiler—o'er his head  
 We'll throw a Halo—when he holds his peace.

8

Whether in city street or Pleasaunce fair,  
 A loved and gentle spirit wanders there;  
 And every flower its dainty head uplifts,  
 As when an Angel passes unaware.

5

Ned Waugh, indeed, is gone, with all his quips;  
 No more the Lanky yelps from owd Ab's lips;  
 But Thomas keeps the tree o' dialect wick,  
 And many a gradely chestnut from it strips.

22

Ah me! how oft the noblest and the best,  
 Whose smiles we've greeted and whose hands we've pressed,  
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,  
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

101

And if, when my poor meed of nights be full,  
 Comes o'er your festive board a moment's lull,  
 Think joyously of me, and, by the place  
 Where I made One, turn down an empty skull.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER drew attention to the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Chaucer which had been held in London on October 25, and mentioned that a fine drawing of the memorial window placed in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and unveiled on the occasion, had appeared in the *London Daily Chronicle*. The artist was Mr. Hedley Fitton, a former member of the Club. He suggested that the Club should hold a Chaucer Night during the next half-session.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER read a short paper on "Robert Langton: In Memoriam."

Mr. EDMUND MERCER read a short paper on "Maurice Maeterlinck." In illustration of the paper Mr. Ryder Boys read Maeterlinck's play "The Sightless." An interesting discussion followed, in which Messrs. Milner, Butterworth, Mellor, and Boys took part.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1900.—The chair was taken by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

RUSKIN NIGHT.

Mr. J. E. PHYTHIAN opened the proceedings with a paper on "John Ruskin: Some Letters and a Personal Reminiscence." The letters included some sent to the first secretary of the Manchester Ruskin Society, dating from 1869 to 1882. From a letter sent to Mr. Phythian over twenty years ago, the following was quoted: "Be anything rather than a lawyer or a clergyman; but if you must join either one or other of those two bodies, join the lawyers as you would Robin Hood's merry men, and the clergy as you would a company of bare-footed friars. With this difference, that the Banditti of the Temple are so much worse than the Banditti of the Wood, in that they pretend to do justice, but do, in fact, supersede and prevent justice; and that the Beggars of an Establishment are so much worse than the Beggars of the Wallet in that they pretend to the humility of Christ's servants and are at heart the proudest of the proud. Get your living by direct labour of some kind, and then preach and do justice, gratis, as you will and where you can."

Mr. JOHN WILCOCK followed with a short paper on "Ruskinian Economics."

Mr. W. NOEL JOHNSON contributed a paper on "A Pilgrimage to the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston," in which he embodied some thoughts of Ruskin as an artist, and his teaching and influence. That Ruskin could paint pictures everyone would see in the exhibition, but his object was not that of making pictures in line or colour; his purpose and the bent of his genius rather led him from it than to it. The mental process in picture making is synthetic—it is concrete and cohesive; Ruskin's mind and work were analytic, a separating for clearer examination.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER read some notes on Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing."

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND read a number of letters from Ruskin received by Mr. Frederic Shields, chiefly addressed to him when an art student in Manchester, and not only warmly encouraging

him to persevere in the calling he had adopted, but exhibiting strong proof of the generous interest in the welfare and success of others taken by the great art critic.

The discussion which followed the reading of the papers was joined in by Mr. Milner, Sir William Bailey, and Mr. Walter Butterworth.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1900.—Mr. JOHN MORTIMER, Vice-President, took the chair.

Mr. LAURENCE CLAY read a paper entitled "The Telling of Silas Told."

YORKSHIRE HUMOUR.

Mr. J. E. CRAVEN read the principal paper on the "Humours of the Yorkshire Borderland." He submitted that the sense of humour varied in each person, that it abounded more in some districts than in others, and that humour often reflected the commercial and social character of the district and the prevailing pursuits of the people. He thought that the solitary glens amidst the hills of the Yorkshire Borderland were very suitable places to look for lingering traces of early habits, customs, and ancestors of the people. That railways, newspapers, and intercommunication had largely destroyed individual quaintness and characteristics. Instead of the old hand wool-combing and hand loom weaving which were formerly largely carried on, on the hills and in the villages of the Yorkshire border, we have now steam wool-combing and power loom weaving, which have brought people more together, altered their habits, and worn off many individual peculiarities. He claimed for the border men that they were fond of humour and keenly appreciated a joke. He gave many stories and incidents to illustrate this. He submitted that humour was like an anti-septic dressing, helping to prevent further mischief and to heal the old wound; that the sense of humour was growing; that whereas in old times long-faced Puritan parsons enjoined occasional cheerfulness, the desire now was to have Christians merry all along their pilgrimage. The paper was written in a style suitable to the subject, and abounded with playful and amusing incidents of Todmorden and the neighbouring Borderland.

An interesting discussion followed, which was joined in by Messrs. Gordon, Fox, Stansfield, and Mortimer.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1900.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

The Rev. A. W. FOX read a short paper on "John Clive-land":

## JOHN CLIEVELAND.

Of all the Royalist poets during the Civil War two stand out conspicuous both from the pungency of their satire and the coarseness of their language. If tradition is to be accepted, Alexander Brome and John Clieveland between them wrote the bulk of the Rump Ballads, of which the most that can fairly be said is that the poems rise to the level of the title of the collection. The humour of the cavaliers must have been easily satisfied by lines whose chief point consists in many cases in the insistence upon themes connected with the human counterpart of the single word placed above their collected writings. Of Clieveland it may be said that his poems are not all of this calibre, though his wit leads him to the Rabelaisian dunghill. He would seem to have little of that sense of fitness which is one of the salient features of a refined perception of humour; indeed, he was rather a wit than a humourist. But with all his faults he was in his own day infinitely more popular than John Milton, and while the greater poet was starving in neglect, editions of his verses were issued with considerable frequency from the press.

John Clieveland was born at Loughborough in June, 1613, and baptised on the 20th of the same month. Thomas, his father, was usher at Burton's Charity School from 1611 to 1621, while he assisted John Browne the elder, at that time rector of Loughborough. In 1621 he received the rectory of Hinckley, where he lived until 1652, suffering much from the Puritan leaders during the Civil War. His son John was educated under Richard Vynes, a noted Presbyterian divine, until September 4th, 1627, when he entered Christ's College, Cambridge. Here he graduated in 1631, and was made Fellow of St. John's College on March 27th, 1635. He seems to have studied both law and medicine, the former of which served him well in later life. In 1637 Wood tells us that he was incorporated M.A. of Oxford. During his residence in Cambridge he took a strong part in opposition to the election of Oliver Cromwell as Member of Parliament of that borough, and he lost his fellowship, to which Anthony Houlden was appointed.

He thereupon fled to the King at Oxford, and as Judge Advocate he remained at Newark as long as safety permitted. At Norwich he was arrested during November, 1655, and charged with being member of a club founded to promote Royalist principles. By his skill in defence he obtained his liberty, and betook himself to Gray's Inn, where he lived till his death on April 29th, 1658. The Rev. John Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, preached his funeral sermon, in which he credited the deceased with every human virtue, and some besides. Amongst his attached friends was Samuel Butler, who lived to write the most famous satire of Puritan eccentricities. Throughout his short public life Clieveland was a loyal supporter of a weak and discredited King, and few of his poems are more pathetic and moving than his elegy on Charles I. He suffered much for his principles, and the Scots have scarcely yet forgiven his pungent and biting satire known as "The Rebel Scot."

The poetry of Clieveland varies much in merit, as it varies in theme. It is largely of the nature of occasional verse or of contemporary satire; indeed, he is never so happy as when he is wielding the lash and laying on his stripes with right good-will and keen relish. His earliest poems were his love verses, which are something more than sensuous, if not deliberately coarse. In this he differs from Sir John Suckling, whose nice sense of fitness usually saves himself

from the crudities to which Clieveland is liable. In 1677 Obadiah Blagrove brought out what he calls "Clievelandi Vindicicæ; or, Clieveland's Genuine Poems, Orations, Epistles, etc. Purged from the many False and Spurious Ones, Which had usurped his Name, and from the innumerable Errours and Corruptions in the true Copies." This little book, with its long title, was based upon the poet's original manuscripts, and became so popular that a new and greatly enlarged edition came out in 1699. Of the editions before these two it need only be remarked that they were for the most part corrupt and disfigured by the insertion of many inferior poems from other hands.

To return to the love poems: these are distinguished by a fervid and highly sensuous strain, by a love of conceits, and by rhythm for the most part flowing, but here and there halting upon both feet. In "Fuscara, or the Bee Errant," for example, a bee is described as wandering over Fuscara's sleeve in search of nectar. The opening lines well show the poet's manner:

Nature's confectioner the bee  
 (Whose suckets are moist alchemy;  
 The still of his refining mould  
 Minting the garden into gold),  
 Having rifled all the fields  
 Of what dainties Flora yields,  
 Ambitious now to take excise  
 Of a more fragrant Paradise,  
 At my Fuscara's sleeve arrived,  
 Where all delicious sweets are hived.

Herein the conceits are well marked, and for the most part dainty, though artificial. But the last couplet contains an even more remarkable conceit, whose force will be more clearly perceived from the quotation of the preceding lines:

The king of bees now jealous grown,  
 Lest her beams should melt his throne,  
 And finding that his tribute slacks,  
 His burgesses and state of wax  
 Turned to an hospital; the combs  
 Built rank and file, like bedesmen's rooms,  
 And what they bleed but tart and sour,  
 Matched with my Danae's golden shower;  
 Like honey all, the envious elf  
 Stung her, 'cause sweeter than himself.  
 Sweetness and she are so allied,  
 The bee committed parricide.

The last couplet, though perhaps somewhat strained, pays a delicate compliment to the unknown lady, which she must surely have enjoyed as much as that mythical queen, who, in our childhood, always "was in the parlour eating bread and honey."

Similarly, in the "Sense's Festival," Clieveland has put together a very enticing picture of the lady of a dream, which must be read throughout to appreciate its nice turns of quaint imaginings, such as

No rosary this vot'ress needs,  
 Her very syllables are beads.

There is a considerable number of poems of this class, of which the foregoing will serve as examples, though few occasional verses are daintier than the lines "Upon Phyllis walking in a morning before



the sunrise." Like all true lovers' damsels, the fair maid in question compels the reluctant sun to get out of bed too soon, to see who the rival luminary may be. Amongst this division of Clieveland's poems occur such sportive lines as those addressed to "An Herma-phrodite," which begin :

Sir, or madam, choose you whether  
Nature twists you both together,  
And makes thy soul two garbs confess,  
Both petticoat and breeches dress.

No reader can deny the wit of verse of this kind, though its good taste may be open to question. The poet seems to have let the divine muse carry him whither she would, and it must be confessed that sometimes she is something of a gutter-muse.

Doubtless Clieveland won more note by his political satires than by any other of his works. They are bitter and pungent; the poet shrank from nothing to enforce his point. His enemies were everything that was evil and immoral, and the reader cannot help wondering sometimes if the poet knew anything of the real character of those whom he held up to ridicule. In his poem on "The Mixt Assembly," he begins his parable with the expressive words "Flea-bitten Synod," and amongst many other disparaging comparisons he uses these :

Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,  
With an old neck-verse to distinguish either,  
Like their intended Discipline to boot,  
Or whatsoever hath neither head nor foot :  
Such may these striped stuff-hangings seem to be,  
Sacrilege matched with codpiece simony.  
Be sick and dream a little, you may then  
Fancy these linsey-woolsey vestrymen.

Of the foregoing outburst all that need be said is in the confession of Sir Hugh Evans : "These be prave 'orts."

There is much more of the same kind of vilification barking out from Clieveland's satires. But he reaches the excess of his wordy venom in his fierce poem, written in English and Latin equally forcible, and entitled the "Rebel Scot." Here he certainly pays off his sovereign's countrymen Scot and lot with a force and a malice which it would be difficult to exceed. The concluding lines may be quoted, with apologies to Northern susceptibilities, not because they are the most forcible, but to give a taste of their author's satiric quality.

That Indian that heaven did forswear,  
Because he heard some Spaniards were there :  
Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been,  
He would, Erasmus-like, have hung between.  
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce,  
I wrong the devil should I pick their bones ;  
That dish is his, for when the Scots de cease,  
Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles.  
A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,  
Drops into Styx, and turns a Solan Goose.

The injustice of this fierce tirade has long been admitted. Clieveland was a good hater, and not even Juvenal himself could have surpassed the bitter intensity of the poem as a whole and in every part. No one need wonder that the poet is not yet forgiven, though it must be confessed that his lines have force. The ingenious use of the old super-

stition that barnacles turn into Solan geese may be noted in passing. Had Clieveland fallen into Leslie's hands, doubtless he would have received a not unmerited punishment. But the King and his cavaliers would chuckle over his bitter condemnation of their sturdy enemies.

Like many other poets of his day, he imitated Wotton's "You meaner beauties of the night" with little success in his "General Eclipse," as he calls it, written after the Queen had fled to France. But it is not in poems of this kind that Clieveland's excellence must be sought. His elegies have a pathetic ring, though they are disfigured by perpetual conceits. He, too, like Milton, wrote on the death of Edward King, but in how different a manner!

I like not tears in tune, nor do I prize  
 His artificial grief who scans his eyes.  
 Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I  
 Confine them to the Muses' rosary?  
 I am no poet here; my pen's the spout  
 Where the rain-water of mine eyes run out  
 In pity of that name, whose fate we see  
 Thus copied out in grief's hydrography.  
 The Muses are not mermaids, though upon  
 His death the ocean might turn Helicon.  
 The sea's too rough for verse; who rhymes upon 't  
 With Xerxes strives to fetter th' Hellespont.  
 My tears will keep no channel, know no laws  
 To guide their stream, but, like the waves, their cause,  
 Run with disturbance, till they swallow me,  
 As a description of his misery.  
 But can his spacious virtue find a grave  
 Within the imposthumed bubble of a wave?  
 Whose learning, if we found, we must confess  
 The sea but shallow, and him bottomless.  
 Could not the winds to countermand thy death  
 With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?  
 Or some new island in thy rescue peep  
 To heave thy resurrection from the deep;  
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought  
 With no less wonder than thyself was thought?  
 The famous Stagirite (who, in his life,  
 Had nature as familiar as his wife)  
 Bequeathed his widow to survive with thee,  
 Queen-dowager of all philosophy.  
 An ominous legacy, that did portend  
 Thy fate, and predecessor's second end.  
 Some have affirmed that what on earth we find  
 The sea can parallel for shape and kind.  
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee  
 Neptune hath got an University.  
 We'll dive no more for pearls; the hope to see  
 Thy sacred relics of mortality  
 Shall welcome storms, and make the seaman prize  
 His shipwreck now more than his merchandise.  
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb,  
 As to a Royaler Exchange, shall come.  
 What can we now expect? Water and fire,  
 Both elements our ruin do conspire;  
 And that dissolves us, which doth us compound,  
 One Vatican was burned, another drowned.

We of the Gown our libraries must toss  
 To understand the greatness of our loss;  
 Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow  
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.  
 When we have filled the runlets of our eyes,  
 We'll issue 't forth, and vent such elegies,  
 As that our tears shall seem the Irish Seas,  
 We floating islands, living Hebrides.

This poem has been quoted in full to call attention to its contrast with the immortal "Lycidas." Both have an artificial framework, but how infinitely different they are! It is quite obvious that Clieveland enjoyed his mouth-filling and extravagant verses. That they are clever cannot be denied; but that they have any touch of nature in them can scarcely be admitted. His humour seems to have forsaken him in his comparison of his dead friend to a University and to the Vatican, though exaggerations of the kind were common enough in his day. Cowley, in some of his epitaphs, is often inflated; but here is one that is more inflated than Cowley in all his glory. He has his reward. Milton's "Lycidas" survives and will survive in loving hearts, while Clieveland's exalted eulogy forms part of the lumber of the secondhand book-shop.

Our poet could write prose in English and Latin to the full as biting as his keenest satire. His "Character of a London Diurnall" is vigorous, pregnant in allusion, and contains one of the most savage attacks upon Oliver Cromwell ever penned, even in those times of unqualified animosities. The passage is too long to quote; but it will serve a later politician with a useful vocabulary for election purposes. Similarly, his "Character of a Diurnall-Maker" is no less ferocious. He holds up the unhappy wretch to derision, and lashes him with unsparing ridicule. The prose flows along like an angry torrent, with here and there an allusion or a quotation to delay it for a moment. But the object of his satire must surely have writhed beneath its poisoned sting. Clieveland's Latin orations are remarkable for their nervous force, and in the main for their purity of style. His letters, whether controversial or familiar, abound in happy turns of wit, and they must have respectively stung or charmed their recipients.

What, then, is Clieveland's place in our literature? He is a satirist of no mean power, but lacking in measure and in taste. When he is at his best, he is happy in his turns of wit, and biting and incisive in his language. He fails often in that he allows his intensity of feeling to run away with his discretion, and so weakens the effectiveness of more than one of his most pungent satires. As the writer of occasional verse he sometimes reaches a high level of excellence. But here, too, he lacks measure, and he has a tendency to be coarse. Let anyone who denies this compare his account of "Clarinda's Wedding" with the nobler poem of Sir John Suckling, and he will admit at once that Clieveland is far inferior to his fellow-cavalier in nicety of judgment. As a writer of prose our poet is characterised by the defects of his virtues, as in his verse. But in spite of these failings, John Clieveland has left the name of an honest man, a faithful partisan, a true friend, and a mind of no common order. He did his duty as he knew it. He drank his bottle, he sang his song, and made his jest. His memory has almost faded now, and we need not grudge a late tribute to his forgotten ashes.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER contributed a short paper entitled "Concerning Some Selections from Ruskin."

Mr. EDMUND MERCER read the principal paper on "Jean de La Bruyère."

A conversation followed, in which Messrs. Milner, Butterworth, Kay, Redfern, and Mortimer joined.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1900.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER took the chair.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND read a paper on "A Ladies' Mentor of the Last Century," the mentor in question being "The Young Woman's Companion and Instructor in Grammar, Writing, and Arithmetic, Geography, and Drawing," published about 100 years ago by Joseph Aston, 84, Deansgate, Manchester.

Mr. H. GANNON read a translation of an article from the "Kolnische Volkszeitung" of November 10, dealing with the work of the German General Languages Society in the study of dialects.

#### THE SEA NOVEL.

Mr. E. E. MINTON read the principal paper on "The Rise and Development of the Sea Novel." "Robinson Crusoe" as being the first book in which the interest lies in the adventures which might befall a seafaring man, is the beginning of the sea-novel in English literature. This was followed by "Captain Singleton," in which the thoroughness of Defoe's knowledge of nautical affairs is strikingly displayed, though he never went to sea, unlike Smollett, whose own adventures enabled him to add to the telling of a story of enduring literary merit, a personal knowledge of the sea. Between Smollett's "Roderick Random" (1748) and Scott's "Pirate" (1822) there appeared no tale of the sea, and the "Pirate" would be better described as a tale of the Shetlands. In 1824 J. Fenimore Cooper published his first sea-story, "The Pilot," and in 1838, after issuing the famous Leather-stocking series, he returned to the writing of stories of the sea with "Homeward Bound," which was followed by others, but "the Pilot" is usually considered to be the best. The descriptions therein of the wreck of the "Ariel" and of the death of Tom Coffin are highly spoken of by his admirers. Frederick Marryat in 1806 entered the "Imperieuse," commanded by Captain Lord Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald, and on board that ship he had three years of active and daring fighting, while, as the writer who was to give us the most luring of all pictures of the navy at its greatest, he could not possibly have met with a better chief than Dundonald, who remained Marryat's

type of what a British naval officer ought to be. "Frank Mildmay" was the first of his books, and is to some extent autobiographical. Marryat resigned his command in the navy in 1830. The accuracy of the pictures of sea-life given by his stories has never been questioned—at least never challenged on serious grounds. Sailors read them, and always have read them. They are as popular in the American Naval School as they have been among English boys. In Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" the sea-tale is placed in an historical setting. Contemporary with Marryat we find Captain Chamier, who likewise served with distinction at sea, and wrote several successful novels, "Ben Brace," "The Arethusa," and others. Michael Scott, author of "Tom Cringle's Log,"; Richard Dana, whose "Two Years Before the Mast" deserves to be ranked as a classic in sea literature; and James Hannay, author of "Singleton Fontenoy," lead on to Mr. W. Clark Russell, the most voluminous of present-day sea-novelists. No one can read Mr. Clark Russell's stories without admiring his knowledge of the sea and his marvellous word-pictures. But his human interest does not go beyond the officers and the lady passenger; his figures are not living beings whom we get to know and love. His heroes, however rough in character, talk with far too much refinement to be natural. Robert Louis Stevenson is the true romancer of the present generation. He succeeded in awaking delight in adventure for its own sake, just as Defoe did, and he has won the affections of young and old. After him, Rudyard Kipling is the most striking figure. He is equally a realist and a romancer. Few have treated the sea with more sympathy, and from his intimate knowledge of detail and technicalities it might be inferred that he has been trained to the sea. His "Captains Courageous" is a romance of adventure presented in its most genuine form. The most powerful sea-story of recent years is "The Nigger of the Narcissus," by Joseph Conrad. In this story it is with the occupant of the fore-castle that we are concerned. The romance of the merchant service is not a whit less enthralling, and is many times more curious than that of the navy, and Mr. Conrad knows it all.

An interesting discussion followed, which was participated in by Messrs. Fox, Redfern, Campbell, Mercer, Credland, and the Chairman.

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1900.—The chair was occupied by Mr. JOHN MORTIMER, Vice-President.

Mr. H. E. CAMPBELL laid on the table four recently-published books on art subjects, his object being to call attention to the

modern development of process reproduction of pictures and other works of art, which enabled splendidly-illustrated books to be issued for such small sums as 2s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., an impossible thing in the old wood-cut and steel-plate days.

Mr. WILLIAM DINSMORE read a short paper on "Old Malabar: Juggler and Acrobat."

#### HIGHER LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. W. NOEL JOHNSON read a paper on "Present-day Interest in the Higher Literature and Art." We are living in an age of luxury. Does not this inevitably lead to a decay of our moral and intellectual fibre? We are told that business is conducted at high pressure, and under the fire of keen competition. Is not a reaction inevitable? Must we not expect that the hours of relaxation are devoted to frivolity and useless, if not harmful, pleasures? Thousands read nothing, or next to nothing, except the daily papers. The reading of newspapers, periodicals, and even of the great bulk of magazines, is of a very desultory and transitory nature; its influence tends towards mental weakness from overloading, the decay of memory and the power of ratiocination from want of attention and concentration of thought. In music, as in literature, the greatest is only, or almost only, studied for examination purposes; after which it is generally put on one side for more pleasing and less arduous playing—mere show and change. The same desire for the new and striking is cutting like a two-edged sword in deteriorating both works of art and the true basis of public estimation—that the demand will induce an effort to supply. The tendencies of to-day are not encouraging, and, if unchecked and unchanged, will lead in the future to still greater neglect of the higher branches in both literature and art. Frivolity, restlessness, and haste must certainly unfit the mind for quiet study and calm contemplation of the works of the greatest writers, painters, and musicians, and also for a true perception of the beauty and grandeur of nature.

An animated discussion followed, and was participated in by Messrs. Mortimer, Atkins, Campbell, Fox, Wilcock, Gleave, Guppy, Credland, Andrew, and Gordon.

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1900.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, took the chair.

Mr. FRED SMITH presented a copy of his poems entitled "A Chest of Viols," and Mr. W. V. BURGESS gave a copy of his "Hand-in-Hand with Dame Nature."

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT read a short paper on "The Poetry of James Thomson."

Mr. WALTER BUTTERWORTH contributed the principal paper on "Homeric Tradition in Epic Poetry."

An interesting discussion followed, in which Messrs. Milner, Fox, Mortimer, Attkins, Crosland, Gannon, and Credland took part.

## CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1900.—The Annual Christmas Supper, held on this evening, brought the first half of the Session to a happy termination.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair, and as the number of revellers was not quite so large as has been the case during the last few years, the supper was held in the Club's room. The Chairman was supported by Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. John Mortimer, Mr. W. P. Groves, Dr. Sinclair, and other well-known members of the Club. The old-time observances which form the unique feature of the Christmas supper were performed with the accustomed elaboration. After the President had taken the chair, the Boar's Head was carried in procession by Mr. W. R. Credland, attired as chief cook, preceded by a steward, and followed by a number of minstrels and gorgeously-dressed gentlemen singing the ancient carol, "Caput apri defero." After supper was over music was heard without, and presently Father Christmas, heralded by a jester singing the rousing carol, "Christmas comes to ye, bringing gladness," and attended by a train of mummers, appeared amid deafening applause. Reaching the high table, Father Christmas (Mr. B. A. Redfern) was addressed by the President in verse, and the monarch of the season replied in the like joyous strain. Then, having blessed the assembled company and wished all mankind a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," the "loving cup" was partaken of, and Father Christmas, to the sounds of ancient music, retired. During the after part of the programme some original verses playfully reminiscent of past scenes in the Club were read by the Rev. A. W. Fox and Mr. W. R. Credland, and a number of appropriate songs and recitations were contributed by Messrs. John Wilcock, Walter Butterworth, J. H. Hobbins, N. Dumville, H. E. Campbell, Tinsley Pratt, and J. F. L. Crosland, Mr. Herbert Yates accompanying on the piano.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Club and its President," alluded to the long membership of the President and himself, and dwelt with great delicacy and feeling on the painful accident which had caused the President much suffering and deprived him of his good right arm.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER, in reply, warmly thanked the members for the heartfelt way in which they had responded to the toast of the Club and his health. By this time his figure at those festive gatherings was as familiar and ancient as that of Father Christmas himself. They had been kind enough to retain him as their President for nearly a quarter of a century. He could not say that he felt entirely worthy of that great favour, but he had always tried to make himself worthy. The Club and its success had been a really important factor in his life, for he believed that it was capable of doing work which needed sorely to be done in such a community as that of Manchester. Sir Henry Howorth's allusions to the past had called to his mind many pleasant memories, and the only regret he had ever had about Sir Henry's career was that he had given to Parliament what was meant for mankind. Now that Sir Henry was freed from such unworthy shackles he trusted that he would increase the fame he had already earned by his trenchant and learned writings. As for the future of the Club, great promise of its strength and endurance was foreshadowed in the already accomplished work of some of its younger and newer members. It would delight him to remain as a watcher, and, if he might say so, a guide of that development, for so long as he could be of help to them he would earnestly ask, with Tennyson, to be given "The wages of going on and not to die."

The toast of "The Guests" was moved by Mr. J. F. L. Crossland, and responded to by Mr. Tatham, solicitor, of Salford, and the Rev. E. C. Collier, vicar of Dinting.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND'S contribution to the entertainment was:

A CHRISTMAS SUPPER RHAPSODY.

Friends—dear friends, I greet you once more in the same old room  
to-night,

Where through many a studious winter we have sought the higher  
light—

Where, 'mid reek of strong tobacco, whisky, beer, and mayhap gin,  
We've communed with all the Muses and have sucked much wisdom  
in.

Where in spurts of lyric rapture we have scaled Parnassus' height,  
Led by Pratt, or Fox, or Walker, and put the gods of song to flight;  
Poor, dull Milton, how we've smashed him!—Wordsworth, too, and  
Thomson, James.

Oh, Sophonisba! Oh, what fun we've had with some once mighty  
names!

Then we've turned our minds to commerce, deeming it were almost  
crime,

Men, by coining filthy lucre, should degrade their Heaven-sent time;  
Better far they made us verses wedding noble thought to word  
Than be selling madapollams, and other things with names absurd.



We have proved beyond disputing that the soul is not content  
Merely to equate a quotient in the rule of cent. per cent. ;  
That men are, or should be, angels ever striving to create  
From the wondrous womb of chaos literature immaculate.

Then we've wandered in that Pleasaunce where the Handmaids of  
the Arts

Sit in rows for us to woo them, which we've done by fits and starts.  
Introduced by gentle Johnson, we've flirted with the Arts called Fine,  
Till, had Mr. Ruskin heard us, he'd have thought us half divine.

Yet 'mong the memories that crowd on me as I gaze upon these walls,  
None have greater power to move me than each scene John Page  
recalls ;

For me he's Christmas—"Father Christmas"—Christmas of the  
olden time,

When digestion never muttered that the stuffing was too prime,

When around the wreath of holly that bedecked his snowy head  
Bright Romance's glorious glamour still effulgently was shed ;  
When the Boar's Head, carried bravely, seemed in its gay train to  
bring

Revellings real of Merry England, such as made the welkin ring.

When that song about a bough of mistletoe and girls and bones  
Made us bow our heads in sorrow and mix whisky with our moans,  
And when Charley—dear old Hardwick—springing lightly from his seat,  
Grandly would address the ocean in Byron's rolling rhythmic beat ;

When Ben and Waugh, those jovial lads, would sing as sweet as lay-  
rock sings,

Till we'd peep behind their shoulders to see the sprouting of their  
wings.

And great Jove, our President, would put aside his God-like look  
And keep the fun up, fast and furious, till the very ceiling shook.

Gather'd to the dust of ages, alas! are some of those rare sprites ;  
Lost to us, save in remembrance, are those festive supper nights!  
Yet not less shall we who gather—here—the joyous Christmas tide  
To honour in the dear old manner, prove our hearts are open wide  
To the tender thoughts and feelings that around the season cling  
And that "good will" and "peace on earth" from our lips as truly  
ring.

The Rev. A. W. Fox amused the company with these verses :

#### TH' CLUB NEET.

Aw'm noan vary weel eddicated, it's lung sin' aw left th' owd schoo',  
But fur a' that yo' munnot be thinkin' aw'm oather a rogue or a foo' ;  
If you' find'n two eends to a puddin' theer's summat betwixt 'em,  
yo' see,

Summat lies 'twixt a rogue an' a fougart, an' that summat i' th'  
middle is me.

But aw went t'other neet to a geth'rin', they ca'n it a Littery Club,  
An' Littery lads ne'er content 'em 'bout meetin' o' coorse i' a pub ;  
I seed a rare seet o' fine fellies, an' cliver an' a' aw've no doubt,  
But what the hanky they talked on aw've niver hed time to mak out.

A grand owd mon wur their cheermon, when he talked th' words  
 flowed up to th' last,  
 An' they favvert the waves o' a river, an', dal it! he niver geet fast.  
 He tow'd 'em whatever he wanted, an' when 'e'd sat down i' his cheer  
 They'd nowt left to say, upo' th' subject bur Amen! an' hear, hear!  
 hear!

A lung mon i' specs read out summat fast pasted down there i' a  
 book.  
 He mit just as weel ha'e kept quiet, fur none on 'em gan 'im a look.  
 Aw ye'rd nowt o' what he wur sayin', but a hum an' a haw, an' a  
 hum,  
 An' I axed our Ab who wur nigh me, if he'd left a' his voice a-whoam.

They'd a' gett'n drinks reet afoor 'em, it favvered our Foresters' do,  
 An' it fairly surpriset me in seein' what Littery chaps con get through.  
 A mon 'at favvered a passon mopped up a pint i' a trice,  
 An' he lowfed fit to brast off his buttons, an' his een said his beer  
 wur nice.

Then a young mon stood up wi' a papper, an' his voice wur solemn  
 and slow,  
 An' he read like th' Parish Church orgin, it wur grand to ye'r 'im,  
 aw know,  
 'Bout a mon 'at they ca'n Jimmy Thomson, an' 'e ca'd him too ill for  
 to brun;  
 An' aw axed our Sim, as sat by me, whatever poor Jimmy had done.

Theer wur clapping' an' a' soarts o' nises, when th' solemn young  
 mon had gan o'er,  
 An' i' one little nook they wur lowfin', an' th' passon reet fairly  
 did roar.  
 What th' joke wur about aw know not, bur 'e shook th' whole reawm  
 wi' his din;  
 He's a rum un is yon, so they tell me, aw've ne'er seed his like  
 wheer aw've bin.

Then a young mon wi' curls like a hangil, read summat as seemed  
 vary wise;  
 An' I tried to look wise, too, beleav me, bur a mon niver does, when  
 'e tries.  
 He talked about Homer an' sichlike, an' aw pricked up my ye'rs  
 at that,  
 For aw know just a bit anent pigeons, an' aw'd gett'n a strag i' my  
 hat.

Then th' cheermon laid upo' th' young mon, who'd gan poor Jimmie  
 his sauce,  
 An' 'e said, "It wur a' reet an' gradely fur a young mon like 'im to  
 be fause,  
 But 'e'd played wi' poor Jimmie i' th' owd time, an' found him  
 quite daycent an' true;"  
 An' aw fancy he lung ago used 'im fur a good knocker-up for his  
 schoo'.

Then th' passon stood up an' he shouted, an' aw clapped booath my  
 bonds to my ye'rs,  
 Till aw knew 'at he'd finisht his dooment by th' din o' th' scrapin'  
 o' th' cheers.

Aw shouldno' mich like fur to hairken, when 'e wur stood up i'  
 th' round box,  
 Fur 'e'd split booath my ye'rs into flunters, an' aw'm sure he's as  
 fause as a fox.

Fust t'one, then t'other uplifted their nise, an' towd o'er onst moor  
 What th' cheermon hed said so mich better, an' they left matters  
 wur than afoor.

An' aw thowt as a row wur beginnin', so aw picked up my traps an'  
 my pigeon,  
 An' aw piked off afoor it wur eended, fur aw doubted aw'd loise me  
 religion.

So good-neet to yo' a', gradely fellies, an' fill up yo'r glasses to th'  
 brim,

An' drink to the noble owd cheermon, theer's niver a one favvers  
 him;

Just gi'e 'im a bumper o'erflowin', a sip'll do weel fur a' th' rest,  
 Fill up wi' th' finest o' liquor, an' drink down th' best to th' best.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1901.—The first meeting of the second  
 half of the Session. Mr. GEORGE MILNER occupied the chair.

Mr. THOMAS NEWBIGGING presented a copy of his work,  
 "Lancashire Humour," and Mr. W. PEER GROVES gave a copy  
 of his privately-printed volume entitled "A Song of Love."

Mr. H. E. CAMPBELL read a short paper on "Ideas and  
 Action."

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER read a letter addressed to Mr. C. E.  
 Tyrer, then in Italy, in which the proceedings at the Christ-  
 mas Supper were pleasantly described.

Mr. J. E. PHYTHIAN read the principal paper on Tolstoy's  
 "What is Art?"

A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Milner, Barber,  
 Oppenheim, Wilcock, Mortimer, and Butterworth took part.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1901.—The chair was taken by Mr.  
 GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. JAMES BRIERLEY read the following humorous poem :

MAGGIE: A LOVE STORY.

Is life, as we know it, with all it is giving,  
 Worth half of the trouble and bother of living?  
 "No, no," is the answer from every quarter,  
 "Let us die in a heap, like fish out of water."  
 But laughter comes round shouting "pills for the liver"  
 And the fish that were dying catch flies in the river.

The coach of Cupid never did  
 Run in the well-made ruts of time,  
 But down the hills of life would skid  
 And cut the corners all too fine.

The coach was newly decked with flowers;  
 Two silly things had just got in it,  
 When blazing steeds, by all the powers!  
 Were miles away in half a minute.

For Cupid, with the darts of fate,  
 Was fumbling, and he dropt the reins,  
 The precipice he saw too late,  
 Where all went down to smithereens.

#### MAGGIE.

Miss Maggie Matterson, a maid  
 To whom my muse is now devoted,  
 Was in the wine and spirit trade,  
 And on a certain swain she doted.

Her lover often would avow  
 They daily doted on each other,  
 For Moses whistled at the Plough,  
 An inn kept by our hero's mother.

The Plough stood blazing in the street,  
 Right opposite to Maggie's inn,  
 Which catered for the more elite  
 While Moses took the cake for gin.

Of Maggie's gay pictorial sign  
 'Tis well to be precise and full,  
 She sold her high-class beer and wine  
 Beneath the famous Cock and Bull.

Thus fate decreed the man and maid  
 Should germinate in close proximity,  
 That Moses might not feel afraid  
 To gaze upon a live divinity.

Time flew—well, no—that's superstition;  
 Our lovers often found time creeping,  
 Or slowly changing his position,  
 To find a cosy place for sleeping.

But mornings came as mornings will  
 Whenever dusky night unbinds them,  
 And when the sun peeps o'er the hill  
 He looks for lovers, and he finds them.

For, reg'lar as the morning chips,  
 Would Maggie—O, the little gipsy—  
 Send kisses from her finger tips,  
 Which kept her lover always tipsy.

Quite tipsy in the morning beam,  
 And drunk with love the whole day through,  
 His life was one extatic dream  
 Except when he'd ticdoloureux.

When not in pain he loved the maid,  
And what could little Maggie do  
But keep one eye upon her trade  
And one upon her lover, too.

On Sunday Moses didn't fill,  
But drest himself quite prim and tidy;  
While Maggie, of her own sweet will,  
Accompanied that bona fidæ.

To fields away from smoke and din,  
Where birds pour forth their adoration,  
A place that's not been taken in  
By any brilliant Corporation.

They wandered by a silver stream,  
Where other happy lovers went,  
To sit upon the banks and dream  
Of household joys and cottage rent.

Thus many a golden mellow eve,  
And many a summer afternoon,  
While fairies bronzed the trembling leaf  
The river kept their love in tune.

But let us keep the fairies out,  
The river, too, tho' deep and wide;  
The real business we're about  
Concerns love's rushing, rolling tide.

And things that don't belong the tale,  
But only form extraneous matter,  
To flap and vex the forward gale  
Just make me mad as any hatter.

Return to Maggie, fair and true.  
Whatever may have been reported,  
She only took a lady's view  
On being won and wooed and courted.

Why not? A maid of comely grace,  
With glowing lips of summer roses,  
Without a shadow on her face,  
Nor eyes that wandered wide of Moses.

But beauty's summer burning red,  
Brought fools to flutter in his sun;  
Of this he heard, or saw instead,  
And took objection to the fun.

His words were very badly chosen,  
All for a maiden fair and tiffy;  
She felt her little heart was frozen,  
And settled Moses in a jiffy.

A moment's time, and her blue eyes  
Shot forth the sparks of retribution;  
Of words, an avalanche unwise,  
With Jericho as their conclusion.

## MAGGIE: A LOVE STORY.

I've said that mornings come—they do,  
 For if the pillow, wet with sorrow,  
 Clings to its victim all night through,  
 The heavy soul must meet the morrow.

And O for Moses what a shock!  
 No more she throws aerial kisses,  
 No more she wears that favourite frock  
 Which tightened all his former blisses.

Now Moses sometimes liked a change,  
 As here and there some lovers do;  
 But Maggie was so cold and strange  
 He took to drink, and so would you!

He spoke of war, the army, death;  
 The English navy found him willing  
 To blow a furious sea-blue breath  
 And Rule Britannia for a shilling.

All lovers' quarrels came from Eve,  
 Begun, of course, by Father Adam,  
 Who set his teeth, so I believe,  
 In apples that belonged to Madam.

'Twas then she gathered fruit unripe  
 And fed that hungry early glutton,  
 Until he couldn't sleep at night,  
 And then she didn't care a button.

Tho' Adam groaned, as men will do  
 When urged by reasons anatomical,  
 He did not swear till all was blue,  
 Nor curse the bodies astronomical.

But with undignified gyrations  
 Contorted through the autumn night,  
 Muttering deep ejaculations  
 As Eve declared it served him right.

It seems our mother had the notion,  
 Possessed to-day by every Missis,  
 That man would worship with devotion  
 His stomach, where his sense of bliss is.

Return to Maggie—modern maid!  
 Who sent ex-lover an epistle  
 Which checked the blood-and-thunder trade,  
 And choked Britannia's foghorn whistle.

## HER LETTER.

"I've thought the wretched quarrel o'er,  
 And now admit the fault was mine;  
 So if you love me as before  
 Come to the bar at half-past nine.

"Maggie."

The bar was dark when Moses came,  
And all seemed one conglomeration;  
The darkness may perhaps explain  
The mode of reconciliation.

But dark or light 'tis well we know,  
Exactly where the lovers are;  
It seems, when lighting up the show,  
Mag quite forgot to light the bar.

If any Muse amongst the nine  
Would penetrate that sacred gloom,  
That prying muse would not be mine—  
She waits till love lights up the room.

Now Cupid in this dark seance  
Made very curious stipulations;  
He first denied that any wrongs  
Could mix with innocent flirtations.

And Moses had to understand  
Something about a Mede or Persian,  
That law was placed in Maggie's hand,  
While truth was in her bare assertion.

Her word to him must be a law,  
And he must have no strong opinion;  
Her heart, unconscious of a flaw,  
Must still remain in her dominion.

That might be won by worship, love,  
Devotion, siege, and condescension;  
And then, perhaps, once more they'd rove  
Along the banks we need not mention.

And thus when Moses came to trot  
From Maggie's bower, so dim and mystic,  
He found the tete-a-tete had not  
Been definite and realistic.

Soon, too, he found his days became  
To love more strongly consecrated;  
His passion burnt a living flame,  
His blood raced on accelerated.

Quick coursing through his veins it ran,  
Red-hot, amongst the mental tinder,  
Burnt out the army to a man  
And scorched the navy to a cinder.

All this was love's colossal wreck  
Of psycho-homo forms and visions,  
Of which he cleared his upper deck  
To take in Cupid's new conditions.

Now comes the crisis of my tale—  
A tale I wish had not been started,  
For powers of language all must fail  
If Maggie turns out broken-hearted.

Or if our hero's troubled brains  
Should burst their bounds by ceaseless throbbing,  
Then for this rhymster what remains  
But worse employment such as robbing.

For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands (Old Harry knows us);  
Yet I shall hibernate my fill  
When I have seen the end of Moses.

We know our hero and the maid  
Were both excessively romantic;  
They loved the river and the glade  
Prior to Moses getting frantic.

We know love's mantle had been rent,  
Patched up, and made as good as new;  
They've both forgotten that event,  
And walk just as they used to do.

One Sunday Moses felt his brain  
Was languishing for lack of water,  
So tapt the Corporation main  
To mix with what he thought he oughter.

In pocket one as bold as Mars,  
He fixed a tightly-fitting bottle,  
In number two were his cigars,  
And first he'd dry, then wet, his throttle.

This very Sunday afternoon—  
O how I tremble when I think of it!—  
Poor Moses met his watery doom,  
Or was, at least, upon the brink of it.

He lay extended on the ground,  
His mind no longer incandescent,  
Allowed his words by leaps and bounds  
To gambol in a way unpleasant.

He wanted his innamorata  
To pitch her tent in his arena,  
And there to warble life's cantata  
To his immortal concertuna.

Thus something tangible and real  
Was simply what the fellow wanted;  
An oath—a promise hymeneal—  
That she would one day be transplanted.

From shades beneath the Cock and Bull  
To those which honoured Agricolo,  
That must have been his case in full—  
The burthen of his soul and solo.

But he, poor man, was too emphatic—  
Impulse and love can never reason;  
I would he had been diplomatic,  
And pressed his love when more in season.



Instead, he, like the scripture widder,  
 Seized every little opportunity  
 To get the maiden to consider  
 The point of all his importunity.

But she grew unconcerned and stiff,  
 Grieved with his eloquence and folly;  
 Poor Modie's heart was one sad skiff  
 Upon a sea of melancholy.

"Your promise, Maggie, or, by Jove!  
 I'll never, never more come back,  
 For into that 'ere lake I goes."  
 "Well, can't I love both you and Jack?"

"And Jack! What Jackanapes is he?  
 Well, now, I goes in that deep stream.  
 If you love Jack you can't love me."  
 He plunged, and she gave out a scream.

"O Moses, Moses, do come back!  
 'Tis you I love, and only you,  
 Besides my little brother Jack.  
 Come to your loving Maggie, do!"

Poor Moses heard not, but a man  
 Whose duty 'twas the stream to mind,  
 With useful ready tackle ran  
 And grappled Moses' clothes behind.

And brought him to the river bank,  
 From which so lately he had sprung;  
 But O, the water he had drank.  
 Which from him now could not be wrung!

And therefore Maggie wrung her hands  
 And knelt beside poor Moses crying,  
 Observing each reviving plan  
 The kindly waterman kept trying.

At length, O joyous, happy day!  
 The anxious moments, six or seven,  
 Like darksome clouds had passed away,  
 And Maggie saw a glimpse of heaven.

He moved, and then they carried Mo  
 Into a house that stood hard by;  
 They put him down in bed, altho'  
 They hung his garments up to dry.

That night the sun set in the West—  
 Precisely where he's always setting,  
 And Moses wakened from his rest  
 And knelt bolt upright on his bedding.

"And do I live?" our hero cried,  
 "And Maggie—oh, you love another!"  
 "Don't be a fool!" the maid replied,  
 "Why, Jack's my little baby brother."

Now when he found his Maggie true,  
 And found that Jack was not a rival,  
 Got dried of all his wetting through,  
 He felt he was a fit survival.

At length he pulled himself together  
 By hearing quite a list of losses—  
 A pair of boots in patent leather,  
 A pin where shone two diamond hosses.

A gold chronometer by Batty,  
 With centre seconds, jewelled holes;  
 A charge for rescue from the watter,  
 To drying clothes a sum for coals.

To closing rent in nether garment  
 Caused by the waterman's harpoon;  
 To food and lodgings (for the varmint!)  
 Until the morrow afternoon.

Here would I give my approbation  
 To any gentleman who wishes  
 To make a sudden exploration  
 And moralise among the fishes.

Such action cleared our hero's brain,  
 Which now no longer feels a lead one;  
 And altogether in the main  
 He seems superior to a dead one.

A sergeant of the county force  
 Wrote "suicide" in his report,  
 Took out a warrant and, of course,  
 Brought the aquatic into court.

They find him in a legal way,  
 Altho' the case was quite distressful;  
 Poor Moses had a lot to pay  
 Because his drown was unsuccessful.

Oh, weep for Moses while the tale,  
 With pitying, stammering stanza closes!  
 The whole affair got in the "Mail,"  
 And Maggie drew a line at Moses.

And now ensued this awful sequel,  
 Which very shortly came about;  
 She got another, quite his equal,  
 Then Moses drank and got the gout.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF WAUGH AND BRIERLEY.

Mr. SIM SCHOFIELD read a paper on "Some Recollections and Stories of Waugh and Brierley. Having had the good fortune to be acquainted with the two writers, Mr. Schofield was able to relate some characteristic anecdotes from personal knowledge. Lancashire owes much to Waugh for the innocent amusement and fireside joy he has brought to the homes of her people.

If he had written only the song "Come whoam to thi' childer an' me," he would deserve a prominent place in the ranks of Lancashire song-writers. He was not only a genial companion and the soul of good company, but a most kind and tender-hearted man. Brierley told a good story of how he and Waugh had been giving readings together before a scanty audience at Blackpool. They had scarcely drawn sufficient to pay for the room. Returning to their lodgings in a downpour of rain, they met a dog slouching along the street, the very picture of misery as it went along with its tail between its legs. "Does theaw see that dog?" Waugh said to Brierley. "Aye, aw do," replied Ben. "Well, it strikes me," Waugh continued, "that dog's bin givin' readin's." Brierley was in the strictest sense a self-educated man, and he never uttered a truer or more telling sentence than that where he says, "Before I could climb I had to make my own ladder." Among the stories and sketches that he wrote, "Cast upon the World" was his favourite. Like Dickens' "David Copperfield," it is largely autobiographical. Brierley was an ardent politician. An early incident turned his thoughts in that direction. In his own words the story is related, "I remember the time when William Fourth was crowned, an ox was roasted near the old village (Failsworth) pole. I was then five years of age. Soup was being given out to people in the district. I was sent with a can for some, but when I presented myself the person who was doling it out sang out "That lad mun ha' noan; his gronfeyther were a Jacobin." I went away without, but those words have rung in my ears ever since. They set me thinking. This treatment had much to do with the formation of my political character, and as I grew up I felt determined I would never belong to a party which made me suffer for what my grandfather believed." Each writer has his own distinctive style. Waugh wrote of the breezy moorland farmer, the quarryman, and other country folk as he knew them and you feel as if you could almost scent the heather in his racy and poetical writings. Brierley depicted the quaint and sterling characters of the poor hand-loom weavers with a faithfulness that has never been excelled. He knew their ways, and their trials, for in his early days he suffered and felt the pinch of poverty with them.

An animated conversation followed the reading of the papers, and it was participated in by Messrs. Milner, Fox, Chrystal, Stansfield, Mortimer, Dinsmore, Ogden, and Massey.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1901.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER occupied the chair.

Mr. MARK BAILEY presented a copy of the "Bazaar Buzzer," and Mr. D. H. LANGTON gave a copy of his "History of Flixton and Davyhulme."

Mr. B. A. REDFERN spoke on a recently-published work, "An Englishwoman's "Love Letters," and the President drew attention to the small volumes published at 3d. each by Mr. Broadbent, of Oxford Street, Manchester.

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT read an original ballad entitled "Harold the Saxon."

Mr. WILLIAM DINSMORE read a paper on

#### CITY PAVEMENT ARTISTS.

This short communication was jotted down on Plough Monday during a prolonged spell of winter weather in Manchester.

Winter is here, and he seems inclined to bide awhile. A nor'-east wind scurries along the streets with low and sullen moan, occasionally changing to a shrill shriek as it whirls along housetops and plays hide-and-peek around the chimneys.

Anon the chilling breeze awakes the slumbering tones of the modern Æolian harp—the telegraph-wire arrangement—which responds to the touch of the many-fingered wind. The harp alternately emits tender tones and shrill melancholy strains in a high-pitched key. The piercing morning air is the coldest wind I ever encountered, extremely bitter, extremely cold; bitter as a cruel step-mother's curse, cold as a rich man's enforced charity. The young, the strong, the active, now enjoy out-door pastimes. But old folk and invalids cower round cosy ingle-nooks. These weakly ones sigh and exclaim:

Turn swifter round, O tardy ball!

And sun this frozen side,

Bring hither back the robin's call,

Bring back the tulip's pride.

Now certain outdoor occupations are suspended, and as I quickly wend my way through the city I notice that those pavement artists whom we see in favourable weather figuring on the flags with coloured chalks, are not to the fore. The severe weather is unkind to them. And there is no chance for them to display their crude efforts in art while the stormy wind shakes down

The blinding sleet and snaw,

While tumbling brown the burn comes down

And roars fra bank tae brae,

And bird and beast in covert rest,

And pass the heartless day.

Where are the sad-looking pavement tinters now? Perhaps the keen and nipping breeze (so highly extolled and dreaded by Canon Kingsley: "The welcome, black, jovial nor-east wind") has blown some of these limners into the workhouse, while others, if they can borrow, beg, or obtain the means somehow, seek shelter and temporary comfort in warm tap-rooms, where they clink the canakin, or caper to the wailing strains of a squeaky fiddle, or welt the floor to the piercing blasts of a wry-necked fife. None of these pavement tinters, "while the stormy winds do blow," will feel inclined to extol this wintery blast with anything like the gusto which Kingsley

exhibits in his "Ode to the North-East Wind." It seems odd that although Kingsley piped a brave, rousing strain of welcome to this biting breeze, he took care to avoid contact with it, and when he was obliged to travel out o' doors he wrapped himself comfortably up while the nor'-east wind scattered snow and sleet over country and town. Shortly after the publication of this ode by Canon Kingsley, my friend, J. D. Buckland, nephew of Professor Buckland, travelled in the same compartment of a railway car along with the author of this stirring, breezy composition. There sat the worthy Canon, well protected in wraps and furs, resting his feet on a foot-warmer. Small blame to Kingsley for making himself comfortable. Yet I cannot refrain from picturing him cowering in a corner of a railway car while the wind, he extolled so much, from the "angry airt" is careering around.

As I pass our city pavement decorators' free exhibitions and take a hurried glance at their work, I am amused when I hear this remark: "If these men had been properly trained they would have been clever painters"—scene-painters I suppose are meant. This observation delights me, and I depart, feeling grateful that there are, seemingly, innocent persons extant in spite of so much manœuvring and cunning.

The admirers of pavement tinters' delineations are not aware that if these artists were set on to paint theatrical scenery, they would feel very awkward in handling the brushes and other implements requisite for the production of this class of art work. These men would proceed about the business as awkwardly as a duck attempting to mount a ladder. My remarks apply specially to real pavement artists who never strive to attain any higher grade in art workmanship.

When I see these pavement tinters at work I never pause to observe their delineations; a glance at their drawings suffices me.

The theory and study of genuine pictorial productions has very little share in the lives of these men; they work by rule of thumb. Very few of these men have ever been properly trained. Their training is limited to the instruction they receive in their lodgings from past masters in the art of pavement decoration. Although they have plenty of spare time, yet I never see them practising pictorial effects. I never see them observing the sky from which they might derive inspiration in subtle blending of colour, and I have never seen any of them studying from nature.

John Collier, in his "Primer of Art," says: "There is possible at this present time an art of painting in which nature shall be reflected as in a mirror, wherein those who cannot see nature for themselves shall be taught to see and love her through the eyes of others." These remarks by Collier cannot properly be applied to the rude representations of nature shown in the work of pavement artists, which display false drawing and inharmonious contrasts produced by the use of the primary colours, yellow, red, and blue. These persons' efforts in pictorial art, compared with the productions of great painters, may be contrasted with the histrionic efforts of barn stormers, compared with the subtle acting of Sir Henry Irving, or the exquisite finish of the French histrions. Yet there are persons who admire these pavement limners' productions, and for a long time to come admirers of this class of work will be found in spite of the advancement of education. The sense of humour seems latent in these sad-looking limners' nature; they never produce humorous sketches.

When I see a number of persons gazing in admiration on these flag tinters' exhibits, I feel inclined to ask them, "What seek ye here? Know ye not that in the City Art Gallery, free to all, there are many pictures worthy of study? Are ye not aware that in picture dealers' shop windows there are free exhibitions of works of art worth your observation? Why do you waste your time here, gazing on daubs which may deteriorate your tastes, if ye have any refined taste." Yes, these crude delineations of nature find admirers.

A famous artist found this out not long ago thus: As he passed from his residence in a suburb of London to his studio in the City, he was in the habit of bestowing alms on a pavement artist. On one occasion this famous painter was short of small coin, but in order that he might bestow his customary alms, he sent the flag tinter for change. While he was away the painter sketched several cartoons on the pavement. As he proceeded with his work he heard several bystanders declare that his drawings were inferior to the other man's work. When the famous artist went away, the recipient of his charity rubbed out his patron's cartoons, and said to the group of bystanders, "Yon cove may be a clever drawer, but he hasn't a doosed bit of knowledge of 'igh hart!"

When I observe a melancholy-looking pavement decorator scrawling the words, "I am hungry," I think it would be nearer the truth if he wrote down these words, "I am thirsty; beer is my favourite tippie, but I have no objection to a half-un of rum or a tot of whisky." In my juvenile days I frequently observed one of these melancholy-looking artists who stated his desires with rare candour. He expressed his desire for cash in plain language, as plainly as little "Devil Doubt" states his craving for money in the closing scene of the grand historical-tragical-comical-tragedy, entitled the "Pace Egg." This pavement artist's unvaried, unvarnished statement, without circumlocution, ran thus: "Poor Donald Mack has no money to buy beer or bacca." Mark this delightful sample of candour; it has a touch of solemnity in its absolute truthfulness. Think of it—poor, no money, no beer, no bacca! The writer did not palter with truth; no, there it was, stripped of all guise, even a Bedlamite could understand the truth of this statement set down by Donald in a wretchedly scrawled sample of handwriting. Poor Donald, indeed! The fiend of Intemperance had stripped him, robbed him of all that becomes a man, degraded, lowered his moral nature, and rendered him only fit to herd with swine and eat pauper dole; yet the foul fiend could not stifle Donald's desire to express the truth and shame the devil who destroyed him. Mack must declare it, and abide the consequences of declaring the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, even in his hopeless state. It is many years ago since I saw this sample of wrecked humanity for the last time. He had just finished writing his usual appeal for money, and he stood, with trembling hand, pointing to his work. He jabbered, mumbled, and swore in hoarse whispers; he swore audibly at a boy who placed himself between the artist and his wretched sample of handwriting. Donald then was passing through the state of second childhood and verging on a demented state, owing to intemperate habits.

It is a sad sight, my masters, to behold a human being ruined by intemperance and debauchery. I think it is one of the saddest sights in the world. The unknown ancient Greek who carved the words "Know thyself" on the temple of Apollo, in Delphi, was a benefactor of humanity. These words, of solemn importance, ought to be carefully studied by all young persons ere they embark on the

perilous voyage of life. Although Donald Mack was nought to me in kinship or friendship, nevertheless I was sorry for him. I cannot tell how much heredity, environment, and his irresolution combined had contributed to wreck him.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman;  
 Though they may gang a' kennin' wrang,  
 To step aside is human.  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving why they do it;  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

I have remarked that Donald craved for money, and if aught else were proffered him, for charity sake, he became furious, and his language was dreadful to hear. Once, upon a raw and gusty day, the raging Irwell chafing with its shores, one of my pupils saw Mack writing his customary appeal for cash, his eyes pale and bleared and his frame shivering in the foul weathur. My pupil pitying this wreck of humanity, handed him a parcel containing a choice piece of lunch. Donald unfolded the parcel and scornfully threw the good food away; as he cast it on the muddy street he said, "D— your soul, you'd gie this tae a dog." Just then a blue-bottle came suddenly round the corner and stung the old artist, by remarking: "What, you're here again—come along." The gentleman in blue took Donald and landed him in the lock-up. This artist in his prime was a designer to calico printers, but the demon of Intemperance found in Mack a willing victim, and the fiend gradually dragged down his victim to ruin. Long ago the old artist drew his last breath, and walked his chalks. He ended his days in a work-house hospital, and his body was handed over to medical students for the purposes of study. Perhaps his skeleton now adorns an anatomical museum. This is only imagination; nevertheless, why may not imagination trace Donald's remains, till we find Macaulay's New Zealander using a bit of the pavement artist's anatomy, in shape of a piece of chalk, to help him in sketching the ruins of London Bridge, or the wreck of Manchester Town Hall. Some may think that a portion of Mack's remains might be appropriately used in stopping the vent-hole of a beer barrel.

While the winter wind rages and the ordinary pavement decorators cannot work they endeavour to struggle on, every man according to his humour and resource. Now another extraordinary pavement artist has taken up flag ornamentation. This is a very old artist; no man hitherto has correctly numbered this ancient designer's years. He was at work long before humanity appeared on our earth, and he will labour away, in fitting season, as long as our planet exists. He is named "Jack Frost" among English-speaking people.

Not many years ago he decorated London street pavement in a surprisingly elegant manner. Now his work is seen in Manchester on this Plough Monday morning. His tree and fern-like devices appear when ordinary right-lined crystals of ice are not free to form, constrained by mud in water or other causes. These figures are remarkably like dendrites seen in moss-agates, and electric currents in solution of metallic salts. We are familiar with Jack's beautiful tracery of thin ice seen on our window-panes during severe frosty weather, to which imagination can give so many forms it chooses,

from leaves, trees, and flowers, to forests and Alpine scenery in delightful variety, but we are not so accustomed to see his artistic displays on our city pavement. On this Monday morning there was a rare chance of seeing Jack Frost's lovely artistic devices. Never before or since have I seen such charming samples of ice incrustation. These were beautiful in form and endless in variety. The finest samples were near St. Ann's Church, on the pavement at the west end of the ladies' walk, where I loitered to admire Jack's work. Beautiful samples were displayed on the flags on the western side of St. Ann's Square, and on the pavement in Exchange Street. Yet, strange to relate, none of the persons passing to and fro paused to observe these lovely devices. The young, the middle-aged, and the old passed along without heeding Jack Frost's designs. Ah! here comes Miss Prettyone—surely she will glance at Jack's work. No! She is too intent on looking at her shadow in the windows as she trips along! she, too, is a shadow—rather she is a pleasant-looking substance casting a shadow. Hundreds of persons walked over the old artist's devices; they took no heed of his curious and beautiful artistic work! I said to myself, are these persons so burdened with care, so wrapt up in that which concerns themselves, or so dull of sight that they pass along without observing these rare examples of loveliness? Do I dream? Has the time come when old men see visions, and dream dreams, even in day-time amid the city's throng? In order to convince myself that I was not walking in a dream I attracted the attention of a boy and a man to a charming sample of Jack's work; the boy was amazed, dumbfounded at the beauty of this object; the man exclaimed, "How beautiful! how wonderful!" I said Nature is ever willing to display countless forms of loveliness to all who choose to observe her labours. Only observant students reap these abundant harvests of delight. All gentle souls love Nature and every aspect she presents.

They ever love the calm and quiet shades,  
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
 Blue skies and silver clouds, and gentle winds.  
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
 Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes;  
 Groves, through whose broken roofs the sky looks in  
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
 The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees  
 In many a sweet syllable, repeating  
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

The Rev A. W. Fox read the principal paper on "Francois Rabelais" written by the late William Mehlhaus.

The discussion which followed was participated in by Messrs. Milner, Stansfield, Pollitt, Andrew, Butterworth, and Mortimer.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1901.—The chair was taken by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

Mr. THOMAS KAY read a paper entitled "Incidents and Incidences of Words and Music." The idea which Mr. Kay attempted to develop was that certain incidents of occurrence or thought



might, after being embodied in verse, be further illustrated, either agreeably or poignantly by incidences of music composed with that definite object. Therefore, a number of songs written by Mr. Kay each expressive of some distinct mood or incident had been set to music by Mr. Darman Ward, and the singing of the songs by the Moorfield Choir, and descriptions of the moods and conditions under which they had been written, constituted a most pleasing and novel experiment.

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Ward and to the choir for their delightful services was accorded. The President, Mr. Gordon, and other members afterwards spoke feelingly of the death of the Queen and of the accession of the King.

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT read an elegy on the death of Queen Victoria.

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1901.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair.

Mr. JOHN DAVIES read a short paper on the Welsh poet, John Ceiriog Hughes.

Mr. R. H. SELBIE read the principal paper on "Oliver Wendell Holmes."

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1901.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President.

Mr. EDGAR ATKINS read some extracts from a manuscript story by a child seven years of age.

#### CHAUCER NIGHT.

Mr. J. D. ANDREW read the following short paper :

#### CHAUCER: THE MAN AND THE TIME.

"The whips and scorns of Time" are too often directed against the favourites of Fame, and, though the man's works remain, his memory becomes a mere shadow, and his personality crumbles into impalpable dust. If a Homer and a Shakespeare could not escape, neither could Chaucer, and the would-be biographer is dismayed at the scanty materials he has to work upon.

Of his parentage nothing is known, though, according to one conjecture, he was the son of a London vintner. As to his ancestry, if any credence may be given to names, it would seem that he was descended from a shoemaker. Altogether it is rather doubtful if he had any title to noble lineage. According to the best authorities he was born in 1328, the year following the accession of Edward the Third, who, being but a lad of fourteen, was in the hands of the Queen and Mortimer. A few years later, in 1332, there came into the world that strange product of a strange time, William Langland, the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision." That adventurous knight, Sir

John Maundeville had set out on his travels in 1322, and, after an absence of more than thirty years, was to return with a budget of wonders hitherto undreamt of. John XXII. was Pope of Rome, Philip VI. of Valois ruled France, and David II. was King of a troubled Scotland. In 1337 was to begin the terrible hundred years' war, which, originating in Edward's claim to the crown of France in right of his mother, did not end until the loss of Bordeaux by Henry VI. in 1453. The Black Death was to pay its dreadful visitation; famine would show its hollow cheeks, there would be plotting, and conspiracy among the peers, rioting and rebellion among the people, avarice and profligacy among the priests; yet, after all, there remained for the new-born poet an England of fields and flowers, of joy and gladness, wit and humour and pathos, high deeds of knightly enterprise and lowly examples of virtue. Whatever Chaucer's family may have been, he was well brought up from his youth, and we may assume his parents were of good standing. It is said that he studied not only at Oxford and Cambridge, but also at Paris, then the most famous of all European universities. He is supposed to refer to himself in "Philogenet of Cambridge, Clerk in the Court of Love," and Clare Hall, it is surmised, was his college. At Oxford "Moral Gower" was an intimate friend of his, and probably a fellow-student. Here he grew to be, according to Leland, "an acute dialectician, a persuasive orator, an eloquent poet, a grave philosopher, an able mathematician, and an accomplished divine," but all this is not sufficing; the finishing touches were added at Paris, where "he imbibed all the beauties, elegance, charms, wit, and grace of the French tongue, to a degree that is scarcely credible." Thus accomplished, and possessing a handsome person, trained and developed by martial exercise, the young poet returned to England. At first, to study the law, he became a member of the Inner Temple, but the only record we have of him there is that he was fined five shillings for beating a friar in Fleet Street. Probably the dusty solitudes of chambers and legal lore proved uncongenial; at any rate, before long we find him attached to the Court. Urry describes him as being then, at the age of thirty-one, "of a fair, beautiful complexion, his lips red and full, his size of just medium, and his port and air graceful and majestic, so that every ornament that could claim the approbation of the great and fair, his abilities to record the valour of the one and celebrate the beauty of the other, and his wit and gentle behaviour to converse with both, conspired to make him a complete courtier." Such was the paragon who formed one of Prince Lionel's retinue when the King invaded France in 1359. But the poet's military career was but of short duration; he was taken prisoner at the siege of Retters and remained captive until the peace of Bretigny in 1360. On his return to England we soon find him in a more pleasing captivity. John of Gaunt, his patron, had just espoused the Lady Blanche, and the poet, in his "Dream," introduces to our notice his own lady-love, Philippa, daughter of Sir Payne Rolt, a native of Hainault, and sister of that Katherine who was destined after Blanche's death to succeed her as Duchess. In or about 1366 Chaucer is married to Philippa, and the happy pair are assisted, she by a pension of 10 marks, and he, now a valet in the King's household, by a grant of 20 marks yearly. In 1369 appears his "Book of the Duchess." In 1370, raised to the rank of one of the King's own squires, he is sent abroad on the Royal service. Again, in 1372, we find him sent to Genoa on fiscal business, in 1376 on a secret mission, and

yet again, in 1377, to Flanders. In 1378 Richard II. has come to the throne, and Chaucer is one of the Ambassadors to treat of his alliance with the daughter of France, a task no sooner completed than he is sent to Lombardy to settle with the Lord of Milan. On his Genoese mission, it is supposed with good reason that he met Petrarch near Padua, and heard from him the story of Griselda. Upon his return thence, in 1374, he was rewarded with the office of Comptroller of Customs for Wool; John of Gaunt swelled his income with a grant of £10; two fat wardships were placed in his hands, from one of which he gained £104, and altogether Fortune smiled upon him as he wrote his "House of Fame." Yet there seems to hang a cloud over the succeeding years, for, although we find him elected M.P. for Kent in 1386, in 1387 he is dismissed from his offices, his wife dies, he is compelled to assign his pensions, and can only escape arrest for debt by the protection of the Crown. With Lancaster in power, in 1389 his star is again in the ascendant, and he is appointed a Royal Clerk of Works at two shillings a day; but after about two years' service, he is again dismissed, or retires voluntarily, to solace himself with the production of the "Canterbury Tales" in 1393-4-5. There seems too much reason to think that from 1394 to 1398 he was in sheer, unmistakable poverty, but in 1398 King Richard confers on him another grant of wine to be made by the poet's son, now chief butler. Next year Richard is deposed, Bolinbroke becomes King, and within four days his former pension of 20 marks granted by the King in 1394 is doubled. He has now enough to live, or rather die, upon, takes a lease of a house adjoining Westminster Abbey, a few yards from where he lies, and on October 25th, 1400, quits it for a longer lease of eternity.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER followed with a paper entitled "The Poet with the Downcast Eyes."

Mr. GEORGE MILNER contributed a short paper on Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Thopas."

Mr. C. H. BELLAMY sent the following paper, which was read by Mr. J. H. Brocklehurst:

#### CHAUCER'S HANDWRITING, PORTRAITS, AND NAME.

A few weeks ago I accidentally came across a remark in the "New York Tribune" to the effect that there is no known specimen of the autograph of Chaucer in existence, nor even so much as an example of his handwriting. This seemed to me rather curious, even making allowance for the remoteness of his times, for it is well-known that he occupied the official position of Controller of Customs for Hides and Wools at the Port of London, and Clerk of Works at Windsor. In reference to the first appointment, certain conditions were imposed which made it no sinecure, for he was bound to write the rolls of his office with his own hand, and had to be continually present at his office, not being allowed to appoint a deputy. It is therefore not supposing too much to say that he must have written his signature many times a day whilst he held these posts. I have therefore been trying to investigate this matter with the limited means at my command in a foreign country, and as I cannot find any trace of or any reference to his handwriting, I should be glad to learn whether any member of the Club can throw any light on this interesting question.

There is a valuable collection of Chaucer manuscripts at the British Museum; there are others at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere; but it seems to be clear that these are merely copies, and not originals in any case. Perhaps the most valuable is the Ellesmere manuscript, which gets its name because it belongs to the Earl of Ellesmere, and is at Bridgewater House. It not only has the text which is considered the best, and which Professor Skeat took as the foundation of his edition of the "Canterbury Tales," but it contains a series of contemporary pictures coloured by hand. Until this MS. was known, the Harley MS., so called after its possessor last century, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was considered the best, and was used by Thomas Wright and Dr. Richard Morris for their editions of the "Tales."

This leads to the enquiry as to whether there is any recognised portrait extant of the poet, the poet whom Verstegan says is by some called "the first illuminator of the English tongue," although he is careful to add that he is not of that opinion. Dr. Ward speaks with considerable assurance as to the authenticity of the portrait in a volume which is treasured with the Chaucer MS. in the British Museum. It is by a friend of Chaucer's—one Thomas Occleve—and belongs to the early part of the 15th century. The poem contains a reference to Chaucer, a reference by one who knew him, and the portrait is painted in the margin. But it must not be forgotten that this was painted entirely from memory, and therefore may very well not be quite true to life.

Another alleged portrait is found in the Lansdowne MS., which is worked into an initial letter; but Occleve's drawing is the foundation of all the portraits which are known of Chaucer.

Dr. Ward is also of opinion that Chaucer has given us his own likeness in a passage in the "Tales," although Mr. Minto argues against this being taken too literally, and will not allow that the poet was describing his own appearance and peculiarities. The former says "he has drawn his likeness for us with his own hand, as he appeared on the occasion to that most free-spoken of observers and most personal of critics, the host of the Tabard, the "cock" and marshal of the company of pilgrims. The fellow-travellers had just been wonderfully sobered (as well they might be) by the piteous tale of the Prioress concerning the little clergy-boy—how, after the wicked Jews had cut his throat because he ever sang "*O Alma Redemptoris*," and have cast him into a pit, he was found there by his mother loudly giving forth the hymn in honour of the Blessed Virgin which he had loved so well. Master Harry Bailly was, as in duty bound, the first to interrupt by a string of jests the silence which had ensued:

"And then at first he looked upon me,  
And saide thus: 'What man art thou?' quoth he;  
"Thou lookest as thou wouldest find a hare,  
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.  
Approach more near, and looke merrily!  
Now, 'ware you, sirs, and let this man have space.  
He in the waist is shaped as well as I—  
This were a puppet in an arm to embrace  
For any woman, small and fair of face.  
He seemeth elfish by his countenance,  
For unto no wight doth he dalliãnce."

Whether the poet really intended this to be a self-description is very doubtful; all the same, the modesty which is referred to was quite characteristic, for he over and over again disclaims all boasts of perfection, or pretensions to pre-eminence as a poet; and in one charmingly-expressed passage of the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" he describes himself as merely following in the wake of those who have already reaped the harvest of amorous song, and have carried away the corn:

"And I come after, gleaning here and there,  
And am full glad if I can find an ear  
Of any goodly word that ye have left."

We do not get upon much surer ground when we approach the question of the origin of the Chaucer family, although possibly the derivation of the name is clear. We are hardly justified in assuming that because the family name is of French origin, that the family is also. Camden explains the name Chaucer by Hosier. The hosier of modern times sells stockings and other soft underclothing. Two hundred years ago the hosiers of London were those tailors who sold ready-made clothes, but the original hosier was he who encased the "nether man" in leather. The *chaussure* commonly used in England, when surnames were first adopted by the commonalty, was of leather, and covered both the foot and leg, and was called hose. Hosier, therefore, is the same with *Chaucier*, maker of *chausses*, which comes from the Latin *calcearius*, and differs but little in meaning from another word used to denote the man who followed this employment, viz., Sutor, Sowter, or Souter, which was in use in English from the time of Chaucer to that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mr. EDMUND MERCER read the paper which follows:

#### CHAUCER'S STORY-TELLERS.

Of the

"Nyne-and-twenty in a companye  
Of sundry folk, by aventure y-falle  
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,  
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde,"

some two-and twenty had the opportunity of distinguishing themselves by entertaining and edifying their fellows with story and jest, the remainder occupying the necessary and non-committal position of listeners. The characters gifted with a flow of talk may be classed in three broad divisions—chivalry was represented by the knight, the squyer and the yeoman; religion came to the fore with the monk, the prioress, the friar, the sumpnour, the pardoner, the parson, the Canon's yeoman, and the nun; whilst the domestic virtues found their representatives in the Manne of Lawe, the phisicien, the clerke, the merchant, the miller, the reeve, the cook, the shipmanne, the franklin, the maunciple, and, chiefest of all, the Wyf of Bath. The gentlemen of golden silence were two preestes, a haberdassher, a carpenter, a webbe or weaver, a dyere, a tapicer or tapestry-maker, and a plowman, together with the Canon, who accompanied by his yeoman, joined the merry party on their way. Chaucer himself was, of course, of the party in the capacity of "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," and had he lived to accompany the pilgrims on their return journey, there is no doubt we should

have had from him a delightful report of their doings in Canterbury, with the stories told by those who, for want of a recorder, have remained mute to this day.

The first to begin the string of stories was the knight to whom fell the shortest cut. He was

. . . "a worthy man,  
That fro the tyme that he first began  
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye."

He had borne the brunt of fight in fifteen battles, chiefly in the Orient,

"And evermore he hadde a sovereign prys,  
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
He never yet no vileynie, he sayde,  
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.  
He was a verray parfit gentil knight,  
But for to tellen yow of his array,  
His hors were gode, but he was not gay.  
Of fustian he wered a gipoun  
Al bismotered with his habergeoun;  
For he was late y-come from his viage,  
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage."

The tale he told was, as may be expected, worthy of the man—a tale of chivalry, the subject of Boccaccio's poem, "The Theseide." Palamon and Arcite, were two young Theban knights, who fell into the hands of Theseus and were imprisoned in a dungeon at Athens. Both fell in love with Emily, the sister-in-law of their captor. In time their liberty was granted to them on the occasion of a tournament, Emily being the victor's prize. Arcite prayed to Mars to grant him victory; Palamon's prayer was offered to Venus for the possession of Emily, and both were granted. Arcite won, and, advancing for the prize, was thrown by his horse and died, Palamon then remaining in possession of the field, though not the victor, received Emily.

By the time this story was ended, the "ale of Southwark" had overcome the little wisdom possessed by the miller, though he

. . . "was a stout carl, for the nones,  
Full big he was, of braun, and eek of bones;  
That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,  
At wrastling he wolde have alway the ram.  
He was short-shol' red, brood, a thikke knarre,  
Ther was no dore that he wolde heve of harre,  
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.  
His berd as any sowe or fax was reed,  
And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade.  
Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade  
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,  
Reed as the bristles of a sowe's eies,  
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde,  
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his syde;  
His mouth as great was as a greet forneys,  
He was a jauglere and a goliardeys."

And so, without regard for the courtesy due to his betters or equals, or to his self-respect, with utter contempt for gentle ears

or the remonstrances of those who knew him too well, he must needs be silenced only by allowing him to have his own drunken way, and telling some lewd, farcical legend of Alison and Nicholas, a timid carpenter, and a flood that did not happen.

Everybody laughed at this wildly silly story :

“Diverse folk diversely they seyde ;  
 But, for the more part, they loughed and pleyde,  
 He at this tale I saugh no man him greve,  
 But it were only Osewold the Reve,  
 By-cause he was of carpentere’s craft.”

He was of the men who tried to dissuade the miller, hence the miller made his silliest character a carpenter. The Reeve had risen from his tool-bench to what he was, namely, “an officer with the care and custody of manors, the produce of which was kept in hand for furnishing his lord’s table. His duties employed all his time, preyed upon his thoughts, and made him lean and choleric. He was the terror of bailiffs and hinds, and remarkable for circumspection, vigilance and subtlety. He was never in arrears, and no auditor was able to over-reach or detect him in his accounts ; yet he made more commodious purchases for himself than his master, without forfeiting the goodwill or bounty of the latter.” This particular Reeve

“Was a sclendre colerik man,  
 His berd was shave as ny as ever he can ;  
 His heer was by his eres round y-shorn,  
 His top was dokked lyk a preest bijorn ;  
 Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,  
 Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.”

Naturally, the moment the Miller had finished, the Reeve deemed it fitting to read a sermon to him, which the host cut short with

“The devel made a reve for to preche,  
 And of a souter a shipman or a leche,  
 Set forth thy tale, and tarie nat the tyme.”

Whereupon, after his character, the Reeve narrated a story of a rascally miller, that he had read in an old *Fabliau* of the *Trouveur*. *Jean de Boves*—“*le Gombert et les deux Clercs*”—or in the *Decameron* of *Boccaccio*—perhaps in both, since he mixed the two in the telling. A miller deprived two clerks of Cambridge of their corn by letting their horse loose when they came to have it ground. They found it gone when they returned with their steed, and, suspecting the thief, they saved their revenge for a future evening. Once more they tarried at the miller’s, this time spending the night there, and sleeping in the one room with the rest of his family. By a series of ingenious tricks, such as moving the furniture into different positions, they so arranged matters that the miller’s wife mistook her husband for one of the clerks and beat him soundly, in which she was most willingly assisted by the visitors, who rode away with their corn or its equivalent.

This tale was well received, and the cook gave it as his opinion that the Reve and the Miller were quits. He did not care for the beautiful story told by the Knight, but the lewd japes and gestes of the two last-named duellists appealed to his unlettered understanding, and with the fourteenth century equivalent for “that reminds me,” he began a story of a ’prentice, and there stuck. Whether it were

something of bashfulness, which is doubtful, or that his wits went a-wander, or, like many men who begin an anecdote with the preface, "It will make you laugh!" and then forget all but the beginning, and end with "Anyhow, I know it was funny," he never got beyond a description of his bibulous hero.

"Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale," was the Cook's chief characteristic and pride, and possibly he had been doing lip-service to many such, as, later on in the day, he fell asleep and fell from his horse,

"Whereas he lay, til that men up him took;  
This was a fayr chivachee of a cook!  
Allas! he nodde holde him by his ladel!  
And, er that he agayn were in his sadel,  
Ther was greet showing bothe to and fro,  
To lifte him up, and muchel care and wo,  
So unweldy was this sory palled gost."

The continuity of the string of tales was thus broken, and the host, in his capacity of chairman, besought the kind offices of one he deemed a born narrator:

"A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,  
That often hadde been at the parvys,  
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.  
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence;  
He seemed swich, his wordes weren so wyse.  
Justyce he was ful often in assyse,  
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;  
For his science, and for his heigh renoun.  
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon."

The choice was a good one, and the story told by the Justice was one of crime committed, of the guilty being punished, and the innocent set right. It was one he had perhaps read in the manuscript of Sir Giovanni's "Il Pecorone," which was then coming into popularity, or, as is more likely for a man versed in law and history, in the legendary life of Offa, King of the West Angles, attributed to Matthew Paris. Yet again he may have seen it in the "Gesta Romanorum," where it was told as a pattern of resignation. Custance was the daughter of the Emperor of Rome. The Sultan of Syria, in order to espouse her, renounced his religion and turned Christian. His mother then murdered him, and set Custance adrift on a raft. After a time the raft stranded on a rock near Northumberland, and the Constable rescued Custance, and took her home, where she converted his wife, Hermegild. A young lord fell in love with her, but on his suit being rejected he killed Hermegild, and charged Custance with the deed. King Ella was the judge, and on the innocence of Custance being proved he married her. While Ella was in Scotland Custance gave birth to a boy, Maurice; and Ella's mother, angry with her for the introduction of Christianity, put her and her boy adrift on a raft again. They were rescued by a senator and taken to Rome. Ella discovering his mother's crime, had her executed, and journeyed to Rome on a pilgrimage to atone. There he found his wife and child, and Custance's father, the Emperor, dying, her child succeeded to the Empire. Custance returned to Northumberland with her husband, and, on his death, came back to her native land.



At the conclusion of this story the host asked the Parson for another such, but the Shipman objected :

“ Heer, he shal not preche,  
He shal no gospel glosen heer na teche ” ;

and offered himself to tell the next tale :

“ My joly body shal a tale telle,  
And I shal clinken yow so mery a belle,  
That I shal waken al this companye ;  
But it shal nat bea of philosophye,  
Ne physices, ne termes queinte of lawe ;  
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.”

The Captain of the “ Maudelayne ” of Dartmouth

“ Rood upon a vounce, as he couthe,  
In a gowne of falding to the knee.  
A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he  
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.  
The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun.  
And, certainly, he was a good felawe ” ;

and, in his way, told a good story. Since he knew “ every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne,” it may well be that he had heard the following story read from some manuscript of the “ Decameron,” or related by some sailor or traveller. A young Milan gentleman loved the wife of a rich merchant in that city, and she offered him her favours for the sum of two hundred florins in gold. Surprised at such avarice, he determined to play her a trick, and borrowed that sum from her husband. On the departure of the latter for Genoa the woman sent for the lover to bring the money. He came with a friend, in whose presence he handed her the gold, desiring her to give it her husband on his return. He obtained his desires, and when the merchant came home he was informed the money had been repaid to the wife, who, as she had received it in the presence of a witness, was compelled to refund it to her husband.

By way of change of story and teller, the host next turned to the Prioress :

“ That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy,  
Hir grettteste ooth was but by seynt Loy ;  
And she was cleped Madame Eglentyne.  
Ful wel she song the service divyne,  
Entuned in hir nose ful semely ;  
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

\* \* \* \* \*

And sikerly she was of greet disport,  
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was ;  
Hir nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas ;  
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed ;  
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed ;  
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe ;  
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.”

We can well imagine this prim young lady, fitted by her education—French, too—for the control of demoiselles at convent, telling her little story of Hugh of Lincoln, the perfect pattern of little boys, who was so cruelly martyred by the Jews—if the story be true. At all events, simple and sweet as she and her tale were, both made such an impression on the company that at the climax all were silent.

In a moment the host wakened up by demanding a story from the Poet, who said he remembered none, but would give the company some verses, and narrated a story intended, perhaps, in burlesque of chivalry, and suggesting, it is said, to Cervantes the first idea of Don Quixote, of how Sir Thopas, a native of Poperyng, in Flanders, was a capital sportsman, archer, wrestler, runner and so forth, and desirous of marrying an elf-queen, and how he therefore set out for Fairyland. On his way he met the three-headed giant Olifaunt, who challenged him to single combat. Sir Thopas got permission to go back for his armour, and promised to meet him next day—but here the host broke in :

“ No more of this, for Godde’s dignitee !”

and put an end to the “ drasty ” rhyme, asking the only poet amongst them forsooth to tell something in prose. So Chaucer had another chance, and gave them a prose translation from the French “ The Tale of Melibeus.” He was a wealthy young man, married to Prudence. One day, when Melibeus “ went into the fields to play,” some of his enemies came to his house, beat his wife, and killed his daughter. Upon his return, Melibeus resolved upon vengeance, but his wife persuaded him to forgiveness, and Melibeus, taking her counsel, called together the wrongdoers, and told them he forgave them “ to this effect and to this ende, that God, of His endlees mercy, wole at the tyme of our dyinge forgeven us our giltes, that we han trespassed to him in this wretched world.”

Our host was so struck with this adventure that he said :

“ I hadde lever than a barel ale,  
That goode lief my wyf hadde herd this tale !”

and after a vivid description of that Amazon, he asked the favour of the next story from the Monk, whose

“ Heed was balled, that soon as any glas,  
And eek his face, as he had been anoint.  
He was a lord ful fat and in good point ;  
His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,  
That stemed as a forneys of a leed ;  
His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.  
Now certainly he was a fair prelat ;  
He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.  
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.”

He immediately proffered to tell certain tragedies, which he first defined :

“ Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,  
As olde bokes maken us memorie,  
Of him that stood in greet prosperitee  
And is y-fallen out of heigh degree  
Into miserie, and endeth wretchedly.”

and told of the rise and fall of Lucifer, Adam, Sampson, Hercules, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Zenobia, and numerous others. These

tragedies so affected the spirit of his audience that the Monk, commencing another, was stayed with

“ Ho ! ” quod the Knight, “ good sir, namore of this. ”

The host backed the Knight's request, and pressed Sir John, one of the nun's priests, for a lively tale, which turned out to be a dissertation on dreams and a dialogue between Chauncleer and Pertelote, a couple of fowls, with a hint at Renard the Fox :

The “ Phisicien ” was the next on the host's list.

“ He was a verrey parfit practisour.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of his diete mesurable was he,  
For it was of no superfluitee,  
But of greet norissing and digestible.  
His studie was but litel on the Bible.  
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,  
Lyned wits taffata and with sendal;  
And yet he was but esy of dispence;  
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.  
For gold in phisik is a cordial,  
Therefore he lovede gold in special.”

He told the company the well-known story of Virginius and his daughter.

Succeeding this, the host gave the cue to the Pardoner :

“ That streight was comen from the Court of Rome.

\* \* \* \* \*

His walet lay bifore him in his lappe,  
Breful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.  
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.  
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,  
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave.”

He carried what he said was a piece of “ Our Lady's veil, a bit of St. Peter's sail, a few stones, and some pig's bones—all holy relics with which

“ Whan that he fond

A poore person dwelling up-on lond,  
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye  
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye.  
And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,  
He made the person and the peple his apes.”

He was asked at first for a lively tale, but the gentler portion of the company requested no ribaldry, so the tale he told was “ Death and the Three Rogues.” Three swinkers of Flanders during a plague were told that Death had killed one of their fellows. They determined to avenge him, and after making enquiries where the slayer was to be found, they were directed to a tree. On going thither they found eight bushels or so of fine gold florins. The two elder men sent the youngest to the town, and while he was away seeking bread and wine they determined to kill him. He, having the same thought, bought poison for their wine. On his return he was at once killed, and the two murderers drinking the wine were both poisoned.

Now came the turn of the Wife of Bath, who, from the long prologue to a short story, must have been a very chatterbox :

“ She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,  
 Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,  
 Withouten other companye in youthe,  
 But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.”

Her preliminary gossip was all of her late spouses, of whom one incident is worth noting. Her fifth husband, Clerk Jankyn, had a library of books against women, *Valerius de non ducenda uxore*, Theophrastus, “*De Nuptiis*,” St. Jerome “*against Jovinian*,” which he used to read aloud to her, till one night the Wife tore some pages out of one book, and was so soundly beaten that she swooned away, and ever after ruled her repentant husband for his own good. The short story she told was of a knight condemned to death for a crime. The Queen had the choice of his punishment or pardon given to her. She would grant him pardon if, in twelve months and a day, he could answer one question: “*What thing is it that women most desyren?*” He wandered about for a year, but could find no answer, and, meeting a hag in a forest, was asked by her the cause of his sorrow. He put the question to her, and on condition of marrying her she promised to give him the answer. He plighted troth with her, and the answer was “*sovereignty*.” He made this reply to the Queen and her Court, and whether right or wrong they did not venture to deny it. He married the hag, and at night she asked him whether he would have her old and wise or young and adventurous. He chose the former, giving her her own way, and in the morning, looking at her, found her young and wise as well.

And now came another duel, this time between the Friar and the Sumpnour. The Friar was

“ A wantown and a merye,  
 A limitour, a ful solempne man.  
 In alle the ordres foure is noon that can  
 So muche of daliaunce and fair langage.”

With malice prepense he made the hero of his story a Somnour, and the theme was his false dealings with women, until the Devil, disguised as one, carried him off body and soul. This was more than the Somnour could stand. By virtue of his ecclesiastical office he had power to commit much villany, and in Chaucer's days he very often used it. He being the summoner to the ecclesiastical court, might easily condone offences for a consideration, and might even create imaginary ones to delude the more ignorant to his own profit. The present Somnour was anything but a good character. He

“ Hadde a fyr-reed cherubbinne's face,  
 For sawcefleem he was, with eyen narwe.  
 As hoot he was, and lecherous as a sparwe,”

And was a particular friend of the swindling Pardoner. Hence the Friar's tale made him smart, and he returned the compliment by relating the endeavour of a Friar to get money from a sick man and its result.

The host next called on the Clerk of Oxford for a tale. He was a student

“ That unto logik hadde longe y-go.  
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake,  
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.  
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;

For he had geten him yet no benefyce,  
 He was so worldly for to have offyce.  
 For him was lever have at his beddes heed,  
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

His tale, "lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk," was the popular one of Griselda, told by Boccaccio in the "Decameron," but taken direct from Petrarch's own lips by Chaucer when in Padua. This story was so popular that plays and mysteries innumerable were enacted from it.

When it was concluded, the Merchant, "with a forked beard," confessed he had a wife, "the worste that may be," and told a story of January and May, an old husband and a young wife, and the tricks played by the latter. The host, at its conclusion, asked the Knight's son, the Squire, for a love tale:

"A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,  
 With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse,  
 Of twenty yer of age he was, I gesse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;  
 He was as fresh as is the month of May."

He accordingly began, but never finished, the story of Cambuscan, King of Tartary, with a horse of brass, a magic ring, mirror and sword, and other machinery of Eastern tales, and a princess in the form of a bird. No doubt it must have been concluded, as the Franklin praised it very much, and said that he had a son, and would he had the discretion of the young Squire. This Franklin was a gentleman holding his lands direct from the Sovereign.

"Whyt was his berd as in the dayesye.  
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn,  
 Wel loved he by the marwe a sop in wyn.

He had been a knight of the shire, and a sheriff, and his offer of a story was at once accepted. He therefore told the tale of Dorigen (from Boccaccio), a lady of high family, who married Arvirargus out of pity for his love and meekness. She was loved by Amelius, who, in the absence of the husband, tried to win her, but she answered she would not listen to him till the rocks that beset the coast of Brittany were removed. Amelius, by the aid of a magician, accomplished this, at which Dorigen was very sad, but her husband said she must keep her word. When she met Amelius, he, seeing her sadness and knowing her love, sent her home to her husband unharmed.

Then the Second Nun told a tale of the life of St. Cecilia, and was followed by the Canon's Yeoman, who had lately joined the party, with the story of an alchemist and his methods for getting money under the pretence of making or finding the usual philosopher's stone and gold. It was during this recital that the Cook fell from his horse, and as a penalty he was to tell a story; but, being totally unfit, the Maunciple stepped into the breach. Perhaps the Cook was the chef of the inn for which he himself catered. He was a "gentil" Maunciple

“ Of a temple,  
Of which achatour mighte take exemple,  
For to be wyse in bying of intaille.  
For whether that he payde, or took by taille,  
Algate he wayted so in his achat,  
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.”

His tale was a very short one that he, perhaps, had read in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," of how a wife deceived her husband, of how a crow she kept told the husband, who slew her, and afterwards, in repentance, the crow.

By this time it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the host quietly asked the Parson to tell them a story to finish the day, but as he had none to tell, he was asked to disclose his meditations, which he did in the form of a long and beautiful sermon, all the more impressive since the preacher was a man who

“ Criste's love, and his apostles twelve  
He taught, and first he folwed it himselve.”

A black-letter copy of Chaucer's works, "imprinted at London by Jhon Kyngston, for Jhon Wight, dwellyng in Poules Churchyarde, 1561," from the Free Reference Library, was shown by Mr. C. W. Sutton, and there was exhibited by Mr. Ormerod portraits of Chaucer and Gower, engraved by Vertue. Mr. B. A. Redfern read a modernised version of Chaucer's description of the Miller.

An interesting and valuable discussion ensued, in which Messrs Milner, Butterworth, Gordon, and Campbell took part.

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1901.—MR. GEORGE MILNER was in the chair.

MR. WALTER BUTTERWORTH read a paper on "Shakespeare's Italian Critics."

#### REMINISCENCES OF WAUGH.

MR. WILLIAM DINSMORE read a paper on "Some Reminiscences of Edwin Waugh." Numerous incidents illustrative of the many-sided character of the poet were related, his tender-heartedness and modesty. An amusing incident was told in connection with his membership, in early manhood, of a small literary club, consisting of seven members. The president was an amateur flautist and a well-read working-man. At the close of the first session it was resolved to have a feast. Means being limited, the repast was necessarily homely—a supper of boiled mussels, ale, and bread. The cook was directed to boil oatmeal along with the bivalves as a corrective against the dangerous and mysterious poison popularly associated with mussels. On the night of the feast, the usual business being transacted, the president directed the cook and her assistants to bring in the

supper and requisite tackle, meanwhile playing a lively march on his flute as the procession moved along. "Serve the banquet!" cried the flautist. "Good! Now the mussels!" The contents of a pan were carefully tilted into a basin, but never a mussel was visible; nought save a thick mass of porridge was discernible. The lovers of literature and social glee were dumb-founded. "Where be the shellfish?" cried the president in despairing tones. "They're theer," responded the cook, pointing to the heap of porridge, "an' yo' can fork 'em eawt." "Comrades," said the president, "we've a serious job to tackle, coats off, let every one seize a fork, and after I have counted three let each member fish for himself, an' no surrender. The man who captures most mussels shall have a prize." The member who got the first mussel was cheered for his dexterity. Waugh declared he never enjoyed another supper so heartily as he enjoyed that mussel "do."

Mr. MILNER referred to the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Ramsbottom, a former member of the Club and author of a small volume of verse, dealing mainly with the Lancashire cotton famine, under the title of "Phases of Distress."

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1901.—The chair was taken by the President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. W. WHITEHEAD read a short paper entitled "Dante Alighieri on Dialects."

Mr. W. BAGSHAW contributed an original sonnet.

Mr. B. A. REDFERN read a notice of George Vasey's "Philosophy of Laughter and Smiling."

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Mr. W. NOEL JOHNSON read the principal paper entitled "In the Footsteps of St. Francis of Assisi," being a description of a visit paid to Assisi. The modern spirit seems as yet to have scarcely found an entrance into the town. The new is so insignificant or so like the old that its intrusion is unseen and unfelt. Perhaps nothing impresses the visitor more than the sense of peace which pervades the whole place. Excepting on the arrival of the carriages and tourists from the station, the stillness of the streets remains unbroken. It seems almost impossible to believe that the town contains five thousand inhabitants. The personality of the Saint is the great central feature of attraction, and puts all others into passive insignificance. It may be that it is all this which has caused Assisi to remain what it is. There seemed no evidence of wealth and little of poverty. The Assisians might

have received the answer to the prayer of him who asked for neither poverty nor riches; and if they have, the world well may envy them their lot.

There followed an interesting discussion, in which Messrs. Milner, Mortimer, and Fox took part.

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MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1901.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, was in the chair.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

Mr. B. A. REDFERN read a paper on "Thomas Edward Brown, poet and scholar. Born at Douglas, Isle of Man, in 1830, Brown was educated at King William's College, Castletown, and went up to Oxford as a servitor of Christ Church. In 1854 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. Successively he was Vice-Principal of King William's College, headmaster of the Crypt School, Gloucester, and for more than thirty years head of the Modern side at Clifton College. The last five years of his life were spent in the Isle of Man, and he died at Clifton in 1897. There was in him a rare compound of the ebullient and expansive Kelt and the self-contained Anglo-Saxon. Unlike what is usual with the possessors of imitative genius, ready speech, and satirical vein, there was never anything caustic and cruel in Brown, and he does not seem to have made any enemies. We are told that his favourite text was "Keep thy heart with all diligence," and his life seems to have been led in full obedience to its spirit. As regards his poems, it is delightful, after a surfeit of cynicism and pessimism, to come upon the healthy faith and hope, the free and honest admiration of the best in humanity which are exhibited in them. There is often a vein of sad sweetness, of tender melancholy, but never anything morbid or strained therein. What Burns did for the Scotch Lowlands and Waugh for our own county, Brown has done for the Isle of Man, and his countrymen recognise in him their interpreter and seer.

RUSKIN ECONOMICS.

Mr. JOHN ANGELL read the principal paper on "Ruskin Economics." The reader's object was to deny totally and unequivocally the right of John Ruskin to rank in any degree as a political economist or as an authority on economic science in this country. Very much of the confusion with which Ruskin obscures and complicates his general discussion of the nature, aims, and principles of political economy is due to the narrow, academic, pedantic spirit which tries to base the meanings of given words,



names, and phrases on their root origins. Instead of taking the meanings at their present acceptation and value, he tries to fix on his words and phrases not only an interpretation accepted by no recognised authority on the subject, but one which makes systematic and logical investigation impossible. He charges modern political economy with being all skeleton—osseous, without soul. But all perfect science is soulless; that is, it is built on the basis of pure truth, into which no colouration or distortion of human feeling, bias, or sentiment has entered. He dismisses what he ironically designates the “divine” law of supply and demand as an absurdity unworthy of intelligent men, and affects to show that in certain cases, as, for instance, the destitution and famine coinciding with the raising of the siege of Paris, it may be abrogated. But the case adduced pre-eminently affirms and confirms the existence and operation of this economic law. He attacks the law that “wages are governed by competition,” and in giving cases in which the “so-called ‘law’ is absolutely set at defiance,” he really gives evidence at once of his own generosity and of the logical recklessness of the fighting and impassioned philanthropist. He made full tilt at the accepted theory of value, especially that of John Stuart Mill, whose political economy he attacked all round with wonderful fierceness and energy. But, like Don Quixote’s attack on the windmill, the assault failed. In his enunciation of his own system of political economy, as given in various of his books, we see the man of intensely kind heart, a real man of righteousness; but the system does not constitute political economy. Nevertheless, he has conferred on the community a vast amount of literary pleasure and benefit, and a great and noble stimulus in the direction of movements on behalf of human suffering and in the interests of benevolence, justice, and progress.

An animated discussion ensued, which was partaken in by Messrs. Milner, Mellor, Wilcock, Whitehead, and Mortimer.

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MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1901.—The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. George Milner.

Mr. JAMES BRIERLEY read a humorous effort in verse entitled “A Peep into Paradise.”

Mr. HENRY GANNON read the principal paper on “Heine’s ‘Harzreise.’”

An interesting discussion followed, which was taken part in by Messrs. Milner, Fox, Butterworth, Stansfield, and Mortimer.

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MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1901.—MR. GEORGE MILNER, the President, took the chair.

Mr. THOMAS NEWBIGGING presented a copy of his book, "One Hundred Years of Gas Enterprise."

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT read the words of a suggested song for the Club, with the title "Ave Mancuniam."

The Rev. A. W. FOX read a paper on "The Matchless Orinda."

Mr. EDMUND MERCER read the principal paper on "Francois Villon, Poet and Burglar."

An animated discussion followed, the members taking part therein being Messrs. Milner, Crosland, Campbell, Andrew, Atkins, Mellor, Mortimer, Stansfield and Bagshaw.

MONDAY MARCH 25, 1901.—The chair was taken by the President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. J. E. PHYTHIAN presented a copy of his "Story of Art in England," and Mr. RYDER BOYS gave a copy of the "Poems" of Denis Davies.

Mr. W. BAGSHAW read the following lines :

THE END OF THE SESSION.

Good-bye to Winter, once again, good-bye!  
 The Spring is here, and Summer follows fast,  
 Our session over, not without a sigh  
 Do we look back upon its pleasures past.  
 The joys of high debate that we have known  
 On themes that to the scholars' heart are dear,  
 All now are over, envious Time hath flown  
 Enriched with learned treasures gathered here.  
 Yet memories of those nights remain to cheer,  
 And hopes of future meeting when once more  
 The torch of learning, burning bright and clear,  
 We reassemble on this hallowed floor.  
 But now we feel the Spring within our blood,  
 And Mother Earth is calling us away  
 To active joys by mountain and by flood,  
 Or lazy dreaming through the livelong day,  
 What time the siren Summer's roundelay,  
 Blithe birds are chanting in the bosky wood;  
 And further joy to stroll on summer eves  
 'Neath skies illumed by many a glittering star,  
 To hear the gentle rustling of the leaves,  
 With eyes upturned to those blue depths afar.  
 And chiefly on that planet would we gaze  
 Which once made all the Orient laugh and cheered  
 The heart of Dante with its tender rays,  
 When he emerged with face all scorched and seared  
 Forth from that nether world of ice and flame,  
 Worn out with pity for its sin and shame.  
 These the delights of Summer that await  
 The devotees of Learning who have paid  
 Here at her altar with due pomp and state,  
 Their Winter vows, and her clear call obeyed.

Mr. H. E. CAMPBELL contributed a reading from "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," prefacing it with a few notes on that humorous volume.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND read a short paper descriptive of a visit to Lichfield.

Mr. J. T. FOARD read the principal paper on "Alfred the Great."

A valuable discussion followed, in which Messrs. Milner, Fox, Spencer, Ireland, Redfern, Campbell, and Credland took part.

Messrs. J. H. Brocklehurst and Tinsley Pratt were appointed auditors of the accounts of the Session.

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MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1901.—The chair was taken by the President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND, the Honorary Secretary, read the thirty-ninth annual report of the Council.

Mr. C. W. SUTTON, the Honorary Treasurer, submitted the annual statement of accounts.

The PRESIDENT, in moving the adoption of the report, said there were many societies whose operations did not correspond with their names, whereas it might be said of the Manchester Literary Club that it was fulfilling in a high degree the functions for which it existed. He frequently felt that no proceedings could possibly be more fitting at a literary club than those which they experienced in their own Club from time to time. They were steadily increasing, at any rate in the ability and weight of the papers contributed at the meetings, and although it was quite true that the number of papers and short communications read during the session was not so large as last year, the quality of the work done had been fully maintained. Whilst succeeding in fulfilling the main function, the Club also combined in a happy way with the study of literature, social enjoyment, and friendly intercourse among the members. Many outsiders who did not understand the methods and ways of the Club might think it would be better to have more work and less play, but his feeling was that the social element which formed such an important feature was exactly what the members required. With regard to the *Manchester Quarterly*, it was no small thing that it should have been published continuously for eighteen or nineteen years, as such journals were often short-lived. They did not cater for the popular taste by publishing novels or scrappy information, but kept themselves as far as possible to contribu-

tions of solid and valuable papers on literature. The journal ought to be made more widely known than it was at present, as there must be a great body of persons in Lancashire and Yorkshire and throughout the country who would be glad to become regular subscribers at so slight a cost if the *Quarterly* could be brought under their notice.

Sir WILLIAM H. BAILEY, in seconding the adoption of the report, which was agreed to, said he did not know of a more delightful society than the Manchester Literary Club. With regard to the minor poets among the members, he suggested that they might be of public utility, if they would turn their attention to songs and hymns, as the hymn books of all religious denominations stood very much in need of improvement.

All the officers and members of the Council were re-elected, with Mr. Milner as president. Several suggestions were made for increasing the circulation of the *Manchester Quarterly*, and the President promised that they should have the careful consideration of the Council. He mentioned as a remarkable circumstance that an application for the journal had been received from the American Congress Library. The remainder of the evening was devoted to music, readings, and recitals, contributions being given by Sir William Bailey, Messrs. G. Milner, J. Wilcock, Thomas Derby, N. Dumville, John Mortimer, Tinsley Pratt, W. R. Credland, W. Bagshaw, and B. A. Redfern.

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THE CLOSING CONVERSAZIONE.

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1901.—The *Conversazione*, which marks the close of the Session, was held on this evening in the Club's rooms at the Grand Hotel. The large Club room barely afforded accommodation for the company of ladies and gentlemen who attended. The music and literary entertainment, arranged by Mr. John Wilcock, was given by Mrs. Laurence Clay, Madame Sadler-Fogg, Miss Crosland, Messrs. J. M. M'Burnie, Alfred Boyd, J. F. L. Crosland, Tinsley Pratt, and W. Bagshaw. An original song by Mr. Thomas Newbigging, "We'll all go a-clubbing to-night," set to music by Mr. N. P. Thamsen, was sung by Mr. Wilcock.

WE'LL ALL GO A-CLUBBING TO-NIGHT.

The holiday hours, they are gone with the flowers  
(O, seasons of sunshine will flee!)  
The rooks they wend home to their wintery bowers,  
The swallows fly over the sea;  
Still we've pleasures in store, welcome, precious, galore  
(Though seasons will circle and change);  
In the midst of our books (*vale* swallows and rooks!)  
We can ponder, and pasture and range.

CHORUS.—So we gladly foregather again,  
At the "Grand," where the Muses, in train,  
Their treasures unroll to the eyes of the soul,  
Here we gladly foregather again.

In the mart, in the mill, we are strenuous all,  
(As the seasons they come and they go),  
In cellar and warehouse and market and hall,  
Where Commerce her fires are aglow;  
At the desk with the pen we may toil for a wage,  
(As the seasons they come and they go),  
But the scroll of the sage and the lettered page  
Are ours, too, to have and to know.

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing to-night,  
At the "Grand" where the Muses invite;  
When October comes round, there our President's found  
Where we all go a-clubbing at night.

Here Homer, the blind, he gives eyes to the mind,  
(Let the season be clouded or clear);  
When Plutarch he drives, we've a jorum of lives—  
No chronicle his of small beer!  
With Horace, a seat in his Sabine retreat,  
(Be the season o'er clouded or clear),  
Or with Virgil at ease 'mid his brocc'li and peas,  
We a smile have, and sometimes a tear!

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing at night,  
To the "Grand" where the Muses invite;  
There our President's smile might Diogenes wile  
From his tub, the cantankerous wight!

Old Chaucer we scan, if Piers Plowman we ban,  
(As the seasons go jolting along);  
Will Shakespeare and Scott, they are ours to a dot;  
Montaigne of the garrulous tongue.  
With Milton the Rad, we are sprightly or sad,  
(As the seasons go spinning along);  
And for Browning and Burns—well, we take them by turns,  
As a riddle we-re, or a song.

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing to-night,  
At the "Grand" where the Muses invite;  
Our President's face lends distinction and grace  
Where we all go a-clubbing at night.

If Fielding gets rusty, or Smollett grows musty,  
(For seasons will tarnish and stain),  
We give them a scrub with a brush at "The Club,"  
And restore their brave features again.  
With Cowley and Crabbe we hold pleasant confab,  
(Though seasons bedimmed have the twain),  
With Dryden and Pope we dare venture to cope;  
Or Beranger, Goethe, or Taine.

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing to-night,  
At the "Grand" where the Muses invite;  
Where our President's looks are prolific of books  
We'll all go a-clubbing to-night.

We write not for pelf, nor in love of one's self,  
 (Such reasons would blemish the page),  
 But in love of our kind, and of books where enshrined  
 Is the life-blood of bard and of sage!  
 No! 'tis never for pelf we heap books on the shelf,  
 (The seasons are ours and the page),  
 We publish our *Mag.* without blazon or brag,  
 Let it speak for itself—'tis of age!

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing to-night,  
 At the "Grand" where the Muses invite;  
 Our President sits, gay or grave as befits,  
 Where we'll all go a-clubbing at night.

Thus, deep in our hearts pleasant concourse we hold,  
 (As the seasons they come and they go),  
 With the lore that is better than rubies and gold,  
 Or all that the Philistines know!  
 If scant be our lot, and life's pressure we feel,  
 (Be the season a cold one or hot),  
 On a chunk of cow-heel, or a little oatmeal,  
 We will cultivate Letters—why not?

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing to-night,  
 At the "Grand" where the Muses invite;  
 When October comes round, there our President's found  
 Where we all go a-clubbing at night.

Is Edwin forgot? Nay, 'tis not so, I wot!  
 (Let's gi'e credit t' "them as belongs")  
 Ben "wi' his pins, an' his wellers to th' shins?"  
 All their cracks and their jokes and their songs!  
 Sam Bamford and Swain, they are gone—they remain!  
 (And 'tis ours to remember their claims).  
 Harland, Hardwick, and Page, and Joe Chattwood the sage,  
 In our annals embalmed are their names.

CHORUS.—So we'll all go a-clubbing at e'en,  
 To the "Grand," where the Muses convene;  
 Though winter may reign, in our hearts it is plain  
 There is springtime and summer and sheen.

There was an interesting exhibition of paintings by Mr. Charles Potter, in addition to pictures and sketches by Miss Redfern and Mr. George Milner, photographs by Mr. W. E. Rowcliffe, and an oil portrait of Mr. Charles W. Sutton, by Miss Esdaile. The following poem composed by Mr. Newbigging was printed on the programme, and read during the evening by the President:

When lengthening days and brighter skies,  
 And nature's varied harmonies  
 Of budding leaf and song of bird,  
 And babbling stream, are seen and heard,  
 We close the volume of the book.  
 For fields and woodlands are our goal—  
 To find in many a sylvan nook  
 Rest and refreshment for the soul.

Yet not forgetful of the page,  
Of bard inspired and lettered sage ;  
While studio is still to learn the lore  
That nature's volume ope's before  
Our raptured eyes. Thus drinking in  
From nature and from books the best,  
To willing hearts that toil and spin  
The circling hours are three times blest.

The PRESIDENT, in the course of his opening address, drew attention to the pictures exhibited in the room, referring especially to those by Mr. Charles Potter. Mr. Potter was one of the two oldest members of the Club, the other being Mr. William Percy, the artist. Mr. Potter was a man of deep and ardent sympathies, sympathies which went out to his fellow-men and to nature alike, to nature especially in her bolder and more rugged forms. No one who looked at his pictures could doubt that the heart of the man was in them, and his genuine love of nature evident in every line and tone. Unfortunately Mr. Potter had fallen upon evil days. A serious illness had interfered with his power of work, a sad fate for a painter, and he needed help and sympathy. Recognition should not fail him in Lancashire, for he was a perfect type in body and mind of the sturdy Lancastrian character. The speaker hoped that that exhibition of Mr. Potter's pictures would result in something being done for him. Proceeding to mention the work done or about to be done by individual members of the Club, Mr. Milner said there were now in the press a life of Luigi Cornaro, by Mr. Axon, which was to be issued in America, a new volume of poems by Mr. John Walker, and a work by Mr. Ernest Fletcher entitled "The Conversations of Northcote with James Ward." As to the more general work of the Club the first thing that struck one in regard to the session now closing was the prominence given to the consideration of foreign literature. This was as it should be, for while we need not bate one jot of our admiration for the great heritage of literature which had come down to us from the hands of our own countrymen, we should be able to rebut the charge, so often made against us, of insularities and of ignorant preferences. Indeed, unless we knew something of the master spirits of other literatures, whether ancient or contemporary, we could not possibly have a reasonable appreciation of what was best in our own records. The foreign writers dealt with had been Dante, Heine, La Bruyère, Rabelais, Villon, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy, and the Italian critics of Shakespeare. But English writers and even local authors had not been neglected. The two nights which were devoted in each case to a series of studies of a single writer—Chaucer and Ruskin—were especially fertile and interesting. A synopsis of all the papers showed that

a considerable number, though not the largest number, were occupied with criticism. It was sometimes thought that they gave too much time to this branch of literature. He did not think so. They were always ready to welcome what, for want of a better word, was called "creative literature"; the more they had of it the better. But if a body of persons came together for the purpose of literary study and investigation, they must have recourse to criticism in one form or another. Some of our foremost poets had also been in the forefront of what might be called constructive criticism. He was inclined to think that more rather than less attention might be paid to criticism provided it was understood that it should include the consideration of what criticism ought to be, of the lines upon which it should proceed, and of the approaches which might be made in this country towards a more scientific and coherent system. Nothing was more desirable than that an attempt should be made, especially in England, to bring into order the capriciousness, the fortuitousness, the irresponsibility, the disorders of criticism. In most of the work which appeared under this category, the purely personal standpoint was adopted; there was no reference to general and admitted principles, and to that round test and standard which might always be found in the works of those who were acknowledged masters in their various provinces. He was sanguine enough to believe that even within the limited sphere afforded by their Club it might be possible to show what honest and consistent criticism meant—criticism based upon accurate knowledge and kept free from the deflecting influence of prejudice and passion.

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT'S contribution to the entertainment consisted of the following parodies:

MOTHER HUBBARD

(As it might have been written).

BY SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet: What said'st thou then?

Horatio:                   It thus wise chanc'd, my lord,  
This ancient gossip, moving with slow steps,  
Towards the cupboard came, and straight she set  
Open the doors that hid the sight from view.

Ham.: What to thy startled eyeballs next was shown?

Hor.: A woeful thing, my lord.

Ham.:                                 Haste me to know!

Hor.: The place was empty quite.

Ham.:                                 Alas! alas!

I would I had been there, Horatio!

Hor.: It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham.:                                 Very like!

How look'd the hungry four-foot beast the while?



Hor. : Most sadly, sir, as I do live by bread !

Ham. : What ! Stay'd it long ?

Hor. : Alas, sir, no ; it whin'd,

And then the gaunt and hunger'd beast pass'd on,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. : 'Tis very strange !

Hor. : As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true.

Ham. : Indeed, indeed, sir, but this worries me !

Alas ! poor beast, to gaze with vacant stare

Into that ancient gossip's cupboard bare !

What could she do, poor soul ? O, cursed spite !

That ever she found the cupboard empty quite !

#### BY WORDSWORTH.

##### A frugal dame

That dwelt within a cottage—simple, small,  
 Hard by a wood—there led her single life ;  
 Her nearest neighbours liv'd some miles away ;  
 Conveyance had she none, nor felt the need,  
 For still her limbs were sturdy. Thus she grew  
 Familiar with the trees and every bird  
 That hopp'd within her pathway greeted her.  
 She was a worthy woman, and she knew  
 No cares of wifhood, for she had no mate  
 (At least, she was a widow, I may say).  
 Her only friend a canine creature was—  
 A dog, in short—and as it chanc'd one day  
 She to the cupboard came in search of bread,  
 Or rather bone, she found the place was bare,  
 And so he died ! but when they buried him  
 That ancient woman wept, and all confest  
 They'd seldom seen a nicer funeral.

#### BY LONGFELLOW.

Should you ask me of the story  
 Of the canine friend of Hubbard—  
 Mother Hubbard—Mother Hubbard,  
 I should answer—I should tell you  
 That the dog beheld his platter  
 Empty—empty—ever empty ;

And the canine creature whining  
 In the hearing of his mistress,  
 Seemed to say in accents piteous,  
 " Gentle Hubbard—Mother Hubbard,  
 I am famish'd, I am famish'd :  
 I have fasted for a week now—  
 For a week now I have fasted,  
 I am losing all my sleekness,  
 And my ribs are showing plainly ;  
 If you feed me not I perish !  
 Give me flesh or give me finny,  
 Cow or pig, or cod, I care not !  
 Give me something, Mother Hubbard."

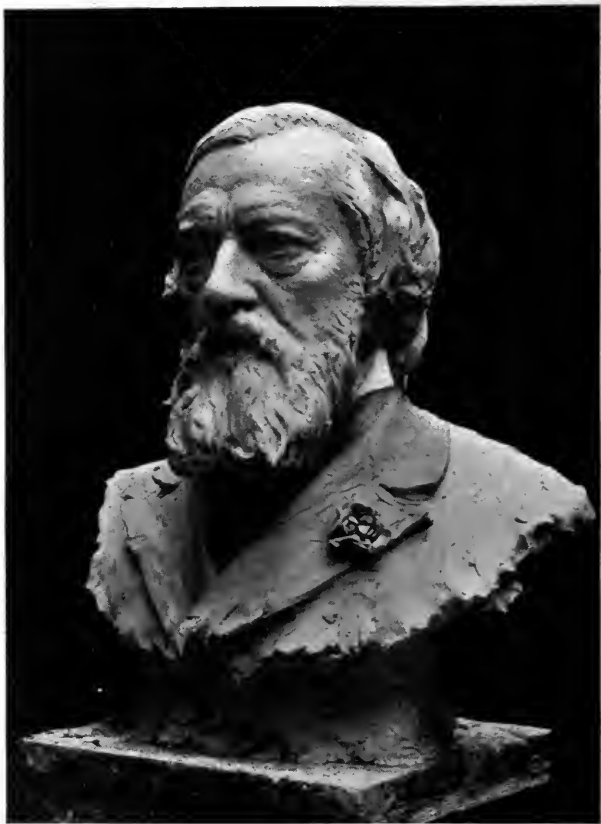
So she took his empty platter—  
 Took his platter to the store-place—  
 But she found that it was empty—  
 Yes, she found the cupboard empty ;  
 And she said : " O canine creature,  
 There is nothing I can give you ;  
 I have neither bone or finny,  
 I have neither beef nor mutton ;  
 Nor of Calabar the biscuits,  
 Spratt's, nor yet of any other—  
 I am sorry—I am sorry"  
 Thereby hangs the tale of Hubbard.

BY MR. KIPLING.

Beyond the tale of a knight in mail is the story I have to tell—  
 The tale of a beast, not the last nor least, and of sad things that befel.  
 His owner was Hubbard, who went to the cupboard, and glancing her  
 eyes around,  
 She searched full high, with many a sigh, and what do you think  
 she found?  
 Neither biscuit nor cake for her dog to take, neither Calabar known  
 in town,  
 Nor Spratt's for choice, his heart to rejoice—they're both of them  
 coloured brown.  
 And so he died, and was purged of his pride, and we reckon the  
 worth of his bays,  
 Nor hunger nor thirst that troubled him erst can follow him where  
 he strays ;  
 He sits at whine with some brethren nine, perchance, and has down  
 for pillow,  
 And everyone there will bow to his chair with the grace of a weeping  
 willow.  
 Here endeth the tale of trouble and wail, here endeth the tale of a  
 cupboard ;  
 The wondrous story and deathless glory that clings to the dog of  
 Hubbard.







*From a Photograph.*

**BUST OF MR. GEORGE MILNER.**

**By John Cassidy.**



## BUST OF MR. GEORGE MILNER.

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The portrait-bust of Mr. George Milner, sculptured by Mr. John Cassidy, and exhibited at the Manchester autumn exhibition of last year, and afterwards in the New Gallery, London, was presented to the Manchester Corporation on Wednesday afternoon, April 17th, and placed in the City Art Gallery. It bears the following inscription: "George Milner, President of the Manchester Literary Club since 1880. Presented to the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation by the members of the Manchester Literary Club, April, 1901." Close by stands the bust of Mr. Henry Clarence Whaite, President of the Manchester Academy of Art, the gift to the city in 1897 of friends and admirers. There was a large gathering, including many ladies, representing art, literature, the Church, and commerce. In addition to Mr. Milner and other members of the Literary Club, the company included the Lord Mayor (Councillor Briggs), Alderman Joseph Thompson, chairman of the Art Gallery Committee, who presided over the proceedings, Sir William H. Bailey, who made the presentation on behalf of his fellow-members of the Literary Club, Principal Hopkinson of the Owens College, the Rev. Davenport Kelly, Sir John Mark, Messrs. Reuben Spencer, William Goldthorpe, Charles J. Heywood, R. A. Armistage, Robert Falkner, Thomas Newbigging, Joel Wainwright, Ralph Hall, J. G. C. Parsons, W. E. A. Axon, William Fogg, Aldermen Gibson and Grantham, Elias Bancroft, John Cassidy, the sculptor, and W. R. Credland, the Hon. Secretary of the Club.

Sir WILLIAM BAILEY, in making the presentation, said Mr. Milner was the greatest authority we had in the city on literature and poetry, and the bust would bear witness to his excellent qualities as President of the Literary Club, as poet, merchant, manufacturer, and gentleman. He had done long and faithful service as a churchwarden and a Sunday School teacher,

and his contributions to literature had been varied and extensive. His books included "Country Pleasures," "Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran," and "From Dawn to Dusk," a volume of poems. He had edited the "Memorials of Bennett-street Schools," and the memorial edition in twelve volumes of the works of Edwin Waugh. He had been President of the Manchester Literary Club for twenty-one years. Throughout his life Mr. Milner had been fighting the dragon ignorance by directing the attention of the people to the wholesome means of enjoyment which literature offered freely to all. Sir William then unveiled the bust, and asked the Lord Mayor to accept it on behalf of the citizens.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER said it was fitting that Manchester should have such a place as the City Art Gallery not only for a representative collection of pictures, but for the reception of the sculptured busts of those who were considered to be the worthiest among the citizens whilst the originals still remained with us.

CANON DAVENPORT KELLY, speaking of Mr. Milner's work for the Church, said that year after year he had devoted himself unselfishly to the work of the restoration of the Cathedral, and had laboured throughout a long series of years at St. Paul's Church, New Cross, and at its schools in Bennett-street. He had also done good service at the Diocesan Registry and the Diocesan Conference.

The LORD MAYOR, in accepting the gift, said he had known Mr. Milner for fifty years, and could endorse all that had been said about him.

Mr. MILNER, in response to a pressing call from the company, said a few words. He had never dreamt, he remarked, that such an honour as this would have fallen upon him, and perhaps silence would have been appropriate under the circumstances. While he did not want to sacrifice his modesty to his gratitude, nor his gratitude to his modesty, he dared not accept all the things that had been said about him. He could, however, acknowledge one thing without reservation and with great delight, that was the affection of his friends who had brought about this gift. It seemed to him that it was a far better thing to have gained the affection, even in a small degree, of his fellow-men, rather than to have merited their praise. Reference had been made to his Sunday school work. All through his life he felt that properly conducted Sunday schools were capable of doing a great recreative and educational work, and it was because he saw how, in many ways, poor working men and women could be helped that, in spite of the ridicule, pity, and condescension bestowed upon him sometimes by superior persons, he determined to continue

his labours. The presentation had been spoken of as emanating from Manchester citizens as well as from the Literary Club, and certainly nothing gave him greater pleasure than that aspect of the matter. He was a Manchester man, and had lived in the city or its suburbs all his life. He knew Manchester life from the earliest period of last century, the old bad days when wages were low and the hours of labour long, and when men needed all the help they could get in any way, and especially in the matter of education. He could remember the days when education could only be got by working men by fighting for it, and that, too, single-handed without any help. We had now reached a different condition of things, otherwise the company would not have been assembled in the City Art Gallery that day, and he thought that still greater changes would take place in the future than we have seen in the past.—*Manchester City News.*





## MEMORIAL NOTICES.

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RICHARD COPLEY CHRISTIE.

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It is with great regret that we record the death of Mr. R. C. Christie, which occurred on Wednesday, January 9th, 1901, at his residence, Ribsden, Windlesham, Surrey.

Richard Copley Christie was born at Lenton, Notts, on July 22, 1830. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, whence he graduated B.A. and M.A. in due course. Although one of the smaller colleges in the University, Lincoln has trained not a few men well known, especially in the North of England, by their services to letters and education. And of these, again, no small proportion would readily acknowledge that the spirit which has animated their endeavours has owed much to the stimulating influence of the remarkable man who was not to become Rector of Lincoln till 1861, but who, during the period coinciding with the whole or part of the late Mr. Christie's undergraduateship (1848-51) was absolute ruler of his College. (See the notice of Mark Pattison, by Mr. Christie, in vol. xlv. of "The Dictionary of National Biography.") They were afterwards united in a close literary and personal friendship, which had its origin in a community of special tastes and interests in which youth is rarely wont to indulge; but from Mark Pattison, Richard Copley Christie may also in part have imbibed that love of letters for their own sake and that scorn for all conceptions of university life which take no account of the ideals of the scholar of which in his own day the Rector was the most complete embodiment. Having determined upon a legal career, Mr. Christie was called to the Bar in due course, and commenced practice in Man-



chester in 1853. As it chanced, in the following year an event occurred of which the significance for the educational future of the North of England must at the time have been very imperfectly appreciated, and have remained dim even to Mr. Christie's quick-sighted intelligence. On October 3, 1854, Mr. Faulkner, whose name should always be associated by the side of that of Mr. John Owens with the foundation of the College which bears the name of the latter, conveyed to trustees the whole of the original College buildings in Quay-street by way of absolute donation for the benefit of the newly founded institution. In commemoration of this generous gift, when in the same year the original small staff of professors of Owens College was selected and Mr. Christie was appointed to the Professorship of Political Economy and Commercial Science, this chair was designated by the name of the Faulkner Professorship. The Chair of History was at the same time conferred upon Mr. Christie; and thus began his long and intimate connection with the College, which has just lost in him one of its most liberal benefactors and one of its most faithful and judicious counselors and friends. To his professional duties were in 1855 added those of the College Chair of Jurisprudence; and from the first he took an active share in the work of the evening classes, which in the earlier days of the institution formed a very important branch of its activity. As is well known, its struggle for existence as a place of higher education was at first arduous and trying, and Professor Christie took an active and important share in the discussions carried on with a view to establishing it on a secure basis. Among the suggestions offered by him in a report drawn up for the use of the trustees in 1856 was that of the establishment of a preparatory school, and that of the institution of a diploma of associateship, to be conferred on students who had attended regular courses for a period of three years, and to carry with it a voice in the government of the College. The latter proposal was ultimately adopted, with results of the highest importance for the history of the College as an academical body. As a teacher Mr. Christie is still remembered by a few survivors, who recall both his clearness of exposition and his epigrammatic method of correction. Onerous as were his professional duties, he added to them in 1858 a course of English history at the newly established Working Men's College held at the Mechanics' Institution, reorganised in our own day as the Manchester Technical School. The classes of this Working Men's College were ultimately absorbed in the Owen's College Evening Department.

Mr. Christie simultaneously carried on his practice at the Bar, where it could only be a matter of time for his singular acute-

ness of mind, coupled as it was with an imperturbable calmness of judgment and a great readiness of intellectual resource, to assert itself so as to command a constantly increasing confidence. His private engagements thus rapidly became numerous, and he consequently found himself obliged in succession to resign the professorships held by him at Owens College—namely, that of Political Economy in 1862; that of History, which the trustees had then succeeded in inducing him to continue to hold in 1865; and that of Jurisprudence in 1870. But his interest in the College had never been stronger. He took an active part in the extension movement, in the removal of the College to the new buildings in Oxford-road, and in the reconstruction of its government, lending his aid both in general discussion and organisation and in the way of most valuable legal advice. He was an active promoter of the incorporation with the reorganised College of the Royal Manchester School of Medicine, and at a later date of the endeavours to obtain a University charter. As a matter of course he had been nominated in the Owens College Extension Act of 1870 as one of the Governors of the reconstructed College, and at the repeated request of his colleagues he continued to hold this position to the last. In September, 1870, he was appointed a member of the College Council, on which he continued to serve till 1886. The late Principal of the College, Dr. Greenwood, was at all times ready to acknowledge the special trust reposed by him in his old colleague's loyal and sagacious advice, and during many years no member of the Council exercised a more real and continuous influence upon its development. He was in 1880 elected a member of the first Victoria University Court, a position which he continued to hold till 1896; and from 1880 to 1887 he occupied a seat on the University Council. In 1895 the University, on the occasion of the first visit to it of its newly-elected second Chancellor, Earl Spencer, testified to its sense of Mr. Christie's services by conferring on him the honorary degree of LL.D. In January, 1872, the late Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, appointed Mr. Christie Chancellor of the Diocese. The appointment gave great pleasure to Mr. Christie's friends, for there were few better judges of men than the late Bishop, and the duties of the office for which he selected Mr. Christie at times required, in addition to legal learning and ability, the exercise of a personal tact which pre-eminently distinguished him. He performed these duties very assiduously, and his decisions in his Court are known to have been generally accepted without demur. He held the Chancellorship till January, 1894. Mr. Christie's private practice continued very largely to increase so long as he adhered to it, and he can latterly have had very few rivals in his own line

of professional business in Manchester. It was generally felt that a call within the Bar would have been a fitting acknowledgment of a legal career so distinguished and accompanied by so much useful public activity; but precedent prevailed. In 1887 Mr. Christie was by the will of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth nominated one of his legatees, and was thus placed in a position in which he was enabled, in accordance with the well-known sentiments and wishes of his late friend and in co-operation with his fellow-legatees, to accomplish much towards the active advancement of higher scientific and technical instruction as well as on behalf of the general educational and social progress of the community. At the same time his own purse was ever open to good and charitable works, and it can be no secret that in these endeavours he had the constant support and assistance of his wife. About 1887 Mr. Christie ceased to reside permanently in Manchester, and after one or two changes of residence settled at Ribsden, a charming house, built under his own instructions, near Bagshot, in Surrey. Ribsden is within a long drive of the Royal Holloway College, Egham, of which Mr. Christie was appointed a Co-optative Governor in 1893. He took a warm interest in the progress of this College till the failure of his health obliged him to break off his official connection with it in 1898, and gave particular attention, as chairman of the Library Committee, to its library. At home his chief pleasure was his own library, where was housed with appropriate dignity one of the choicest private collections of books in this country. The charm of this collection lay in the fact that it had been gradually brought together by one who was a thorough scholar as well as an enthusiastic bibliophile. In the latter capacity he had in course of time perfected special collections; such as his Horaces; but his treasure-house of Renaissance literature was truly such, because no hands could like his own have put its contents to an effective and enduring literary use.

Mr. Christie's chief published work is his "*Etienne Dolet*" (1880, second edition 1899), a book which achieved a signal and unqualified literary success, and at once obtained for its author a recognised place in the English world of letters. It had been prepared with infinite labour in its author's scant hours of leisure and in more than one holiday journey to Lyons; but the learning devoted to the achievements of the famous French printer was concealed under a pleasant and unaffected style, and the moral indignation which filled the biographer of a martyr of free thought found adequate expression in the candour of his tone, here and there touched with the sarcasm which Mr. Christie at times knew how to use in both speech and writing. To this book was paid the compliment, no slight one under the cir-

cumstances, of a translation into French by Professor C. Stryien-ski, which appeared in 1886 under Mr. Christie's personal superintendence, and which constituted at the same time a revised edition of the original work. In his preface the author noted that of the 81 books known to have been printed by Dolet not less than 65 had passed under his personal examination. In his second (English) edition he was able to state that of the books printed by Dolet, now reckoned as 84, he had verified the actual or recent existence of 75, and that copies of 45 among these were in his own possession. This second edition contained much that was new in the way of evidence; what remained unaltered was the free and dauntless spirit of the book. Mr. Christie's later publications included editions of the "Annales Cestrienses" (for the Record Society, 1887), of the "Letters of Sir Thomas Copley" (a persecuted Elizabethan Catholic, not connected with Mr. Christie's family), with introduction and notes (1897), and several volumes in the publications of the Chetham Society. Of this society Mr. Christie, who had always taken a warm interest in its prosperity, was elected President in 1883, in succession to the late Mr. James Crossley, and at the urgent request of all the members of the Council he retained the Presidency to the last. He was indefatigable in promoting the interests of the Society and in securing new workers in the fields of antiquarian and historical research cultivated by it, and his annual reports were written with great care and in excellent taste. His own contributions to the publications of the Society included a very interesting volume on "The Old Church and School Libraries of Lancashire" (1885), and, in worthy completion of the edition undertaken by the late Mr. Crossley, vol. ii., part ii. of the "Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington" (1886), and a "Bibliography" of the same (1888.) Mr. Christie was also author of some valuable contributions to the "Dictionary of National Biography," of a most characteristic critical article in the *Quarterly Review* occasioned by the publication of the project of that monumental work, and of other contributions to literary journals too numerous to mention. He was a member of the Manchester Literary Club and wrote for it an elaborate account of the famous Spanish library of the Marquis de Morante, some of whose books were among the treasures of the library at Ribsdon. In some fine lines addressed to the author of "Etienne Dolet" Sir Walter Besant spoke of him as marked out for writing the biography of Rabelais. This was not to be. It is deeply to be regretted that the materials which Mr. Christie had collected for a whole series of articles of the *Quarterly* type on leading personages of the Renaissance should remain unused. Had his

literary leisure begun but a few years sooner it is not too much to say that the gain to the history of European literature would have been a solid and substantial one. It is possible that among his papers may be found two at least of these projected articles in a more or less advanced state of completeness; the materials for a third essay (on the satirist Hortensius Landi, the associate of Etienne Dolet) he had, we are glad to know, entrusted for use to other and most competent hands. As it is, Richard Copley Christie leaves behind him the memory of an English scholar whose love of letters was unsurpassed by that which animated any one of the celebrities of his favourite Renaissance age, but in whom enthusiasm was tempered by a discretion and a sanity of judgment in which they less uniformly abounded.

Here in Manchester it will always be gratefully remembered what special form that enthusiasm for learning and study took in Mr. Christie's later days. He had already in the days of the extension of the Owens College been a most liberal contributor to its funds, and had, in conjunction with his fellow-legatees under the will of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, endowed the College with sums amounting in the aggregate to more than £80,000, and designed for the promotion of almost every branch of its activity as a place of literary and scientific education. From the munificence of the Whitworth legatees the College has specially benefited as the centre of medical education in its district, as the trustee on behalf of the public for the Manchester Museum of biological, geological, and archæological collections, as a home of literary study (through the purchase of the admirable Freeman Library), as a seat of physical and mechanical research and observation (through the construction of the Whitworth Engineering Laboratory and the endowment of the Observatory in Whitworth Park), and finally as an academical foundation careful of all the needs of its students (through the purchase of land at Fallowfield for the purposes of an athletic ground). Of all these wise donations Mr. Christie shares the credit—and it is a rare one—with his fellow-legatees or (more recently) with his surviving fellow-legatee. But the gift in 1895 of the Christie Library, which he has lived to see completed in a form worthy of its spirit, was his own private benefaction to the College, and to this in 1897 he added the gift of his share of the residuum under Sir Joseph Whitworth's will for the purposes of the erection of a Whitworth Hall. The cost of the Christie Library has exceeded £20,000, and will be more than doubled by that of the Whitworth Hall. To recur once more to a comparison which so readily suggests itself in connection with the life of this munificent scholar, it would be difficult to find in the history of

the Renaissance, whether French or Florentine, an example of large-hearted liberality for generous ends which should outshine that furnished by the contributions of Mr. Christie to the endowment and equipment of our Northern seat of academical learning. May it never cease to cherish his memory and to train students who shall emulate his example!

During Mr. Christie's last years he took an active interest in the progress of the Royal Holloway College, of which he had been appointed a co-optative Governor for seven years in 1892. He regularly attended its Governors' meetings so long as his strength permitted, and was a member of the Finance and chairman of the Library Committee of their body. His wise counsel was of the greatest value to this admirable institution for the higher education of women, and its library had in him a liberal benefactor.

Mr. Christie was married in 1861 to a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Fletcher, a lady whose literary gifts are familiar to the readers of the *Journal of Education*.

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The news of the death of Mr. R. C. Christie, though by no means unexpected by his friends, will cause deep regret to all who remember how much he has done for Manchester. It is more than forty-five years since the young Oxford graduate came to relieve Dr. Greenwood at the Owens College from the charge of teaching history, and at the same time to build up a practice at the local Chancery Bar. More than one recently-published reminiscence bears witness to his effectiveness as a lecturer; as a Chancery barrister he soon took a leading position. But his great chance for serving his adopted city came when he was made one of the legatees of Sir Joseph Whitworth. The time has hardly come yet for estimating the manner in which those legatees fulfilled what was in substance if not in form a magnificent trust; but it is not too soon to say that what they did for the Whitworth Park and Gallery, the Whitworth Engineering Laboratories, the Manchester Museum, and the Stanley Grove Hospital Estate, not to mention minor benefactions, constitute an imperishable claim on the gratitude of Manchester citizens. The Whitworth Hall, now rising to complete the front quadrangle of the Owens College, was more directly Mr. Christie's personal gift, hardly less so than the beautiful Christie Library, by the erection of which he had recently met one of the most pressing needs of the College. Mr. Christie was himself a scholar of a type not too common nowadays. His favourite period was that of the later Renaissance; and he had not only formed an extensive collection of books printed in or bearing on this time,

but knew them thoroughly. To those who were privileged to enjoy his acquaintance Mr. Christie will long remain an ideal type of an accomplished scholar and a courteous gentleman whose keen and polished wit was never used unworthily, and whose every action was guided by a lofty sense of duty to the community.—*Manchester Guardian*.

### JAMES HOLME NICHOLSON.

The death occurred yesterday week of Mr. James Holme Nicholson, M.A., at the age of seventy-six years. Mr. Nicholson had a long and honourable connection with Manchester, especially in antiquarian and literary circles. Born in Westmorland and educated at the Lancaster Grammar School, he came to this city as a young man, and in 1853 was appointed clerk and librarian at Owens College, then in the second year of its existence. In 1867, upon the death of Mr. J. P. Aston, he succeeded to the position of secretary to the Owens Trustees, an office subsequently merged in that of registrar and held by Mr. Nicholson until 1884, when he resigned. Two years earlier he had been the recipient of the degree of Master of Arts, the first honorary degree conferred by the Victoria University.

Since 1883 Mr. Nicholson was a member of the council of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, an association he helped to found, and in 1898 he was elected President. To the Chetham Society he acted as auditor for several years, and amongst other societies of which he was a member were the Manchester Literary Club, the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society, and the Archæological Institution. Contributions from his pen frequently appeared in the transactions of the societies named, and he supplied valuable articles on local history to the "Palatine Note-book." Mr. Nicholson was a Unitarian, and prior to his removal to Wilmslow attended Platt Chapel for many years.

The funeral took place on Tuesday at Dean Row Chapel, Handforth, the remains having been cremated at the Southern Cemetary.—*Manchester City News*.





## Rules.

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The objects of the Manchester Literary Club are:—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the Art, literature, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

### 1.

#### MEMBERSHIP.

Membership of the Club shall be limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions and of English and Foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The Club shall consist of ordinary, corresponding, life, and honorary members. The nomination of a candidate for ordinary and corresponding membership must be entered in the candidates' book and signed by a member, who shall state the qualifications of the candidate. (It is desirable that the nominee should attend a meeting of the Club before the



ballot is taken.) Any duly elected member may be subsequently elected by the Council a life member on payment of £10 in addition to the entrance fee. It shall be competent for the Council to submit to the Club for election as a corresponding member any person having the necessary qualification, but being resident at a considerable distance from the city of Manchester. Corresponding members shall be entitled to receive a copy of the "Papers," and to all the privileges of ordinary members when temporarily in Manchester. All nominations shall be posted on the notice board. The ballot shall be taken by the Council (acting as a Ballot Committee) at their next ordinary meeting. A majority of two-thirds shall be requisite to secure election.

Nominations for honorary membership shall be made by three subscribing members, and entered in the candidates' book, stating the grounds of the nomination. The voting shall take place in the same manner as for ordinary and corresponding members.

Each new member shall have his election notified to him by the Honorary Secretary, and shall, at the same time, be furnished with a copy of the Rules of the Club, and be required to remit to the Treasurer, within one month, his entrance fee and subscription. If the same be unpaid one month after his election, his name may be struck off the list of members, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council. No new member (other than honorary) shall participate in any of the advantages of the Club until he has paid his entrance fee and subscription.

## 2.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The subscription for ordinary members shall be one guinea, and for corresponding members half a guinea per annum, payable in advance on the 29th of September in each year, and shall be paid to the Treasurer. New members, ordinary or corresponding, shall also pay an entrance fee of one guinea. The Council shall have power to transfer the name of an ordinary member to the list of corresponding members. No member whose subscription is unpaid on the 1st of November shall be entitled to vote at any meeting.

Any member may resign on giving one month's notice to the Honorary Secretary before the first Monday in October, otherwise he shall pay his subscription for the following session. The Council shall have power to remove the name of any member whose subscription is at least one year in arrear.

All arrears may be sued for in the name of the President, Treasurer, or Honorary Secretary for the time being, in the Manchester County Court. See 17 and 18 Vic., cap. 112, sec. 25.

## 3.

## MEETINGS.

The ordinary session shall begin on the first Monday in October, and terminate on the last Monday in March, unless the Council deem it desirable to hold further meetings in April. Special meetings may be held during the vacation at the discretion of the Council, or on the requisition of any six members duly presented to the Honorary Secretary. The Club, during the ordinary session, shall meet on each Monday, at seven o'clock in the evening, and begin its proceedings at 7.15, by the Secretary reading the minutes of the previous weekly or other meeting; after which the time, until eight o'clock, shall be occupied by the reception of short communications and notes and in general conversation. At eight o'clock prompt the paper or other business of the evening as set down in the syllabus shall be proceeded with. The subjects under discussion may be adjourned from time to time. Each member shall have the privilege of introducing a friend to the meetings; but no person so introduced shall take part in the proceedings, unless invited to do so by the President, to whom the visitor's name shall be communicated, and shall also be entered in the Visitor's Book, with the name of the member introducing such visitor. The President shall announce to the meeting the names of such visitors as are present.

## 4.

## OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

The affairs of the Club shall be conducted by a Council, to consist of a President, Vice-Presidents (whose names shall be submitted by the Council for election at the annual meeting), a Treasurer, two Librarians, a Secretary, and seven members, who shall be elected, by ballot or otherwise, at the last meeting of the session, and who shall hold office until the election of the Council in the following year. A vacancy may be filled up at any ordinary meeting. The Council shall sit each regular meeting night, at least one hour before the assembling of the Club. The Council shall have power to erase the name of any member from the books of the Club on due cause being shown.

Two Auditors shall be appointed by the Members at the ordinary meeting next preceding the final meeting of the session, to audit the Treasurer's accounts. A nomination paper for the election of officers shall be placed on the table of the Club on each of the last three meetings of the session prior to the annual business meeting.

## 5.

## DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duty of the President shall be to preside at the meetings of the Club, and to maintain order. His decision in all questions of precedence among speakers, and on all disputes which may arise during the meeting shall be absolute. In the absence of the President or Vice-Presidents it shall be competent for the members present to elect a chairman.

The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, pay all accounts passed by the Council and signed by the Chairman for the time being, and submit his accounts and books for audit at the last meeting of the session.

The Auditors shall audit the accounts of the year, and, if correct, sign the same, and present them at the last meeting of the session.

The Honorary Librarians shall have charge of all the books, MSS., and scrap-books belonging to the Club. They shall keep a register of all purchases and donations, shall acknowledge the gifts to the Club, and shall present a report on the condition of the library to the yearly business meeting at the end of each session.

The duties of the Honorary Secretary shall be to attend all meetings of the Council and Club, to enter in detail, as far as practicable, the proceedings at each meeting; to conduct the correspondence, file all letters received, and convene all meetings, by circular, if necessary. He shall also prepare and present to the Council at the last meeting of the session in each year a report of the year's work, and, after confirmation by the Council, shall read the same to the members.

## 6.

## SECTIONS.

Sections for the pursuit of special branches of literary or artistic work may at any time be formed by resolution of the Club. The Council shall be empowered to frame bye-laws necessary for the government of any such section, and to arrange for its representation on the Council.

## 7.

## SYLLABUS AND ANNUAL VOLUME.

The syllabus of the session shall be prepared in two sections—one to be issued, if possible, a week before the beginning of the session, namely, in the last week in September, and the other at Christmas. A copy of each shall be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. The report of the year, together with the Papers and Proceedings of the Club, shall be bound up at the end of each session, and a copy forwarded to every member whose subscription has been paid. A list of officers and members, with their full addresses, and the Treasurer's balance sheet, shall be appended to the report.

## 8.

## ALTERATION OF RULES.

No new rule, or alteration of these rules, or of the place of meeting, shall be made without a special meeting of the Club being convened for the purpose, of which seven days' notice shall be given.





## List of Members, 1900-1901.

---

- ABBOTT, John R., Deane Cottage, Thornton-le-Fylde.  
ABBOTT, T. C., Netherley, Langham Road, Bowdon.  
ABERCROMBIE, William, Lyngarth, Brooklands.  
ALLEN, Alfred, 13, Cumberland Street, Lower Broughton.  
ALLEN, Walter, Manchester Road, Alderley Edge.  
ANDREW, James, Woodlea, Wellington Road, Alexandra Park.  
ANDREW, J. D., Lyme View, Davenport, Stockport.  
ANGELL, John, F.C.S., 6, Beaconsfield, Derby Road, Withington.  
ANGELOFF, Joseph, 6, Hall Street, Manchester.  
ASHWORTH, T. E., Todmorden Hall, Todmorden.  
ATKINS, Edgar, 69, Burton Road, Withington.  
AXON, William F. A., 6, Cecil Street, Greenheys.
- BAERLEIN, H. P., Oakley, Fallowfield.  
BAGSHAW, William, 18, Douglas Street, Higher Broughton.  
BAILEY, Mark, 307, Corn Exchange Buildings, Manchester.  
BAILEY, Sir William Henry, Kt., Sale Hall, Cheshire.  
BARBER, Geo., 15, Belgrave Crescent, Eccles.  
BARBER, Reginald, 24, Lorne Grove, Fallowfield.  
BARKER, John, Stansfield Hall, Todmorden.  
BATESON, Harold D., Ashleigh, Woolton, near Liverpool.  
BEHRENS, Gustav, J.P., 36, Princess Street, Manchester.  
BELL, Geo. H., 16, Circular Road, Withington.  
BELLAMY, C. H., F.R.G.S., 7, Rue de l'Epidème, Tourcoing, France.  
BELLHOUSE, James, Sunny Bank, Stamford Road, Bowdon.  
BENNIE, Andrew, District Bank, Manchester.  
BERRY, James, Mayfield, Grimsargh, Preston.  
BESWICK, F. A., Wilderley, Priory Road, Bowdon.  
BLEASE, William Thomas, 76, Broad Street, Pendleton.  
BLOMELEY, Samuel, Annfield, Barlow Moor Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.  
BOYS, Ryder, Forsyth Bros., Deansgate, Manchester.  
BRADLEY, Francis E., LL.D., 2, St James's Square, Manchester.  
BRADLEY, Nathaniel, 10, College Road, Whalley Range.  
BRIERLEY, James, J.P., Fairfield, near Manchester.  
BROCKLEHURST, John Henry, 15, King's Drive, Heaton Moor, Stockport.  
BRODERICK, L., Wilmslow, Cheshire.  
BROOKS, S. H., Slade House, Levenshulme.

- BUCKLEY, W. S., West Clyne, Stretford.  
 BURDITT, G. F., Lyndhurst, Heaton Chapel.  
 BURGESS, John, Shaftesbury House, Cheadle Hulme.  
 BURGESS, W. V., 9, York Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.  
 BURTON, John Henry, Warrenlea, Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 BUTTERWORTH, Walter, Lea Hurst, Bowdon.
- CALLISON, R. D., Eastfield, Fog Lane, Didsbury.  
 CAMPBELL, H. E., Ducie Buildings, Bank Street, Manchester.  
 CARTER, A. D., Rushford, Levenshulme.  
 CASSIDY, John, Lincoln Grove Studio, Plymouth Grove.  
 CHATWOOD, Samuel, Bolton.  
 CRYSTAL, R. S., 11, Market Street, Manchester.  
 CLAY, Laurence, Thornleigh, Hawthorn Lane, Wilmslow.  
 CLAYTON, James, 1, Caerleon Villas, Clifton Road, Prestwich.  
 CLEGG, James W., Hindsford House, Tyldesley.  
 CLOUGH, William, Fair Mead, Legh Road, Knutsford.  
 COBLEY, T. R., Brook Villas, Church Lane, Harpurhey.  
 COCKS, John, Brook Side, Romiley.  
 COLLIER, W. H., Holly Bank, Sale.  
 CRAIG, John, Manchester and Salford Bank, Mosley Street, Manchester.  
 CRAVEN, John E., Muleture Hall, Eastwood, Todmorden.  
 CREDLAND, William Robert, Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.  
 CROSLAND, J. F. L., M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.M.E., Belcombe, Hale, Cheshire.
- DARLING, William H., F.C.S., 126, Oxford Road, Manchester.  
 DAVIES, John, 85, Heald Place, Moss Lane East.  
 DERBY, Thomas, 31, Mary Street, Harpurhey.  
 DINSMORE, William, 16, Chestnut Street, Hightown.  
 DUMVILLE, Nathaniel, 119, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.
- EDGAR, John C. 52, Clyde Road, Didsbury.  
 EDMESTON, Alfred, Tollcross, St. Annes-on-Sea.  
 EDMONDS, Daniel, 7, Studley Terrace, Moss Lane East, Moss Side.
- FLEMING, Wm. J., 41, Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester.  
 FLETCHER, Ernest, Birchville, Edgeley Road, Stockport.  
 FLETCHER, A. Woodroffe, St. Ann's Passage, Manchester.  
 FOARD, James T., 21, Lancaster Road, Birkdale, Southport.  
 FOX, Rev. A. W., M.A., Fielden Hotel, Todmorden.  
 FRASER, J. Drummond, London and Midland Bank, King Street, Manchester.  
 FULLERTON, Hugh, Brackenhoe, Clarendon Road, Sale.  
 FUNDUKLIAN, K., 106, Portland Street, Manchester.
- GANNON, Henry, Hesketh Avenue, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury.  
 GIBSON, Robert, Montague House, Old Trafford.  
 GINGER, Geo., 35, Richmond Grove East, Longsight.  
 GLEAVE, J. J., 31, Withington Road, Whalley Range.  
 GOODACRE, J. A., Station Road, Marple.  
 GORDON, Rev. Alex., 15, York Place, Oxford Road, Manchester.  
 GRANTHAM, John, Rothsay Place, Old Trafford.  
 GRAY, George William, Darena, Wellington Road, Bournemouth.  
 GREGORY, Joseph, Whalley Cottage, Whalley Range.  
 GROVES, J. G., M.P., Oldfield Hall, Altrincham.  
 GROVES, Wm. Peer, Oldfield Hall, Altrincham.  
 GRUNDY, John, 2, Westfield, Steven Street, Stretford.

- GRUNDY, T. C., 6, Mount Broughton, Higher Broughton.  
 GUPPY, Henry, 26, Burlington Road, Withington.
- HADFIELD, Edward, Barr Hill, Bolton Road, Pendleton.  
 HALL, John, Chorley New Road, Bolton.  
 HALL, Oscar S., Park Cottage, Bury.  
 HALL, Thos., Pendeen, Grove Avenue, Wilmslow.  
 HALL, Rev. W. C., M.A., 27, Richmond Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 HARVEY, William, The Hawthornes, Stand, near Manchester.  
 HEAP, Wm., 135, London Road, Manchester.  
 HECKSCHER, E. J., The Elms, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury.  
 HEIGHWAY, Thomas, Beechmount, Marple, Cheshire.  
 HEYWOOD, Abel, Oldham Street, Manchester.  
 HIGENBOTTAM, George, 117, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.  
 HILL, J. Harrison, 116, Abbey Road, London, N.W.  
 HINMERS, Edward, Glentwood, Ashley Road, Hale, Cheshire.  
 HOBBS, J. H., 12, Kilvert's Buildings, Withy Grove, Manchester.  
 HOBSON, T. Arthur S., The Paddock, Ashton-on-Mersey.  
 HODGE, James, 84, Lloyd Street, Greenheys.  
 HOLLINS, J. G., 5, Teviot Street, Longsight.  
 HOOKE, Richard, M.A.A., Kersal Dale, Higher Broughton.  
 HORSFALL, T. C., J.P., Swanscoe Park, Macclesfield.  
 HOWORTH, Sir Henry H., F.S.A., 30, Collingham Place, Cromwell Road,  
 London, S.W.
- HUGHES, Joseph D., 74, Murray Street, Higher Broughton.  
 HUGHES, T. Cann, M.A., Town Hall, Lancaster.  
 HULME, Edward, jun., Hilton House, Moorfield Road, West Didsbury.  
 HUMPHREYS, Arthur, 28, Richmond Grove, Longsight.  
 HUTTON, Alfred, Woodbine Cottage, Bourne Street, Wilmslow.
- IRELAND, Edward, 25, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.
- JOHNSON, W. Noel, 1, Warwick Road, Hale, Cheshire.  
 JONES, William, J.P., Nassau House, Eccles.
- KAY, Thomas, J.P., Moorfield, Stockport.  
 KELYNACK, T. N., M.D., 53, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, London.  
 KNOWLES, William, Alderdale Lodge, Droylsden.
- LAMBERT, J. J., 83, Mosley Street, Manchester.  
 LANGTON, David H., Morningside, Irlam Road, Flixton.  
 LEA, John, Lily Bank, Hereford Road, Sale.  
 LEDWARD, H. D., The Uplands, Winton Road, Bowdon.  
 LEECH, Arthur L., 44, William Street, Cheetham Hill.  
 LINGS, G. S., Apsley House, Fallowfield.  
 LONGDEN, A. W., Linwood, Marple.
- McBURNIE, John M., Bella Vista, Alderley Edge.  
 MacLAREN, R. D., 69, George Street, Manchester.  
 MANDLEBERG, G. C., Carlton House, Broom Lane, Higher Broughton.  
 MANDLEY, James George de T., J.P., 23, Wellington Street, Higher  
 Broughton.  
 MARSHALL, Samuel C., 15, Talbot Street, Ladybarn, Withington.  
 MASSEY, Samuel, 352, Moss Lane East, Moss Side.  
 MATHER, J. Marshall, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.  
 MERCER, Edmund, 17, Withy Grove, Manchester.  
 MERCHANT, Rev. G. L., B.A., Clergy House, Bury.

- MILNER, George, J.P., Elmscot, Timperley.  
 MINTON, E. E., District Bank, Bury.  
 MONKHOUSE, A. N., Disley, Cheshire.  
 MORTIMER, John, 96, Lloyd Street, Greenheys.  
 MUNN, W. W., Ashfield, Spring Road, Peel Causeway.
- NEEDHAM, C. T., B.A., 7, Moorland Road, Didsbury.  
 NEEDHAM, Thomas Ashby, B.A., Ashley Lane, Moston.  
 NEILD, Charles, 19, Chapel Walks, Manchester.  
 NEWBIGGING, Thomas, M. Inst. C.E., Ardwell, Hale, Cheshire.  
 NEWTON, Richard, Devonshire Road, Buxton.  
 NICHOLSON, Albert, 62, Fountain Street, Manchester.  
 NICKSON, Charles, *Bowdon Guardian* Office Altrincham.  
 NODAL, John H., The Grange, Heaton Moor, Stockport.  
 NORBURY, Jonathan, Carrick, Port Lewaigue, Ramsey, Isle of Man.
- OGDEN, J. N., 59, Piccadilly, Manchester.  
 OLDMAN, J. B., B.A., St. Peter's Gate, Stockport.  
 OPPENHEIMER, L. J., 8, Manley Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.  
 ORMEROD, Benjamin, Sandywood, Pendlebury.
- PAYNE, Rev. Geo. A., Heath View, Knutsford.  
 PEARSON, George, 19, Marsden Square, Manchester.  
 PEEL, Robert, Fair Oaks, Wilmslow.  
 PERCY, William, Sale.  
 PETTY, Alfred M., 2, Marsden Street, Brown Street, Manchester.  
 PHYTHIAN, J. Ernest, The Cottage, Holmes Chapel.  
 POLLITT, John, Alder House, Wilmslow.  
 POTTER, Charles, Llanbedr Lodge, Conway.  
 PRATT, H. Tinsley, Claremont Villa, Lorne Road, Fallowfield.  
 PUTMAN, Herbert, Librarian of Congress, Washington, U.S.A.
- REDFERN, B. A., 4, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.  
 RILEY, Thomas, Rosthwaite, Stafford Road, Ellesmere Park, Eccles.  
 ROBINSON, Benjamin, Zurich Villa, Pendleton.  
 ROE, E. H., Arts Club, Albert Square, Manchester.  
 ROGERSON, Wm., Fair View, Holcombe, Ramsbottom.  
 ROWCLIFFE, W. E., 30, Cross Street, Manchester.  
 ROYLE, William A., 17, Cooper Street, Manchester.
- SANDBACH, J. E., Albert Square, Bowdon.  
 SAUNDERS, Harold, 89, Manchester Old Road, Middleton.  
 SCHOFIELD, Sim., Auburn Bank, New Moston, Failsworth.  
 SCHUMACHER, A., 1, South Parade, Manchester.  
 SCOTT, Arthur R., Wellington Road, Turton.  
 SCOTT, Fred. 33, Brasennose Street, Manchester.  
 SELBE, R. H., Abbey Grove, Eccles.  
 SEVER, W. M., Fern Bank, Conway.  
 SHAKLIAN, A., 24, Keppel Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.  
 SHAW, Geo. A., 45, St. Peter's Gate, Stockport.  
 SHEPHERD, Thos., Roslin, White Knoll Road, Buxton.  
 SHERRATT, John, Maidstone Terrace, Stretford  
 SHIELDS, Frederick J., A.R.W.S., Morayfield, Merton, Surrey.  
 SHONE, George, 26, Steven Street, Stretford.  
 SINCLAIR, Wm. J., M.D., 268, Oxford Road, Manchester.  
 SMITH, Francis, 151, Chorlton Road, Hulme.  
 SMITH, Frederic, Dunham Lawn, Bowdon.



- SOUTHERN, James W., J.P., Beechwood, Marple.  
 SOUTHWARD, Henry, 35, Northern Grove, Didsbury.  
 SOWERBUTTS, Eli, Grassbrow House, Blackley.  
 SPEAKMAN, Walter, 302, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester.  
 SPENCER, G. A., 1 Church Street, Manchester.  
 SPENCER, Herbert, 57, Brown Street, Manchester.  
 STANSFIELD, Abraham, Kersal Moor, Manchester.  
 STERLING, Wm., 120, Wellington Road, Heaton Chapel.  
 STERN, W., White House, Stand.  
 STIRLING, John, 2, Lansdowne Road, Albert Park, Didsbury.  
 SUTCLIFFE, Jackson, Tineholme Villas, Todmorden.  
 SUTTON, Charles W., Reference Library, King Street, Manchester  
 SWANN, John H., 81, Cleveland Road, Hr. Crumpsall.  
  
 TALLENT-BATEMAN, Charles T., 40, Brazenose Street, Manchester.  
 TATTERSALL, William, Melbrook, Bowdon.  
 TAYLOR, Alex., 18, St. Mary's Place, Bury.  
 TAYLOR, Squire, Cheadle, Cheshire.  
 THAMSEN, N. P., 72, Clyde Road, Didsbury.  
 THAMSEN, P. C., 6, Lloyd's House, Albert Square, Manchester.  
 THOMAS, George, 72a, Deansgate, Manchester.  
 THOMPSON, Wm., Royal Institution, Princess Street, Manchester.  
 TREVELAC, Rev. H. de., M.A., Blind Asylum, Old Trafford.  
 TUCKER, Thos. Ford, 100, King Street, Manchester.  
 TYRER, Cuthbert Evan, B.A., St. Luke's Vicarage, Walton, Liverpool.  
  
 VEEVERS, Harrison, M. Inst. C.E., Hall Green, Dukinfield.  
  
 WADE, Richard, 23a, George Street, Manchester.  
 WAINWRIGHT, Joel, Finchwood, Marple Bridge.  
 WALKER, John, Hudcar House, Bury.  
 WALKER, J. A., Baerlein & Co., Blackfriars Street, Manchester.  
 WARBURTON, Samuel, Egerton Lodge, Bury Old Road, Manchester.  
 WATSON, Hy., Mus. Doc., 30, Chapel Street, Salford.  
 WHITEHEAD, Wm., Brookfield, St. Paul's Road, Withington.  
 WILCOCK, John, 77, Cecil Street, Greenheys.  
 WILKINSON, T. R., Vale Bank, Knutsford.  
 WILLIAMS, James, 4, Walnut Street, Hightown.  
 WILLIAMS, John, Devonshire Street, Higher Broughton.  
 WILSON, Wm., M.A., Royal Technical Institute, Salford.  
 WRIGHT, Edward, Alton Towers, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.  
  
 YATES, Geo. C., F.S.A., Dean's Villa, Swinton.





# List of Members.

SHOWING THE YEAR OF ELECTION.

1863-5—Charles Potter.	1882—J. A. Goodacre.	1892—Ed. Himmers.
" William Percy.	1883—Wm. Robert Credland.	" W. Noel Johnson.
1868—Harrison Veevers.	" Chas. T. Tallent-	" Samuel C. Marshall.
" T. Newbigging.	" Bateman.	" Chas. Nickson.
1869—J. H. Nodal.	" Wm. J. Sinclair, M.A.,	" Wm. Sever.
1872—John Mortimer.	" M.D.	" J. A. Walker.
" George Milner.	" W. W. Munn.	" Geo. C. Yates, F.S.A.
1874—James W. Southern.	" Richard Hooke, M.A.A.	1893—C. H. Bellamy.
" W. E. A. Axon.	1884—F. E. Bradley, LL.B.	" J. E. Sandbach.
" James Brierley.	" Alfred Edmeston.	" Sim Schofield.
" Richard Newton.	" James Bellhouse.	" J. N. Ogden.
" Eli Sowerbutts.	" Joel Wainwright.	" G. S. Lings.
" Samuel Warburton.	" Reginald Barber.	" James Hodge.
1875—Albert Nicholson.	" J. B. Oldham, B.A.	" Robert Gibson.
" Charles W. Sutton.	1885—Andrew Bennie.	1894—J. H. Brocklehurst.
" Alfred Allen.	" Frederick Scott.	" Rev. A. W. Fox.
" Benjamin A. Redfern.	1886—Geo. Wm. Gray.	" Joseph Gregory.
" Abel Heywood.	" J. G. Hollins.	" John Wilcock.
" Gustav Behrens.	" William Dinsmore.	" James Williams.
1876—Sir William H. Bailey	" J. Ernest Phythian.	" Edward Ireland.
" Sir Henry H. Howorth.	" Wm. Clough.	" N. P. Thamsen.
" John H. Burton.	" T. C. Abbott.	" Alfred Hutton.
" William Jones.	1887—Edward Hadfield.	" Henry Southward.
" Richard Wade.	" James Berry.	" Wm. Thompson.
1877—John Hall.	" Sam Chatwood.	" W. V. Burgess.
" John Angell, F.C.S.	" Alex. Taylor.	" W. H. Collier.
" John Cocks.	1888—Daniel Edmonds.	" Ernest Fletcher.
" T. Read Wilkinson.	" Jonathan Norbury.	" Rev. Alex. Gordon.
" Wm. Abercrombie.	" Thos. Derby.	" J. J. Gleave.
" Henry Gannon.	" Jas. T. Foard.	" L. J. Oppenheimer.
" Thomas C. Horstall.	" R. S. Chrystal.	" H. E. Campbell.
" J. F. L. Crosland,	" A. W. Longden.	1895—Samuel Blomeley.
" M. Inst. C.E.	" E. E. Minton.	" J. W. Clegg.
1878—William H. Darling.	" A. N. Monkhouse.	" John Davies.
1879—James George de T.	" Robert Peel.	" Hugh Fullerton.
" Mandley.	" W. E. Rowcliffe.	" Geo. Higenbottam.
" James Andrew.	" Thos. Shepherd.	" T. C. Hughes.
1880—Thomas Heighway.	" Wm. Sterling.	" Arthur Humphreys.
" Alfred M. Petty.	" John Walker.	" T. N. Kelynack.
" Abraham Stansfield.	" Edmund Mercer.	" John Lea.
" William A. Royle.	1890—Harold D. Bateson.	" J. Marshall Mather.
" H. D. Ledward.	" R. D. Callison.	" Geo. Shone.
" Thomas Kay.	" Oscar S. Hall.	" William Whitehead.
1881—T. R. Coblely.	" William Harvey.	1896—W. Thos. Blease.
" John Grantham.	1891—J. D. Andrew.	" Nathaniel Bradley.
" James John Laubert.	" Walter Butterworth.	" G. F. Burditt.
" Edgar Atkins.	1892—L. Broderick.	" Laurence Clay.
" George Pearson.	" S. H. Brooks.	" Nathaniel Dumville.
" C. E. Tyrer.	" T. C. Grundy.	" J. Drummond Fraser.

1896—T. Arthur Hobson.	1898—John R. Abbott.	1900—Mark Bailey.
" Joseph Hughes.	" Geo. H. Bell.	" A. D. Carter.
" R. D. Maclaren.	" F. A. Beswick.	" Jas. Clayton.
" H. Tinsley Pratt.	" W. J. Fleming.	" John Craig.
" Benjamin Robinson.	" John Grundy.	" Geo. Ginger.
" Thomas Riley.	" Arthur L. Leech.	" Wm. Peer Groves.
" John Sherratt.	" John M. McBurnie.	" J. H. Hobbins.
" Walter Speakman.	" Samuel Massey.	" D. H. Langton.
" John Stirling.	" Thos. Ashby Needham,	" Benj. Ormerod.
" Wm. Tattersall.	B.A.	" Frederic Smith.
" Thos. Ford Tucker.	" John Pollitt.	" Herbert Spencer.
" Edward Wright.	" Jackson Sutcliffe.	" J. H. Swann.
1897—Jos. Angeloff.	" Geo. Thomas.	1901—Thos. Hall.
" Geo. Barber.	" T. E. Ashworth.	" Rev. W. C. Hall, M.A.
" W. S. Buckley.	1899—H. P. Baerlein.	" William Heap.
" John Burgess.	" John Barker.	" E. J. Heckscher.
" K. Funduklian.	" Ryder Boys.	" Rev. G. L. Merchant,
" J. G. Groves.	" John Cassidy.	B.A.
" Ed. Hulme.	" John E. Craven.	" Rev. Geo. A. Payne.
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## INDEX.

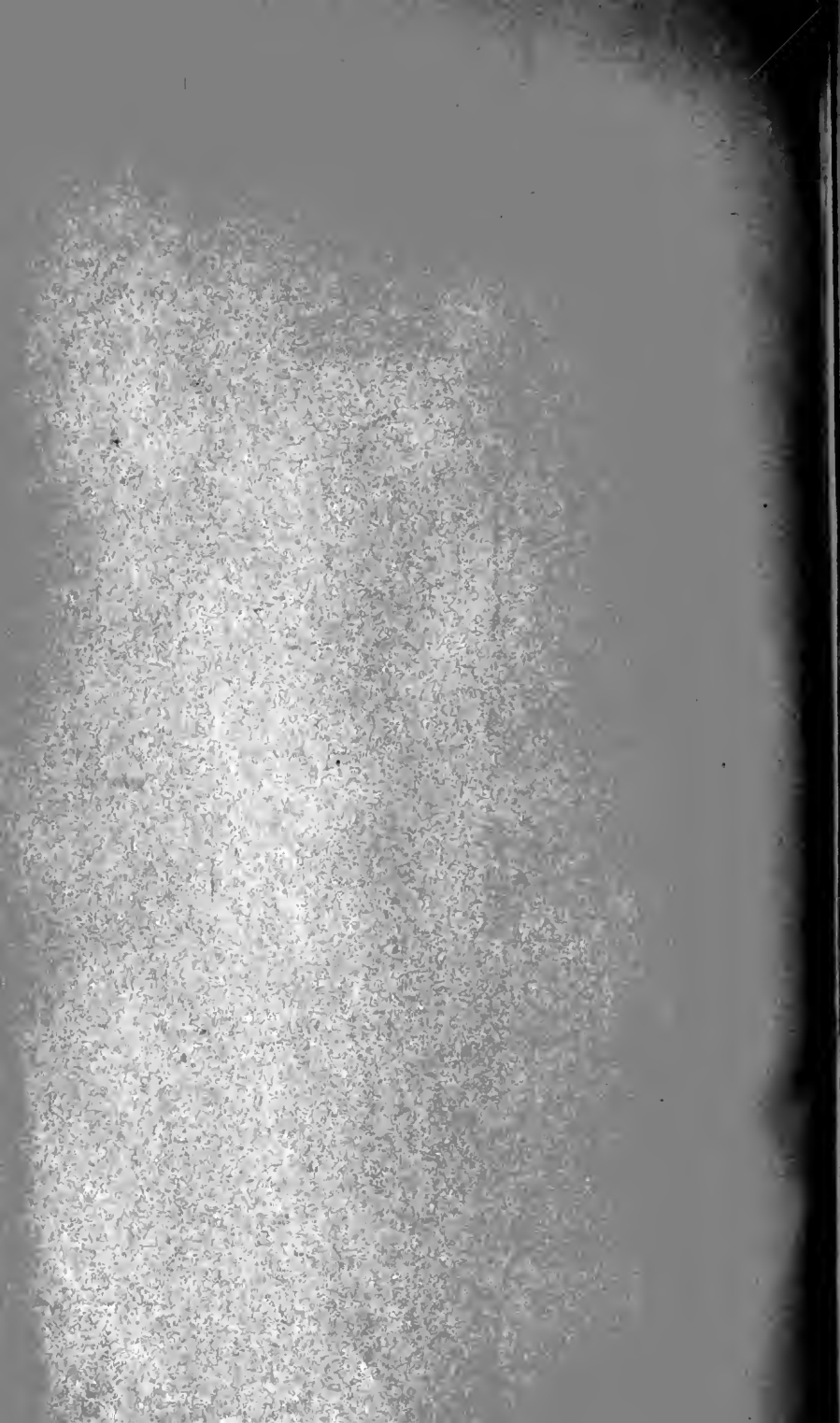
- Alfred the Great. By J. T. Foard. 265.  
 Andrew (J. D.) Chaucer: The Man and the Time. 467.  
 Angell (John) Ruskin Economics. 482.  
 Annual Meeting. 485.  
 Art, Present Day Interest in. By W. N. Johnson. 448.  
 Art—"What is Art?" By J. Ernest Phythian. 184.  
 Artists, City Pavement. By Wm. Dinsmore. 462.  
 Autumn: A Poem. By L. Clay. 410.  
 Bagshaw (Wm.) End of the Session: Verses. 484.  
 Bagshaw (Wm.) Sonnet. 168.  
 Ballad from Heine's Harzreise. By Hy. Gannon. 204.  
 Bellamy (C. H.) Chaucer's Handwriting, Portraits and Name. 469.  
 Bellamy (C. H.) Libraries of Munich and Vienna. 432.  
 Boadicea: A Ballad of Britain. By Tinsley Pratt. 101.  
 Bookstalls, Railway. By W. Butterworth. 54.  
 Brierley (Ben) Recollections. By Sim Schofield. 460.  
 Brierley (James) Maggie: A Love Story. 453.  
 Brown (T. E.) Notice of. By B. A. Redfern. 482.  
 Bust of Mr. Geo. Milner. 421, 493.  
 Butterworth (W.) Homeric Tradition in Epic Poetry. 105.  
 Butterworth (W.) Railway Bookstalls. 54.  
 Butterworth (W.) Shakespeare's Italian Critics. 372.  
 Cassidy (John) Bust of Mr. Geo. Milner. 493.  
 Ceiriog. *See* Hughes (J. C.)  
 Change: A Poem. By A. W. Fox. 130.  
 Chattwood (Joseph) Reminiscences. By Thos. Newbigging. 429.  
 Chaucer (G.) Poet with the Downcast Eyes By John Mortimer. 332.  
 Chaucer: The Man and the Time. By J. D. Andrew. 467.  
 Chaucer's Handwriting, Portrait and Name. By C. H. Bellamy. 469.  
 Chaucer's Story-Tellers. By Edmund Mercer. 471.  
 Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas. By Geo. Milner. 224.  
 Christie (R. C.) Memorial Notice. 496.  
 Christmas Supper. 449.  
 Christmas Supper Rhapsody. By W. R. Credland. 450.  
 City Pavement Artists. By Wm. Dinsmore. 462.  
 Clay (L.) Autumn: A Poem. 410.  
 Clay (L.) Silas Told. 84.  
 Clay (L.) The Sea—the Open Sea. 302.  
 Clieveland (John) Notice of. By A. W. Fox. 441.  
 Club Neet: Verses. By A. W. Fox. 451.  
 Club Symposium in the "Seventies." By B. A. Redfern. 427.  
 Commonplace Book of Caleb Talbot. By John Mortimer. 119.  
 Conversazione. 421, 425, 486.  
 Council's Report. 419.  
 Craven (J. E.) Yorkshire Humour. 440.  
 Credland (W. R.) Christmas Supper Rhapsody. 450.  
 Credland (W. R.) Day Off: Lichfield. 205.  
 Credland (W. R.) Homer Cayennities: Verses. 437.  
 Credland (W. R.) Lancashire Ladies' Mentor. 139.  
 Dante Alighieri on Dialects. By W. Whitehead. 382.  
 Davies (John) John Ceiriog Hughes. 399.  
 Day Off: Lichfield. By W. R. Credland. 205.  
 Dialects, Dante Alighieri on. By W. Whitehead. 382.  
 Dinsmore (Wm.) City Pavement Artists. 462.  
 Dinsmore (Wm.) Old Malabar, Juggler and Acrobat. 259.  
 Dinsmore (Wm.) Reminiscences of Edwin Waugh. 480.  
 Economics, Ruskin. By John Angell. 482.  
 Economics, Ruskinian. By John Wilcock. 169.  
 Elements of Drawing, Notes on. By Geo. Milner. 13.  
 End of the Session: Verses. By Wm. Bagshaw. 484.  
 Eothen, Notes on. By R. H. Selbie. 42.  
 Epic Poetry, Homeric Tradition in. By W. Butterworth. 105.  
 Epitaph. By A. W. Fox. 304.  
 Excursion to Lancaster. 424.  
 Foard (J. T.) Alfred the Great. 265.  
 Fowler (Katherine, "Matchless Orinda.") Notice of. By A. W. Fox. 340.

- Fox (A. W.) Change: A Poem. 130.  
 Fox (A. W.) Epitaph. 304.  
 Fox (A. W.) John Cleveland. 441.  
 Fox (A. W.) Matchless Orinda. 340.  
 Fox (A. W.) Old Lancashire Village. 19.  
 Fox (A. W.) Th' Club Neet: Verses. 451.
- Gannon (Hy.) Ballad from Heine's Harzreise. 204.  
 Gannon (Hy.) Heine's Harzreise. 347.
- Hall (O. S.) Nomenclature of the Power Loom. 58.  
 Harold the Saxon: A Ballad. By Tinsley Pratt. 287.  
 Harzreise, Heine's. By Hy. Gannon. 347.  
 Heine (H.) Harzreise. By Hy. Gannon. 347.  
 Holmes (O. W.) Notice of. By R. H. Selbie. 232.  
 Homer Cayennities: Verses. By W. R. Credland. 437.  
 Homeric Tradition in Epic Poetry. By W. Butterworth. 105.  
 Hughes (John Celriog) Notice of. By J. Davies. 399.  
 Humour, Yorkshire. By J. E. Craven. 440.
- Italian Critics of Shakespeare. By W. Butterworth. 372.
- Johnson (W. N.) Higher Literature and Art. 448.  
 Johnson (W. N.) St. Francis of Assisi. 481.
- Kinglake (A. W.) Notes on his "Eothen." By R. H. Selbie. 42.
- La Bruyère (Jean de) Notice of. By Edmund Mercer. 62.  
 Lancashire Ladies' Mentor. By W. R. Credland. 139.  
 Lancashire Village. By A. W. Fox. 19.  
 Lancaster, Excursion to. 424.  
 Langton (Robert) In Memoriam. By John Mortimer. 1.  
 Laughter, Philosophy of. By B. A. Redfern. 390.  
 Libraries of Munich and Vienna. By C. H. Bellamy. 432.  
 Library, Report on. 421.  
 Lichfield. By W. R. Credland. 205.  
 Literature, Present Day interest in. By W. N. Johnson. 448.  
 Loom, Nomenclature of the. By O. S. Hall. 58.
- Maeterlinck (Maurice) Notice of. By Edmund Mercer. 132.  
 Maggie: A Love Story. By James Brierley. 453.  
 Malabar, Jugg'er and Acrobat. By Wm. Dinsmore. 259.  
 Matchless Orinda. By A. W. Fox. 340.  
 Mehlhaus (W.) François Rabelais. 148.  
 Mercer (Edmund) Chaucer's Story-Tellers. 471.  
 Mercer (Edmund) François Villon, Poet and Burglar. 305.  
 Mercer (Edmund) Jean de la Bruyère. 62.  
 Mercer (Edmund) Maurice Maeterlinck. 132.  
 Members, List of. 509.  
 Memorial Notices. 496.  
 Milner (George) Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas. 224.
- Milner (George) Notes on Ruskin's Elements of Drawing. 13.  
 Milner (George) Opening Conversazione: Sonnet. 425.  
 Milner (George) Presentation of his Bust. 493.  
 Minton (E. E.) Sea Novel. 446.  
 Mortimer (John) Caleb Talbot's commonplace Book. 119.  
 Mortimer (John) Concerning some Selections from Ruskin. 293.  
 Mortimer (John) Poet with the Downcast Eyes. 332.  
 Mortimer (John) Robert Langton: In Memoriam. 1.  
 Mother Hubbard Parodies. By Tinsley Pratt. 490.  
 Munich, Royal Library of. By C. H. Bellamy. 432.
- Newbigging (Thos.) Closing Conversazione Verses. 488.  
 Newbigging (Thos.) Reminiscences of Joseph Chattwood. 429.  
 Newbigging (Thos.) We'll all go a-Clubbing To-night: Verses. 486.  
 Nicholson (J. H.) Memorial Notice. 503.  
 Nomenclature of the Power Loom. By O. S. Hall. 58.  
 Novel, Sea. By E. E. Minton. 446.
- Old Lancashire Village. By A. W. Fox. 19.  
 Old Malabar, Juggler and Acrobat. By Wm. Dinsmore. 259.
- Papers, List of. 419.  
 Parodies on "Mother Hubbard." By Tinsley Pratt. 490.  
 Pavement Artists. By Wm. Dinsmore. 462.  
 Philosophy of Laughter. By B. A. Redfern. 390.  
 Phythian (J. E.) Tolstoy's "What is Art?" 184.  
 Poem: Autumn. By L. Clay. 410.  
 Poem: Boadicea. By Tinsley Pratt. 101.  
 Poem: Change. By A. W. Fox. 130.  
 Poem: Epitaph. By A. W. Fox. 304.  
 Poem: Harold the Saxon. By Tinsley Pratt. 287.  
 Poem: Sea—the Open Sea. By L. Clay. 302.  
 Poet with the Downcast Eyes. By John Mortimer. 332.  
 Poetry, Epic, Homeric Tradition in. By W. Butterworth. 105.  
 Poetry of James Thomson. By Tinsley Pratt. 178.  
 Pratt (Tinsley) Boadicea: A Ballad of Britain. 101.  
 Pratt (Tinsley) Harold the Saxon: A Ballad. 287.  
 Pratt (Tinsley) Parodies on "Mother Hubbard." 490.  
 Pratt (Tinsley) Poetry of James Thomson. 178.
- Rabelais (F.) Notice of. By W. Mehlhaus. 148.  
 Railway Bookstalls. By W. Butterworth. 54.  
 Redfern (B. A.) Club Symposium in the "Seventies." Verses. 427.  
 Redfern (B. A.) Philosophy of Laughter. 390.  
 Redfern (B. A.) Thomas Edward Brown. 482.  
 Rules. 504.  
 Ruskin (J.) Concerning some Selections from. By John Mortimer. 293.  
 Ruskin (J.) Notes on his "Elements of Drawing." By Geo. Milner. 13.

- Ruskin Economics. By John Angell. 482.  
 Ruskin Night. 439.  
 Ruskinian Economics. By John Wilcock. 169.
- St. Francis of Assisi. By W. N. Johnson. 481.  
 Schofield (Sim) Recollections of Waugh and  
 Brierley. 460.  
 Sea Novel. By E. E. Minton. 446.  
 Sea—The Open Sea: a Poem. By L. Clay.  
 302.  
 Selbie (R. H.) Kinglake's "Eothen." 42.  
 Selbie (R. H.) Oliver Wendell Holmes. 232.  
 Shakespeare's Italian Critics. By W. Butter-  
 worth. 372.  
 Sonnet. By Wm. Bagshaw. 168.  
 Sonnet: Opening Conversazione. By Geo.  
 Milner. 425.
- Talbot (Caleb) His Commonplace Book.  
 By John Mortimer. 119.  
 Thomson (James) Poetry of. By Tinsley  
 Pratt. 178.  
 Told (Silas) Notice of. By L. Clay. 84.  
 Tolstoy (Count L.) Notes on his "What is  
 Art?" By J. E. Phythian. 184.  
 Treasurer's Statement. 423.
- Verses: Christmas Supper Rhapsody. By  
 W. R. Credland. 450.  
 Verses: Closing Conversazione. By Thos.  
 Newbigging. 488.
- Verses: Club Symposium in the "Seventies."  
 By B. A. Redfern. 427.  
 Verses: End of the Session. By Wm. Bag-  
 shaw. 484.  
 Verses: Homer Cayennities. By W. R.  
 Credland. 437.  
 Verses: Maggie. A Love Story. By James  
 Brierley. 453.  
 Verses: Mother Hubbard Parodies. By Tins-  
 ley Pratt. 490.  
 Verses: Th' Club Neet. By A. W. Fox. 451.  
 Verses: We'll all go a-Clubbing To-night.  
 By Thos. Newbigging. 486.  
 Vienna, Imperial Library of. By C. H.  
 Bellamy. 432.  
 Villon (François) Poet and Burglar. By Ed.  
 Mercer. 305.
- Waugh (Edwin) Recollections. By Sim Scho-  
 field. 460.  
 Waugh (Edwin) Reminiscences. By Wm.  
 Dinsmore. 480.  
 We'll all go a-Clubbing To-night: Verses.  
 By Thos. Newbigging. 486.  
 What is Art, Tolstoy's. By J. E. Phythian.  
 184.  
 Whitehead (W.) Dante Alighieri on Dialects.  
 382.  
 Wilcock (J.) Ruskinian Economics. 169.
- Yorkshire Humour. By J. E. Craven. 440.









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