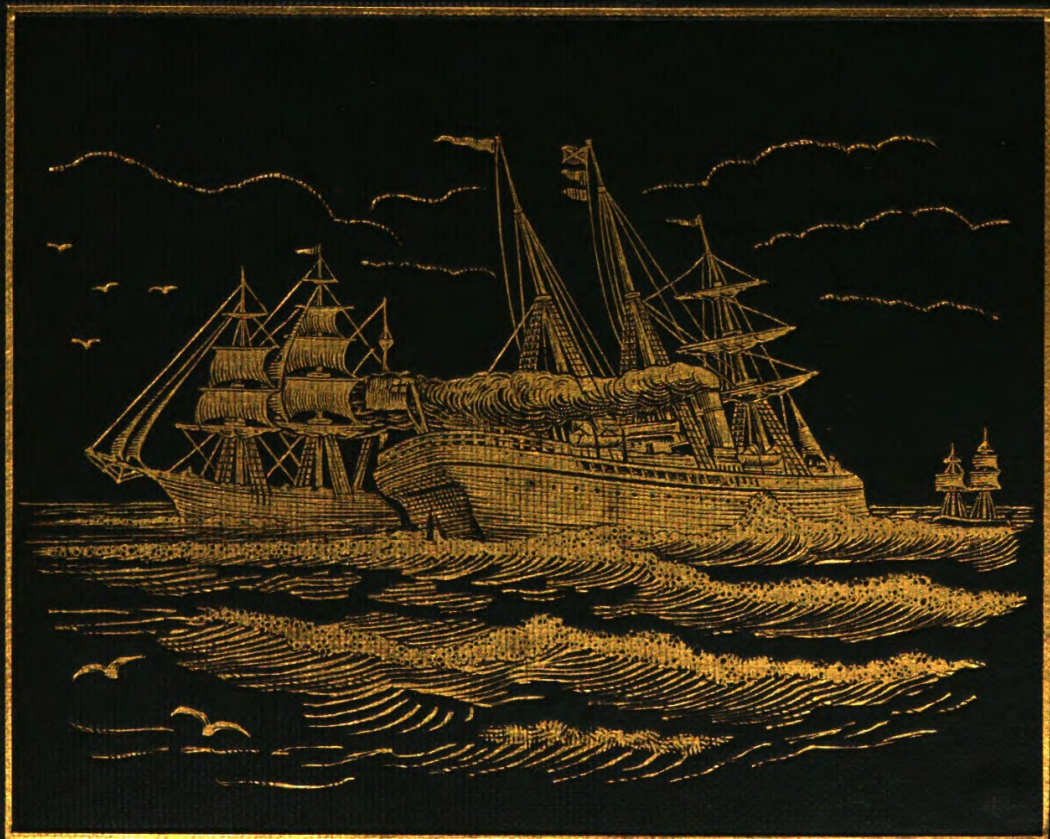


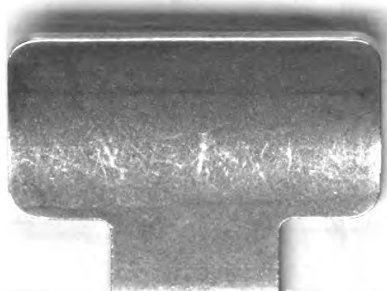
# A PASSING WORLD

BESSIE RAYNER BELLOC





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# A PASSING WORLD

BY (FARNESS)

BESSIE RAYNER BELLOC

AUTHOR OF

'IN A WALLED GARDEN,' 'LA BELLE FRANCE,' ETC.

LONDON

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## A PASSING WORLD

“Kant, the philosopher, talked about stars. Words—words—words. Why did he take the trouble to go so far? The earth is a star to the people who live in Jupiter, and it is the only star which for us is more than a huge teetotum. For us it is the one mouth of the universe. It talks to us, and we are ourselves its language.”

LORD WARGRAVE.

It is a trite simile to compare a group of brilliant people to a constellation drawn and kept together by a hidden law. But whereas, to our apprehension, the constellation is composed of what we are pleased to call fixed stars, virtually unchanged since the days of Abraham, the human groups fluctuate incessantly, glimmer and flash and fade, and are extinguished, one by one, until of a great galaxy not one remains. Those who dwelt in the vivid life of forty years ago will perhaps confess to this sensation of the loss of bright light. The present generation possesses ample subjects of interest, and the interchange and modulation of ideas is so rapid that no one can hope to foresee ten years ahead.

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It is enough to make one tremble for the stability of the publishing trade when we hear that certain popular authors are "bought up" to A.D. 1900. However charming the idyllic literature of to-day, we no longer produce massive works of genius. *Vanity Fair* and *Jane Eyre* are rivalled by no modern pen. *Barchester Towers* have crumbled into dust; to *Daniel Deronda* there is no postscript. Only one hand remains to lift the mantle that fell from Macaulay. The great, old, law lords look down upon us from the walls of the new Portrait Gallery. Their compeers in Parliament, from Shelbourne to Peel and Palmerston, have left only the memory of their remarkable personalities. Henry Brougham, who once seemed to float above the intellectual world like a huge eagle with outspread wings, ready to pounce with angry scorn on any attempt at rivalry, seems well nigh forgotten. Yet seldom, say the late survivors of that time, has there been such an extraordinary outburst of many-sided human ability as in the earlier days of the Victorian Era; illustrated in both sexes, a fact which was in itself a departure from old tradition. Nor was this true only of the literary

or political spheres. Millais and Leighton were beginning to be famous before Turner laid down the brush. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny produced a new and splendid crop of military heroes. A third Napoleon, for good or for evil, held France in his grip, and the First Empire, still a living memory, seemed to be re-incorporated in the Second. As to the word decadence, the very idea had not been invented, except in relation to the Roman Empire—considered in the light of a most disgraceful example! The great poet singers were singing—three or four of them pouring out the music which men and women now criticise and analyse in a thousand halls and lecture rooms—and we had preachers beneath whom huge congregations sat with bated breath. It was indeed a lively world, and nobody hinted that anything was going wrong

Moreover, in the years 1849-50, there dwelt in England some very singular survivals. There is nobody quite so old now, except a few aged people in the workhouse (and indeed Mr Charles Villiers and Mrs Keeley). But then we had still one personage among us, who is constantly referred to in Fanny Burney's diary, namely



that Princess Mary of England, daughter of George the Third, who visited the Exhibition of 1851 in a bath chair. Her husband, whom she had married in middle life, was Prince William of Gloucester, great nephew, on the mother's side, to Horace Walpole.

Another lady who did *not* visit the Exhibition, but might have heard the preliminary efforts of glaziers and carpenters, had been born in the reign of George the Second, while yet the King of England and Hanover lived at Kensington Palace, and was to all intents and purposes not only German born but German bred. This lady, whose keen intelligence never failed to the last, was a small child when *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa* took the reading world by storm.

Passing over into the 'fifties, we can record a very old woman living in Dean's Yard, Westminster. She was Miss Woodfall, the daughter of the printer of the *Letters of Junius*. At ninety-seven she was as frail as a delicate, dried leaf, but still remarkable for mental energy. I remember her standing erect, but gripping on to the table to prevent herself from falling, whilst she discussed the merits of Thackeray's new

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periodical, the *Cornhill Magazine*. She had been a young girl in the days of the *Rambler* and *Rasselas*, and lived to enjoy *Pendennis*.

Samuel Rogers is so often quoted as an example of preternatural intellectual survival, that I hesitate to recall once more his well-known image. In 1849 or '50 I was twice taken to breakfast with him. He was wheeled to the table, and received us in his chair. As he sat, his pale head was relieved against walls covered with pictures brought by him from Italy, and which glowed in the large London house like sombre jewels full of hidden fire. His windows looked out over the great expanse of the Green Park, then little more than a huge open field. On one occasion Mr Rogers was full of a penny edition of his famous *Italy*, the poem so sumptuously illustrated by Turner. The extremest methods of the publishing world met in the lifetime of that one old poet; and on another occasion I witnessed a meeting which brought together the vanished eighteenth century and the great daily current of our own later time. While the few guests whom Mr Rogers received at breakfast were still lingering at the table, two ladies came into the room.

One of them, very tall and slender and youthful in appearance, stood by the old man's chair, looking down upon him with a singular mixture of timidity and respect. It was the first time I saw one who has earned the affection and respect of the English nation by a long lifetime of good deeds, of which some of the most notable are the most rarely recorded. One such, on a large scale, was told me by Father Davis, an Irish priest, since passed away, who founded, by her help, the Fishing School of Baltimore, near Skibbereen. When he was first appointed, in the 'sixties, to the poor little parish, he found the wide bays and lovely inlets of the sea silent and barren. Very little, save grass and potatoes, was to be seen on the lower levels of the mountains, whilst on the priest's hands and heart was a flock of the very poorest people in all Ireland. Father Davis examined the scanty books of accounts kept by his predecessor, hoping to find the names of occasional donors, and perhaps their addresses also. He was not unrewarded, for against the items of many successive odd sums of money, donations for the relief of the extreme poverty of the people, he found the name of Angela Burdett



Coutts. These had been sent during the twenty years which followed the famine of 1848. Father Davis, noticing the repetition of this one name, took heart of grace, and wrote to Miss Burdett Coutts, who seems to have been at first a mere image to him: that of a charitable lady from whom he might get some temporary good for his unfortunate flock. She answered him, however, in such a manner that he felt emboldened to lay the whole case before her. This was, that in the famine the entire trawling industry of Ireland had been literally destroyed; that no men remained so trained as to be capable of managing large, heavy fishing vessels on the dangerous coasts of the south and west, and that the trawling boats themselves had been first pawned, and then suffered to rot away, lying high and dry on the beaches of Ireland. He made her fully understand that something more than charity was needed, and after various communications between the Irish priest and the lady well known for her hearty Protestantism, she actually paid the large sum of £10,000 into the bank of Skibbereen, entrusting it to his care and judgment. Father

Davis at once began to build trawlers, of which the cost was £160 apiece, and he unearthed two survivors of the lost industry, I believe from Galway, and set them to work to train boys. Then choosing heads of families among his own flock, he lent to one and another of these selected men the necessary money for the building of the great boats, and he told me that none of them had defaulted; that the sums lent were invariably repaid to the fund. When I went to Baltimore in the spring of 1891, Father Davis had organised a considerable fleet of trawlers, and had two steamers going daily backwards and forwards between his parish and Milford Haven, laden with the whole produce of a daily take. He had also built up a magnificent school of one hundred and sixty boys, little fellows and big fellows, educated and trained for the sea. A family of five orphans, of which the youngest member was in petticoats, had just been shunted on to him from another part of Ireland, and he had accepted them with meekness; this youngest of them clung on to the matron's skirts, and was in no wise adapted for deep-sea fishing.

Finally, he told me that these things being with great pains and labour fully accomplished, the Baroness and her husband had come into Baltimore Bay on one particular occasion, in their yacht. The priest arranged for them to arrive after dark, and he received them with a truly royal welcome, with lighted bonfires upon all the mountains surrounding the Bay of Baltimore!

I have tried to tell this little story exactly as Father Davis told it to me. He was not only a devoted priest, but a great organiser; yet his recent death was almost unrecorded in England. His work lives after him, and I have no doubt that the woman's hand, which thus efficiently lifted a whole population out of poverty, is still watchfully stretched out towards that sad historic district which we know as Skibbereen.

Returning to Mr Rogers—after this digression into a very different scene—the intimate associations of his house also recall to my memory the late Lady Eastlake. It was she who wrote, within the last few years, a very interesting article in the *Quarterly Review*, concerning his long dispersed collection of pic-

tures, which few could have accurately remembered, and of which the details had quite passed from my own mind. Lady Eastlake, who specially venerated her father's memory, would always have wished to be considered in relation to him. Dr Rigby of Norwich was a physician of considerable eminence, and father and daughter linked together widely different epochs, for Dr Rigby was born in 1737, and had come under the tuition of Priestley, though junior by very few years. He married early, and in 1789, at the outburst of the French Revolution, was a widower, with daughters old enough to be interested in letters from France, where he was travelling all unconscious of the coming storm. Dr Rigby was caught by it in Paris, and was at the taking of the Bastille, of which he gave a vivid description to his girls. Lady Eastlake was the youngest child of his second marriage, and retained but a vague memory of her father's personal presence, but late in her own life she inherited a fine picture of him by Opie, which she placed on an easel close to one of the tall windows in the drawing-room at Fitzroy Square, so

that she could see it from her arm-chair. The letters, written to her half-sisters so long ago, were published by her in a tiny pamphlet (Messrs Longman). The collection is very curious and interesting, and has quite gone out of print, but is occasionally to be picked up second-hand. Lady Eastlake's own recently published correspondence does not give a vivid picture of her own very remarkable personality. In middle life she was an unusually tall, fine-looking woman, and her distinguished husband, the President of the Royal Academy, looked extremely small and frail by her side. Sir Charles had an exquisite feeling for beauty and refinement; Lady Eastlake possessed a stalwart intellect, with no softening haze about it. She disliked the literature of passion, even on the nobler levels of *Jane Eyre*, and had a firm grip of the morals of Christianity; holding orthodox opinions, which always seemed to me to have been sincerely reasoned out in some past mental epoch, without penetrating the fibre of her mind. She had been born into the intellectual world of the Martineaus and Taylors of Norwich. During the last years of her long life she spent

her days sitting between the window and the fire-place, at the convenient edge of a comfortable, round table of the old-fashioned sort, littered over with new books and periodicals; and though she moved with difficulty, and had renounced her ceremonious habit of accompanying her visitors to the door of the room, she always apologised with stately politeness, and, except in that one particular, wholly declined to admit the infirmities of age. This room at number 7 Fitzroy Square, where the President had dwelt with persistent dignity, ignoring the western march of London, was inhabited to the last by 'Dame Elizabeth Eastlake.' It was large and handsome, with very high old windows, and the walls were covered with a profusion of fine pictures, many of them of great value; and intermingled were works by Sir Charles Eastlake, which, though weaker in conception, did not jar at all with those of the Italian masters; and this was exactly what his widow intended to express by the arrangement. It was a delightful room, with a refreshing absence of any attempt at decoration, and exactly suited its imposing mistress. The one picture, a small one, which



always riveted my attention, was niched behind the folding door of the great back parlour: it was the sketch, from life, of Napoleon standing on the deck of the *Bellerophon* in Plymouth Harbour, taken by Sir Charles when a mere youth. As a specially gifted student, he was allowed to approach the man-of-war in a boat, and to carry his paints with him. I believe this picture is now in the National Gallery.

Another great old figure was, as I have said, that of the first Lord Brougham. Somebody, anxious to prove the necessity of renewing the impoverished blood of the British peerage, ventured lately upon the hardy statement that his aristocratic father had provided for his future eminence by marrying his plebeian mother! This lady was really the niece of Robertson, the famous historian of the last century. I once refused to write a sketch of Lord Brougham's life, believing it was too well known to be of fresh interest to any reader, but it seems that it is very easy to forget the greatest men. It was specially interesting to see him in his old age at Brougham Hall in 1856. I do not know whether he had inherited it, or re-purchased it in the height of his fame, but the

great advocate had repaired it in perfect taste, and draped the junction of the old and the new with a thick coat of ivy, and there he kept up a well-deserved state. I was placed next to him at dinner, and he told me the story, not now unknown to print, of his having led Princess Charlotte to the window of her mother's house in Connaught Place, saying, "There, your Royal Highness, are the English people in the street; they will all fight for you, but their blood will be upon your head." And the Princess submitted and went home. He also gave me a graphic description of the difficulty of starting cheap literature for the people in 1830, and, in particular, of the expense of a woodcut from Raffaelle's *Madonna del Sisto*. Once again I saw Lord Brougham in private life, visiting him for some days in that famous Villa Elenore at Cannes, named in memory of his dead child. It was in 1859, when modern Cannes was not—when no railway as yet cut off the gardens from the sea, and when the hill tops, once surmounted, showed acres upon acres of blossom cultivated for perfume. In that year the traveller, coming from Rome



in the *diligence*, was finally deposited at Nice, from whence Lord Brougham caused his visitors to be fetched in a carriage. He himself, when coming from the North, habitually left the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranée somewhere near Tarascon, and drove across the angle, avoiding Marseilles and Toulon altogether. Some accident of travel had originally caused him to stop at Cannes, and the beauty of the old town on the hill, near the harbour, fascinated his imagination, and caused him to purchase a piece of land upon a lonely slope. Around his house a new Cannes gradually arose, many beautiful villas and gardens were already there in 1859. As he had been the precursor of new ideas to his own generation, so he continued to the last, sowing the two blades of grass where but one had grown before. But the field upon which Henry Brougham laboured so efficiently was the mental estate of the race.

I have often reflected with wonder upon the comparative eclipse of his fame. In the years of which I have spoken he was considered the chief of living Englishmen. The Great Duke, whose frail old life ever seemed a

guarantee of safety to the popular imagination, was already dead, and Brougham, who had entered the peerage through the Lord Chancellorship, seemed always to have remained a symbolic Lord Chancellor, whoever actually sat upon the woolsack. His powers had been extraordinarily versatile; the memory of his great speeches in the Anti-Slavery cause, and in defence of Queen Caroline, still lingered in the ears of his contemporaries. In science and in literature he had aspired to play an independent rôle. He was so old, so wise, and of so severe a temper that he had accumulated an unparalleled prestige. Even his phenomenal ugliness was in his favour. But silence closed over him during those last years at Cannes, and a new world surged up. The tragedies of the Franco-German War passed like a plough-share over the minds of men. It was no longer a crowning triumph to be a member of the Institute of France, and to speak or write French with the ease of a native-born. An era of literary analysis had set in, and when everyone was seeking for pregnant words to quote, it was insensibly found that Brougham had apparently left none behind him. In the

phalanx of permanent authors there seemed to be no place for him, and yet, who had done more splendid work for the beaten slave, for the mended laws, for the cause of political righteousness, for the democracy, and for the honourable order in which he had won his position? Surely there should come for him a revival of his just fame. He belonged to that older generation which regains its pre-eminence by distance. After the lapse of a hundred years the figures of such great Parliamentary orators as Chatham, Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, stand out from the crowd of lesser men, and when the world has quite forgotten the old age of Henry Brougham, the triumphant image of the great orator may revive in history and take its place beside those of the immortals.

One of his last acts, of which the results spread over many fruitful years, was to lend the authority of his name to the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, which was in its day a sort of minor Parliament, taking its rise from a useful body known by an unattractive legal title. The Association was planned in five sections by Lord Brougham and

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Mr Hastings, and for the first time in English History, a full opportunity was given to women to state their thoughts and contribute the results of their experience on subjects of social importance. The presence of ladies imparted great animation to the proceedings. The Social Science Meetings were held annually in some one of the great towns, and many of the people whom I then knew have left upon my mind strong personal impressions. Mary Carpenter of Bristol was at that time the unwearied pioneer of Industrial Schools for children under criminal sentence. She was about sixty years of age, and had retired from the superintendence of a successful school for young ladies. She had the courage to pick out the worst children she could get from the grip of the law, and one of her rough boys, when asked who she was, replied, "Miss Carpenter? She's a woman as won't buy a yard of ribbon to trim her bonnet, *she* won't." When Miss Carpenter spoke about the subject dear to her heart, hearers poured in from the other sections and sat, not only in every available corner, but on steps, or on anything they could find upon the floor, their eyes fastened upon the elderly

woman with her short curls of the older generation, and a close bonnet, chiefly conspicuous for the lack of ribbons. When I first saw her a few years previously, she had taken John Wesley's old house at Kingswood, near Bristol, and she was walking in a garden full of flowers, with a couple of great hulking lads, hanging, metaphorically, one on each shoulder. I am afraid their hair had been cropped, and they were not pretty to look upon, but Mary Carpenter did not seem in the least afraid of them, nor they of her. Before many years had passed, Government had become thoroughly aware of the necessity of Reformatory Schools, and Mary Carpenter, being thus set free, made the voyage to India four times after her seventieth year. With indefatigable zeal she had thrown herself into a work for Indian women.

At the same Social Science Meetings Miss Francis Power Cobbe and Miss Twining began their labours. They were very much like the fabled knights who blew the horns at the gates of the Giant's Castle. But both are still living and working, and I hope it will be long before they can be numbered among the

passing world. The most prominent figure in those days was Mrs Jameson, so soon to be taken away. She sat among the younger ladies with a courage that had never failed her, and which imparted a great dignity to the scene. And among the men, every profession and every shade of thought produced its quota of interest. Lord Brougham, though the frail shadow of his former self, kept the Association firmly together by the prestige of his name and the respect paid to his person; and on each successive year, when he stood up to deliver the opening discourse, the deepest silence greeted that low voice which now failed to reach half his audience. It was a very touching sight to see that great assemblage of the keenest brains in England hanging on the old man's lips, once so eloquent.

In connection with the Social Science Association one name ought to be gratefully recorded, and all the more so because absence from England usually prevented the personal presence of Barbara Leigh Smith at most of the actual meetings. But it was mainly owing to previous efforts and influence of hers that women were freely admitted to all its advantages. She was



the eldest daughter of W. Benjamin Smith, for many years member for Norwich, and grand daughter (as is Miss Nightingale) of that William Smith, who also for years represented Norwich, and was the intimate friend of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Granville Sharpe. It was she, more than any other, who exerted herself for a reform of the property laws as affecting her own sex; who, while quite young, supported a mixed school in London, placing at its head a lady, then also young—Miss Elizabeth Whitehead, now Mrs Malleson. It was Barbara Leigh Smith who gave the first thousand pounds to Girton College, and who, first and last, took a vigorous share in every useful effort made by or for women, and was the close friend of the workers. She was a fine artist, and was intimate with Rossetti in his younger, unspoiled days, knowing his mother, his sisters and his wife. Except in art, she did not specialise, and she was absolutely devoid of personal ambition, but her memory remains with me as that of the most powerful woman I have ever known. It was an open secret that she suggested the conception of *Romola* to

George Eliot, who has, quite unconsciously to the subject, thus sketched an immortal portrait of her face and bearing in early youth. She was struck down in the very middle of her career, and during years of lingering illness the memory of what she had done faded more rapidly than would have been the case had she died, and her death been recorded in print. But of that she took no heed, and she lived to know that her countrywomen were succeeding in innumerable spheres of worthy endeavour, a success to which she had more largely contributed than any can realise but they who bore the burden and the heat of the earlier day. In art, Barbara Leigh Smith seemed always on the point of achieving an unquestioned reputation. There was a largeness and an individuality in her conception of nature which made it a delight to live within sight of those revealing hands. But they were struck aside just as the full promise of their power was becoming realised; and her paintings, for the most part, remain in portfolios or enrich private walls. It is more than possible that some art critic will one day re-discover them, and create for them



the posthumous reputation which awoke for old Crome, and in another manner for William Blake. When this happens the fortune of that art critic will be made.\*

In looking over a case of letters I find two which will be of special interest to younger readers. The first in date is from Dante Gabriel Rossetti, written some years before his marriage to Miss Siddal; its wording marks his extreme punctilious care for her comfort in all respects. There was about Rossetti in his youth a singular good breeding, enforced and cherished by all the women of his family. To his foreign birth, for he had very little English blood in his veins, was added what I suppose to have been an old-fashioned Italian etiquette. He could not endure to see a lady in the street without gloves—in the Middle Ages gloves played a great part, being perfumed or poisoned at will—and the only time I ever saw Gabriel out

\* Miss Leigh Smith married a French physician of considerable eminence in Algiers—Dr Eugène Bodichon—who had held an official post, analogous to that of Coroner, under the administration of the Orleans family, previous to 1848. In speaking of her work I have preferred to use her maiden name.

of temper was *à propos* of this harmless subject. It has always seemed to me deplorable that the inner details of his latter life, when his wife was dead and he himself a broken man, should have been given to the public. In nothing was the family delicacy more conspicuous than in relation to that wife, so long loved and so soon lost. She was not of his rank in life, and I did not think her in the least like "a Countess," but she had an unworldly simplicity and purity of aspect which Rossetti has recorded in his pencil drawings of her face. Millais has also given this look in his "Ophelia," for which she was the model. The expression of Beatrice was not hers, and when I look at the famous "Beatrice" in the National Gallery, I feel puzzled by the manner in which the artist took the head and features of a remarkably retiring English girl, with whom I was perfectly familiar, and transfused them with an expression in which I could recognise nothing of the moral nature of Miss Siddal. She had the look of one who read her Bible and said her prayers every night, which she probably did. And when, after years of a long, drag-

ing engagement, she became Gabriel Rossetti's wife, the ladies of her husband's family received her with a sweet welcome which did honour to all parties.

*"Tuesday, May 9th, 1854.*

*"5 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.*

"MY DEAR MISS PARKES,—You will be sorry to hear that since I saw you I have lost my father, whose death, however, we had all long been led to expect.

"Miss Barbara Smith sent me your letter to her about Miss Siddal a week ago, which, with her own very unfavourable impression, induced me to come down here as soon as possible. It is now some days since I came, but on the whole I do not myself recognise any change for the worse; indeed, if anything, she seems to me a little better. I have known her several years, and always in a state hardly less variable than now; and I can understand that those who have not had so long a knowledge of her would naturally be more liable to sudden alarm on her account than I am. Nevertheless, I am quite aware that she is in a most delicate state,

but cannot but think (as Dr Wilkinson most decidedly does also) that at present it is better for her to give country air and influence a fair trial rather than resort at once to a place like the Sussex Infirmary, where, I suppose, she would be surrounded by persons of habits repulsive to her, and by scenes likely to have a bad effect on her spirits. Since I have been here we have written a minute account of all her present symptoms to Dr W., and are expecting his reply.

“I need not say how much I thank you for your constant attention to Miss Siddal while you remained at Hastings. I had hoped to meet you here, or in this neighbourhood, and for that reason brought with me the little volume of my sister’s, of which she begs your acceptance. As you have returned to town, I send it by post.

“Miss Siddal and I spent a very pleasant day at Scalands yesterday, though it was rather windy for her. Mrs Elphick has just told me that she feels so tired this morning after her trip that she will not get up yet—otherwise, I have no doubt she would have

filled the latter end of this. I know, however, I can send you her love. Mr and Mrs William Leigh Smith have been most kind and attentive to her.—Believe me, dear Miss Parkes, yours sincerely,

“D. G. ROSSETTI.

“Miss Bessie R. Parkes.”

The second letter which I give is from Robert Browning at a much later date, after the publication of Froude's *Memoirs of Carlyle*.

“19 WARWICK CRESCENT,

“W., *March* 18, '81.

“DEAR MADAME BELLOC,—Thank you—and thank Miss Kellogg—for the tickets which, I am sorry to say, neither my sister nor myself can profit by, this time, through engagements we are held to. Here they are, returned for the benefit of more lucky people.

“I do indeed regret deeply the conception, execution and publication of those memoirs, equally unwise in their praise and unworthy in their blame; but I knew the extra-

ordinary limitations of my dear old friend, and of his "woman," too—just as well forty years ago as to-day. His opinions about men and things, one inch out of his own little circle, never moved me with the force of a feather—or I should hardly have lived five minutes of my whole life as I have done, and, for the remainder of it, please God, shall do. But we must not ourselves prove ingrates for a deal of love, or at least benevolence, in deed and wish; I must not, anyhow—so, instead of "burning Carlyle and scattering his ashes to the wind," I am on the committee for erecting a monument to "True Thomas"—whose arm was laid on my shoulder a very few weeks ago. He confessed once to me that, on the first occasion of my visiting him, he was anything but favourably impressed by my "smart green coat," I being in riding costume; and if then and there had begun and ended our acquaintanceship, very likely I might have figured in some corner of a page as a poor, scribbling man with proclivities for the turf and scamp-hood. What then? He wrote 'Sartor,' and such letters to me in those old days! No,

I am his devotedly, and, if you permit me,  
yours cordially,

“ROBERT BROWNING.”

Other names crowd on my memory as I write these lines. I see the glorious eyes of Mrs Fanny Kemble shining out in old age beneath her snow-white hair. I see the tall figure and the “splendid personality” of Mrs Pitt Byrne, who always seemed to me more like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu than any woman of her own time and generation; full of wit and animation, and who was also a very well of miscellaneous learning. Among many books of use and interest in their time, she wrote one which ought to survive, being so full of knowledge and of heart. *Flemish Interiors* was much more than the result of travel; and no such gateway into the very heart of a foreign country has been written since Longfellow sent Paul Fleming wandering along the Rhine. Every copy was bought up forty years ago, and the book was never reprinted by its author.

To present even a rapid, fore-shortened view of the dead writers of the Victorian Era must



remain a most difficult, if not a hopeless task. The great peaks of literature were buttressed by any number of lower hills, each full of winding paths and thick with shrubs and flowers. Thackeray and Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Alfred Tennyson and the Brownings were all living fires giving out volcanic heat between 1845 and 1860. Their books were read, and they themselves appreciated and beloved personally by a host of lesser writers who had themselves created *chef-d'œuvres* of a more limited, but not less perfect, quality. Coventry Patmore's and Adelaide Procter's work resembled strings of chiselled gems. Rossetti was, to my thinking, greater as a poet than as an artist, but that might remain an open question. He and his gentle, serious wife are of late become a kind of prey to the makers of books. Carlyle was hammering and thundering in splendid poetic prose till he fell helplessly into the swamp of the life of Frederick the Great, and alas! picked himself out of it at last to hurl latter-day pamphlets at his astonished generation. The social life of the time was best portrayed by Anthony Trollope and Charlotte Yonge, to the latter



of whom justice has never been done by the literary critics. Her books have been injured in literary circles, by her loyal devotion to her convictions in regard to the Anglican Church. But what would we not give for a record of the private life of England under the Tudors, with half the wit and insight of the *Heir of Redclyffe*.

The "Story of Elizabeth" and the delicate, pathetic idyl of "A Lost Love" went into edition after edition between thirty and forty years ago. Their authors are both living, and I have set myself to speak only of those who have passed away. But their pens are now silent in fiction, and so is that of Jean Ingelow, who, like Lady Anne Lindsay, has written one ballad which will not die.

All these people and their works are an inheritance to England for ever, and I think that but for the one Apparition of William Shakespeare — whose genius came, no man knows from whence, and passed suddenly and silently from his native fields, so that we hardly know more than the date when he vanished and the place where his bones are buried — we have no such record to

show for any century since Alfred learnt his letters at his mother's knee.

I have one word, or rather one page, to add in regard to a generation of writers of whom very many were my close personal friends. It has been suggested to me again and again that I might have said a great deal more. Certainly I might. Nobody, unless utterly devoid of observation, can pass from youth to age without knowing the secrets of many lives and the inner histories of many households. To unveil this kind of human knowledge in an impersonal manner is the task of a great writer of fiction. We know a great deal about the wickedness of the Marquis of Steyne, and we are not ignorant of the cruel misdeeds of Beatrice Esmonde. One famous character in romance not only drank himself to death, but took fire in the process, and died by spontaneous combustion. We have ample records in imaginative literature of every kind of iniquity. Let these suffice. But of our own people, of those with whom we lived and loved, and to whom we owe, through their writings, such a debt of gratitude for much of the

present happiness of our daily lives, surely it is better to observe rigorously the old-fashioned rule, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

#### MOUNT AUBURN.

The great cemetery of Boston is to the English traveller one of the most interesting places in America. It is no longer the wild moorland hill described to us in poetry and in prose: it has become a splendid park, thickly ornamented by large trees and a profusion of flowers. On a July day it is a blaze of light and colour, a city of the dead which should be traversed silently, alone and on foot. Here, as in Père la Chaise, every few steps bring the visitant face to face with some famous name—for a very noble company lie at Mount Auburn—familiar in every English-speaking house, though they be thousands of miles apart: in Britain, in India, and in Australian provinces, and wherever a consul's or a merchant's home upholds the flag of England in any part of the wide, wide world.

Firstly, I made my way up to the slope

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called Indian Ridge, where Longfellow lies. Nothing is visible from the path but the one word of his name, on an altar tomb set in grass with the utmost simplicity. As I looked at it, a crowd of associations with other people, and other graves, far away, came into my mind. I remembered when the little paper volume containing the "Psalm of Life," and the "Red Planet Mars," first came to England, and the enthusiasm the poems excited; a face came back to me, and a voice said, "It is worth living for *that*." There are a few poets in regard to whom merely literary criticism is quite inadequate and beside the mark. Who cared a hundred years ago whether Robert Burns was well received, or was destined to take a second or a first place? We know that Scott barely considered himself a poet, and was amazed when all England read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in a rush. His own fame almost frightened him; he would rather have been born a laird. Sometimes I think Longfellow's own ideal was that of a man of culture, and that his immortal poems were at first happy, spontaneous accidents. They have a

power and a precision which is not the result of conscious effort. What splendid lines in the "Occultation of Orion"; what a landscape painter he is in "The Rain"; what a great hollow voice rings out in the Saga; and yet these are his short flights. In all he did the greatness was unforced, and the result so easy that its simplicity masks its power.

The grave of James Russell Lowell is not far off, and is so shadowed that it is not easy to find. He is among his kindred; there is no difference between his small, simple stone and theirs. For the sake of posterity, surely some sort of monument should be raised in memory of a poet who is certainly only second to Longfellow, and to whom some even assign the first place. J. R. Lowell was also so well known and personally loved in the old world, and filled the post of Ambassador to the Court of St James' with such great dignity and honour for several years, that he will go down in history on both counts, and as such should be recorded upon solid marble. Oliver Wendell Holmes is similarly buried, with no mention beyond the dates of his birth and death.

Another grave of much interest is that of a little boy, Angelo Ossoli. The sea received the body of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, "by birth a child of New England, by adoption a citizen of Rome," who was drowned with her husband in a frightful shipwreck on the coast of Long Island in July 1850. The little boy had been strapped on the back of one of the crew, who struggled through the surf to the shore, and his body was yet warm when he was unstrapped; but all efforts to restore him were unavailing, and his poor little corpse was carried to the house of the grandmother who had never seen him alive. This pathetic tragedy rang through England and America at the time, for the mother was in a sense a famous person, and the friend of many great men. Her biography was written in three divisions, by Emerson, W. H. Channing and James Freeman Clarke, and is a very interesting book. It is she who was described by Lowell in his "Fable for Critics" as Minerva, making the assertion,—

As I ought to know, who have lived, cheek by jowl,  
Since the day I was born, with the Infinite Soul.

Margaret and her intellectual prowess have

passed away from the minds and memory of a succeeding generation, but she was a real influence on her own, and the story of the shipwreck is one of those annals of the sea which should hardly be forgotten.

Two other memorial stones record men familiar to the London world forty years ago. One is that of John Gorham Palfrey, the historian of New England—an important standard work compiled from original documents. He himself was a man of rare spiritual depth, reflected in the extraordinary sweetness of his expression. Nothing that he has written gives any idea of himself. He is buried on "Sweetbriar Path."

But the most universally charming of all American visitors to the old country was Charles Sumner in his youth. He was said to have travelled north from London to Scotland, stopping at all the great Whig houses of sixty years ago, and to have returned to London along the other coast as the guest of all the Tory magnates. He was a delightful example of the Boston gentleman. I last saw him in 1865, when he spent an evening with my mother. His hair was grey and



his face aged, but none of his old charm was lost. Mr Sumner's grave is on Arethusa Path, among those of other members of his family. It lies across the brow of the hill in what seemed to me to be the older part of the cemetery. Mr Longfellow sent me a precious gift of an early portrait of Charles Sumner, with the following letter:—

“CAMBRIDGE, *May 30th* 1877.

“DEAR MME. BELLOC,—I am ashamed of myself when I think how long I have left unanswered your very kind letter. A persistent and troublesome attack of neuralgia is the only excuse I have to offer. I hope you do not know from experience how that unfits one for any and every kind of work and pleasure, and makes the writing of even a letter a pain. If unfortunately you do, I am sure you will pardon me.

“I thank you most cordially for your permission to use your beautiful poems in my collection. I call them beautiful, not by way of idle compliment, but because I think them so. How highly I prize them you will see by the number I have taken. You will find



them everywhere in the volumes. My only fear is that you may think I have taken too many.

“Did I never thank you for ‘La Belle France?’ I thought I did, and if I did not, it is an unpardonable offence. I have enjoyed it very much, and made many extracts from it.

“Do you remember Charles Sumner? He always spoke of you and of your father and mother with great warmth of affection. I send you a photograph of him taken from a crayon portrait, made soon after his return from England. Does it in any way recall him to your mind?—Faithfully yours,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.”

To find one monument it is necessary to ascend almost to the foot of the Tower which crowns Mount Auburn. It is on the Palm Avenue, and is a tall granite shaft, from the base of which can be seen an immense view over the wooded plain to Boston and the sea. On that base, cut in large letters, are the two words of a woman's name—Charlotte Cushman—a descendant of a Pilgrim Father, and the

greatest actress America ever produced. It is indescribably impressive. I touched reverently the letters of that name, and I remembered a dear friend of my youth who remarked, on once seeing Charlotte Cushman angry, "It was like a storm on the Alps."\* The weight of her personal character, in addition to the attraction of her genius, which was as spontaneous as, if less severely educated than, that of the Kembles, gave her as years went on a pre-eminent place in America, which no one, since Mrs Siddons died, has ever enjoyed in England. She did not live to be really old, though she seemed in the middle of life to be a very type of feminine strength and energy, and at her farewell to the stage she received an ovation of admiration and respect from Puritan Boston which must have been the sweetest of triumphs for a woman constituted as she was.

Many another great name is to be met here. A rough granite boulder on Belmont Path

\* This apt simile was made by one who wrote nothing, but had a singularly poetic insight;—Mary Merryweather, the friend and helper of Lady Augusta Stanley, was born in the Society of Friends. Her outward life was associated with many good works, but her inward spirit was that of a mystic, and her conversation of a very rare quality.

marks the resting-place of Louis Agassiz. "This boulder came from the glacier of the Aar, near where Agassiz's hut of observation once stood, and the pine trees which shelter it were also sent from Switzerland." He died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1873, a year after his return from a deep-sea dredging voyage in the *Hauler*. Channing lies on Greenbriar Path, and Jacob Abbott in Fir Avenue. Edward Everett, Dorothea Dix and the beloved Philip Brookes are all recorded. To those who know American history and love American literature the multitude of associations are most moving. Here and there is a grave adorned with a little flag—that of some soldier who fell in the war. Finally, I will add, in reference to this place and these people, a few sentences which I wrote many years ago, soon after a visit in Essex, from which part of England so many Puritan Fathers came.

"In an old church at Colchester are some antique monuments and brasses of a family of the name of Sears or Sayers. Ruffs, doublets and trunk hose mark the date of some of these, and black letter inscriptions, carrying back the reader farther still into the Middle Ages of

England. But a couple of centuries ago the Sears disappear—that old church knew them no more. Only on a modern brass plate (now some fifty years old), let into the wall, are the names, the ages and places of burial of a line of Sayers who died in New England; some lie at Mount Auburn, some here, some there, in localities well known to us through American history and romance, and underneath are words which tell how a living son of New England had proudly sought out the half-obliterated tombs of his forefathers, and since the ‘graves of the household’ were scattered far away upon the shores of another continent, he had at least brought the record of their memories *home*.”

## THE TWO FREDERICKS

AMONG the names inscribed in a Family Bible are some, in every generation, of whom the brief record ends abruptly; young men and young women who inherited their share of love and learning, and whose souls, and that wherewith their souls were clothed, disappeared like the little clouds we see forming and dissolving on the blue sky, of a use and beauty which faded away and was transmitted elsewhere and otherwise. There is no one now who can remember my Frederick. I never saw him, and the last who did see him died at a great age six years ago. And there is no picture of him, not even a silhouette, though he lived in the days of silhouettes. Miniatures exist of all his brothers, and of his charming only sister; of Frederick, nothing; of his father more than one elaborate portrait; of his mother a black shade, showing her hair



rolled over a cushion, though she died in a year when people of more fashion would have dressed their hair low. Perhaps, if she had not died at thirty-two, she would in some way have got a record of the features of her youngest boy. But Frederick was soon motherless, and no one can even imagine what he was like.

Yet, strange to say, he, and he alone, out of a large family, has left a written record of himself. I have often wondered why, for he seemed to have very little to say, and the last thing he could ever have imagined would have been that a hand unborn would take up the pen which he so untimely relinquished, and that other eyes would be so familiar with the quaint streets and rich meadows, strewn with the autumn crocus, wherein he dwelt, and the place where he worshipped, and the great ringing chimes of St Mary's Tower, as to be able to place a simple picture of himself in the fitting landscape amidst which he lived and moved and had his own being, but where, alas! he did not die. For my Frederick lies in a tropical grave, and another Frederick only just survived to tell the tale.

My first glimpse of him is on the first page of a diary, which he began when he was not quite twenty-three. It was in 1820, and he tells us that the year has made a bad beginning, and that there is great distress among the poor and the manufacturing class. He is a born Liberal, and thinks that "the very strong, coercive and (as I think) impolitic measures of our Government spread a general stir throughout the country." The National Debt was increasing and the taxes were "enormous." It being the 1st of January, Frederick balanced his private accounts and found he had exceeded his allowance by twenty-five shillings; this discovery was made in the evening, and he then read a few pages of Smollet's *England* and went to bed at half-past ten. The 2d of January was a Sunday, and he records a sermon in which the minister, a more than middle-aged man even then, preached of the shortness of life. This preacher lived to a great old age; not so the youth who listened to him with ears which can hardly have comprehended the message. There was a collection amounting to £7, 15s., and Frederick, in



spite of the poor state of his finances, gave 2s. 6d.

On Monday the 3d, Frederick walked over to Guyscliff, then in the possession of Mr Greathed, an intimate friend of his father's. On the Tuesday occurred unusually severe frost, and in the night the thermometer went down to 17 Fah. He skated on the Avon, and in the evening played Handel, Haydn, and Avison, but the instruments were out of tune, "and discord was the result." On the Wednesday was "one of the severest frosts known for many years; the thermometer went down to 11 degs." (three notes of admiration). Frederick skated on the Avon, wrote French exercises and read the *Edinburgh Review*, then lately started.

On Friday Frederick composed some verses for his step-mother's birthday, and his father and that lady dined with a friend "to meet Dr Parr and Dr Maltby." On the Sunday he walked on the icebound Avon up to Guyscliff, and saw Mrs Greathed, and his father went over to Hatton with a strange minister who had preached in the morning,

and the two gentlemen dined with Dr Parr, who was delighted to meet intelligent Dissenters.

Frederick goes on, day by day, reading Smollett, and making odd innocent remarks in his diary. "I can hardly believe, when I think, that I am living in the age when England, for the first time since its discovery (*sic*), is *at peace with all the world.*" The cold went on severely for some days, and the strange minister's wife suffered much from "astmatics." Frederick tried to keep himself warm by playing Haydn and Mozart. Well-known names flit across his boyish pages: Mr Anthony Highmore, whose family had suffered greatly in the cause of Charles the First, came to dine and sleep, and went to London by the Crown Prince, evidently a mail coach. Frederick feasted upon the lately published *Ivanhoe*. On the 26th he records the death of the Duke of Kent, on the previous Sunday, when the young writer had walked up to Guyscliff on the Avon. He notes that the Duke was seized from not changing his wet boots. History records that he lingered, tossing and playing with his

little girl, and Frederick's diary tells us how easy it was to get chilled with the temperature so many degrees below zero. See what a fine fitting mosaic is made of these small details; if the Duke had lived and a second child had proved a boy, we should have had no much-loved Queen Victoria! In the midst of his unconscious contribution to history—so much more vital than Smollett's *England*, and wedged in between evenings occupied by the masters of music—Frederick carefully analysed *Ivanhoe* as if the romance were a genuine old chronicle. "The meekness and noble fortitude of Rebecca, united to a most lovely face and figure, is, I think, unique. In short, the whole is painted by the hand of a master." Pity that the great painter in the north never knew of this pure flame of admiration in a lad's heart!

On Sunday the 30th of January we find a great name upon the page. "After the usual attendance at divine service all went to dine at Guyscliff, except myself (*written above*), and I went in the evening." (Frederick, you see, was very young.) "We had some charming singing from Mrs Peploe, who is a perfect

Mistress of Music. I was much disappointed at not seeing Mrs Siddons, who had a violent headache and could not appear. Miss Siddons is a lovely-looking girl, with fine black eyes and a profusion of dark hair. . . . Cloudy and mild, wind S.W." Never does Frederick forget the weather; he has been brought up with a deep respect for scientific instruments! On the Monday, Dr de Lys, who had also been visiting at Guyscliff—a well-known physician, long famous in the Midland Counties, and whose mother, the Marquise de Lys, had been guillotined in Paris in 1793—went back to Birmingham (a very different Birmingham to anything we now know), and then, later in the day, came the news of the old King's death. He had passed away on the evening of Saturday, "tranquilly and without a struggle," worn out by age and infirmities. He was in the eighty-second year of his age and the sixtieth of his reign. This seemed a little matter to the young fellow, who had never remembered George the Third as a reigning monarch. On the Tuesday Eliza Priestley, a very lovely girl with blue eyes and fair hair (which were laughingly recalled by herself sixty years later), came to dine

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with "John and Anna"—This pair lie buried in Italian graves, and their history and that of their children is a strange, sad romance, finally connected with one of the noblest names in mediæval Florence. But Frederick unwittingly drinks his tea with all three of them, and then falls back on Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel and Méhul. The constant recurrence of the greatest masters of music is curious in the journal of a boy, and this in a small, quiet circle in a Midland town, for whom Guyscliff was their great house and Dr Parr their main connection with the outer world.

On Sunday the 6th the youth notes a sermon on the death of the Duke of Kent, and in the evening he dined at a cousin's house—the Marble Yard—and his father again at Guyscliff. The weather was "very fine and mild." On the Monday Frederick went, by lovely ways, to an old house, gable-ended, vineclad, where lived family friends; and here the faint, short thread of his earthly life crosses that of his latter-day biographer; for that old house I also know, and have known for a lifetime, nor is it ever far absent from my waking dreams. It was still the very early spring, the buds of the chestnut

trees were tight folded, the tall spires of the great poplars were bare, but the laurels were bright and the holly glittered, and in the carefully-tended beds were the first blossoms of the crocus and the snowdrop. Look well at them, young Frederick, for it is almost your last look at Shakespeare's country, the country of your birth.

Twice he came back for a hasty visit, but the little old county town was no longer his home; and so his innocent record is kept there until the mid-February, and then he had to go. The youngest of five sons had to follow his brothers into the world, and his start was to be made in Liverpool, where one of them was already settled, and his usually colourless diary gains a touch of interest from his farewell visit to Mr and Mrs Greathed. It is Sunday, February the 13th, 1820, when he writes, "I walked with John to Guyscliff to take leave, . . . I was much gratified in seeing the remainder of the pictures, which were just arrived. Two paintings in particular won my admiration: Diana asleep, with Pan behind her, holding up some drapery, Cupid in a tree, watching her, a bow and quiver by her side.

The figure of Diana is most exquisitely painted . . . worthy of the painter *Guercino*. The other picture is painted by Sneyders, and consists only of three birds. Three hawks hovering over a heron. The attitude of the hawks, who are on the point of pouncing upon the heron, is Nature itself. The fright of the heron, which, with outstretched wing, appears suspended motionless in the air, is equally true to Nature. The lightness and high finishing of the feathers is what only a Sneyders could execute." Then he breaks off into a more natural strain. "Not knowing when I should see these charming people again, and feeling that it might be the last, I left Guyscliff with melancholy sensations."

And here is, perhaps, the place to say a word of the Guyscliff of long ago. Its owner, Bertie—Bertie Greathed or Greatheed—was son to Samuel Greathed, by his wife, Lady Mary Bertie, daughter of Peregrine, Duke of Ancaster. He was very wealthy, very clever, and had, I believe, much to do with the laying out of Leamington, which, in his youth, consisted of three cottages and the Well House. Bertie Greathed's wife was a woman



of marked individuality, and was the first friend and patroness of Mrs Siddons, who was brought to Guyscliff by her father, Mr Roger Kemble, with an entreaty that the great lady would keep his daughter from the stage. Sarah Kemble made her escape from those silken fetters, but the intimacy seems to have subsisted into the old age of both ladies, as Frederick records his disappointment at Mrs Siddons, on one occasion, remaining in her room with a headache. The Greatheds had one only son: a wilder Shelley, greatly gifted as an artist. He died in Florence, and his mother straight-way set off with her maid and fetched back a tiny girl, who henceforth toddled by her grandmother's side, having such an extraordinary resemblance to the old lady—who was not beautiful—that the pair remained inseparable in the memory of beholders for half a century. The little child was always called Caroline Ann; she was brought up as the heiress of Guyscliff, and eventually married the Honourable Charles Percy, who took the

\* He painted a picture of "The Cave of Despair," which was always covered with a curtain in his parents' lifetime, and believed by all the neighbours to be too dreadful to behold.

added name of Bertie. Their only daughter after a long and excellent life, died unmarried not long ago. The reader may now understand why Guyscliff resembles a beautiful Italian villa, seen across the water, and only Italian pictures came to be unpacked, just in time for Frederick to see them before he left.

On that Sunday he returned to his father's house, and writes that "John and Anna" dined with the family. "My last dinner;" and on the morrow he left early in the morning. "At night I bid adieu to my father, mother, Mary, John. After living twenty-two years in my native town, having experienced the tenderness and kindness of my father and mother-in-law (step-mother he means), brothers and one much-loved sister, could I depart without feelings of regret? No. All the happiness of my short life was now before me in the brightest colours; I was going to leave my paternal roof, many kind friends, friends from my infancy. These and many other reflections cast a gloom over my mind, and I departed in sorrow." Poor Frederick—dear Frederick he becomes, as I pore over his neat, closely-written diary, which moves the reader to

laughter and to tears. Good-bye to the beautiful little town, with its world-famed castle, its great church of St Mary's, of which the tower was built by Wren. Good-bye to Leicester's Hospital and to Guyscliff, and the Hermitage of Palmer Guy, where, for long years, on his return from the Holy Land, he hid himself from his dear wife Phœbe. All that is historic, beautiful, romantic, passed from the boy, all but the beauty of his own exceeding simplicity and high-mindedness. This he carries with him wherever he goes; and he is going far afield.

I will not pursue his diary in detail. He keeps it daily, noting the sermons preached at "Chappel," snatching instructions in drawing from a very clever artist, a Mr Barber, whose name long survived; singing glees, when opportunity offered, but no longer one of a musical circle devoted to Handel and Mozart; and also reading a quite extraordinary tale of books. He pounds through the Waverley Novels as they come out, but does not care for *The Monastery*. He devours Robertson, and Hayley's *Life of Cowper* and a long History of James the Second; and discusses Kirke White, whom he calls "a young man of great genius, and

power of mind, which was hardly matured when it pleased the Almighty to take him into a better world." And Frederick quaintly adds, "Let us not sorrow but rejoice at the shortness of his probationary state." He also reads Hazlitt on the English poets, and several of Lord Bacon's essays. Truly, he is an omnivorous reader, and his reflections are those of an intellectual young owl. Of his first period in Liverpool a long letter to his father has been preserved; but it is not interesting to us, except where he says that he has witnessed the arrival of Grattan at Waterloo, near Liverpool, and that Grattan looked dreadfully ill and emaciated. He was received with great enthusiasm, and the "jolly tars" drew his carriage up to the Hotel. Says Frederick, "In Grattan's younger days your print of him must have been an admirable likeness. I am afraid this will be his last effort for the Catholics."

In the same letter he speaks of an elderly lady who was extraordinarily influential, in fact, "a sort of queen, holding her court in Liverpool." Her name was Mrs D'Aguilar, and she was good enough to question the young

man about a process for smoke-burning, invented by a scientific brother. This letter of Frederick's is addressed to the father at the house of Mr George Skey, in Bloomsbury, father of Frederick Skey, a famous surgeon in the next generation.

Another letter, in the handwriting of Mary, the "much-loved sister," is dated from the same house, and addressed to the brother in Liverpool. She is full of music lessons, and especially keen about the harp. Mr Skey lived near the Basil Montagus in their brilliant house, 25 Bedford Square, and the young visitor remarks, that "Anne Skepper plays delightfully, and is a pupil of Sharpe's; (the picture of Mrs Procter playing on the harp is quite a new notion of her), and if we prosper, as we hope in Heaven's mercy to do, I happily belong to those who will not *grudge* me a few guineas for the folly of harping." I confess that this sentence written by Frederick's "much-loved sister" strikes me as very quaint. In the serious circle in which she had been educated, the flute, the violin, and, I suppose, the piano or harpsichord, were mostly

interpretive of Handel and Mozart; but the harp was a frivolous instrument. So far were we from the stringed viol and lute of the Elizabethan days. It seems to me that this sentence reveals a whole world of Puritan thought. She was an only daughter, this dear Mary, very fair and sweet, and her brothers, the whole five of them, adored her. I lived for many years with her miniature, which was finally given to a yet surviving son. And I have heard endless traditions of her intelligence, her charm, her marriage and her comparatively early death. But until I looked over Frederick's diary, and the few letters which are tied up with it, I never saw her handwriting, and this one sentence reveals her mind to me more than anything I have heard. She comes up from her country town; she is brought in close contact with the Basil Montagus in their London home. She finds her early playmate, Anne Skepper, "playing delightfully" and trusts her own parents will be rich enough not to grudge her a few guineas for the folly of harping. When I think of her, it is in connection with



St Albans, and a country house called by the Saxon name of Tittenhanger, where she had died. It must have been in the month of June that I was taken there, for it was the first time I ever smelt a hayfield or saw wild roses.

I pass over to the date of January 1st, 1821; and Frederick thus touches on it with youthful solemnity. "The commencement of a new year causes many reflections on the events of the past. Changes take place: some agreeable, some draw the sigh of regret; but I find comfort and consolation in the firm belief that 'Whatever is, is best.' Last year has been a happy one to me. I have had the inestimable blessing of good health, the society of numerous kind friends, plenty of employment and a proper proportion of recreation. My efforts have been satisfactory to Mr Campbell, and my conscience tells me I have done my best to make a suitable return for his great and kind attentions to me. . . . My prospects now assume a different appearance. In a few months I may be in a far-distant land, where I shall no longer enjoy the society of my dear family and friends. Many reasons induce this



change. First, the inability of my father establishing me in business at present, owing to the sad decline of his own. Secondly, the bad state of trade and commerce rendering it not expedient to settle in this country for three or four years. Thirdly, my anxious desire to relieve my dear father of part of his burden by maintaining myself. Fourthly, the advantage arising from visiting foreign lands and GAINING KNOWLEDGE. Having received the approval of all my family and friends, and feeling that my plan is right in every way, I have only to ask Him who guides all, for health and strength to support me through every severe trial and peril I may have to endure.

“The country is in an agitated state. The King is despised, the ministers held in the greatest contempt, trade, commerce, and agriculture declining and going to ruin; few persons gaining, *many* losing. The debt and taxes are undermining the constitution like an ulcer.”

The rest of the diary during the year 1821 may be hastily passed over until its closing weeks. Frederick remained in the Liverpool office, and

devoted his leisure to reading the works of Madame de Staël and studying Spanish. Some new business, not very specifically stated, took him to Manchester in the late autumn, and there are many references to the invention for smoke-burning. Macready came North and played Hamlet, and Farren performed in *The Rivals*. At one moment he met with the old friend of his father Basil Montagu, and was taken an excursion into Yorkshire, and sees Bolton Abbey, and visits the rector, Mr Carr. He calls Bolton a "Heavenly Spot," which is a more fervent expression than often falls from his pen. This seems to have been the only break in his plodding year; and in its last month he winds up his affairs, and we find that he has accepted a mercantile post in Mexico. His salary was to be very small, but he begins collecting "consignments," and he learns how to stuff birds for a famous ornithologist, Dr William Swainson, and he reads Spanish every day. In the notes of this last year the reader comes across the names of most of the principal families who have made Liverpool as we know it. Frederick was

a friend of their sons, danced with their daughters (quadrilles) and went perpetually to their houses to tea. I notice that nobody dined late.

By the 14th of December he was in London, and records the christening of three little children, two nephews and a niece, by their old great-uncle, Dr Abraham Rees, a man of mark in the generation preceding Frederick's own, and "who made the ceremony very affecting and interesting from his age and manner." Thereby hung a tale of which Frederick takes no notice; of which he was perhaps ignorant. Dr Rees had not favoured the marriage of the parents, and I imagine that the triple christening was a mark of reconciliation. The fate of these three children in after life was singular: the eldest, a boy, showed a marked religious vocation, and died quite young while in training for the Anglican ministry; the little girl became first very High Church, and finally a Catholic.\* Their

\* She married Count Luigi Frescobaldi, member of a family which had received Milton as a guest in the seventeenth century. In later life Count Luigi was Florentine Ambassador at the Court of Naples.

mother lived all her later years absorbed in intense Catholic devotion, though she never joined any order. She was the "Anna" so often referred to in Frederick's diary, and the parting with her calls out a deeper note in its flat little pages. "Evening came, and I took leave of Anna, not without feeling that we might never meet again in this world. *To the will of Him who is all powerful I resign myself.*"

#### THE SECOND FREDERICK

I now come to him who is to me, and must remain to my readers, the merest shadow of a shade, but who was once a fondly beloved young man, full of hope and vitality. In the short obituary printed in a local journal, and signed by what were then the well-known initials of W. F. (the friend and biographer of Dr Parr), he is called "a young foreigner;" but though owning a Dutch name, his father, Mr Barnard Van Sandau, of Nicholas Lane, was a London Merchant, who wrote in the vernacular tongue with perfect ease, and who, in spite of the lapse of years, may very probably be remembered by

many persons now living, even as I remember many of the actors on this little domestic scene as they were in their old age.

I find no record of the reason why young Van Sandau went to Mexico. He seems to have been connected with a Mr Baldwin, who looked after both the young men, and of whom some touching letters were preserved. The young pair struck up a friendship of which the duties were fulfilled by the survivor, regardless of mortal peril; but, while praising Van Sandau in his letters, my Frederick gives no description of him. At no time does he give any particulars of personal appearance, except indeed when he records the dark hair and eyes of Miss Siddons, which not unnaturally took him by surprise. And yet some of his own "people" were sufficiently remarkable in their bodily presence. One of the last friends with whom the youth of our immediate concern had been associated in England had been precisely that W. F. who was to record his fate. A man of historic descent and interesting appearance, and who had stamped on Frederick's very heart,

by his sermons and conversations, that peculiar touch of reverence and submission which shines in every line of the diary I have quoted. I think there used to exist a curious moral reticence about the earthly envelope in certain religious centres of English life. The New Testament is absolutely guarded, and in this sense impersonal, and congregations whose lives were based upon the Gospels, unconsciously caught the silent impress. It was considered ill-bred to allude to any personal defect, and almost *as* ill-bred to refer to personal beauty! Frederick does say on one page that Mr Charles Percy was "a very elegant young man," having apparently looked at him critically when he appeared as a suitor for the hand of Miss Greathed of Guyscliff, who was herself less endowed with charms; but on this latter point the loyal Frederick never makes a remark. And so we do not know the face or figure of either of the two young fellows who stood on the deck of the Brig *Bull Dog* when, after many delays, she got out of the Liverpool Dock.

A few scraps of interest may be extracted from my Frederick's three last letters to his

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father from English soil. He certainly possessed no genius as a letter-writer, but his slight political allusions show what the trading classes thought seventy-four years ago; and also the extreme slowness with which things moved. On the 17th of January 1822 he writes (on a large, square piece of letter paper) that, "With respect to the time of our sailing, we have this morning fixed it for the 24th, this day week, when, we have no doubt, all the goods will be on board.

"We have a very good ship, with comfortable accommodation, and a good-tempered captain, which is a great blessing. . . . I am full of engagements up to the hour of my departure. Let me know from you how you are going on at Newcastle. . . . Also tell me that you are in better spirits, my dear father. I assure you that I am perfectly happy and contented with my own lot, my only anxiety is about yourself. Do not indulge in useless, gloomy reflections, but hope for the best, and find comfort in the knowledge that you have only trodden in the paths of Truth and Rectitude.

"There is a good deal of shipping business



going on here (!) which makes the scene about the docks very lively."

On the 1st of February he still writes from land, "You have, I daresay, thought that I was ere this traversing the Atlantic, and that my next letter to you would be dated from Jamaica, but Æolus is unwilling to favour us with prosperous gales, and lets out from his bags nothing but westerly breezes, which are the wrong sort for us." And an elder brother adds a postscript to say, "I see no chance of the wind changing for Fred's departure, but it may happen any morning. There never was a larger fleet collected by a long continuance of westerly weather."

On the 5th of February Frederick again takes up his pen, "My dear father, still I write to you on English ground, owing, as you may guess, to continued unfavourable winds. We attempted to get out to sea this morning for the second time, but without success. We consider ourselves fortunate in escaping the gales which blew on Friday and Saturday night last, and to which you allude in your letter to Sam, received by him yesterday morning."

He then makes some remarks unfavourable

to the authorities of the British Museum, who had not properly recognised the very real scientific claims of his sister's lover, and observes, "It is difficult to understand the manœuvring of *Great Men*, and more so to avoid being duped by them. . . . I suppose you are looking forward with some interest to the meeting of Parliament. . . . I think the country gentlemen will rather alarm Londonderry and his brethren. There have been some capital meetings in Suffolk and Norfolk, which, I am sure, would please you much. I do not think it is well to introduce reform, as it will frighten away many who join in the cry of agricultural distress.

"I shall always be glad to have your opinion of the political affairs of this country; therefore, do not forget to make that a topic in your letters to me." Sam, he says, is pretty well, and about to move away from "Nova Scotia" to a new warehouse at the Salthouse dock "The old gentleman" (whose name is obliterated by the lapse of seventy-four years) "is in pretty good health just now, but certainly grows more crusty with age." . . . Also, "there is a great deal of shipping business

just now of our manufactured goods to North America and other parts, which causes a busy scene at the docks." And finally, with a touch of solemnity, "Once more, my dear father, adieu; be assured I am not forgetful of your kind advice, and that your health and happiness will ever be the prayer of your affectionate son, FREDERICK."

Only a short time remains in which to find any true indications of the young man whom I have attempted to pourtray, and I hesitate whether to quote from the remaining pages of his journal or from the few letters carefully preserved by his various relations, for he wrote to all his home circle in turn. The little brig beat about for eight days between Liverpool and Holyhead, and in that part remained obstinately wind-bound for a month. Frederick wrote a long letter to his father upon the 8th of March, in which he says, "It has been blowing hurricanes the last week; some vessels have been lost in the Channel, and others much damaged, so that we have every reason to be thankful. It is vexatious, and the delay is on every account a serious one." The pas-

sengers found friends on shore, who took "pity upon poor, wind-bound fellows, and treated us with the greatest hospitality." He sends a message to his step-mother, who had brought him up from infancy, and to whom he was greatly attached. "For my mother's satisfaction, I must tell her that I have tried the rhubarb and magnesia, and they are both excellent. . . . My two companions have a famous supply of physic." He says that the long continuance of south and south-west winds was "really quite extraordinary and, I should think, would shake the faith of all almanack believers." But he also says they are very comfortable and happy, and much pleased with their ship. Frederick never complains.

At last, on the 14th of March, they got away, in company with about forty other vessels, which had been weather bound in the then little Welsh port, and on the 19th the *Bull Dog* sighted the Fastnet lighthouse, on the southernmost coast of Ireland. On the 21st they fished up a cask of oil, which they had hoped to find good Madeira, and they also sighted the Scilly Isles. On the 22d they "had the pleasure of breakfasting on the Atlantic Ocean." Meanwhile the

young penman managed to write Spanish exercises and to read Humboldt. Many vessels were passed: one a Dutch galliot, which they spoke, bound to Rotterdam from Malaga. On the 24th a ship and a sloop were in sight all day. The sea took the "indigo hue which only occurs out of soundings." On the 26th he does several things. He records having eaten a sea pie made of pickled goose boiled in pastry.

THE VOYAGE OF THE *BULL DOG*.

After the little brig had passed the Scilly Isles, she was thirty-nine days at sea before she got amongst the West Indian Islands; and Frederick traced her route upon a small chart, which remains among his papers and is an example of the delicate neatness and order with which he did everything which came to his hand to do. He continued his short diary, and it is curious as a picture of that almost shipless sea on which was as yet no steamer, though the industrious writer was wide awake to the inventions of Watt, and wrote a quaint poem about the approaching triumphs of steam. Frederick did not now much like the captain, who was harsh to a ship boy, and

sneered at the kind-hearted attempts made by the passengers to poultice the lad's bad foot. The long days were filled with the study of Spanish, with Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and, wonderful to relate, with *Corinne*, which romance roused great enthusiasm in my Frederick's young bosom. When the weather became calm and warm, he played on his beloved violin, and breaks forth into vivid expressions of pleasure when first, low down upon the horizon, he sees the Southern Cross. He draws a little diagram of the constellations. Three or four ships were passed during those thirty-nine days, a small shark was caught, and the albatross visited the brig, which ploughed steadily on through April, until the high coast of Antigua came in sight and was greeted with delight by Frederick, who had got up at five in the morning, full of lively anticipation. From thence to Jamaica was a very short run, and here the *Bull Dog* went into port, and the two Fredericks went on shore, and remained there many days. They seem to have waited for the convoy of H.M.S. *Carnation*, as there was great fear of pirates. My Frederick and Frederick Van Sandau got a gig and went up

country; and the record in the diary of the costumes, and occasional lack of all costume, of the negro population is at once kind and funny. There certainly never was so good a young fellow as my Frederick; every observation is recorded with a touch of high-minded delicacy which makes one wonder how he would have dealt with the social problems of that Mexico to which he was bound. Of Van Sandau I can make no picture; he flits across the diary as a shadow.

At last the *Carnation* took the *Bull Dog* and another brig in her charge, and the three vessels sailed out of Kingston Harbour; and every night the Government vessel gave them good advice how they were to steer so as to keep in her high company. Once they saw an ugly-looking craft, and my Frederick polished up his "gun" in quite a bloodthirsty manner; but the alarm came to nothing. And so they crept on under convoy day after day. He had sent two instalments of his journal from Jamaica to his father (who made a memorandum that the first, which came direct by post, cost two shillings and sixpence); and he wrote to his parents on the 20th of May with that last parcel, telling them



it would probably be some time before they could hear from him again, as the communications with Mexico would be very irregular, more especially, as he would go with Mr Baldwin up country. In that letter he refers very tenderly to his sister. "Dear Mary, how I long to hear she is married and happy. I cannot tell you how constantly my thoughts are with you, and how many questions I want to ask on family subjects. I could make myself miserable, but, you know, in spite of myself I cannot help being happy, and often dwell upon the pleasure I shall have in relating to you my adventures. Yesterday I read in the Liverpool paper Miss Greatheed's marriage; I beg you will offer her congratulations on my part, and say for me all that is usual on such occasions. If Mary is not too stingy, she will send me a bit of bridecake. Tell Jos I shall write to him when I arrive at Mexico, and send him my meteorological journal, with remarks, etc." \* Frederick ends with a faint jest to the

\* Jos's instruments still remain on the wall of the room he inhabited fifty years later, side by side with portraits of the scientific men of the eighteenth and earlier years of the nineteenth century. This brother survived to his eightieth year.

effect that his dear father "would not like Kingston because there was no coal smoke." This is an allusion to the smoke-burning apparatus which loomed large on all their imaginations, and continued to be a subject of interest and discussion until they had all passed away fifty years later.

This is the last letter I find to the home circle in Warwickshire, but there is one letter in the fatal month of June, addressed to the brother in Liverpool. It is dated from shipboard on the 2d instant:—

"CAMPECHE.

"MY DEAR SAM,—Here we are, safe out of piractical clutches, and able to proceed on to Vera Cruz, where we find we can be admitted without any molestation. The fort is still in the possession of the Royalists, but they allow vessels to enter, not without stipulation with the Independents to find them *provisions*. This seems very curious, but such are the reports here.

"Our voyage from Jamaica has been a delightful one, but, owing to light winds, rather long (eleven days). The *Carnation* took excellent care of us, and we kept as close under her *guns*

as possible. We leave this *oven* to-morrow morning. I say *oven*, for I can really compare it to nothing else. The heat is *tremendous* from twelve to three; nevertheless, I am not overpowered, but preserve my usual good health and spirits. I have not been on shore, but Baldwin and Van Sandau are gone. Vessels are obliged to anchor nine miles from the town, an intolerable nuisance, for rowing that distance in a temperature of 90 degs. is no joke.

“I wrote to John by the Packet, and left letters for you and my father in the care of Hyslop & Co., to be forwarded by the first Liverpool vessel. John’s letter I directed to the care of Ladbrokees.

“How I have longed for you and Jos to be with me in this Gulf of Mexico.

“I never knew what fine sailing was before. I shall send Jos full and true particulars of my thermometrical experiments, and write to everybody when settled in Mexico, where we hope to be in three days. . . . I want to know who your correspondents are in *New Orleans* and *New York*. Have you any at the *Havanna*?

“You cannot think how much I long to hear from you all. Do not fail to write to me by

every opportunity, and tell me incidents of all descriptions. I write this hasty scrawl on board the *Commerce* and leave it in the care of the captain, who sails in about a week. God bless you, my dear family, and, believe me, ever most affectionately yours,

“FREDERICK.”

This is the last letter from the young writer's pen which I find in the packet. The *Bull Dog* was anchored some miles from shore, and communication with England was entirely dependent on the sailing of commercial vessels. The diary appears to have been discontinued; I find no trace of it after the second batch sent to his father from Jamaica. The most faithful of sons and correspondents was waiting till he should have something new to communicate from shore, and he evidently felt the intense heat, though he takes it cheerfully. The rest of the story comes in two letters from Mr Baldwin, the first of which is dated on the 17th, and is addressed to Mr Kinder, the head of the firm in England with whom Frederick was engaged. It is sent by a vessel going up to New York, and there is no record of the

date when it reached England. He told Mr Kinder, in short bald words, that his young clerk was dead, and that Mr Van Sandau, "who had been most kind and attentive to the poor fellow," was writing to the brother in Liverpool. Of Mr Van Sandau's letter there is no trace. It would have told the story far more naturally than Mr Baldwin's formal communication, and also told us something of the writer, that other Frederick. It was perhaps given up to his own father in London, and possibly be still in existence. Not till a week had elapsed did Mr Baldwin summon up courage to write to the family himself; and his deplorable postscript, written up country at Xalapa, seems to have been purposely kept out of the body of his letter, unless the first part had really been written overnight; but a man might well hesitate in the writing of such a record.

"XALAPA, 25 *June* 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is with sincere regret I have to communicate to you the death of your poor brother Frederick. He expired at three o'clock in the morning of the 17th inst., at Vera

Cruz, after an illness of six days, but not conveying with it any serious symptoms until a few hours prior to his decease.

“It is always some consolation on the demise of a dear relative to know that every attention and medical aid was administered to preserve life, though, in this instance, all I can write will be but of small alleviation for the loss of one whom I am sure must have carried the esteem of all who have ever had the pleasure of knowing him. Little did I expect this severe loss, trusting that our stay in Jamaica would somewhat have prepared him for these climates; and, indeed, on our arrival here on the 6th instant, he was very well, and by my particular request never exposed himself to the heat of Vera Cruz. Whenever he came on shore it was always in the morning, returning on board the *Bull Dog* again in the cool of the evening to sleep, this being considered much more healthy than sleeping on shore. On the 11th, in the evening, he complained of not being very well; however, the next morning, poor fellow, he took his breakfast, and again appeared to be in health. In the course of that day a colic rather worked upon him, and I sent immediately for the

physician of a French Frigate (the *l'Antigonne*) lying in the harbour. He gave him some cooling medicine and begged him to keep quiet and remain on board, being much more airy than on shore; this complaint continued upon him for three days without being within the power of medicine to alleviate, which weakened him very much, and it was deemed advisable to take him on shore, the medical men fearing the fever of the country might seize him from the weak state he was in. I took very comfortable lodgings for him, and we removed him on shore on the 16th inst., calling in additional medical aid, a Doctor Carcils, the first in practice at Vera Cruz. He also declared that poor Frederick had no fever, nor did apprehend any attack of violent sickness; that his case was debility, and the treatment he had received he considered to be the best that could possibly be administered to him. His body was fomented with oil and red wine every hour during that night, which greatly alleviated the pain he was suffering under. The next day, about eleven o'clock, a fever came on him, and blisters were administered to his feet, the calves of his legs and the back of his head. I was



with him at this time, and when the first symptom of fever made its appearance, by the blisters he was relieved, but in the afternoon the fever increased and, poor fellow, he became delirious soon after and continued in that state, apparently not suffering much pain until three o'clock in the morning, when he expired. From the necessity of early interment, from the heat of the climate, I made application here with my friend Mr Hale to have the body buried in Holy ground, and through Mr Hale's interest here, procured permission, and on Tuesday evening the 18th I had the mournful office of following the remains of a dear departed young friend, accompanied by Mr Hale, Captain Walcot of the Navy, and Mr Van Sandau, to the grave in the Spirito Santo burial ground of Vera Cruz. None of poor Frederick's baggage had been sent on shore. I therefore have thought it best to leave them on board the *Bull Dog*, and shall give his keys to Captain Graham, inclosed in a sealed paper, to deliver on his arrival in Liverpool to you. His medicine chest is the only thing on shore, and which I do not send home. You must excuse my writing

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more on this melancholy subject, which I trust you will bear up against as well as possible. I feel most truly sorry for all your family, and beg to offer my most sincere condolence for the loss of so dear a son and brother, which I am sure poor Frederick must have proved himself to be.—Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

“ W. M. H. BALDWIN.”

“ *P.S.*—One blow, my dear sir, never comes alone. I determined after the melancholy scene at Vera Cruz on immediately removing Mr Van Sandau with me to this salubrious place, and accordingly arranged for our journey from thence on Thursday last, but unfortunately Mr Van Sandau was taken ill on the evening preceding, and unable to accompany me. His case was from the first a violent attack of sickness, and this morning I received intelligence of his death, on Saturday evening last, after three days' illness. My feelings, prior to recovering from the first shock, have now to endure a double loss. He, 'poor fellow, is interred close by the side of your poor brother. It is dreadful for me to have been so early

deprived of two young men, both of whom promised to become ornaments to the world.

“It will give me much pleasure to hear from you, and will be of infinite satisfaction to learn that yourself and family bear against your severe loss as well as the circumstances will admit of.”

To this letter I add a warm testimony to young Van Sandau: they are from the short letter to Mr. Kinder in England, dated the 17th of June. After telling the fact of the first death to the head of the firm, Mr Baldwin adds, “Mr Van Sandau, who has been most kind and attentive to the poor fellow, conveys, by this opportunity, full particulars of his case to Mr. S. P. Every medical aid was procured that could be—both the physician of a French frigate lying in this harbour and the first physician of Vera Cruz, whose united efforts were unable to save his life. Mr P., as well as Mr Van Sandau, have slept every night on board the *Bull Dog* since we came into port, considering it more healthy for them, and it was only the day before yesterday (Sunday) it was deemed advisable to remove P. on shore, his illness beginning to wear a

more serious face. In consequence of this unfortunate death I propose taking Mr Van Sandau up the country with me, and we shall leave this.

“To Thos. Kinder, jun., Eg.”

These two letters are the only ones from Mr Baldwin, and I have come to the conclusion that young Van Sandau's letter was never written, for there is no mention of it among the carefully preserved bundle of papers. He seems to have been seized with the fatal fever on Wednesday the 13th of June, less than forty-eight hours after his friend's death. It is also my impression that the two extant letters travelled in the same ship.

Of how the news was received at home there is no record; and of course the family continued writing for many weeks after their poor boy lay in his Mexican grave, and these letters were eventually returned to them, and are tied up with the diary. One of these pathetic letters, which twice crossed the sea, is very tender. It is from Frederick's step-mother, who had brought him up from infancy. She was a clever woman, with some

literary power, and she begins, "My dear, dear Frederick," and tells all sorts of family gossip and news of Guyscliff. It shows plainly how much she loved him.

At last, at the end of August, the letters stop. . . . They have heard at home that no word of theirs can reach him now; and I find a printed slip which tells its own tale. The writer is the faithful minister who had taught him faith and submission, his teacher, and a man beloved and revered by a later generation. He seizes the occasion to express by suggestion his own ardent faith in immortality.

*From the Warwick Advertiser, Aug. 31, 1822.*

"Mr Frederick P——, a native, and, for the greatest part of his life, an inhabitant of this town (whose lamented decease was noticed in our last paper), prompted by the spirit of an ardent and an active mind, and by the love of honourable independence, only about half a year ago left the shores of England, and relinquished all the delights of family and friendly connections at home, in order to engage as agent in the pursuits of commercial enterprise abroad. The writer of these

few lines has the melancholy pleasure of reflecting that he spent with him, at Liverpool, some of the last days of his residence in the country from which he was then about to depart, and to which—how little did he think—he was never to return. He was with him on board the vessel in which he sailed, and entered with lively interest into all those pleasing, anxious thoughts, those warm and eager, perhaps high-raised, expectations, which are so natural to a youthful mind in the contemplation of changing scenes such as were then opening in immediate prospect before him. But though he set sail in the possession of the best health and spirits, which he continued to enjoy during the whole of his long voyage across the Atlantic, yet he had scarcely reached Vera Cruz, in Mexico, the place of his destination, when, seized by one of those fatal maladies incident to that unhealthy climate, after a few days illness, he sunk to rise no more. He died June 17, 1822. Thus, at the early age of twenty-five, by the mysterious dispensation of Providence, was suddenly terminated, almost at its very com-

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mencement, the virtuous, active, and honourable career of one, than whom, it may with greatest truth be said, that few were ever known of more pure and uncorrupted mind, of more amiable and excellent dispositions, of more pleasing and promising hopes. It is painful to add that a young foreigner, Mr Van Sandau, the companion of his voyage, the faithful attendant of his last illness, and one of the friendly mourners who followed to the grave, was himself, shortly afterwards, seized by the same dreadful distemper, and, within four days, was interred near him in the same spot! 'What shadows we are! and what shadows we pursue!' Surely this cannot be the whole of man! W. F."

The rest of the year 1822 is total silence, so far as this domestic tragedy is concerned. The furniture, the portraits and the hall clock of that family have been preserved, and what a tale of grief they could tell of the darkening autumn days. No more news seems to have come from Vera Cruz for some months. In those days there were no steamers upon the sea, no telegraph wires under it, and Mr



Baldwin, though a kind feeling man, was busy over the affairs of his firm, and must have shuddered when he remembered the details of the week when the *Bull Dog* reached Vera Cruz. But in March 1823, the father in Warwick took up his pen and wrote a long letter to the father in London about the return of various articles of property belonging to the two young men, and which seem to have been six months on the way, coming round by New Orleans. It will be seen that he alludes to the missing letter, said to have been written by young Van Sandau. I print this subjoined letter entire. It reveals the extraordinarily, careful, punctilious nature of the writer. The *copy* which he retained is not dated, but he placed a little paper with it, stating that it was "posted from Warwick" on the 22d of March 1823, and he adds a memorandum that he "sent also the four books and shirt mentioned in this letter by this evening's mail, directed as above." I can well remember the writer in his extreme old age (he lived to eighty-seven), ticketing and docketing his enormous correspondence with the same scrupulous care.

“To Mr Van Sandau.

“SIR,—Tho’ personally unknown, I have long intended to address a few lines to you on a subject of deep and melancholy interest to us both. We were equally fellow-sufferers in that ill-fated expedition to Mexico last year, which deprived each of us of an amiable, dutiful and affectionate son. The attentions which my poor afflicted child received from yours during the period of his existence under that malignant and fatal distemper which so assigned them both to the same grave in the course of a few short days, can never be forgotten by Mrs P—, myself, or any of my family. Indeed, we are too much impressed with the feeling that he might possibly sacrifice his own life in his unceasing endeavours to save that of his young, attached friend; but such knowledge is only possessed by Him in whose hands are life and death, and at whose command we must all obey this awful summons. We may, nevertheless, cherish grateful recollections of all the kindness and sympathy we experience in circumstances so truly distressing as those in which our

lamented children were placed. They tend to soothe the bitter anguish of parents and friends, and it is some alleviation to know that, in a foreign country, so far separated from the ties of nature and early friendships, every assistance and comfort was afforded them throughout these sad scenes to the last moment of suffering; and it now only remains to us, dear sir, to bow with humble submission to the will of God, who has thought fit, doubtless, for some good to visit us with this heavy affliction.

“Mr Baldwin, the gentleman who communicated this mournful intelligence to us, was kind enough to forward my son’s packages to England by return of the *Bull Dog*. They came to us, in consequence of the search that took place at New Orleans, in a very disorderly state, and probably many valuable articles are still missing—some we know of. Amongst them I find a few books and a shirt belonging to your son, and tho’ the former might be a gift to my own son, yet I can judge from my own feelings how highly you must appreciate the value of every-

thing that was possessed by him. These shall be sent by the mail coach back to your house of business. Mr Baldwin says in his letter that young Mr Van Sandau, after his attentions had ceased, wrote to inform us of every particular that had occurred during the illness of his friend, and that his letter would be forwarded by the first conveyance, which letter—most exceedingly interesting to us—has never found its way to England, and the natural conclusion, I believe, is that it might not be quite finished, or, if finished, not forwarded, since his own fatal illness must have commenced a few hours after he had paid the last tribute of affection (which we are informed he did do) by attending his friend to the grave. If this letter—or any part of it be in existence—should appear among his own papers when they arrive, you will, I am sure, do me the favour of allowing me to possess it, or any other article or document belonging to, or that has any reference to him. His own leather case, containing his private letters and papers is unfortunately missing, and the

only hope we have of recovering it is from the possibility that he might give it into the care of your own son when he was carried on shore at Vera Cruz. The last letter I received from my son—Mr S. P. of Liverpool—mentioned the delay of your poor son's things, that they did not come by the *Bull Dog*. I hope, however, that they are in good hands, and that you will eventually get them. When you have received the parcel, may I beg the favour of a few lines from you, and any information on the subject of this unfortunate venture will still be interesting to me. I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking by thus addressing you—and, believe me, sir, your very obedient hble. servant,

J. P."

To this letter the elder Mr Van Sandau, immediately replied; and I notice that he dates *May* the 28th. I think the date of *March* is a mistake of the paper attached to the copy of the letter from Warwick.

“LONDON, 26 NICHOLAS LANE,  
“LOMBARD ST., 28th May 1823.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Painful as the cause of my being favoured on the present dismal occasion with your esteemed letter of the 22d inst. is, and during the, perhaps, but short period I may be doomed to sustain the instability of human concerns, will be; to a heart like mine, filled with the memory of so worthy and so affectionate a son as was my dear, poor Frederick, whose loss I can never cease to bewail with the bitterness of irremediable affliction; and while, at the same time, I sincerely participate in the sorrowful feelings of the parents and relatives of one he so highly valued in life as your unfortunate son, whom, prior to their departure from the British shores (alas! for ever), he declared to consider as one of the most amiable disposition, whose character he described as truly honourable, and with whom he then seemed to have contracted a mutual friendship, now, alas! ended in their graves, I still feel an inward satisfaction, melancholy and mournful as it is, in the solacing sentiments you so kindly express

with regard to the duties of which he so affectionately acquitted himself towards his deceased friend until the last tribute inclusive. Yes, my dear sir, my worthy son Frederick was of that genuine character as you suppose he has been. He was indeed true and warm-hearted, and immutable in his affection, and there is not a being in this world whose sincerity to every person, and much more so to a friend, could, under any circumstance, be more fully relied upon. If, then, he has actually sacrificed his life in his unceasing endeavours to save that of his attached friend, he has performed that, which in the blissful state they now, I trust, jointly enjoy, may add to his beatitude and celestial reward. As a father for a son I dearly loved and cherished beyond all possible expression, whose value I knew too well to appreciate to be able ever to enjoy again the fulness of any sublunary pleasures, and on whose probable progress in life I had built the most flattering hope and expectation, I shall ever mourn his loss; and, indeed, my heart bleeds too for the worthy parents of his pre-departed friend, for we are



verily partners in suffering and affliction; but, with you, I bow, with humble submission, to the will of Him whose will is eternally right, His decrees just, and His dispensations inscrutable and for the good of all. Sadness, indeed, is now settled in my breast, and consolation imperfect, yet I feel resigned, and trust to God that I shall never be unable to bear this superlative misfortune, as I hitherto did many of an inferior degree, with manly patience, calmness and fortitude.

“I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the four books and a shirt of my poor son’s you had the goodness to return, as being found among the things of yours returned by the *Bull Dog*, and you may rest assured that whatever article or writings may come to our hands, appearing to have belonged to your poor son, shall be forwarded to you without delay. Hitherto, none of my poor Frederick’s things are restored to us but his two watches, and also a box containing a few articles my dear son Andrew (the solicitor) had sent him by a vessel which sailed a short time after the departure of the *Bull Dog*; but being arrived at Vera

Cruz too late for him to receive it, the same was brought back by the captain of the vessel, and on opening it there appeared uppermost the parcel I send you herewith, in the same state as found in the box; but how, or by whose hand it got into it, we are absolutely ignorant of; nor can we conceive what may be the reason of my poor Frederick's things not being brought back to us by the same vessel that wafted him to his deplorable destiny. Yet we trust that those who ought to take care of them are men of probity, and that eventually we shall have no reason to complain of any unhandsome treatment.

“May it please Almighty God to assuage the grief which now most frequently assails our minds and the feelings of those who participated in the same, is the fervent prayer of him who, with sympathising cordiality, subscribes himself,—My dear sir, your most obedient servant,

“BARNARD VAN SANDAU.”

I think this manly letter of the father of that other Frederick infinitely touching, and

especially in the generous passage wherein he speaks of the possibility of his own son having sacrificed his life to his sick friend. The truth is that he probably did so sacrifice it, having, it appears, escaped the first cause of infection.

Mr Baldwin came back to England in the *Bull Dog* in September 1823, and went straight from Liverpool to Mr Kinder's country house. He brought with him the last instalment of my Frederick's journal, left at Vera Cruz, and the letters addressed to him from Warwick, which arrived after his decease. There was some great difficulty about getting back any of young Van Sandau's property, owing, probably, to the "alarm and terror into which everyone must have been thrown by the ravages of the distemper." Mr Baldwin had hurried up country, and many things were lost. The journal and letters, etc., were ultimately forwarded to Warwick by "Pickford's boats." Communication was either by stage coach or canal.

The last letter in my hands is from Warwick to the writer's sister, who had

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married in Scotland many years before (as had also another sister), and there existed a numerous and affectionate group of relatives near Glasgow and on Loch Lomond.

“Copy of a letter to my sister James Buchanan—with a copy of dear Frederick’s narrative.”

“21st December 1823.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—I have transcribed for you the journal of our dear lamented Frederick’s ill-fated voyage to Mexico with a peculiar though mournful satisfaction, which, as you know, from late experience, can only be felt by the sorrowing parents of good and virtuous children. But amidst the most awful and serious dispensations of Providence, consolation is always to be found if we seek it from a proper source, viz., the great Founder of our holy religion, confirmed, as it was, by His own perfect example. Yes, my dear sister, we have His assurance that every affliction of this life is designed by our Heavenly Father to prepare us for that which is to follow. Seeing, then, how well our amiable child was prepared for that last great change which awaited him in a

foreign land, I read his narrative again and again with a degree of comfort which, as I have before said, can only be known and felt by the parents of such a son. Every line of it makes known his character for industry, simplicity and *truth*, and that innate, kindly feeling which he entertained from his youth towards all his fellow creatures. But, above all, do I admire and cherish that strain of piety which flows only from the hearts of those who feel a constant and deep reverence for that Almighty Being, in whose hands, he had the firmest conviction, were the destinies of his life, whether exposed to the dangers of the sea or the fatal effects of a noxious climate. Into His hands I commend the pure, innocent spirit of my beloved child; and that you and I, and that worthy parent of your deceased child may again meet our departed children in a state of eternal happiness is the earnest prayer of,—my beloved sister.—  
Your afflicted and ever affectionate brother,

“ J. P.”

Copy of a note subjoined to the narrative sent to Scotland.

“I add this copy of the last letter written by dear Frederick (received, alas! after the intelligence that he was no longer able to hold communication with his anxious and attached friends in this world) to show the cheerfulness with which he was pursuing the object of his voyage, amidst an almost insupportable climate, to a new country, so soon destined—by the Great Disposer of all—to that grave from whence he was not to return.”

This is the end of the story as told in the simple, sincere, if somewhat cumbrous, diction of seventy-five years ago, by men who wrote with stiffer pens than ours. The face of the old clock in the hall which recorded Frederick's birth, home-leaving and early death, still shows the hours. It sometimes seems to be alive, and on the very point of speaking.

## DR SAMUEL PARR

IN the summer of 1824 a bride and bridegroom stood before the altar of the old church of Edgbaston, an ancient village, not as yet attached as a suburb to the great city of Bromwyham. The officiating clergyman was not the incumbent of the parish, but that very learned and eminent divine, the Perpetual Curate of Hatton, in Warwickshire, Dr Samuel Parr; who had come from thence to unite in marriage the children of two of his most esteemed friends—John Parkes and Joseph Priestley. Dr Parr stood before the young couple awful in a powdered wig and full canonicals. He firmly expressed and fulfilled his intention of reading over them every jot and tittle of the long marriage service, so that they might have no excuse for not realising the solemnity of their mutual engagement. He took nearly three-quarters of an hour, beginning with Dearly



Beloved and ending with Amazement, and so tied a knot which endured for more than forty years. He then adjourned to the house of the bride's family, and is recorded as having smoked a pipe at the wedding breakfast. Dr Parr was accustomed to smoke one of those long pipes called church-wardens and to converse with much freedom and energy, while enjoying his repast with due clerical decorum. He must have been a singular figure of a type now long passed away. At the time of this wedding he was not far from eighty years of age.

The family of Dr Samuel Parr came from the same stock which furnished a queen to Henry the Eighth, and showed upon its pedigree several noble names, among them that of Humphrey, Lord Dacre of Guillesland; and William, Lord Parr, of Scotland. Of one of his great-uncles, it is recorded that "he loved not money, but the Greek Fathers, the Pretender and the church." His mother, Anne Mignard, was of that French family which gave to Art Mignard, the celebrated portrait painter, who is said to have painted Louis the Fourteenth ten times. His imme-

diate relatives were university men and scholars: some of them were in the medical profession, and Samuel Parr's own father was a surgeon at Harrow-on-the-hill. The wife (Anne Mignard) died in 1762. She had been greatly loved by her son and also by her husband, but, nevertheless, the latter contracted a second marriage with somewhat undue haste, the lady being daughter to Dr Coxe, a former headmaster of Harrow School; and the young Samuel sturdily refused to put on a coloured coat for the occasion. Long years afterwards Dr Parr would say, with exultation, "My grey coat, with black buttons, I was ordered to put off for a coloured one with lapels, but I refused." In due course the lad was put to Harrow School, of which, in later years, he was one of the proudest distinctions. The headmaster of that date was Dr Thackeray, a Yorkshire man, bred up at Eton and Cambridge. He was "an ardent and inflexible Whig," and as such probably impressed his opinions on his young pupil, who never swerved from them in after life. It is curious to read of Harrow School, so long before Byron, Peel and Procter were

born, as the educator of "an earlier noble trio"—Sir William Jones; Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne; and Dr Samuel Parr.

Mr Parr destined his son to the medical profession, which the youth could not abide, and one or two anecdotes are related of him at this period of his life. Being called from some more agreeable employment to compound medicine in the surgery, he revengefully pointed out to his father a gramatical error the latter had committed in a Latin prescription, and thus drew upon himself the animated reproof, "Sam, d—n the prescription, make up the medicine." On another occasion, Samuel, preparing some medicine, which included a small quantity of laudanum—an article then, for the first time, cautiously introduced into medical practice—audaciously doubled the dose, which fortunately proved beneficial to the patient! Furthermore, when employed in rolling pills, or pounding in a mortar, young Parr kept open a book containing the lesson for the day of that head class from which he felt himself to be an exile. At last, after three years of reluctant tugging at the collar, Mr Parr gave way, and Samuel was entered

at Emanuel College, Cambridge, with the ambition of studying for the Church. But his present hopes were soon cut short, owing to some pecuniary trouble at home, and after a year's residence, being then only eighteen, he was obliged to leave college, and his father's sudden death, at the end of a few months, threw him wholly on his own exertions. Of his private affairs one small anecdote can be quoted. "On balancing his accounts he found, to his extreme surprise, that he had £3, 17s. over and above the full payment of his debts; and such had been the economy of his expenditure that he said, had he previously known of any such sum he should have remained longer at Cambridge." He kept his name, however, on the college boards, with an intention, which subsequent events frustrated, of performing the usual exercises for a Bachelorship in Divinity.

Samuel Parr had already the reputation of being a most remarkable young man, not only at Emanuel College, but among members of the university, and the natural result followed in an appointment to the post of Head Assistant of Harrow School, made by Dr Sumner, who had succeeded Dr Thackeray. The young

master was just twenty years of age when he entered on this responsible duty, and one of the pupils under his tuition was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Several other boys destined to play a part in public life, were at Harrow during the five years of Dr Parr's mastership: Lord Abercorn, Earl Spencer and William Lytton among the number. Sheridan gave the authorities "few opportunities of praising him," though his brilliant abilities impressed both his teachers; and they did their best, and not unsuccessfully, to stimulate his indolence. As for Samuel Parr, he went on working at every spare moment, and late into the night, and at Christmas, 1769, he applied for ordination, and received it at the hands of Dr Terry, Bishop of London, and immediately commenced his ministerial services at Willesden—now so well known as a suburb of London—five or six miles from Harrow.

In September 1771, Dr Sumner died, and Parr, his favourite pupil and assistant master, had good hopes, young as he was, of being appointed his successor. He was extraordinarily powerful and precocious, and the Heads of colleges, through the Duke of Grafton, then

Chancellor of Cambridge, made him a Master of Arts. But the Governors of Harrow chose the Rev. Benjamin Heath, late assistant of Eton School, saying that Parr was too young in years, though he not only was already as wise as an owl, but looked so. We are told that he was walking one day with Sir William Jones, when both were young, when the latter, suddenly stopping and staring full in his companion's countenance, exclaimed, "Upon my word, Parr, you are a fine fellow; if you should have the good luck to live forty years you may stand a chance of overtaking your face." It was on the occasion of his making application for the vacant Head-Mastership, that Dr Parr, "for the first time, covered his head with that large obumbrating wig,\* which has so often been held up to public notice, and sometimes to public ridicule." The obumbrating wig is to be seen to this day in his portraits. In a fine old engraving, taken in his later years, his massive face is framed in headgear which would not ill become one of Her Majesty's judges; and at four-and-twenty he must indeed have been a portentous object. "On the same

\* The epithet is textual, and deserves to be retained.



occasion he put on also the dress, and assumed the manners, of an elderly ecclesiastic ; so that, with the aid of features marked with age, even in youth, he had all the look, to those who did not know him, of a person ten or fifteen years older than he was." The following anecdote is narrated of him by Mr William Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, of whom it may be said in passing that he was the maternal grandfather of the famous novelist, who inherited the name and estate from his mother.

Mr Lytton's story was as follows—and he was a Harrow boy at the time: The three masters—Dr Parr, Mr Wadeson and Mr Roderick—went one holiday to dine and sleep at an inn, the Hercules Pillars, in Piccadilly, and they went thither in memory of Henry Fielding, because they, in common with Dr Sumner, had a great admiration of Tom Jones! The hour grew late, the bedrooms of the guests were in preparation: "The bell was rung for the chambermaid, who soon appeared, and as it was winter, with a pan of coals. Mr Wadeson, as being the oldest person, naturally arose to follow her. 'No! sir,' said she, curtseying respectfully, and casting



a side glance towards the gentleman in the large wig, 'I hope I know my manners better than that, too. Being taught to respect age, I must attend to that gentleman first.'” A loud laugh did not prevent the youthful Parr from taking precedence.

Being thus disappointed of Harrow, Parr determined to open a private school at Stanmore, and so great was already his reputation that forty of the scholars followed him. The most interesting fact about Stanmore is that there was performed the first Greek play in England, though Dr Sheridan, the friend of Swift, had set the example in his school in Ireland. At Stanmore it was started in a very lively and intelligent manner. The scenes for the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles were furnished by Mr Foote, and the dresses by the great Mr Garrick, to whom a humble deputation was sent. He was found at Drury Lane, engaged in rehearsing the part of Don Felix, in the comedy of the *Wonder*. The *Œdipus* was acted in 1775, and was followed the next year by *The Trachinians*.

With the opening of Stanmore School is

connected the marriage of the young master. I do not know how to record the circumstance, except in the guarded language of Parr's personal friend, which I leave to the consideration of the reader.

“At the head of the new establishment it was desirable that a female superintendent should be placed; and whether that circumstance prompted the resolution of marrying, as some have said, or merely hastened it, as others, with more probability, have thought, it is certain that early in the succeeding month of November Dr Parr was united in marriage to Jane, only child of Zachariah Marsingale of Carleton, in Yorkshire, and niece of Thomas Mauleverer of Arncliffe, in the same county, descended from a very ancient and respectable family. It was indeed a match of convenience rather than of love; and though there was mutual esteem, which may, sometimes, in a good degree supply the place of mutual affection, yet, in the present case, from great unsuitableness of temper, the union was never the source of much connubial felicity.”

Dr Parr seems to have adopted Mrs Parr

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from the same set of considerations as caused him to adopt the obumbrating wig. She appears but seldom on the pages of the biography, and the reader is left to conjecture in what way domestic discord can have affected so reasonable and ponderous a personage as her husband. Extreme reticence is the characteristic of the biography, and Parr, who is often compared to Johnson, found no Boswell to record the more intimate details of his career; these can only be reconstituted by the special knowledge of those who were his life-long friends, and who regarded him as a great Panjandrum of the worthiest kind. He had indeed a rich abundance of the qualities which dominate other men. He was an impressive and accomplished speaker, possessed quick and clear comprehension of every subject to which his attention was directed, and to an ardent imagination he joined a wonderful strength of memory. And if one asks how he came to be so popular and interesting a figure in that smaller England of a hundred years ago, the answer is easy to understand. He taught at Harrow many of the men who

ultimately took part in the Government of the country, and retained their respect and admiration in no common degree.

In 1778 Parr became master of the Grammar School of Norwich; and here also he educated several boys who afterwards achieved distinction. The professional income was small, but the society of Norwich pleased him; and here, in 1781, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws (and not of Divinity, though he at the time was acting as curate in two churches); on this occasion he sustained in the Law Schools, before crowded audiences, two Theses, listened to with fixed and delighted attention. In 1780, at the age of thirty-three, he obtained his first preferment, to the Rectory of Asterby in Lincolnshire, to which he was presented by Lady Jane Trafford. The same Lady procured for him the perpetual curacy of Hatton, near Warwick; and though advised and entreated by his Diocesan, Bishop Thurlow, still to retain the living of Asterby, he insisted on resigning it in favour of his curate. Hatton was worth the small annual income of £100, and here, though he eventu-

ally became a rich man, Dr Parr lived and died. His death occurred nearly half a century later. He was always known as Dr Parr of Hatton. Here he taught pupils, and wrote and discoursed to his contemporaries, as far as in him lay, on the side of the Independence of the American Colonies, and for the repeal of the penal law against the Roman Catholics, and for the full recovery of their civil rights, which he did not live to see. He defended Priestley with vigour after the catastrophe of the Birmingham Riots, and he was at all times a staunch Liberal, on which account Court favour passed him by, and he missed (though very narrowly) being made a bishop. Strange to say, Parr got on well with Dr Johnson, from whom he certainly differed much, and the short account of their intercourse is interesting. In 1777 a dedication to a book of Bishop Pearce's was anonymously written by Dr Johnson. Calling soon afterwards upon him, Dr Parr mentioned that he had been reading, with great delight, his dedication to the King. "My dedication!" exclaimed Dr Johnson; "how do you know

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it is mine?" "For two reasons," replied Dr Parr: "the first, because it is worthy of you; the second, because you only could write it." Parr declared that in private Dr Johnson was much more Liberal than he ever avowed himself in print. On one occasion they fell into a dispute about the liberty of the press. Said Parr, "Dr Johnson was very great. Whilst he was arguing I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr Parr?' I replied, 'Because you stamped; I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a *stamp* in the argument.'"

Johnson and Parr seemed to have been old acquaintances at Harrow and Stanmore, Johnson being much the elder. They were said to be personally alike, but Parr's face was less uncouth and gloomy. His features, "though somewhat broad and harsh, were yet, upon the whole, agreeable," and he had fine grey eyes under his bushy eyebrows. "Johnson has been described as a 'tremendous companion,' but Parr may be truly described as a kind, condescending and engaging

associate." Nevertheless, a stamping match between the two must have revealed certain characteristics in common.

When Johnson died, in 1784, Parr was entreated to compose the inscription for the monument in St Paul's, and did so, though shrinking from the task, for Parr considered himself far inferior to his friend. It was at one time his intention to write a life of the sage, and he even began it. Of this he often spoke to his friends. "If I had continued it," he said, "it would have been the best work I ever wrote. I should have related not only everything important about Dr Johnson, but many things about the men who flourished at the same time," adding, with an expression of sly humour, "taking care to display my own learning." On another occasion he alluded to Boswell's Life and said, "Mine should have been, not the dropping of his lips but the history of his mind." Nevertheless, we of a latter generation may well rejoice that he did not do the work of recording Johnson, for though he was a forcible writer and speaker, he has left nothing which can be called history or



biography in the modern sense of the word. In these old biographies, language falls like a veil.

By the time Dr Parr was forty the first generation of his pupils were not very far behind him in years, and as they belonged to the governing classes in days when England was oligarchical, the remarkable schoolmaster, who never ceased to command their respect and allegiance, became a power in the the land. This I believe to be the true explanation of the manner in which he became mixed up in public affairs. Had he not steadily adhered to Liberal opinions he would have been made a bishop, but as he perpetually fired off pamphlets in support of very unpopular causes, he remained simply to his generation the great Dr Parr. His drawing-room was full of portraits, among others those of Fox, Sheridan and Washington, Gibbon, Porson, and in later life, Romilly and Horner. In this illustrious assemblage, once conspicuous, appeared Edmund Burke; "but when, during the alarms of the French Revolution, he not only renounced but opposed and even vilified the great principles of constitutional freedom of which he had once been

the powerful advocate, his picture was suspended in an inverted position (!), and after some time entirely removed. Nevertheless, in that same drawing-room was one remarkable piece of furniture which was a relic of Burke, an old and costly 'cabriole chair,' covered with Gobelin tapestry. This had been for many years used in the House of Commons, till, in consequence of some alteration, it was displaced and presented to Mr Burke. After Burke's death it was sold, and the purchaser presented it to Dr Parr.

"The library, full of all the best literature of ancient and modern times, is said to have been one of the most valuable collections ever brought together by a single individual. It contained about 10,000 volumes. As it was lodged in the largest room in the house, Parr thought it no profanation to celebrate in it the rites of hospitality," or, as we should now simply say, he habitually dined therein, and there received the numerous guests who filled the little neighbouring inn with trains of horses and carriages. In the mornings he sat in a summerhouse reading and talking with some chosen friend. In the neighbourhood this little building was

called the Lion's Den. The first time his future biographer ever saw Parr was in 1790. He himself was then quite a young man, and the doctor forty-three, and the picture is a little more graphic than the accomplished writers of that epoch were accustomed to draw. Hatton Hill commands a wide prospect over four counties, with the towers of Warwick Castle in the near distance. On the summit was formerly a windmill, and on one of the lower steps of the building sat the burly clergyman enjoying the prospect, "clad in a flowered damask morning gown, with a pipe in his hand;" in which remarkable costume the young man mounting the hill "had the pleasure of seeing, for the first time, that extraordinary man, whose good opinion and kindly regard he must ever consider as among the proudest and happiest distinctions of his life." That scene was penned six-and-thirty years later, after Parr's death; the writer himself survived in an honoured old age until 1851.

From 1790 forward we find Parr taking an eager and active interest in public affairs, and wielding a pen which shot arguments

and invectives from Hatton Hill like the missiles of a Krupp gun. He was still a poor man, joining tuition with his clerical duties, but he openly took his station with the leading Whigs of his time, and thus shut the door against all hope of preferment from the ruling powers. At one moment, however, he was very nearly given a bishopric. In 1788 the King first became insane, and after a long and vehement debate in Parliament a bill was passing, giving the Regency to the Prince of Wales. Had the King's illness lasted, Mr Fox would have been in all probability placed at the head of public affairs and Parr appointed to a vacant bishopric. It was known among his friends that early in 1789 he left Hatton for London in consequence of a summons received, and had his political associates assumed the reins of Government, arrangements already proposed, and in part approved, would have been carried into effect. One of the existing bishops (Dr Huntingford) would have been advanced to the vacant see of Hereford, and Dr Parr would have been nominated Bishop of Gloucester. But the King recovered unexpectedly, and Parr returned without much

regret to Hatton. He was probably happier in vigorous opposition than he would have been under the constraints of an Episcopal Palace.

In 1790 came up the question of the repeal of the Test Acts, and Parr, devoted as he was to Fox, declared for "the less enlarged and less generous view of Mr Pitt, though to his general measures so decidedly opposed." In later life he changed his view, but at no time was he a blind partisan. He seems to have formed his opinions one by one, and was at all times a singular mixture of Whig and Tory, though all his modifications were on the side of liberty. He once sought an interview with Pitt, from which politics were, by express agreement, excluded, and their long conversation, presumably upon literature, appeared to have delighted them both.

In 1791, Dr Parr, who knew and respected, though he did not share the opinions of Priestley, Belsham and Lindsey, was considered an obnoxious person by the local politicians who secretly instigated the Birmingham Riots, and as he himself expressed the matter with energy, "his principles were on a sudden gnawed at by

vermin whispers," and for three days and nights the family at Hatton Parsonage lived in fear of fire. At the end of the fourth day the arrival of the military placed them in security. But this episode did not sweeten Dr Parr's view of politics, and he became even more outspoken than before. It was a time of suspense and bitter mortification for the English Liberals, though the general principles for which they contended are now the commonplaces of the educated world. The French Revolution went from bad to worse, and after describing the "Brissotine Party" (whom we call the Girondins) as "that determined phalanx of moderates whose wisdom and whose vigour were destined to uphold the state," Parr found himself mourning their untimely deaths at the hands of men whom he abhorred; and when Thermidor at last brought Robespierre to the guillotine, and twenty-one of his party were swept away, Dr Parr, with the odd touch of pomposity which characterised his utterances, observed, "I congratulate France, Europe, and the whole civilised world on the extinction of such restless and remorseless enemies to the human race." Nevertheless, said



he, on another occasion, "I felt no obligation to speak smooth things upon all that is passing at home."

In 1798 came the Irish conspiracy, and Parr felt much pity for a priest, the Rev. James O'Crighley, who was seized at Margate when on the point of embarking for France in company with Arthur O'Connor, nephew to Lord Longueville. These gentlemen were tried at Maidstone on a charge of high treason. O'Connor was acquitted, but Father O'Crighley was found guilty and executed. Dr Parr was soon afterward in company with a young Scotch barrister, who, though he had written powerfully in favour of civil and religious liberty, was suspected of wishing to curry favour with the Government, and who spoke opprobriously of the dead priest. Dr Parr turned upon the speaker with a neat observation which the hearer must have found very unpleasant.

"By no means, sir, for it is very possible to conceive a greater scoundrel. He was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate!"

This sentence, delivered by a clergyman with



bright grey eyes blazing under bushy eyebrows, surmounted by an obumbrating wig, gives an idea of the way in which Dr Parr could dominate and scare his audience when his indignation was roused. It is a pity that so few of his actual speeches have been recorded; for his letters, though exactly giving his meaning, were composed with a nice attention to his position, and his reputation as a scholar, and give less than the man.

In 1801 we come upon some details of the income and prospects of the poorer members of the Anglican clergy. Dr Parr, in addition to the small Curacy of Hatton, had the Rectory of Waddenhoe, worth about £120 a year. Lord Chedworth wrote to offer the living of Winterbourne, which Parr declined, but in declining begged that the offer might be made to a clergyman whose "personal deserts and personal misfortunes" had long interested him. This cleric was master of a small country school, with a tolerable house and an annual salary of £80, and served two curacies, "very distant from each other," for a stipend which amounted to another £60. He was an Oxford man, was fifty years of age, and had a wife and six

children. Would Lord Chedworth present this good man to Waddenhoe? Parr's request was granted; but though the recipient's path was considerably smoothed, "he could make no provision for his children," and when in 1813 he died, and was "soon followed to the grave by his beloved wife and several of his children," it must have been a relief to Dr Parr, inasmuch as he practically adopted the remainder.

The next name which occurs is that of Sir Francis Burdett, who writes, "Sir, I am sorry it is not in my power to place you in a situation which will (would) become you, I mean in the Episcopal Palace at Buckden; but I can bring you very near to it, for I have the presentation of a rectory now vacant, within a mile and a half from it, which is very much at Dr Parr's service. It is the Rectory of Graffham, at present worth £200 a year, and, as I am informed, may soon be worth £270. . . . Dr Parr's talents and character might well entitle him to a better patronage than this from those who know how to estimate his merits." Sir Francis adds that a great additional motive with him in making the offer was that he believed he could not do anything more pleasing to his

friends—Mr Fox, Mr Sheridan and Mr Knight. This offer was accepted, but Dr Parr still clung to his favourite residence at Hatton, and we are not told in what way he arranged for the due serving of Graffham. Mr Coke also, a few years later, offered him the valuable living of Buckingham, which might have been held in conjunction with one of his other preferments, but this was declined. Indeed, Parr, who up to nearly his sixtieth year had been a man of small means, except for his important profession of a teacher, became a comparatively wealthy man in 1803, having come into possession of a prebendal estate connected with St Paul's. Part of this land was sold at a high price; and for the last twenty years of his life Dr Parr was lifted above any pecuniary anxiety or need of exertion.

I trust that I have succeeded in making this powerful person intelligible to a later England, so far as his militant political principles, his sturdy common sense and his sincere adherence to the English Church can be expressed by extract. He died four years before my birth; but for long after his death

the air seemed full of him, and his letters to "Johnny" still turn up out of boxes and cabinets. Johnny, a much younger friend, and his especial confidante, was very well known to me.

It has been already said that Dr Parr did not get on very well with his wife, who, nevertheless, reigned undisputed at Hatton Rectory for many long years. He was, however, a very affectionate father. He possessed two daughters, and suffered a dreadful grief in the death of the younger in her twenty-fourth year. He reproached himself for having kept her with him at Hatton, and says that, if he had acted on his own judgment, he should have sent her to Devonshire earlier, "though in opposition to the judgment of a most sagacious and truly affectionate mother." Of this girl we are told that she was particularly fond of Roger's Pleasures of Memory; that she gave several particular directions about her own funeral, and that on the morning of her death, she "composed her dress with more than ordinary care, as if preparing for some great event, and desired her pillow to be moved, so as to admit of her taking a view

of the sea, when, having looked on its vast expanse for a moment or two, she expired." The father was utterly shaken out of his usual sonorous dignity, and cried out in a letter to an old friend, "Oh! Mrs B——, this is the sharpest experience I ever experienced." He had hurried down to Teignmouth, and, at least, found her living; but she was then too ill to be moved back to Hatton as she had wished. The only sister arrived too late to see her alive, and the Doctor and his wife stood side by side, alone and united in their common sorrow. The dead girl was taken home and laid in a kind of state in the library, and there Dr Parr knelt praying beside her, day after day, and could, with painful difficulty, be persuaded to quit his child's body and permit of her interment. And years afterwards he left written directions for his own funeral, in which he ordered a piece of flannel which she had worn to be placed upon his breast, and "a lock of Catherine's hair, in silk and paper, with her name, laid on my bosom as carefully as possible, and covered and fastened with a piece of black silk." He wrote an account of her in the

*Gentleman's Magazine*, in which he (or the editor in an interpolated sentence) speaks of himself as "the venerable father whose attainments are exceeded only by the strength of his understanding and the warmth of his heart." He *had* a strong understanding and a very warm heart, and the veil is for a moment lifted from Hatton Parsonage to the advantage of all concerned.

The last twenty-five years of Dr Parr's life brought him into the nineteenth century and its associations. Pitt died, and he had also to part with his dearly beloved Charles Fox, of whom he finely said that "He had in his nature neither gall nor guile; he never gave his mind to a fraud, nor his tongue to a lie." With the disappearance from the scene of these two great leaders it must have seemed to men as if the public clock had stopped. When one of his pupils read out Pitt's speeches to Parr, he would say angrily, "Don't you see it is all sophistry?" At other moments he would say, "That is powerful, but Fox will answer it!" When the young reader pronounced the words "Mr Fox rose," Parr would roar out "stop"; and after shaking the ashes



out of his pipe and filling it afresh, he would add, "Now, you dog, do your best;" and he would end by exclaiming, "Answer that, if you can, Master Pitt! That is the speech of the orator and the statesman. Pitt is a mere rhetorician," adding, after a pause, "a very able one, I admit."

Hopes of peace with France passed away with Charles James Fox, and Dr Parr comforted himself with the abolition of the slave trade. The memorable resolution of 1806 adopted in both Houses, was carried into effect in the next Session, and that resolution had been moved by Fox. Scarcely had this been accomplished when the Catholic question came up and the Whig Cabinet fell. Parliament was dissolved, and Mr Roscoe was no longer member for Liverpool, where "no Popery" riots had occurred. Parr wrote to Roscoe that "the yell of no Popery had been heard even at Cambridge. . . . There is a great and portentous change in the public mind, and you and I are at a loss to assign causes, or to predict the consequences." And he wrote to Mr Charles Butler, a well-known Catholic gentleman, "No circumstance in the opposition



made to the Catholic claims is so provoking to me as the blind, infuriate hostility of the two universities, which our Roman forefathers most meritoriously founded and endowed. Here my heart sometimes glows with indignation, and sometimes bleeds with anguish;" and in this connection his biographer writes a curious passage, as follows:—

"The honest recorder of Dr Parr's opinions must not attempt to conceal that for the old Romish church he ever entertained an almost reverential respect, and that he was accustomed to extol its merits, to soften its errors, and to palliate its enormities more than, to the writer's apprehension, the truth would warrant or candour require. In his strong way of talking he used to say that he was but imperfectly a Protestant; and that if ever he changed his religion it would be to go back to the bosom of the mother church, 'that great and ancient and venerable church,' as he loved to designate it. So highly did he estimate the erudition of its many great scholars that, speaking of a distinguished modern divine, he said, 'He was a very learned man in the English Church, and

would almost have been considered so in the Church of Rome.’”

I have quoted this passage textually, as I knew the biographer well, and this careful endeavour to hold the scales evenly affords a most remarkable testimony to his own perfect uprightness. In other passages of his printed works Parr, however, leant strongly to the Protestant side, and in a letter to Dr Milner he wrote “that as a member of the English Church I have lived in communion from my boyhood to my grey hairs, and in the same communion I hope to pour forth my latest breath.” But this latter sentence was penned after an assertion by Dr Milner that many of the dignitaries of the English Church had secretly died in the Catholic faith. The truth I imagine to have been that Parr, like Johnson, had a strong imaginative reverence for the ancient doctrine, which reverence was with both naturally at war with the teaching of their childhood and the habit of their lives. One can hardly imagine the vehement old Liberal pastor of Hatton submitting to anybody. Even his way of conducting funerals must have been about as

irritating to the average authorities of his time as anything he could have invented. He hung the church with black and lit it up with candles.

Between the years 1809 and 1812 the indefatigable old man took up prison reform. The neighbouring town of Warwick was, of course, an Assize town, and the pastor of Hatton carried his wig, his walking stick, and probably also his pipe, into the "gloomy dungeons of Warwick jail, visiting, advising and consoling the miserable beings awaiting their awful fate from the hand of the executioner." To a man of his passionate sensibility, this must have been a sore task; but he never shrank from it, sometimes going to the foot of the scaffold with the doomed men. These scenes often shook for a time all the peace and composure of his own mind. "Ah!" he would say, "had I pronounced the dreadful notes of a sentence which I heard this morning it would have torn my heart with anguish, and the recollection of it would have disturbed my slumbers for weeks and months and years." On one occasion, when in the Assize Court of Warwick,

his soul had been harrowed up by the sound of those "dreadful notes." Instantly turning to a friend who was with him, and hastening away, he said, "Come! let us go out of this slaughter house." It will be remembered that, until many more years had elapsed, the capital sentence was inflicted for forgery and much lighter offences and theft, and that batches of human beings were often hurled into eternity, the one after the other. Dr Parr summed up these horrors as due to the "combined effect of laws too severe, of a police too remiss, and of moral discipline and instruction, especially in the case of young offenders, either insufficiently applied or wholly neglected." Speaking of one young fellow, on whom he had bestowed much care in the prison, as having met his fate with "intrepidity which passed for fortitude," Dr Parr said in his quaint solemn way that the last scene was "without the calmness of resignation and without the sanctity of repentance, and yet there were some loose and floating notions of virtue." Poor boy!

Another youth, of two-and-twenty, had deserted more than once, and took to robbery.

He was hung "without showing the smallest symptoms of shame or compunction or terror." On another occasion Parr's influence prevented an unhappy man, who thought himself unjustly condemned, from committing suicide in prison. This culprit was a young surgeon, named Oliver, who, a hundred years ago, paid his addresses to a certain Miss Wood, daughter to a considerable potter of Burslem in Staffordshire. After allowing of the engagement, the father withdrew his consent, and Oliver rushed to the house with two pistols, with one of which he shot Mr Wood, and instantaneously turned the other against himself, but was seized and prevented. Oliver broke into an agony of grief and distraction, exclaiming, "Oh! what have I done! what misery have I brought on this family and myself!" He was committed for trial to Stafford jail, where he earnestly solicited Dr Parr to come to him. The latter went, heard the story with deep compassion, and, returning to Hatton, spent two days and nearly the whole of the intervening night in preparing a defence to be read at the trial. Dr Parr then returned to Stafford a day or two before the commence-

ment of the trial, and spent almost all his time in visiting, advising and consoling the unhappy Oliver, whom he could not save, but whom he did prevent from committing suicide. This good soul stayed with the condemned man until long after midnight and returned early on the morning of execution, assisted him in the last awful preparations, accompanied him to the foot of the scaffold, and there took of him a solemn and affectionate leave. Dr Parr's biographer, then a young man, helped in the preparation of the written defence, and the story comes, therefore, at first hand, and reads with painful freshness. Here are Parr's own words, which appeared in a volume of notes upon Charles James Fox (who had desired a reform of the criminal law). "To a very enlightened man (Oliver), who thought himself unjustly condemned, I had occasion to state the principle of submission to private wrong for public good, and to enforce it by the example of Socrates and other examples yet more sacred; and I pressed them with so much earnestness as to prevent an act of suicide, which my unhappy friend was determined to perpetrate on the morning of his



execution." Surely this whole story is an affecting testimony to the genuine goodness of the pastor of Hatton. So troubled was he in heart about those condemned to death, that he complained of the want of a "proper service" for their especial need. Nothing which he found in devotional books in the way of prayers and exhortations seemed to him suitable to such cases, whether the offender were obdurate or persistent. "I cannot help wishing, therefore," said he, "that a form of prayer, annexed to an old Irish prayer book, may be introduced by authority into the English prayer book." He gives no clue to the exact source of the prayers which he desired to adopt. With two more stories I quit this subject.

At the Warwick Assizes, in 1812, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had long resided in that town, and who was subject to fits of derangement, was tried for shooting the servant girl of the house in which he lived. The public feeling was strongly excited against him, and it was most important to provide for his defence in the best possible manner. Dr Parr instantly made himself responsible for



the amount required for the defence. The money was ultimately repaid by the trustees, the man being acquitted on the ground of insanity, but not until after considerable delay. In another case where a clergyman was tried on a capital charge, Parr again advanced the necessary sum, though the supposed culprit was entirely unknown to him.

On another occasion Dr Parr got off a wretched Irish lad who had been caught stealing two greatcoats and a pair of gaiters out of his own carriage, which was standing before an inn at Leamington, then just beginning to be a town. The boy left Dr Parr's coat with a tailor to be mended! He was seized by the innkeeper and a constable, and as the latter was bound to bring the matter before "his worship," the good doctor had some difficulty in getting the thief off; and we find him writing urgently to Mr Roscoe of Liverpool to set him off quickly for Ireland. "Like the Samaritan, I will pay you what is laid out when I go your way again, or before. . . . My dear friend, I add a line or two just to say that I have rescued the poor creature from the grip of the law. I commend him to the mercy

of God, and to you as the instrument of that mercy."

In the year 1810 Mrs Parr died. We hear of her that, "though the pair were unsuitable in temper, she yet unquestionably felt a sincere regard for the honour and interest of her husband; and if she was too quick in noticing, and too severe in upbraiding, his foibles, she could not be insensible to his extraordinary merits which obtained for him the admiration, and attached to him the affection, of so many good and enlightened men in all classes of the community." Mrs Parr is said to have possessed manners of unusual grace and dignity, and this misfortune of her death, for it was really one, did not fall alone. The elder of Dr Parr's daughters had, in 1797, made a stolen match with John, eldest son of Colonel Wynne of Plasnewydd in Denbighshire. At the time of the marriage, the bridegroom was in his minority, and a pupil at Hatton. The couple were not happy and separated, and Mrs Wynne died very shortly after her mother, having in the interval lost one of her three little girls. Thus, within the space of three months, Parr followed to the

grave his wife, his daughter and his granddaughter. Mrs Wynne was a very clever woman, and the pride of her father's heart. He had a picture taken of her after her death as she lay in her coffin. It was a distressing likeness; and he kept it for many years in the drawing-room; but some time before his death, to the great relief of all his friends and visitors, it was removed. She was only thirty-eight when she died, and the poor Doctor poured out his grief to Mr Roscoe, expressing great anxiety about his granddaughters. An unsatisfactory attempt at reconciliation was made two years later with Mr John Wynne, and brought father and children to the Parsonage for a short month; but though Dr Parr had solemnly celebrated the meeting with a goblet of spiced wine and a kind of benediction, the harmony soon broke up and Mr Wynne left with his daughters shortly after the Christmas of 1812. So complete was the estrangement that the grandfather made a will in which the girls were almost disinherited; but, on John Wynne marrying a second time, they were taken back into favour, consequent upon an unexpected visit made by the elder sister to Warwick. After waiting in

the neighbourhood for a day or two of painful suspense, Miss Wynne proceeded on a Sunday morning to Hatton, and called at the Parsonage, where her grandfather was sitting quietly waiting for the hour of divine service. Miss Wynne greatly resembled her dead mother, and the old Doctor, thus taken by surprise, opened his arms and heart. This lady married (in 1822) the Rev. John Lines, rector of Elmley Lovett in Worcestershire. Her children were fellow-pupils in a class with me.

But Dr Parr's life was far from being exclusively passed in Warwickshire. In 1813 we find him in London, and in a great whirl of social life. He lodged in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, and was generally engaged to dine out every day with some person of note, while all day long he might have been said to hold a levee. In his morning *dishabille*, he was almost as careless of appearance as in his library at Hatton, but this was carefully exchanged in the evening for all the pomp of clerical dress. He was perpetually sitting to artists for his picture or his bust. Here is a note addressed to a lady in Warwick, Mrs Edwards, one of his oldest and best friends.

“DEAR MRS EDWARDS,—I thank you for sending the important papers. I have taken care to have what you told me conveyed to the Princess of Wales. Perhaps in a few days I shall see her. I dine with a grand party to-morrow. How would you rejoice to see the picture for which I am sitting at this very moment? It is a half-length and is admired by dukes, archbishops, bishops, lords and ladies. To-morrow it is to be inspected by some of the royal family. The frame is grand, like those at Guyscliff.”

The Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester were his personal friends, and the Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford and Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, Lord John Russell in his youth, and Lords Brougham and Denman in their prime, were all associates of this remarkable old country parson, in common with a host of other celebrities too numerous to record.

Dr Parr had also intimates among the other sex, and admired the literary ladies of his own time with cordial appreciation, and in particular was quite subjugated by the fascinations of Mrs Sheridan. During his

occasional visits to London he generally passed a day or two with her aged mother, Mrs Linley. But of all his female friends the most unlikely and the most singular was Caroline, Princess of Wales. He often dined with her at Blackheath, and threw himself into her cause with complete disregard of the opinion of mortal man. It is even told that he once went with her to the theatre, supporting her by the majesty of his wig; and when, some years later, an order in Council was made for the exclusion of Queen Caroline's name from the liturgy, Dr Parr instantly and strongly and publicly expressed his disapprobation; and he inserted a written note to that effect in the parish Prayer Book of Hatton. This he signed on the 17th of February 1820; and it is too characteristic of the man and his mode of thought and expression to be omitted here.

“Numerous and weighty are the reasons which induce me deliberately and solemnly to record in the prayer book of my parish the particulars which follow. With deep and unfeigned sorrow I have read a *London Gazette*, dated Feb. 12, 1820, advising the



exclusion of the Queen's name from the liturgy. It is my duty, as a subject and an ecclesiastic, to read what is prescribed for me by my sovereign, as head of the Church of England. But it is not my duty to express approbation, as well as to yield obedience, when my feelings as a man, and my principles as a Christian, compel me to disapprove and deplore. If the person who for many years was prayed for as Princess of Wales has not ceased to be the wife of the royal personage who was Prince of Wales, most assuredly she becomes Queen when he becomes King; and Queen she must remain till, by some judicial process, her conjugal relation to her legitimate sovereign be authoritatively dissolved. Whensoever, therefore, I shall pray for all the royal family, I shall include Queen Caroline as a member of it. Though forbidden to pronounce her royal name, I shall, in the secret and sacred recesses of my soul, recommend her to the protection of the Deity. I shall pray that God may endue her with His holy Spirit, enrich her with His heavenly grace, prosper her with all happiness, and bring her to His



everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*“Thursday, Feb. 17, 1820. Samuel Parr, LL.D., resident minister of Hatton for thirty-four years and eleven months.”*

There is a singular solemnity in this piece of writing, with its old-fashioned profusion of commas and limited use of capital letters. Four months later Queen Caroline returned to England, and Dr Parr, convinced of her innocence, went up to London, with “an utter disregard of every possible and probable consequence to himself, and offered his congratulation on her safe arrival, and assured her of his attachment to her person and dignity.” It will be easily understood that he was the object of much public animadversion for his opposition to the King and his Ministers, and to their almost universal supporters among the English upper classes; but the old man of seventy-three stuck to his guns gallantly. He defended her living, and sorrowingly lamented her death. His biographer remarks that “extreme distress in the present world is never very lasting; and all excruciating pains, whether

of body or mind, soon make an end of themselves, or the sufferer. The acquittal of the Queen, though it dispersed the clouds of suspicion and calumny which had gathered on her fair fame, was yet followed with nearly all the consequences to her herself which would have attended degradation. Instead of befitting honour, studied insult was her portion." And a fortnight after the coronation of George the Fourth, from which she was barred, she was seized with fatal illness. It must be counted in favour of this most unfortunate woman that Samuel Parr stoutly believed in her innocence and admired the "greatness of spirit" with which she met her fate.

During the last ten years of Dr Parr's life we find him in close connection with so many eminent people that it is difficult to select their names. He is recorded as having gone over to Leam, the house of the Rev. William Field, to dine with Sir Francis Burdett, who was summoned to give evidence on a political trial at Warwick. During dinner Sir Francis discoursed on the spread of ideas from below upwards. He believed that "the vast movement of the human mind advances, through

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the whole collective body, rapidly and eagerly in the lower and the middle classes, and by an impulse chiefly derived from them, somewhat slowly indeed and reluctantly, but yet surely, in the higher." Sir Francis also spoke with the greatest admiration of Bentham, and said he liked the "almost impenetrable obscurity of his style," because it imposed a severe exercise on the understanding of the reader. Dr Parr did not lose the opportunity of declaring that he thought Bentham the wisest man of his time, though he added, "when we meet we often fight like dragons."

In 1816 his old pupil, Sheridan, died, and Parr received Thomas Moore at Hatton, and gave him some help towards the memoir which was not published till long afterwards. In 1817 occurred the death of Princess Charlotte, and Parr preached a pathetic funeral sermon on the Sunday morning after the funeral, having darkened the windows of Hatton Church and lit it up with candles. At the end of the same year Dr Charles Burney died, of whom Parr is reported to have said, "There are three great Grecians (Greek scholars) in England: Porson is the first, Burney is the

third, and who is the second I need not tell." Charles Burney, the brother of Fanny, built up a great school at Greenwich, where, among innumerable other pupils, were educated Joseph Parkes and William Pitt Byrne. The matron of this school was Mrs Sabrina Bicknell, the young lady whom Thomas Day educated and intended to marry; but she failed to exhibit the due amount of fortitude when the author of *Sandford and Merton* purposely dropped hot sealing-wax upon her arm, and she married Mr Bicknell instead. Charles Burney was intimate with Parr, who wrote the Latin inscription on the former's monument in Westminster Abbey. In 1818 he lost a friend of thirty years in Sir Samuel Romilly. Parr, in his last will, recorded that he had regarded Romilly "with esteem and affection more than brotherly."

Another friend was Sir Philip Francis. Parr did not believe that he was the author of the *Letters of Junius*; he attributed them to Mr Lloyd, brother of the Dean of Norwich, and secretary to George Granville.

In 1819 Parr went to Scotland, and stopped two days on the way at "Brougham Hall, the seat of the celebrated barrister," and from

thence went on to Glasgow, and to Balloch Castle on Loch Lomond, the house of John Buchanan, at the time member for Dumbartonshire, and brother-in-law of his old friend John Parkes of Warwick. Parr left a ring to Mr Buchanan, and another to "his ingenious and well-informed son." In Edinburgh he experienced "intense intellectual gratification"; he greatly admired the powers of the Scotch philosophers, or, as he expressed it, "their confounded strong heads."

When close upon seventy, Dr Parr made a second marriage with a lady of suitable age, sister to a friend, the Rev. James Eyre of Solihull in Warwickshire. She made him very happy, and "never indeed was Hatton Parsonage a scene of so much domestic order and felicity as in the years during which it was under the superintending care of the second Mrs Parr."

A chapter of the biography is given to Dr Parr's life as a village pastor. He was so original, and so utterly different from any cleric of modern days, that it is difficult to draw a comprehensible portrait. His theology was what most people would call ultra-liberal, and yet was intended to be sincerely orthodox.

He was a strenuous advocate, not only for decency and solemnity, but for pomp and splendour, both in the construction of religious edifices, and in all that relates to the celebration of religious worship! The old English cathedrals (he never went abroad) were to him "objects of the most enthusiastic admiration and delight." He placed painted windows in his church; and a "beautiful one" consisted of three compartments—the Crucifixion in the centre, St Peter on one side and St Paul on the other. During a stormy night of November, in the year 1810, this window was blown into the interior of the church and dashed to pieces. At this destruction the pastor, already sixty-three years of age, was "agonised," but he at once gave a commission to the son of the former artist, Mr Eginton of Birmingham, and a new window was produced, with the addition in the side windows of the subjects of the Agony in the Garden and the Ascension. He hung whole-length oil paintings of Moses and Aaron upon the wall. Heads of Cranmer and Tillotson appeared on another window, and a third (alas!) was brought bodily from the cathedral at Orleans and given to Dr Parr by Mrs Price



of Bagginton Hall. This must in some way have been secured during the French Revolution. The communion plate, the organ and a beautiful peal of bells were specially given by him, and he was so fond of bells that he "could tell the number, weight, names and qualities of almost all the principal bells in England, and even in Europe," said he, in a letter to Mr Roscoe, dated July 20th, 1807. "I am preparing to close my labours by assisting to get a new and enlarged set of bells. It so happens that, from my youth upwards, even to this hour, I have been a distinguished adept in the noble art of ringing; that I have equal delight with Milton in the sound of bells, that I have far superior knowledge in the science of casting them, and that my zeal for accomplishing my favourite project is very great."

In another letter to a friend at Norwich Dr Parr described the ceremony of installing the new tenor bell, subscribed for by his pupils and friends and himself, while some of the old bells were re-cast and enlarged. "My orthodoxy has endowed all of them with scriptural appellations. The great bell has inscribed upon it the name of Paul, and is



now lying upon our green. It holds more than seventy-three gallons. It was filled with good ale, and was emptied, too, on Friday last. More than three hundred of my parishioners, young and old, rich and poor, assembled, and their joy was beyond description. I gave some rum for the farmer's wives, and some Vidonia and elder wine for their daughters, and the lads and lasses had a merry dance in a large schoolroom. Now, as the Apostle Paul preached a famous sermon at Athens, I thought it right that his namesake should preach also at Hatton, and the sermon was divided into the following heads: 'May it be long before the great bell tolls for a funeral knell, even for the oldest person here present! May the whole peal ring often and merrily for the unmarried! May the lads make haste to get wives and the lasses to get husbands, and hear the marriage peal!' Now, was not that a good sermon?"

May day was a regular festival under the auspices of the stout old parson. About two hundred yards from his house were two cottages, "overtopped by a few aged and lofty firs, which threw their shade over a small green, and here was the chosen spot, where a Maypole, tall and

straight as a ship's mast, was erected," and still stood for a few years after Dr Parr was no more. "The company invited were the sons and daughters of the neighbouring farmers and tradespeople, the young ladies and gentlemen of the surrounding town and village, and many of the visitants from Leamington. These were greatly augmented in number by others who came uninvited, as spectators of the scene." Into this festival of music and dancing, which began at noon and, interrupted by dinner and tea, continued until nine o'clock, the old pastor carried his kind face, his obumbrating wig and his clerical dress of an imposing cut. All the women were entertained at the Parsonage "with a cold but abundant repast," and the men dined by themselves at the village inn. When nine o'clock came Dr Parr resumed his official dignity, and pronounced his good wishes for health and happiness. With his few impressive words the festivity closed.

Dr Parr survived to a good age. He died on the 6th of March in the year 1825. On the mural monument, in memory of his first wife and himself, is a short and simple inscription, written by himself. The concluding words run thus:—

“Christian Reader!

“What doth the Lord require of you but to do justice, to love mercy, to be in charity with your neighbours, to reverence your holy Redeemer, and to walk humbly with your God?”

Although the figure which I have painted was only visible to me through the medium of other eyes than my own, Dr Parr having died four years before my birth, I have so intimate a knowledge of many of his chief friends and associates, and especially of two of them — his learned biographer and the “Johnny” of his innumerable letters—that he is very familiar to my imagination. He was the type of an Anglican clergyman and teacher of youth, which has absolutely passed away; and it seems to me that he was both interesting and venerable in no common degree. He was emphatically a child of nature; hearty, affectionate, and loving the harmless pleasures of life. To this conception of him it must be added that he was devoutly Christian, and reached out dimly to more things than he understood, though he had a curious shrinking from anything which seemed to him to

savour of fanaticism. And over all his other qualities and acquirements loomed that wig, which seems to us the outward symbol of the eighteenth century, a special framework to the man it denoted, helping to create in him a peculiar cast of thought which demanded accurate grammar and weighty words to give it a due expression. By his contemporaries he was immensely admired and sincerely beloved; and one thing is certain, that we shall not look upon his like again. He had educated Sheridan and was friendly with Thomas Moore, and survived to read Byron and Scott. He dwelt upon the fringe of a modern world, in which he must have seemed at the last to be a strange survival: a mammoth or a mastodon. He touches me nearly by inheritance—the old Parson of Hatton—May I hope that I have interpreted him to a later time, with the help of the finished and elegant mind which devoted its affectionate care to preserving the intellectual lineaments of Samuel Parr. The biographer, or as he would himself have said, “the writer,” was his own younger contemporary, the Rev. William Field of Leam.

## FRANKLIN'S AMERICA

It is perhaps a legend that Franklin and Priestley played a game of chess across the Atlantic, with six weeks interval between every move, but it indicates picturesquely the close association between the two men, and records an intimacy by which the younger one largely profited, since it was owing to Franklin that the English philosopher was withdrawn from his learned obscurity in the north of England and brought in contact with all that was best in the London of one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and proposed and accepted as a member of the Royal Society. This was, perhaps, not the least fruitful of Benjamin Franklin's many good deeds. He was the older by nearly thirty years, and the object of extreme reverence in the family of his friend. Strange to say, I have known one person who had actually known *him*, and three or four others whom

I believe to have seen him, as they were young members of the same set. That set had a wonderful faculty for living: they were the survival of the fittest in a degree chiefly exemplified in our time by Mr Gladstone, proving in a remarkable manner how good it is to possess a sane mind in a healthy body. They knew nothing of narcotics and not much of hexameters, except in Latin; the ladies drank dishes of tea, and many of them were full of wit and learning. They had never heard of decadence as an agreeable intellectual stimulant. One highly-educated old man, a great gentleman and a member of Parliament, invariably said of a bad odour that it stank; using the plain old word. It never occurred to him that it ought to be put in chased-silver smelling-bottles. I have heard him use the word over and over again, as he was to the last an energetic citizen of a Cinque Port. He was one of the very people who in all probability must have seen Franklin in his childhood, and another of my earliest and best of friends, the biographer of Parr, was a grown man when Franklin died.

These suggestive snap-shots of recollection, almost too trivial to be put down in writing, may, however, serve to illustrate a fact which few people realise; namely, that so short a time has elapsed since the foundations of the independent institutions of America that it is amply covered by the overlapping of two lives. The original outburst of England took place when many a house yet to this day inhabited, bore witness to the solidity of the architecture of Elizabeth and James. It seems long ago when we look round Massachusetts, and read the *House of the Seven Gables*; it is not long when one dwells in an English village and sees the solid brick cottages, built round monumental chimneys, which form a spine, to which the rooms are attached. And those scenes of a far later date, the throwing of the tea into Boston Harbour, the Continental Congress, the reading of the Declaration of Independence from the steps of Independence Hall, cannot but seem very recent to me, when I look at the large, stiff armchair in which sat, up to my twenty-first year, John, manufacturer and banker in an old county town, who was born in '1763, and



lived to 1851 in the full possession of all his faculties, and enjoying the keenest interest in politics until the last. What a correspondence he carried on, and how neatly he tied it up in bundles with the reddest of red tape! He could vividly remember the Parliamentary battles of Pitt and Fox, and had named an infant son Charles James. As a youth he had been strong for American Independence. He was nearly twenty when Washington finally triumphed over Cornwallis. When I was taken to see Valley Forge and the Chew House, and presented with a beautiful silver spoon, adorned with the pillared verandah of Mount Vernon and the delicately chiselled heads of General and Lady Washington, it all could not but seem very recent to me, who remembered my grandfather, of whom I have a silhouette taken in the days when he wore a pigtail, and a later dignified portrait, with a bald head, dating from the earlier days of Sir Robert Peel, whom he survived. That man, so familiar to me, could remember the return of the British troops from America, long before the faintest stirrings of the French Revolution, and I

often think regretfully how much I might have asked him. It is curious to remember that Washington and Franklin had literally been his fellow subjects under the same King!

On Christmas day, 1850, having secured the company of his two surviving sons, elderly men immersed in busy London life, and of certain ladies of his family, he was wheeled up to the dinner-table at the primitive hour of three; and he talked politics with an unbroken flow of conversation until eleven o'clock at night. He was none the worse the next morning, but he did not live to enjoy another Christmas day.

That great American event, which John could so well remember, had been achieved late in the career of America's greatest Civil Servant, and in no small measure by his intellectual agency. If Washington was the hero, Franklin was the political philosopher, and *primus inter pares* as a practical politician. He knew Europe so intimately, was so much in England, and had occupied for so many years a highly responsible position in France, that he was invaluable to his country in the period of transition. He formed a bridge between the old and the new, and he

never exaggerated by untimely words the sharpness of the quarrel which broke out between the Colonies and the Motherland. He knew that it was not the first time that Englishmen had struggled with each other, and his dignified figure stands in the breach, admired and appreciated on both sides of the sea. Those thirteen small States of 1776 form a background for him and for Washington, for Jefferson and for Hancock, and it is well to recall what these men were; and how curiously near to us in purpose and achievement before their country outgrew their provisions, and collected its seventy millions from the east and from the west, if east and west there be.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of an English father. He was born and baptized in Boston, but his career was moulded in Pennsylvania. I do not propose to discuss his famous autobiography, nor follow him on his first voyage to London, when he was only nineteen. We know that he prospered exceedingly, because he was what we now call level-headed to the point of genius. He walked the streets of Philadelphia in broadcloth breeches, lined with leather; he possessed five homespun linen shirts (I am speak-

ing of his young days), and we know that all the men who aspired to rise in life wore wigs. In a book of social memoranda we find that a Quaker gentleman, named Dickinson, sent all the way to London for his clothes, and wrote, "I want for myself and my three sons each a wig—tight, good bobs." When at last the King of England left off *his* wig, amidst the petitions and remonstrances of the periwig makers of London, the men of Philadelphia left off theirs, a sad bit of subserviency. It is noted that Braddock's defeated army in 1756 returned to the city wearing their natural hair. Contemporaneously the women wore caps—a bare head was never seen among them—and their gowns were made of a kind of figured worsted stuff called huckaback.

Franklin, born in 1706, was a prosperous, weighty, elderly citizen in 1764, when he returned to England as agent for the Provinces. The matter in hand was "a difference with Governor John Penn concerning the taxing of the proprietary estates" held by the Penn family. Franklin would have liked to see these rights bought out by the State of Pennsylvania, which Governor John considered to be "very ill-natured." He had only been back at home two years when he

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thus started out again, for he was almost as much a citizen of Europe as of America. In 1766 he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons upon the question of the taxation of the Colonies; and it is evident that for years he stood in the breach, trying to make England reasonable, the Colonies patient. One has a suspicion that he was not unwilling to cross the sea, for he had great weight and many pleasures on the European side, and once said that six weeks he passed in Scotland with Lord Kames were a period of the "dearest happiness" he had ever experienced. "He made further experiments in electricity, invented a musical instrument—the Harmonica—and received from the Ministry a high proof of their consideration in the appointment of his son to the Governorship of New Jersey." My object in quoting such small details is to show the exceeding closeness of the connection of Philadelphia with England in the middle of the last century. Pennsylvania was evidently much nearer in sympathy than was Massachusetts, which had been originally founded in opposition to the Stuarts, and it was much more in touch with us than it is now, although the rapidity of

communication brings us almost within hail. The political scission has borne fruits in the feeling of the people; and as the intellectual culture is necessarily identical with that of the motherland, the effect is that of a disturbed geological stratum. It is not only that we have a common heritage in *Piers Plowman* or *Queen Elizabeth*, about whose good or bad deeds there is as much divergence in any American district as there is in any London parish, but that we are like Siamese Twins, inextricably and, as some would think, fatally connected by a broad band of living flesh on which are inscribed the newest editions of *Lecky* and *Spencer*, *Ruskin* and *Browning*, *Swinburne* and *Christina Rossetti*.

I would fain recall that old America which we built with our best blood, although I believe the feeling of young America to be that it was no thanks to us; and I seek to aid a short sketch by recourse to the words and deeds of two men who in widely different ways were connected with Benjamin Franklin. The one is extremely well known to every student of history; the other was one of those powerful individualities of the second order who achieve



much worthy work in their own time, and whose faithful deeds are buried in the soil of their own generation, but whose tombstones have fallen. The one man is Jefferson, the other Elkanah Watson, than whose autobiography I have seen few more interesting records of the times of one hundred years ago.

Hanging in my house is an American engraving of the document of the Declaration of Independence. It is probably very familiar in the States, being adorned with the portraits of Washington, Hancock and Jefferson, with vignettes symbolic of each one of the thirteen States, and with a facsimile of each of the famous signatures. I can remember it from infancy, or it would be truer to say that I have no memory of how or when it came into my father's possessions. It was dedicated to his fellow-countrymen by John Binns of Pennsylvania, in 1819, and the correctness of the facsimile of the autograph signatures was certified in the following year by the Department of State. This was during the lifetime of Jefferson, who long survived John Hancock, and who is portrayed as an old man. It is a pity



that some portrait of the young Jefferson was not chosen instead. Hancock did not live to be old: he died in 1793 at the age of fifty-six; but Jefferson survived to his eighty-fourth year. The extracts I am about to make are from Mr Parton's *Life*, and I make them for the sake of younger English readers to whom Jefferson is only an heroic name. I shall supplement them by remarks from another source, only premising that in 1784 Jefferson was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Europe, to assist John Adams and Dr Franklin in negotiating treaties of commerce, and that in the following year he was made Minister to France in place of Dr Franklin who had resigned.

A FRIEND OF FRANKLIN.\*

"SIXTY gentlemen in silk stockings and pig-tails, sitting in a room of no great size, in a plain brick building up a narrow alley: such was the Continental Congress; the 'Honorable Congress,' as the constituents made a point of calling it; 'the General Congress of Phila-

\* Extract from James Parton's *Life of Thomas Jefferson*.—  
The scene is in Carpenters' Hall.

delphia,' as Lord Chatham styled it when he told an incredulous House of Lords that no body of men had ever surpassed it 'in solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion.'"

This building was long desecrated as a sales-room, but in the revival of a keen interest in history, it is now a place set apart. Carpenters' Hall was similar in use and intention to our numerous City Halls in London. It is a quaint, pretty little building, overshadowed by huge erections. It is a great pity that a garden was not formed round it while yet there was space enough. "The Congress," says Mr Parton, "was not an assemblance of aged sires, with snowy locks and aspect venerable, such as Art has represented the Roman Senate. Old men could neither have done the work nor borne the journeys. Franklin, the oldest member, was seventy-one, though still ruddy and vigorous, and there were two or three others past sixty; but the members generally were in the prime of their years and powers, with a good sprinkling of young men among them, as there must be in representative bodies which truly represent. . . . Nor could the Con-

gress be called a learned body, though about one-half of the members had had college and professional training. By various paths these men had made their way to the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Knowledge, character, talents and wealth, were happily combined as well in the whole body as in some individuals. Franklin had them all."

This Congress drew up a petition to the King, but the mid-summer ship which carried it to England also carried the news of the Battle of Bunker's Hill; and the controversy was taken out of the domain of reason. "The Tower of London was despoiled of its cannon to use against the rebellious Colonies, and troops were collected from every available quarter and sent across the Atlantic."

At the date of the Continental Congress, Thomas Jefferson was thirty-two years of age, and this recently published life gives as true a picture of one of its members as can be found. The Declaration of Independence was drafted by him and modified by the other members; he was an ultra-Liberal—a Democrat in the American sense of the word—and a strong anti-Federalist, holding loosely to

the idea of Union, and upholding the autocracy of the States. He became President in the year 1800, and died very old in 1826.

His mother, a daughter of Isham Randolph, was born in London, in the parish of Shadwell, and the family came to America early in the last century. Her name was Jane, and she was nineteen at the date of her marriage to Peter Jefferson in 1738. The Randolphs became Virginian planters and slave owners. They lived in state and comfort, and this is indicated by a letter from a London Quaker, penned about the time of Jane Randolph's marriage. The writer was one Peter Collinson, a dealer in woollens and also an ardent botanist, and an "assiduous friend," of Pennsylvania and Franklin, who was already beginning to be known. Collinson sent seeds, roots, slips, grafts, birds and turtles across to the new colony, and Franklin returned the gifts in kind. Many of the American plants and products flourished in England, and were more fortunate than those sent across to America, the severe winters proving fatal. Now, so small was then the Colonial world, and so strict the union between the Quakers on both sides of the sea, that

Collinson interested himself warmly about a certain John Bartram, also a botanist, but self-taught and unused to polite society, who was about to visit the Randolphs' with a view of collecting specimens. Collinson is afraid that Bartram will not be well dressed, and he writes urgently on this head.

"One thing I most desire of thee, and do insist that thou oblige me therein: that thou make up the drugget clothes" (a present from London) "to go to Virginia in, and not to appear to disgrace thyself or me; for though I should not esteem thee the less to come to me in what thou will, yet these Virginians" (having in his mind's eye his old acquaintance, Isham Randolph and his young family) "are a very gentle, well-dressed people, and look, perhaps, more at a man's outside than his inside. For these and other reasons, pray, go very clean, neat and handsomely dressed in Virginia. Never mind thy clothes" (meaning, don't be afraid to wear them); "I will send thee more another time."

Bartram did go to the Randolph Mansion on the James River (which was called Shadwell in compliment to the old London parish whence the family came), and here he must

have witnessed considerable Colonial state, as it is said that a hundred servants formed the household retinue. He himself became eminent. He founded the first botanical garden in America, on the banks of the Schuylkill, and "he and his garden flourished to a green old age; and he died, at the approach of the British army during the Revolutionary War, of terror lest the pride of his life should be trampled into ruin by the troops." Bartram had generous entertainment when he went to Virginia, as a second letter from Collinson has been preserved, in which he says that it was no more than he expected of his friend Isham. "I did not doubt his civility to thee. I only wish to have been there and shared it with thee."

Apropos of the hundred servants, the detail is a striking touch in the history of American slavery. It was the prosperous period when great houses were building in Virginia, and ships, laden with tobacco, were constantly crossing the sea. Thackeray has described one such ship and made it immortal. "When," says Mr Parton, "a ship arrived in the river (the *Potomac* or the *James*) it anchored



opposite each plantation which it served, and set ashore the portion of the cargo belonging to it, continuing its upward course until the hold was empty, then, descending the river, it stopped at the different plantations, taking in from each its hogshead of tobacco, and the captain receiving long lists of articles to be bought in London with the proceeds of the tobacco. How the planters got cheated may be imagined. There was nothing in which a thriving Virginian of that day could invest his surplus income except land and slaves. Jefferson, however, appears never to have bought slaves as an investment." He inherited thirty from his father. The coloured race were treated as so much farm stock, and were dealt with in that light; neither better nor worse, unless they belonged to the household, when human considerations inevitably came into play.

Jefferson's father, Peter, the husband of Jane, was a "wonder of physical force and stature." He had the strength of three strong men. He was just two years younger than Benjamin Franklin, of whom his son was to become the famous colleague. Peter was twenty-eight, and his future wife Jane was seventeen when he



mounted his horse and rode one hundred miles to the north-west of his house, and fifty miles beyond her's, and bought his first thousand acres on the Rivanna, and began to hew out a farm and house. Within half-a-day's ride the smoke of only three or four settlers' cabins floated up through small clearings to the sky, and the trail of Indians was to be seen in the woods. For two years he wrought there in the forest, aided, doubtless, by a slave family or two, and when he had cleared a few fields and built something a little better than a cabin, he went to Dungeness and brought home his bride." Peter loved mathematics, and was an excellent surveyor. He became "the unquestioned chief of the frontier region." When the county was set off (delimited) he became one of its justices of the peace. The new county was named Albemarle. He was associated with Professor Fry in the construction of the first map of Virginia, unless the "conjectural sketch" made by Captain John Smith in 1609 may be so called.

From Peter, Franklin's equal in years, we pass to young Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, and in 1800 elected President of the United States. He was

Franklin's colleague, but being so much younger he outlived Franklin thirty-five years.

Thomas was the eldest son, but his father was also able to assign a younger brother a good plantation as his portion. He was almost as big and strong as his father, and was brought up by his English-born mother in a busy, healthy home. He had several sisters, but was particularly happy in the eldest, named Jane after her mother. "She was his confidant and companion, and shared his taste for the arts, particularly his love of music. The family were all reared and baptized in the Church of England, and this sister greatly excelled in singing the few fine old psalm tunes which then constituted the whole psalmody of the Protestant world. For a century, it is said, there were but five tunes sung in the Colonial churches." The violin or "fiddle" was almost the only instrument possessed by the colonists of the back woods. In Mr Rive's *Life of Madison* is preserved the programme of the rustic festivities arranged for St Andrew's Day in 1737 in the next county of Albemarle. Mr Parton makes the remark that this programme shows "how English the tone of Virginia was at that period."

Virginia was in the diocese of the Bishop of London, and twenty years before Thomas Jefferson's birth the Bishop had addressed certain questions to the Virginian clergy. One of the questions was, "Are there any schools in your parish?" All the clergymen, except two or three, answered, "None," and the exceptions to this answer only claimed "a charity school." Another question was, "Is there any parish library?" To this all the clergy, except one man, answered, "None," and that one man made this reply: "We have the *Book of Homilies*, the *Whole Duty of Man*, and the *Singing Psalms*. By the time Thomas Jefferson was old enough to go to school, several of the clergy received pupils into their houses for instruction in Greek and Latin. At nine years of age he was sent as boarder to the home of a Scottish clergyman, where he began to learn Latin, Greek and French. The master had come over from Scotland as tutor in the family of Colonel Monroe, father of President Monroe. He had settled on the James River, and spent a long life teaching young and old. He was an Evangelical, and regarded Dr

Doddridge's work as "the best legacy" he could leave to his children.

Jefferson grew up, was admitted to the bar in 1767, was very hard working and successful, and doubled his estate in seven years' practice; and while still a bachelor, living with his widowed mother, he began to plan a home,—Monticello. "He meant that there should be one home in Virginia worthy the occupation of perfectly civilised beings, in which art, taste and utility should unite to produce an admirable result. . . . The bricks had to be made, the trees felled, the timber hewn, the nails wrought, the vehicles constructed, the labourers trained, on the scene of operations. No fine commodities could be bought nearer than Williamsburgh, one hundred and fifty miles distant, nor many nearer than Europe." . . . He planned his park when it was still rough with primeval stumps, and chose the burial ground in "an unfrequented vale," and to Monticello, when completed, he brought a wife — "Martha Skelton, widowed, childless, a beauty, fond of music, and twenty-two." They came home on their wedding day, having more than one hundred miles to travel, in a

two-horse chaise, and out of this they had to turn and mount horse for the last eight miles, the snow deepening as they approached the mountains. When at last they got home all the slaves had gone to bed in their own cabins. Monticello had to be stormed; but "who could wish a better place for a honeymoon than a snug, brick cottage, lifted five hundred and eighty feet above the world, with half-a-dozen counties in sight, and three feet of snow blocking out all intruders."\* And the book to which he and she devoted themselves was *The Poems of Ossian*.

Next year the death of his wife's father brought them forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. When their share of the debts on Mr Wayle's estate had been paid, the fortunes of the husband and wife were about equal.

I have thus, through Mr Parton's pages, brought up the record of Jefferson's private life to the very verge of the great Revolutionary War. The rest is matter of history. In 1775 Virginia elected a Committee of Safety, with Thomas Jefferson at its head.

## ELKANAH WATSON.

THIS son of Plymouth, who was sixth by descent from Governor Winslow, was, when a very young man, intimately associated with Franklin. His autobiography has never been brought prominently into notice. I have never seen it referred to in any English publication, nor would have seen it at all had I not, by a strange accident, been exploring his own brown bookshelves, put up in the beautiful house he had built on Lake Champlain. The book is full of details of the most interesting kind, only too carefully smoothed over, when, as an old man, he occupied himself in arranging his diaries. Elkanah Watson was born in January 1758. His father and nearly all his relatives were zealous Whigs; and even as a schoolboy he was drilled by his teachers, taught military evolutions and marched over hills, through swamps, often in the rain, in the performance of these embryo military duties. The teachers' names were Alexander Scammel and Peleg Wadsworth, both distinguished officers in after life, and

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one-half of the boys they trained perished in the Revolutionary War.

When Elkanah was fifteen years old, the historic tea, which began the quarrel, was thrown into Boston Harbour. A sister of his, who married a Cotton, and lived in Plymouth up to the age of ninety-six, used to tell how she had been a schoolgirl in Boston when the tea was thrown into the harbour. One section of the mob rushed down to the wharf past the schoolhouse, and "a servant attached to the family joined the throng and filled his pockets with the detested tea, which was used to make their breakfast beverage the ensuing morning." Mrs Priscilla Cotton was alive in 1856, and was probably the only person living who had drunk of that tea.

When the storm blew up, which it did with the speed of a whirlwind, young Watson soon found himself in the thick of it. A ship, laden with flour and destined for the army of Washington, was captured and the owner, one Mr Brown, was sent as a prisoner to Boston. Therefore, Elkanah Watson, being an active youngster, was



sent from Plymouth to ask for two armed schooners to intercept, if possible, the captured flour vessel, and release Mr Brown. With a musket at his back he started from Newport, mounted on a fleet horse, and reached Plymouth at two o'clock in the morning, alarmed the town with the cry of fire, and roused up the Committee of Safety! By two o'clock the same afternoon he had set out with two dilapidated fishing schooners, two old cannon in each, with powder loose in barrels, and between thirty and forty men to a vessel, black and white. They did not recover the flour ship, nor rescue Mr Brown; "but thus," says Elkanah, "it fell to my singular destiny to sail from the place of my nativity in probably the first vessel that opposed the British flag." They cruised about for ten days, and then got back again, being pursued by a twenty-gun ship.

His next expedition took place two years later. Mr Brown, who had been released through the interposition of his brother, Moses Brown, an influential Quaker, sent Elkanah to South Carolina and Georgia with a large sum of money, to be placed in the

hands of an agent in the Southern States for investment in cargoes for the European markets. This was an appalling responsibility, as he went alone on horseback, with a "‘hanger’ at his side and a pair of pistols in his holster." He accomplished his mission after all manner of adventures, and when in Georgia visited the Orphan House, founded by George Whitfield, the Methodist, and was shown an "elegant painting of the Countess of Huntingdon." The length of this journey was about fifteen hundred miles from north to south. He came in close contact with slavery, and was witness to a heart-rending spectacle—the sale of a negro family. "They were driven in from the country (to Wilmington) like swine to market. A wench clung to a little daughter and implored, with the most agonising supplications, that they might not be separated. But, alas, either the master or circumstances were inexorable, and they were sold to different purchasers. The husband and residue of the family were knocked off to the highest bidder." On the way back, Elkanah and a friend crossed the Potomac, and after leav-

ing Georgetown they quitted, by mistake, the main road and spent several hours, before recovering their route, wandering by moonlight among the plantations and by-roads. And the scene of these wanderings, wrote Elkanah, forty years later, was "undoubtedly the locality now occupied by the city of Washington!"

Watson and his friends passed through General Washington's camp at Valley Forge, Philadelphia being yet in the hands of the British, and at last he got back to Providence, in April 1778, after an absence of about eight months, having traversed ten States and travelled nearly two thousand seven hundred miles. This extraordinary young man was now one-and-twenty. I cannot pursue his adventures after his return, but pass to the crowning expedition of his life. "Mr Brown and others" dispatched him to France, again on commercial business, which seems to have been connected with dispatches to Dr Franklin, who was residing at Passy, then a mere village near Paris. And after seeing this great man, with much delight, Elkanah was forwarded on to the Comte de Vergennes, Prime Minister of France, with American political dispatches, and a

line of personal introduction from Dr Franklin.

Elkanah Watson is from first to last extremely reticent about the nature of his business, and leaves us to conjecture what relation it bore to public affairs. But he was important enough to be passed into the Chapel Royal at Versailles, where he saw the King and Queen. "On their entrance the music sounded, and high mass forthwith was performed. They both appeared absorbed in the religious solemnities. The King was somewhat robust, with a full face, Roman nose and placid countenance. The Queen had an elegant person, a fine figure, an imposing aspect and florid complexion, with bright, grey eyes, full of expression." I think this is about the most distinctive description I have ever read of Marie Antoinette.

The following day Elkanah Watson returned to Passy to dine, by invitation, with Dr Franklin. This dinner took place at the house of a neighbour, M. le Ray de Chaumont, and as Elkanah followed the Doctor into a spacious room "several well-dressed persons bowed to us profoundly." These he discovered were servants! "A folding-door opened at our approach and

presented to my view a brilliant assembly, who all greeted the wise old man in the most cordial and affectionate manner."

Young Watson remained in Europe more than five years. He seems to have continued in constant communication with members of the Government at home, and also to have gone into business on his own account, or rather, probably, that of Mr Brown. The scene of his operations was Havre, but he tells the reader very little of what they were. The papers arranged by himself in his old age, and edited after his death by his son, are carefully silent. One would like to have seen the original diary. In 1781 he was again in Paris, and visited "the immortal Franklin, who discussed the all-absorbing subject of the great combination of the French and American forces against Cornwallis." At dawn the following morning Watson was aroused by a thundering rap at his door. Franklin had sent him a circular, struck off by a machine, "and with what unspeakable thankfulness and thrilling interest I read its contents." Cornwallis had capitulated. The missive was a copy of a note from Comte de Vergennes to his Excellency,

Dr Franklin. Paris was illuminated for three successive nights, and all the cities along the Loire were "in a blaze."

In 1782 Mr Watson, then at the mature age of twenty-four, crossed over from France to England, in spite of the remonstrances made by Dr Franklin, who considered that he would "encounter very great hazard in going into an exasperated enemy's country, an avowed rebel, and exposed to the suspicion from my commercial relations of communicating information to American privateers, as well as to diplomatists."

Franklin, however, gave way, granted him a passport, and furnished him with letters to some of the most eminent philosophers and statesmen of England; and among them Dr Priestley of Birmingham, Dr Price of Hackney and Mr Burke. Mr Vaughan, who was in Paris, also entrusted him with a packet to Lord Shelbourne, which he engaged to deliver the moment of his arrival in London, and this fact shielded him with the protection of the English Minister.

Elkanah Watson's experiences in England are well worth reading; and he arrived just at the moment when the English Government had decided to acknowledge the independence of the



States, of which decision he was told by the Duke of Manchester, to whom he had brought a letter, and who impressed him as a man of "elegant person and imposing manners." And here we come to the crowning incident of the memoirs. Mr Watson was in the House of Lords when George the Third renounced all claims upon the Colonies; and the King, in evident agitation, continued, "In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people, make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

When after this "painful duty" had been fulfilled by the King, the House was about adjourning, Alderman Wood came to fetch Elkanah Watson from the gallery, and on the floor of



the House he was met by Mr Burke, who introduced him as "a messenger of peace" to Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, General Conway and others. It is only fair to record that Elkanah Watson, revising his own memoirs, and commenting on the unhappy effect of the previous stubbornness of the King, adds, "Yet I believe that George the Third acted under what he felt to be the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty."

I will not further pursue this singular record, nor linger on Watson's intimacy with Priestley and Watt, nor on his visit to Windsor, when he saw the King and his family, "with a long train of the nobility, walking among the people on the terrace." It is, however, worth while noting that of all the English statesmen Burke most impressed him as "an intellectual giant." He went to Stratford-on-Avon and saw the "little, old dilapidated dwelling, the birthplace of Shakespeare." (And so it remained, none the worse until after 1851, apparently unchanged and unchangeable, unless it had been destroyed by fire.)

In 1784 Elkanah Watson returned to America, where he spent a very busy life of nearly sixty more years. Strange to say, he never once returned to Europe. He became involved in all

manner of public work, and was a great agriculturalist. He never seems again to have found the time for what must necessarily have been a long absence; but he survived to 1842, when the *Great Western* steamship was already making regular voyages across the Atlantic. He saw the United States develop by leaps and bounds. He outlived Franklin by fifty-two years, and Washington by forty-three; and in his later years, when himself past sixty, he built himself a beautiful house on the borders of Lake Champlain, which recalls, in many features of its architecture and in the proportions of its rooms, a reminiscence of the France he had seen and admired before the Revolution.

#### HENRY WANSEY.

*Extract from a work entitled "An Excursion to the United States of North America in the Summer of 1794." By Henry Wansey, F.S.A. Second Edition. Published at Salisbury, printed and sold by Easton, and sold also by Wilkie, 57 Paternoster Row. 1798.*

HENRY WANSEY was an advanced Liberal. His family lived in the west of England, but gradu-

ally moved up to London, and my own earliest associations were with friends who bore that name. It was, therefore, with peculiar interest that I found his little book on the shelf of a private library in Germantown. I think that the unpretentious jottings of a cultivated man tell one more than many a treatise. He himself says that "It will be grateful to posterity to mark the beginnings of an empire not founded on conquest, but on the sober progress and dictates of reason, and totally disencumbered of the feudal system which has cramped the genius of mankind for more than seven hundred years past."

Henry Wansey landed at Halifax in Nova Scotia, having been rather over five weeks at sea. He describes the town as entirely built of wood, and "resembling the small villages on the Thames." Here he notes having seen an Indian family who had come in along shore in a canoe from a distant part of the coast. It consisted of two young men and the wife and mother of one of them. The young woman had a "remarkable" dress. Her cap was made of rushes, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and she wore a dark-blue serge petticoat and a flannel

cloak of a yellow ground embossed with red flounces; her hair was plaited into a long pig-tail down the back, almost to the ground. "I endeavoured," says Mr Wansey, "to hold some conversation with the young woman, but I could not make her understand me. She would only say, 'No English, sir,' which she spoke with great modesty." At Halifax the Englishman and sundry companions heard of a small boat going seventy miles down the coast towards Boston, and they got on board, having stowed in a moderate quantity of provisions—cold tongue, boiled beef, bottled porter and port wine. They touched the coast at intervals, and at one point a Scotchman, from Fifeshire, helped them on with milk at sixpence a quart and eggs at ninepence a dozen (very dear for a hundred years ago). The seamen complained of the price of salt, which had run up to six dollars a hogshead, and was very brown and coarse. This salt came from Turks Island in the West Indies. America then made very little, for her own consumption, of this prime necessary of life. The travellers' supply of meat and bread ran out, and also that of bottled porter, and they were reduced to a fish diet

In his diary Mr Wansey lamentingly observes, "We do not know how time goes. My watch, the only one on board, met with an accident, and does not go, and the fogs prevent our seeing the sun. When we're hungry we eat, when thirsty we go to the water-cask, and when we find nothing to do we go to bed. What a contrast to the busy scenes I have been used to at home." On May the 5th the coasting boat reached the town of Shelbourne, an almost deserted place. The Royalists had founded it, and named it after the English earl who was so marked a figure in the last quarter of the century, but the foundation had not prospered, and the sparse population had much ado to maintain themselves, being so far from markets. "A person who set off with a capital of £2000 could scarcely raise money enough to pay his passage back again, and you may buy there a good house for fifty dollars." Indeed, says Mr Wansey, "The coast of Halifax is a horrid ugly coast," and what, he asks, can induce any man to forsake society and build those houses we see now and then is difficult to conceive. "They must either have been used very ill by the world, or have

used the world very ill." Their exact route we cannot trace, for the vessel neared Cape Cod, and they there saw houses and windmills up the country, and the seashore a flat land for miles. By this time their provisions had sunk very low, which somewhat accounts for the diarist's extreme lugubriousness. "Had for dinner three eggs and three potatoes and a glass of water between us. No hopes of reaching Boston to-night." They came in to Plymouth, "the first English settlement," where he felt the wind very cold and more like March than May.

On the 10th they reached comfortable, busy Boston, and found "great plenty at five shillings a day." Two days later they left for New York in the mail coach, starting at three in the morning, but halted several times on the road for the night, changing coaches. What a journey, taken only one hundred and two years ago! When at last Mr Wansey reached New York city he established himself "at Mrs Lowny's, near the Battery," and here found "Mr Genêt, the late French ambassador; Mr Joseph Priestley, waiting the arrival of his father (the Doctor); Mr Henry of Manchester and Captain Lindsay,



formerly of His Majesty's ship, *The Pearl frigate.*" Mr Genêt was engaged to marry the Governor's daughter. Being a Girondist, he was unable to return to France. "He has bought an estate near Jamaica in Long Island, where he intends wholly to reside. Mr Priestley came out in October last with a view of engaging in the cotton manufacture, but he has now no great opinion of that line."

So far did I copy out textually from Henry Wansey's Tour. It may be worth mentioning that the Mr Priestley, then waiting at Mrs Lowny's boarding-house, in May 1794, with his young wife and a little English-born boy, was my grandfather, whom I can dimly remember in Worcestershire forty years later. In due time the vessel in which Dr Priestley and his wife had crossed the Atlantic reached the Battery, and the pair began that American life which was further from all their former associations than any change which could now happen to old people.

They were very warmly welcomed in New York, and in the journal of Henry Wansey a veil of oblivion, which had fallen between them



and the English world, is for the moment lifted. Doubtless there must be old letters, telling exactly what they saw and how they felt, somewhere accessible, for Mrs Mary Priestley wielded a lively pen.

Presently, Henry Wansey, who apparently had not very much time to linger, set off for Philadelphia. He makes the following note: "I took *Brissot's Travels* in my hands, and passed over the same ground as he did, from Boston, through Connecticut to New York, and afterwards to Philadelphia, and frequently stopped at the same inns. . . . His book gives much information. His meteorological account of Pennsylvania is far less extreme than the fact." This is a gentle, old-fashioned method of remarking that he found the climate rather warm.

When Mr Wansey reached Philadelphia, *Brissot* in hand, I feel sure that the very first hour would have found him standing by Benjamin Franklin's grave. The great old man had been dead four years, and to those who came, full of hope and interest, to his native land it must have indeed been a singular blank that he himself should be gone.

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I leave my subject, Franklin's America—one very dear to my heart—as it was in its first intact strength and symmetry. If the oldest member of the Congress which met in Carpenter's Hall had been called away, his peers remained—Washington and Hancock, Jefferson and Adams yet lived—some of them survived for years. Elkanah Watson was an old man at our Queen's accession—he who had the insight and manliness to recognise that George the Third held, not unrighteously, to a personal loyalty to his own coronation oath. Modern America, in its vast territories and its many complex sources of population, is indeed a changed problem. That old America which was rooted in an English colony, which claimed her freedom while very slightly modifying her beliefs, her social habits, her laws or her literature, is still resistant. It has the firmly-knit quality of the race from which it sprang. It is Franklin's America which holds her own to-day.

## AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE.

THE History of the Oxford movement has been written by many hands, and from more than one point of view. Primarily, in a volume which came to be a classical masterpiece in the lifetime of the author; secondarily, in innumerable letters, memoranda and criticisms of the principal actors, and specially in one other elaborate and most interesting book, Liddon's *Life of Pusey*. Nor have these prose records been the only sources of our knowledge of the most intense intellectual movement of the century. It got itself expressed in architecture all over the kingdom, and sung in Keble's verse from one end of the English-speaking world to the other. If John Henry Newman's life and work were as "futile" as James Russell Lowell considered it to be, he certainly left great records of his futility behind him, and his ropes of sand have

pulled heavy weights along the dirty high roads of one busy century!

But nobody has paid any particular attention to the part played by the wives, the sisters and the daughters of the men whose names are household words among us for praise or for blame, though upon them fell largely the burden and the heat of the day. Newman was unmarried, and Manning's wife was dead, when these men gave up their place and state; but to the wives of more obscure clergymen in every county in England it became necessary to follow their husbands into a bitter exile, and for sisters and daughters, the pleasant places of English life knew them no more. This must happen in all times of great public excitement and change. It was a common and very notable experience in Wesleyan circles, and is not to be put to the credit or discredit of any one religious body; but in this case it may fairly be said that the change and the sacrifice fell upon a very highly educated section of our English community, and that its female members took almost more than their share of the trouble and the sorrow.

One such woman passed a long and busy life in the heart of Staffordshire, and died only three years ago. Often it was on my mind to take the journey which would have brought me within speech of her; for her name and intellectual reputation were well known to me through my friends; but I missed the opportunity, and can now only know her through the pages of Father Bertrand Wilberforce and her own. About fifty separate works, long and short, came from her pen. Of these, three are probably the best known; *The Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan*, a volume full of piety and wit; secondly, *The Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne* (of Birmingham), edited with notes; and thirdly, a volume of poems, entitled *Songs of the Night*. Of one of these latter Newman said that she had given "a brilliant setting" to his *Grammar of Assent*. But she did also a quantity of historical work, and wrote a history of England which was in its sixth edition in the year of the Queen's Jubilee.

Augusta Theodosia Drane was born at Bromley, near Bow, in the east of London, on December the 28th, 1823, and lived to

be seventy-one years old. Her father, who was managing partner in an East India mercantile house, lived in one of these old-fashioned brick houses near the River Lea, which until fifty years ago were a picturesque feature of the east of London.

Mrs Riddell has written various tales about this neighbourhood, and has made it very living to me. The fields and meadows through which the river Lea flows, its banks, bordered by willows and enlivened by barges with red sails, were among Augusta Drane's first memories, and she was at all times remarkably sensitive to external impressions. Her paternal grandfather lived at Bexhill, then an isolated village some miles from Hastings, and half a mile from the sea—"not the calm, voluptuous blue expanse of Devonshire, but a sea constantly more or less stormy, breaking on a wild, desolate beach extending along a flat coast from Hastings to Beachy Head. I loved its desolation, so wild and melancholy." In the "sea lane," grew delicious flowers and mosses; it had a pond, from which the gnats and dragonflies burst in

summer; and the sea sometimes overleapt the high beach and inundated the low lands beyond. From Bexhill Church Horace Walpole had bodily removed a famous east window of painted glass, and had put it up in Strawberry Hill! Another church is recorded among the childish memories of Augusta Drane; it was that of Bromley, in which her father, "being elected churchwarden, created a great revolution by kneeling among plaster and whitewash, and opening up some beautiful Norman arches. He discovered the old convent cemetery, with the bodies of several nuns perfectly preserved with leather rings round their fingers. . . . When it was decided to pull down the little church and rebuild it my father resisted to the utmost of his power. The Catholics offered to purchase it, and he supported their petition; anything rather than that. However, that could not be allowed, and destroyed it was, and the present red brick hideosity erected on its site."

When Augusta Drane was sixteen her parents went to live in Devonshire, and



here she began reading a few books treating of religious subjects. She notes William Wilberforce's *Personal Love of God* as exercising a marked influence on her feelings, and also that she came under the influence of the vicar of Babbacombe, George May Coleridge, nephew to the poet and cousin to the judge. He was apparently the first person to turn her mind towards church history and the spirit of Catholic devotion. When George May Coleridge died, Antony Froude preached his funeral sermon, and alluded to his marvellous gifts as a reader, saying that "He made the Bible speak like a living thing."

The Oxford movement was in progress, and a great deal of its theology filtered into Miss Drane's mind. It was about 1839, and the revival "had not yet taken any alarming developments." I will not further analyse these influences; she was but one of hundreds, and the tale has been oft-times told. In 1844, when she was twenty-one, her father lost much money; she bore the test well, and "grew out of childish ways," beginning to understand that the "really beautiful thing in this world, the only

beautiful, I may say, is unselfishness." In the summer of 1847 Mr Coleridge died, and she felt his loss acutely. He was succeeded by Mr Maskell, and John Keble appears on the scene; but to him she does not seem to have been deeply attracted. She fell ill, apparently from mental worry, got better and went a-hunting by the doctor's orders. At last came the month of February 1848, spent in London, and a dreary time she found the Lenten season, and while she was still there, her mother died. "The homeward journey I cannot bear to think of, nor the return to the roof where I had so lately left her, sweet and beaming as she always was. If there had been an illness, or anything to break the shock, it would have been more tolerable; but to see the rooms, with her work and half-finished letters, and then to go upstairs and see her beautiful face, more beautiful than ever in death, except that those dear eyes were closed, never to look on us again." In the midst of all this desolation the vicar, Mr Maskell, became the chief friend of the family. By this time Augusta Drane had begun writing, not only prose pages on ecclesiastical history,

but a series of sonnets, which she continued to "polish and cut about" all the summer of 1849. She afterwards burnt them all. Now comes up Antony Froude, who still occasionally preached and did duty. "He never touched on doctrine, but his sermons were the most wonderful compositions ever heard; Newmanish in style, but still quite original. We did not know him very intimately, and I think it was as well." This was just before the publication of the *Nemesis of Faith*. "His friends were holding him on to the Establishment, by ropes, to keep him from infidelity; my friends were doing the same kind office for me to keep me back from the Catholic Church. . . . I dare say a year or two more of the life I was then leading would have carried me into what is called the Broad Church. I *think* it never could have carried me into infidelity, strictly so called. In younger days, indeed, I was much taken with Emerson's writing, until I came on a passage where he declares that the whole aim of his life shall be to get rid of the belief in a Personal God. But to disbelieve in a Personal God and substitute belief in the 'Absolutes,' the 'Over-Soul,' and

other things which the peculiar terminology of Pantheism puts for God, was always totally repugnant to my whole mind. Then, as now (written when she was an old woman), I always felt there is one real article of faith—GOD. All the rest is developed from that. Pantheism was, therefore, to me an impossibility, though the love of Nature attracted me to some of its lingo.”

At this time, 1849, Miss Drane stumbled, in Mr Maskell’s library, on three volumes bound in dark green cloth, the title of which took her fancy—*Religious Perfection*. She carried them off—they were by Rodriguez—and into them she plunged as into a pond. She “read them by day, and read them by night.” She read them aloud to her sister, who was considerably bored, and “did not relish the *Fathers of the Desert*,” and when this auditor objected, Augusta went to “Petit Tor,” and read them in the valley. She went “right through them in a week, and then right through them a second time.”

It was in 1850 that Augusta Drane ceased to attend communion in the English Church, and to her surprise and relief her father took her

decision very calmly; not so, when she at last "pulled the string of the shower-bath." It was on July the 1st that she left home for some hours, and, full of her own thoughts, she yet remarked that at every station people stood about and talked in an earnest, terrified way—"Is it true? Has anything certain been heard? Are there any hopes of his recovery?" and so on. As she returned, in the afternoon, after her reception into the Catholic Church, there was a great stir and commotion, and she learned that Sir Robert Peel, thrown from his horse on the Monday, had died on the following day.

I will follow this part of her life no further than to say that, three years later, Augusta Drane entered the novitiate of the Dominican Order, being received by Mother Margaret Hallahan, the foundress of the Congregation of St Catherine of Siena, in a convent at Clifton; and that this occurred on the 7th of December 1852. "It was at this time, in the fresh beginning of her convent life, that the foundations were laid of that life-long friendship with Mother Imelda Poole, which was one of the special graces, as well as one

of the greatest joys, of her life." The latter was novice mistress, and these two were thrown into close spiritual intimacy, which continued for thirty years. The reader who is interested in religious detail will find much of it in the book from which I am quoting. Here are fine words, which describe the sequel to a burst of fervour, when, like St Theresa, she seemed to feel the immediate presence of the Divine. "There was a complete revolution in my spiritual life, and the solid grace lasted when the sensible devotion was withdrawn. But I learnt then how far safer it is to walk habitually in the paths of faith than in the joys of sensible devotion." After this prose quotation Father Wilberforce adds a stanza from a volume of poems which have found an echo in many hearts. I give it for the grave nobility of its wording:—

The joy is over and the rapture fled.—  
Rise then to labour with heroic will ;  
Thou hast beheld those royal waters fill  
Each channel of a life, once dry and dead,  
And o'er its barren wastes new freshness shed.  
Count not the days too rapid or too few :  
They passed away that we our part might do.

And here I pause, and hesitate what to ex-



tract from the volume before me. It is not a long book, and is quite accessible; and there is no page which does not seem to me very interesting.

Augusta Drane became a Dominican nun when she was about thirty years old, and for forty-five years more she pursued a quiet career of unvarying labour, mostly in one place. The Dominican Order is a teaching order, and in the year of her novitiate, 1853, she was transferred, with all the others, to the new, and as yet unfinished, Convent of Stone, in Staffordshire, which from that time has been the mother-house of the whole congregation. It has become a very large place, with schools, a hospital and a spacious church. It is surrounded by the Potteries; and anybody can imagine the multiplicity of business which must be conducted in such a place. The steady plying of Miss Drane's pen, year in and year out, went on as if there were no other claim upon her attention. I can best illustrate it by referring to the list of her books in relation to their dates. She began with tracts and stories, having what would once have been called a pretty talent for that kind of



writing. But in 1857 she produced a *Life of St Dominic*, with a sketch of the Dominican Order, which was translated into French and German; and, ten years later, a *History of Christian Schools and Scholars*, published by Longman, and covering the subject from the earliest times down to the Council of Trent. This book made its mark; and that she pulled through the necessary research was owing to the continual help and stimulus of that other nun, Mother Imelda Poole, who translated from original sources in Latin, and would not let her friend flag till the work was carried through. Augusta Drane said that it had seemed to her as impossible as building the Tower of Babel. It was during the years when this book was in progress that I first heard of the authoress. At this time also she began writing the poems called *Songs in the Night*; but without any idea of publication.

The next book to notice, and perhaps the one which best became known to the outer world, was *The Life of Mother Margaret*. "When Mother Margaret died, in 1866, it was like the fall of a giant oak in a forest,

and a sort of silence fell on all hearts, as though every thing must come to an end." She was a very powerful and original woman, of Irish extraction, but she came over to England from Belgium. No words of mine can reduce in miniature the indelible portrait of her, drawn by Augusta Drane. It is a masterpiece of biography, and as such must be left without quotation. It, also, was published by Longman.

I turn from the books to speak of two men whose names appear frequently in connection with Augusta Drane, Cardinal Newman and Archbishop Ullathorne. The first of the two comes on the quiet scene in connection with Mother Imelda Poole's death. "In the archives of Stone more than one letter of the Cardinal is preserved as a valuable treasure. One was written in answer to sympathy expressed with him when death deprived him of his friend, Father Ambrose St John. "Thank you," he writes, "for your letter so full of sympathy. Everyone who is not cut off himself, has to bear to have his friends cut off from him, for scarcely any two lives are synchronic or

end together. It has been a great shock, but, thank God, not for an instant have I been unable to recognise it as a great mercy. But I do not expect ever to recover from it, and that I do believe to be the intention of it on the part of our loving Lord; it is the infliction, in love, of a wound that will never close. You are one of those who, from the number of years you have known me, can estimate what my loss is."

And when Augusta Drane's dearest friend died, the old Cardinal likewise wrote to her. Mother Imelda, in 1881, was head of the order, and she left Stone at the end of September to visit another of the Dominican houses at St Mary Church. In less than a month Augusta Drane was called, by a telegram, to her deathbed. She found her friend insensible. "From that state she never rallied. The doctors did all that was possible, but without effect. We watched her till 1 A.M., when she died. No agony, no struggle, not a change or distortion on that beautiful face, so sweet in its purity. During that time we twice sang the *Salve*, and the last time we thought there was a

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faint expression on her countenance, as though she heard and understood. I thought it was so; the failing senses had awakened to the familiar sounds of the music so often sung, so specially dear to her during life." These two were old—they had lived and worked together for nearly thirty years—and as the nuns knelt by Mother Imelda's bed it was Augusta Drane who had to read the prayer which bids the soul go forth. "Yes, I bade my mother's soul go forth. I did not get her blessing—not a look—not a word. But it was best so. First, it was God's will, and that is always best. It was the greatest sacrifice I could make, and that is best; and it left no room for nature. Had she recognised me and spoken my name I must have broken my heart by that bed-side; as it was, God had withdrawn her within the veil—His veil—and she was His, all His, nothing of earth left. I thank Him that, in that hour of mortal anguish, He helped me to do two things—to accept it all in peace, and to bow and consecrate myself to serve the community in whatever capacity He may choose."

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On hearing of Mother Imelda's death Cardinal Newman wrote the following letter :—

“THE ORATORY, *Oct.* 16, 1881.

“MY DEAR MOTHER PRIORESS,—Yesterday I heard from Sister Mary Gabriel of your immense trial. But He who is immensity itself will help you to bear it, and will turn it to good. And while your hearts are torn you will feel (I speak from experience) that you would not have it otherwise.

“God prepares us all for that day, which must come for every one of us, whether suddenly or with warning, whether soon or late.”

Cardinal Newman went over to Stone, not for the funeral, but to say mass over Mother Imelda's grave, on the 10th of November; and he spoke, to the community in the Chapter Room of his long friendship, not only with her but with Mother Margaret: “How he was sure they would pray for their children, and hoped they would pray also for him that he might persevere to the end.” He asked to be taken to the two graves, before the high altar in the chapel, and he

knelt down for some time in silent prayer, Dr Northcote and two of the nuns kneeling with him. It was Augusta Drane, whom we will now call Mother Frances Raphael, who wrote, "There was a most wonderful hush and silence all the time, no sound indoors or out, but a profound stillness. It was a dull grey day, but as we still knelt there, one clear bright ray of sunshine suddenly darted through the casement and fell directly on dear Mother Imelda's grave. The effect of that silence and that ray of light was something impossible to describe." One more extract on this chapter of Augusta Drane's life. In speaking of Mother Imelda, some time after her death, to one who had been intimately associated with her, she writes thus,—"The beauty of that soul, as it was revealed to us, is a possession for life. The sisters often speak of my loss: they know little of my possession. It is a possession that we both prize beyond anything which it is likely life will offer us again, and on which to dwell in memory seems to draw us nearer to the angels. So now, as every day draws us nearer to that

other shore, where we see the light of dawn just breaking, it is sweet to feel so sure of one who will be there to greet us when we land. There will be One greater standing there, as He stood on the shore of Tiberias that early Resurrection morning; but those who have gone before us in faith we know that 'He will also bring with Him,' and so shall 'we ever be with the Lord.' This, at least, is no dream, but one of those sure words of promise, which, like our memories, is a possession for ever and ever."

#### MOTHER FRANCES RAPHAEL.

"I now come to the last ten years of Augusta Drane's life, during which she was Prioress Provincial, and governed not only the Convent at Stone, but the other three homes at Stoke-on-Trent, Bow, and St Mary Church; and henceforth I must give her the name by which, among Catholics, she was known from first to last. She ruled over more than a hundred nuns, all working ceaselessly. And another figure, and that a great one, appears on the scene. Bishop



Ullathorne of Birmingham. Stone was in his diocese, and Mother Frances Raphael was accustomed to consult him on every important matter. He was older than she, and predeceased her by five years; and one of her last literary labours was the writing of his life and the editing of his letters: and beautifully she did this. Dr Ullathorne was a powerful and interesting man, judged even from the most secular point of view. In his youth he had been sent on the Australian Mission, and a story is told in connection with the convict settlement on Norfolk Island, in the bad old days. A revolt had occurred among the prisoners, and fifteen of them were condemned to be hung, many of them being comparatively young men. Government was not willing to hurl them into eternity without some sort of spiritual aid, and sent over to Sydney to ask for clergy. But the task was too dreadful. Application was being vainly made to one body after another, till at last the young priest, who had come out from quiet Warwickshire (he had been stationed at Coventry), said that he would go, and, taking his courage in his

hand, go he did, and to what scene! Returning in middle life to England he was made Catholic Bishop of Birmingham in 1850, and worked there for nearly forty years. In 1888 he retired to Oscott, and died in extreme old age. Dr Ullathorne belonged to the order of the Benedictines, and his letters, collected and arranged, with notes by Mother Frances Raphael, are full of varied interest. He lies in the church at Stone.

In July 1883 Mother Frances Raphael parted with six of her spiritual daughters, at the request of the Bishop of Adelaide, and she herself set them off from Gravesend. She wrote a letter to her community at Stone describing the scene. It was the only time this dear woman, then sixty years old, found herself in a crowd and a crush. Fenchurch Street station was almost fatal to the start, four of the sisters being nearly left behind. "Though ludicrous afterwards, this, at the moment, was real anguish. . . . On the steam tender we found the Jesuit Fathers who, much to the joy of the sisters, were to sail in the *Orient* with them. One of these was Father Sturgo, a Sicilian duke,

bound as a missionary to Australia. I made bold to introduce my sisters to them. They were most kind, promised three masses every morning (weather permitting) and every help. . . . I feel sure they will not want for friends. At the last the bell rang. I don't suppose I shall ever see such a scene again. Our own partings were loving and tearful enough, but all the crowd around were embracing and weeping—mothers and sons. One poor lady among the emigrants shrieked on parting with a young man, evidently her son, and kept crying out after he had left her. I could not describe it. Then, after we got down from the quarter-deck, from whence we had to cross to the tender, there came a rush of the emigrants down the ladder after us for more last farewells. This so crushed the crowd together, I really did not know what would come of it; but suddenly a big strong man (unknown) stood by our side, and, without looking at us or speaking a word, extended his arms like balustrades, and kept us safe and sound, shoving off all who pressed on us. S. T. J. said he was a foreigner.

“At last we were on board the tender. All

the travellers came to that side of the steamer, our sisters among them, and there were last farewells, cries, waving of handkerchiefs, kissing of hands, and then cheer after cheer, responded to by those on the tender, altogether a scene never to be forgotten; it made you feel as if all that great crowd were very dear to you, and you were one with all of them."

The *Orient* had to avoid the Mediterranean on account of the prevalence of cholera, and so took a long voyage round the Cape. But the nuns safely reached Adelaide, built their house and chapel, took in novices, and were, after thirteen years, in full working order. Letters came across the sea to the brave English woman who had trained them and blessed them and sent them off in her sixtieth year.

Among other avocations, Mother Frances Raphael was a builder; and one of the happiest days of her life was probably August the 19th, 1855, when the finished church of Stoke-on-Trent was consecrated. She wrote a letter, in which she expressed a hope that "The Holy Angels will not cease to stand around it and guard it, as St Gertrude saw them stand around

the church of her monastery." And again, " I could never tell you the thoughts that have passed through my heart during the past year, as I have seen it rising. Stone upon stone, as they have been laid, have seemed to speak of the patient work by which our spiritual edifice has to be built up by little acts and little words—day by day, hardly seeming to add much, and yet every day a new growth."

A hospital for incurable patients had been one of Mother Margaret's favourite works : she had established one at Stone, and another at Stoke-on-Trent was founded as a memorial of her. A large house, with garden attached, had been secured at Stone, just opposite the church door. As the house gradually became too small some adjoining cottages had been utilised. But the sisters had long felt the necessity of building a proper hospital ward to replace these dilapidated cottages ; and the first stone was laid in October 1892. The street between the hospital and the church used to be called Green Bank, but the local authorities have re-christened it as "Margaret Street."

It is three years ago since Augusta Drane—Mother Frances Raphael—died, on the 29th of

April. She was not very old—seventy-one years of age—but one can hardly imagine a fuller life than she had lived. She failed gradually, from some change in the power of circulation, but in the fullest possession of her mind and heart. “Throughout her illness,” says Father Wilberforce, “she received many letters of sympathy from friends, relations, and even strangers, all of which touched her with grateful emotion. Old friendships and the ties of early life had always kept a loving hold upon her heart, and her affectionate relations with the surviving members of her family were kept up to the end.” She had been very fond of one brother, who had died two years earlier, and his crucifix had been sent by his widow, and was valued by his sister as a great treasure. “She begged, in this last illness, that it might be laid upon her breast in the coffin, and this wish was reverently carried out.” She was laid in the Convent Choir by the graves of Mother Margaret and Mother Imelda, her dear friend. She herself was the third Mother Provincial of the Dominicans of Stone. To this slight abridgment of a very beautiful book I add a few of Mother Frances Raphael’s thoughts and



sayings. They seem to me singularly expressive and often profound.

“Detachment need not be unloving ; it only means putting creatures in their right places ; and our disposition is to be always putting them in their wrong ones. And just as a bone out of place causes exquisite pain, so a creature out of place causes nothing but suffering.”

“I will pray and recommend to the prayers of the community the person of whom you speak. The best thing you can do for her is to get her to see the share which the will has in faith and no faith. It is not at all understood. Get her on that track and you will find something will come of it.”

Apropos of Shelley's Lament. “Thanks for the verses, which I remembered as soon as I read them. Very beautiful ; and, if I chose to shut out my spiritual sense, and call out of its cave my simply natural sense, I could flow into his ‘No more, oh ! never more,’ pretty easily. For to flesh and blood at sixty, when one has survived one's dearest ones, and survived oneself also, the October



and November of life are sad enough; and when I come here (St Mary Church) to the scenes of my youth, and look at the sea and the downs, and remember the days when 'dewy turf was air to winged feet,' I could wail and lament as loud as any.

"But the gain of life is so infinitely beyond its losses that I send my nature back to its cave and repeat, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.'"

Here is a pregnant sentence. "You are quite right in seeking one central point to work from. If you secure this, it will be what in mechanics is called 'the centre of repose.' This differs in different souls, or rather, it is essentially the same for all, because our centre of repose must always be the love of God. But it presents itself to souls under different aspects. If you regard it as the fulfilment of His Divine Will, both in doing and suffering, you cannot have a sounder principle to guide you."

#### SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

Finally, several of Mother Frances Raphael's poems are well known to those who share her

religious opinions and may be admired by those others who have accepted Cardinal Newman's famous hymn. Three of them I select, the first being also chosen by her biographer. These are the last lines of a poem on *Sensible Sweetness*.

The joy is over and the rapture fled—  
 Rise then to labour with heroic will ;  
 Thou hast beheld those royal waters fill  
 Each channel of a life, once dry and dead,  
 And o'er it's barren wastes new freshness shed :  
 Count not the days too rapid or too few ;  
 They passed away that we our part might do.  
 Then forward, gallant heart, nor weakly dread  
 The weary task renewed, the noonday sun—  
 Cold winter, or sharp frost, or chilling wind :  
 Cast coward fears away, nor look behind,  
 For now we know Him we awhile believed,  
 And, certain of the treasure once received,  
 We dare not shrink from work in His dear love begun.

The two poems of "The Lost Flock" and "The Flock Restored" will repay perusal, but are too long for quotation. "What the Soul Desires," is based on a sentence of one of Lacordaire's Conferences at Toulouse. I translate it. "On a given day, at the turning of a street, in a solitary path, one stops short, one listens, and a voice speaks in the depths of our con-

science: 'Here is Jesus Christ.' A heavenly moment, when after so many forms of beauty of which the soul has tasted, and which have failed to satisfy (*qui l'ont déçue*), she decries, with sure sight, that beauty which deceives not. One may accuse such a vision as being a mere dream if one has never seen it, but those who have once seen it can never more forget."

In "Loss and Gain" the singer describes, very sweetly, her early home in Devonshire.

I remember  
The church-tower so tall and grey,  
There it is standing still  
On the brow of its wooded hill,  
You may see it for miles away.  
The Sunday chimes in those olden times,  
What a merry sound they bore !  
As they came on the breeze through the sweet lime  
trees—  
I shall never hear them more.

. . . . .

I remember  
Voices so sweet and low ;  
There was one each morning came,  
With its dear familiar name,  
But it never calls me now ;  
The fireside blaze in those childish days,  
It was all the world to me,  
And whatever befell it seemed to go well  
When I sat by my mother's knee.

Fine lines are those on Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, beginning,—

Within each soul an edifice of thought  
 Is built up, stone by stone, and year by year ;  
 Unseen, impalpable the hands that rear  
 Those lofty terraces ; yea, all unsought  
 Have they their treasures and their labour brought,  
 And built, like coral worms, in secrecy ;  
 We know not when we think, no friendly eye,  
 Resting upon our looks, the moment caught,  
 When on the first step of a mighty stair,  
 Our venturous foot we half unconscious laid.  
 Amid the round of trivial life we made  
 Step after step, and climbed the clouds, and there  
 A sudden gust dispels the veiling haze,  
 Whilst breaks the great horizon on our startled gaze.

#### THE GIFT OF GOD.

“If thou did'st know the Gift of God.”—JOHN iv. 10

Athirst and weary, sitting by the brink  
 Of waters clear and sweet  
 That gush beneath their feet,  
 They hold the chain, and count its every link,  
 Yet, bound by some strange spell, they will not drink.

O parched and fainting souls ! Did they but know !  
 'Tis all our hearts can say,  
 As by that Well they stray  
 With thirst unquenched, while near them, and below,  
 We hear the floods of those deep waters flow.

Did they but know the Gift beyond all gifts,  
 Could but their eyes discern  
 The Beacon whence they turn ;  
 But o'er the desolate waves their vessel drifts,  
 While still the Light its friendly warning lifts.

Oh ! look into their eyes, and read the tale  
Of wounds they cannot hide,  
And thirst unsatisfied !  
Shall they for ever seek, and seeking fail,  
With only light their blindness to bewail ?

Let not the blessing be for us alone :  
We cannot see them die  
And pass unheeding by ;  
Sing Sion's song of joy, and hear them groan  
As, with sad hearts, they worship the Unknown.

Did they but guess at all we have to tell ;  
Our hearts' best blood should flow  
That Gift to make them know ;  
To draw the blinding veil, to break the spell,  
And loose the golden chain into the Well !

Pray, ever pray, 'tis all that we can do ;  
Pray when those eyes you meet  
In throng or busy street ;  
Pray, lifting holy hands, for were we true  
Unto our light, their loss we might not rue.

Pray on and judge not, for a day will show  
Which soul the guiltier lives ;  
He who the light receives,  
Yet strays afar, with backward step and slow,  
Or he who missed the path, but did not know.

Judge not, but trim thy lamp, and hold it high,  
That men the truth may guess  
By its own loveliness ;  
Oh that its rays might reach some wanderer's eye,  
Who, did he know the Gift, would love it more than I !

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## DR ULYSSE TRÉLAT

It was my happy privilege in my younger years to come into close intercourse with an eminent French *savant* and specialist in the medical profession. It is so long ago that I do not remember with whose introduction I first went to the Salpêtrière, that great workhouse and hospital in one, where Dr Trélat ruled; but his wife, who was an intelligent woman, interested in things English, used regularly to invite me to dine with the family on Tuesday, and always placed me next to her husband, so that I got the full benefit of his conversation. He was then about sixty-five, a slender, alert man, with an exquisite expression of intelligence and kindness, and I was adopted into intimacy before I in the least realised how high a place he occupied in the esteem of his contemporaries. Since then his name has been revived in connection with the monumental

work accomplished by the author of the *Rougon-Macquart*, who has said that his first conception of the several books associated under that title was formed after reading Trélat's *Folie Lucide*.

The Salpêtrière, a huge and very handsome building of the date of Louis the Fourteenth, occupies, with its ample grounds, a large site at the east end of Paris. It is near the Jardin des Plantes, and not far from the Gobelins and the Boulevard d'Italie. It is associated with the life and work of St Vincent de Paul, who begged the site of the King, that he might get a shelter for the poor of Paris, and as it was an out-lying place, which had been used as a powder manufactory, St Vincent got his wish. The present building, very similiar to the Invalides, was not completed, I believe, till the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. In 1862 I drew up elaborate notes of the Institution. It contained a vast population of five thousand women, three thousand five hundred of whom were aged and infirm, finding there a resting-place for their last days, and one thousand five hundred were insane or weak in intellect.

M. Trélat was one of the principal medical



officials appointed for this latter department. He lived in beautiful old rooms near the main entrance, and had been at his post twenty-two years. He remained at it many years after the date of which I am writing, surviving, in spite of the delicacy of his appearance, to his eighty-fifth year, and passing through the War and the Commune at his post.

Trélat was born at Montargis on the 13th of November 1795, of an old respected family, of which the members had been notaries from father to son. Notaries in France are official solicitors, required to be of strict, unimpeached integrity. They are men of substance, and *solidaire* each with the others, so that defalcations are impossible. Ulysse passed in medicine as his profession in the Waterloo year. Before his twentieth birthday he joined the army, and was sent to Metz as "*Medecin Militaire.*" The fortress town was full of soldiers suffering from typhoid fever. The young man caught it and was dangerously ill, but pulled through and returned to Paris to continue his studies. When he was four-and-twenty he married his first wife, and for the next ten years his

existence was one of extreme labour. Always remarkable by his scientific aptitudes, and occasionally publishing lectures and treatises, which secured consideration, and of which the subjects were principally hygiene and hygienic legislation, Trélat remained steadily at work until 1830; but in that year the Revolution of July broke out, and he took the Republican side in the succeeding years of trouble. I have never been able to realise that my dear old friend had at an earlier period of his life been mixed up in extreme politics and actually landed himself in the prison of Clairvaux in 1835. He was condemned to a fine of 10,000 francs (£400) and three years of imprisonment for newspaper articles on the Republican side. The fine was instantly paid by friends who loved and respected him, and Madame Trélat rushed down to Clairvaux with her second son Ulysse (who became, in later life, a most eminent physician of a more fashionable and popular kind than his father had ever been), and got lodging in a miserable inn, from whence she visited her husband every day. Trélat fell very ill, and Béranger and Dr

Leuret, another medical man who owed all his successful career to Trélat's friendship, at last prevailed on Thiers, who was Louis Philippe's Minister, to place him in an hospital at Troyes, and in 1837 an amnesty was proclaimed which released him. But for Madame Trélat the trial had been too severe. She died in 1838, leaving him with four children—three sons and a daughter, the former of whom I knew as grown-up men, affectionately devoted to their father. Trélat returned to his profession and, except for a brief interval in 1848, when he was appointed Minister of Public Works and, on his resignation, *maire* of the twelfth *arrondissement* of Paris, he had no concern with politics. In the troubled year of 1849 he was struggling against the cholera in the Salpêtrière. Several of the doctors were carried off, and Trélat very nearly died. I have omitted to say that he had been appointed to the great Asylum in 1839, owing his success to his incontestable ability, and being then forty-four years of age. When I knew him it was *en plein Empire*, and I never remember politics being in any manner discussed at his table. I did

not even know that they had at one epoch of his life cost him dear.

The society of the second Madame Trélat's *salon* was singularly quiet and select. Nobody came there except for some purpose. Not only is the Salpêtrière very distant from the centre of Paris, but the characters of the host and hostess caused them, for different reasons, to act with extreme discrimination. Madame Trélat was the daughter of a lady who belonged to the old *noblesse*, and who had, it appeared, made a *mesalliance* in the beginning of the century when every link in France was loosened; but she had brought up her daughter in the extremes of the ancient mode, which, with advancing years, were, if anything, somewhat accentuated. I believe that the mother had been a patient of Ulysse Trélat's for a considerable period, and that on her death he had proposed to the daughter. Fortunately she had money, for he had none, and had never shown any aptitude in acquiring any. The Republican doctor was assuredly the most unworldly of men, simple and delicate, and the way in which his excellent wife executed a perpetual court minuet round

about him was, on her part, so perfectly natural that it would have required a bold person to hazard a smile. She was a clever old lady, and perfectly well aware of the intellectual rank of the man she had, in middle life, honoured with her hand. They made a charming pair in their advancing age, and the wife certainly was well aware that she had retrieved her social fortunes. She had a genuine passion for things English, and had tea after the late dinner, made by help of a large old-fashioned urn, in which the water would never boil. With her kind face and polite manners, set in the framework of the large old-fashioned rooms, she seemed a genuine relic of that old pre-Revolution aristocracy which read Rousseau and believed in humanity. Schools were her hobby, and the interest of her own sex viewed from the standpoint of a high and refined education. She had somewhat of the traditions of Madame de Genlis; and if she had crossed to England in 1790 she would have delighted in the society of Mrs Elizabeth Carter and of that Mrs Montagu who wrote a noteworthy essay on Shakespeare. Happy times I had in her

*salon*, and I would that everybody in the present day were as well bred. She had an estate somewhere in the country, to which she would convey her old husband when he could get away from his official duties, so that the latter years of Ulysse Trélat were spent in a much more peaceful and prosperous sphere than that of the stormy times of his youth and middle age. And thus he had leisure to mature the one book into which he compressed the quintessence of his thought and observation, and laid thinkers under a permanent obligation by the publication of *La Folie Lucide*, a book which formed the scientific foundation of Zola's masterpiece.

I turn from the man as I saw him to the details of his useful and honoured life; and, as I have already said, he was sent to Metz, as a very young military doctor, in the Waterloo year, "when France gave her youth to the man whose genius had for so long held her in domination, no longer with the hope of glorious conquests but for the defence of their country's idol." After the fall of the First Empire, Trélat returned to Paris, married at twenty-four, and resumed his medical



work and studies. He obtained a post as *interne*, or what we should call house-surgeon, at Charenton, and here it was that he rendered a great service to Leuret, a young man of great ability, who was afterwards able to interfere for Trélat in the time of his own misfortune.

The French and the English are so little known to each other in detail that it is worth while to say who Leuret was in the beginning of what proved to be a remarkable career in medicine. Leuret was the son of a baker at Nancy, and he set off to Paris against his father's wish, possessed by an irresistible passion for medical study. His resources failed, and for mere bread and shelter he enlisted, and was incorporated in the "Legion de la Meurthe," where he was profoundly wretched. His regiment was presently sent to Saint Denis, and here he found the courage to tramp many miles backwards and forwards to the Salpêtrière, where the famous Esquirol was then giving lectures. In the class he seems to have met Trélat, who had then been married a year. But all through the years of the Restoration political conspiracy was rife among the youth of France. They could not settle down to the Bourbon rule, after being born



and bred in the Revolution and educated under the First Empire. Leuret's regiment was particularly compromised and ordered away to Avesnes.

Leuret was heart-broken at the distance from Paris and the doctors, and Trélat, who seems to have been out of this particular trouble, went to the all-important Royer-Collard, the chief doctor at Charenton,\* and laid the case before him.

"But what can *I* do?" replied the great man. "Make another house-surgeon," said Trélat. "That," said Royer-Collard, "I cannot do; but I can name him as external student." "Then," said the undaunted Trélat, "the external student must be lodged and fed, and have fire and lights." "Why not?" said the amiable chief, adding, "but your friend is not free." But he reckoned without Trélat, who rushed off to somebody in the War Office, and so pleaded his friend's cause that Leuret was let off as "*impropre au service*," and given the post at Charenton. In six months he had worked so hard that he was promoted to Trélat's own position. The latter now began lecturing with brilliant success, and his subject was Elementary Hygiene, and his lectures were

\* Charenton is the Hanwell of France.

published in 1825, when he was thirty years old. The substance of the book was new to his generation and aroused great interest. In 1828 he published another treatise on the organisation of the medical body in France (*La Constitution du Corps des Medecins*) and on medical teaching, a treatise which discussed hygienic instruction on the broadest basis, as applicable to colleges and schools. Said he, "It is painful to see remarkable and interesting men ignorant of the very first principles of the organisation of their own bodies and brains." There must have been a strong similarity of ideas between Trélat and Andrew Combe, but I do not know if the Frenchman carried his remarks and instructions into the same depth of intricate detail.

With the year 1830 all this fruitful activity was suddenly arrested. Few incidents in biography seem to me more curious than the total absorption, during more than five years, of Ulysse Trélat in political struggles. What should we have thought if any one of our principal scientific physicians had been suddenly diverted, in his thirty-fifth year, from all his pursuits, and swept off by an association which demanded his intellect elsewhere; for this

was what really happened to Trélat. Like Louis Napoleon, he had mixed up with the Carbonari, and he had the price to pay. His imprisonment at Clairvaux seems to have roused up a passion of indignation among his friends in Paris. I have told how they got him out of durance, and when he was set free he seemed to have passed through interior experiences which modified him for the rest of his life. His ardent love of humanity burnt with the old fire, but he resigned himself to practical work in an immediate sphere. And here comes in a record of a curious friendship. Having been appointed to the Salpêtrière, he found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the most remarkable women who ever inhabited Paris—La Sœur Rosalie, who was a veritable potentate in the Faubourg Saint Marceau. Jeanne Rendu, the daughter of respectable burghers in the Pays de Gex, was somewhat older than Ulysse Trélat, and had come from the Jura Mountains to Paris in May 1802, at the age of fifteen, to devote herself to the life of a sister of charity of the Order of Saint Vincent de Paul. This is no place in which to write or re-write her life, but, as a matter of fact, she had more influence over

French people of every class during the first half of this century than any woman ever exercised. Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Béranger, Lamennais, besought her aid, in common with workmen and political refugees. She was once denounced for having helped rebels to escape, and the head of the common police, who was very grateful to her for some past service, sent to warn her of her danger. At last M. Gisquet, the préfet, provoked by the escape of a man of some importance, signed an order for her arrest, and gave it to his chief functionary to put into execution there and then. The officer implored the préfet to spare this insult to the "Mother of the Poor." Said he, "Her arrest would arouse the whole Faubourg Saint Marceau, and would prove the signal for a riot we should never be able to quell; the whole population would rise in her defence." So she was let alone. She died in 1859, and was buried with military honours, the Cross of the Legion of Honour being laid upon her coffin. Such was the woman with whom Ulysse Trélat was intimately associated in works of charity. It was an association to which "the one brought his science and the other her heart,"

and "what they achieved between them cannot be told in words." I like to think of this episode of many years in Trélat's career, for I have no record nor knowledge of his religious opinions. His was a very delicate and reticent nature, and I never approached the subject with him.

In forming a picture of the way in which he spent his days from year to year, I can refer to my own notes upon the Salpêtrière, taken while he was an efficient chief within its walls. The place was, as I have already said, an immense public hospital and asylum; entirely devoted to the female sex, and containing a population of five thousand souls. It must be remembered that the Poor Laws of France do not in the least resemble ours. There are no workhouses, nor is there, so far as I could ever ascertain, any absolute legal right to subsistence in the last extremity, such as is guaranteed to all English subjects in these islands; but the paupers, the aged and the infirm are taken care of by innumerable charities, partly supported by the State, partly by the church, and partly by private endowment. We in England can now hardly conceive of such a system, its complexity, and

the marvellous comprehensiveness which endeavours to supply every moral and material want. Were our Poor Laws withdrawn, our poor would perish like flies in winter before we could bring to bear a tenth part of the organisation necessary to succour or to train them. But in France these charities, these industrial schools, these thousand and one institutions of all kinds have grown with the ages: they were young while the population was yet scanty and Paris lay clustered about the feet of Notre Dame; and when the great stone walls of the ancient city were laid low, and the leafy ring of the Boulevards encircled the wilderness of streets and houses which it did not any more confine, the charities grew and spread with the suburbs; and now that Paris stretches to the fortifications, and the twelve *arrondissements* have become twenty, each possesses its Maison de Secours and Bureau de Bienfaisance, where public and private beneficence are so inextricably mixed together that it is difficult to attempt to define their individual share.

In 1860, when I became associated familiarly with the Trélats, the Empire was in full



swing and whatever view may be held of its political methods, and its share of responsibility for the dire catastrophe which overtook France in 1870, it is quite certain that there existed an energetic desire to further the interests of the working class, in which the rulers of the Empire took no mean share. During the last twenty-five years a perpetual struggle has been going on between the lay and the religious elements of French life. My own conviction is that the lay element, on the whole, gets the worst of it—a homely expression which expresses the truth. In our own village, twelve miles from Paris, I see the schoolmaster representing the anti-clerical element, but I also see *Sœur Marie*, who was young when she came to us, and is now, dear woman, getting on in life, and I see that no alien power has been able to dispossess her, and that the bulk of the charity still passes through her hands. The politics of a small village, a thousand years old, are very instructive, for men and women are the same *en gros et en petit*.

To return to the *Salpêtrière*. It is a small town in itself. The porter at the gate told

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me that he had once walked round a fortified provincial town in seven minutes, adding, with a shrug, that he should be very sorry to have to walk round the Salpêtrière in anything like that time. The original foundation was in 1656, when the wars of the Fronde had drawn large numbers of indigent people to the capital. In 1662 from nine to ten thousand were sheltered in the building, of which St Vincent de Paul got the grant. In 1860 there were forty-five different *corps de bâtiment*, and a large church in the middle. What may be termed the *élite* of the inhabitants were in no sense objects of charity. It consisted of the *Reposantes*, women who had served in this or other public hospitals for thirty years, and were over sixty years of age. I saw numbers of those old women truly *reposing* after a life of honourable labour, with clean and comfortable beds, in well-warmed and lighted wards, each of which was superintended by a paid female official: these wore black caps to distinguish them from the inmates, and their faces were good and intelligent.

Secondly, the Salpêtrière received indigent

women upwards of seventy, afflicted with incurable maladies. Many of them were spinning, a quaint and beautiful industry silent amongst us in England. The wheel and the distaff procured them a few sous a day. I was taken to see the oldest inhabitant, who was hearty and cheerful at ninety-four, though unable to walk. Until the previous year she had been about her business, whatever that was, but fell in the street and broke a rib. I looked at the frail, dried-up body, from which every morsel of flesh seemed to have disappeared, but from which the vivacious eyes and shrill voice of the French woman still spoke with undiminished energy, and longed to question her of the Paris of Louis the Fifteenth, in which she first drew breath, the gay Paris of the narrow streets and the cobble pavements; and of the great Revolution when she was a woman of twenty, but her *patois* was more difficult to me then than it would be now, and I could not detain my guide.

The wards in which lay those inmates who were in need of constant medical attention, were scrupulously clean and comfortable.

One old woman started up in bed and clutched hold of M. Trélat, insisting upon it that, being of the same generation, he *must* have seen her husband; and thereupon followed an animated conversation about that inimitable man. It was a sight to see the doctor's polite interest in her profound conviction.

Of course I also saw the enormous domestic arrangements needed for a household of five thousand people: the huge kitchen and the linen stores. None of the linen was ironed, but pulled out smooth, folded and laid away. But into the department of the Salpêtrière, wherein M. Trélat's special work lay, that of the insane, I did not enter. Our intercourse was social and philanthropic; and some of the most interesting conversations I have ever had with any human being were with this man, who worked for the poor of Paris on lines quite apart from his special medical work. The groundwork of his nature was an intense sympathy with his fellow-creatures, an intense desire to benefit the world. In medicine he cared chiefly for hygiene, and enforced it in every way, heading the sanitary movement in France. Being

professionally connected with this great pauper asylum, to which he had been appointed in 1839, after the publication of a monograph on the history of the treatment of the mentally afflicted, he turned his intellect on to the larger aspects of the subject, and twenty years later, in 1859, appeared his immortal book. I would observe in passing that, after his unhappy experiences as a politician, he seems to have greatly owed his rapid reinstatement in successful professional life to Leuret, the man who had once, in the beginning of a great career, owed everything to him.

*La Folie Lucide* was an epoch-making book. The exact title is *La Folie Lucide, étudiée et considérée au point de vue de la Famille et de la Société*. It is not a scientific treatise for the use of the profession; it is addressed to all who can read with intelligence, to all who have children to educate and marry. Re-read in the mental atmosphere of these later years, it conveys a warning against what Nordau calls degeneration, and the artistic poem and story of to-day has reproduced as decadence. Trélat considers it is a

subject which ought to call forth our best powers of combat. Never would he have tolerated the notion that it was beyond the remedial powers of scientific hygiene, and never would he have allowed that there was any beauty in decay. As might be expected from the character of his intellect, he was inclined to magnify the physical root of drunkenness, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. But the maintenance of a debatable land between the two arenas of judgment, that of the moralist and the physician, is inevitable. In so fine, so subtle an organ as the brain, whose operations during life must ever remain hidden from our sight, and whose condition after death rarely betrays any but the coarser forms of injury, we shall probably never detect the points at which the feeble and the evil will succumb, and organic mischief commences. In this, as in many other questions, there is a limit of common sense, beyond which we need not press the scientific or the religious statement. Trélat's object in writing his book was eminently direct and practical. It was to assist the judgment of magistrates in administering the law, to guide parents in

the training of children, and to give some broad warnings and efficient rules in regard to marriage and business partnerships. To quote his own words, he "would diminish the number of grand calamities in enabling people to dread, to recognise and to avoid them." He tells of cases where perfect lucidity of ordinary intelligence conceals a passion for drink, a passion for buying everything offered for sale and selling it again at a quarter the price, a passion for a recumbent position, and the well-known passion for theft. I refrain from analysing the book, except in the most cursory manner, only adding that this great master of his subject warns us of the danger of cherishing our fads and crazes, inasmuch as they may end in reacting on the organisations and setting up an hereditary current. To take a familiar illustration: If we dwell with the royal sunflower, the domestic marigold and the intrusive dandelion, steeping ourselves in a blaze of yellow, the day may conceivably come when we shall see no beauty in the gentian and the rose!

I will conclude by a singular anecdote of the time of the Paris Commune. In the year



of the war Ulysse Trélat was seventy-five years old. Although physically weakened by age, the activity of his keen intelligence had not lessened, and he refused to quit the Salpêtrière during the fatal winter of 1870-71, when the struggle to feed its thousands of inmates must have been most severe. Moreover, the great building is on the south side of Paris, not very far from that orphanage on which fell a bomb from the Prussian batteries, killing eight little children in their beds. Even more cruel, to a man of Trélat's sensitive devotion to public interests, were the succeeding weeks of the Commune, and the irruption of a band of roughs, who broke through the great gates. The frail old man heard the noise, and came down the narrow winding staircase which led from his beautiful study into the arch leading to the interior courts. (I describe it because I knew it so well.) He went out into the open, where one of those huge spaces, half court, half garden, familiar to lovers of the old French architecture, separated the Salpêtrière from the town. He stood alone before the drunken mob and tried to summon up the words of



persuasion and rebuke which had been at his command in former political struggles. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Even the Salpêtrière had no sacredness for the Communists, though the mothers and sisters of the people had been its sole inmates from age to age. One of the men put his hand upon M. Trélat as he stood between them and the inner courts. He was for a moment in extreme danger of being struck down and trampled underfoot, and carried off as a "portage" to be eventually shot. But he had secured five minutes' delay at the risk of his own life, and "from the gardens, the wards, from God knows where, from all parts of that immense building, rushed a great flood of *old women*, who surrounded the men, seized on Trélat and made a rampart between their venerable doctor and his enemies; then this human wall took the offensive, marched straight on the Communists, pushing and chasing them away, thoroughly scared (*interdit*) at a manifestation the like of which they had never seen." Anyone who has walked through the wards of the Salpêtrière can well believe that a few hundreds of those old Frenchwomen in a passion would

cause the stoutest heart to quail! This anecdote is related by M. Motel, in the admirable *Eloge de Trélat*, delivered in 1880 before the "Société Medico-Psychologique," from which I have selected numerous details of his earlier life, to supplement my own personal knowledge of the man.

He survived to his eighty-fifth year, passing the cold winters very happily at Mentone, and tenderly cared for by his wife. He never lost sight of ideal good; he believed that the world wanted mending and could be mended. He had a deep insight into human life, and for the last forty years of his own career he lived in the closest practical touch with the greatest griefs of his fellow men, without ever losing his serene power of alleviation. He was a beautiful example of the best side of French scientific life, and in his eyes, as I look into the portrait of him, engraved from a photograph of his old age, I see that illuminating spiritual hope which I am well convinced that he silently cherished, and which kept him so sweet, so serious and so helpful to mankind.

## THE MOMENT OF MIRACLE.

THE accuracy of this title need not be called in question; it is merely chosen as suggestive of experiences common to mankind, but which startle by their suddenness, or their appositeness, or their apparent irrelevance to any known law. The question of what would constitute a miracle has been almost as hotly debated as the question whether any miracle ever did occur. A dear friend of mine, a man inheriting a name distinguished in science and in literature for several generations, has been heard to say, "I wouldn't believe in homeopathy—not if an angel from heaven came down to tell me it was true." But in microbes he did believe, and the exclamation was the sequel to a discussion concerning *l'infiniment petit*, in which the other party had humbly observed that their shoulders seemed hardly broad enough to bear all the responsibility cast upon them.

To microbes the whole world is converted,

and to die by their visitation is a theory which any jury would accept. Little by little the conception of law has penetrated every mind capable of reason, and it has built up an edifice which was never better described than by Dr John Fiske in an address delivered to an American audience on the 13th of last May. The occasion was the unveiling in Philadelphia of the bust of a noted philosopher, and the subject a review of "A century's Progress in Science." Dr Fiske may be said to belong to the school which George Romanes named as of "After Darwin," and on this occasion he piled up facts and conclusions from facts, which he dealt with as closely-fitting bricks in a huge pyramid, which rose before the hearer's mind, standing four square, and of which the solid weight could almost be felt by the imagination. It seemed as if the mental fitness of things must translate itself into the outward universe, and enable us to forecast, to foreordain, to create a whole and perfect life.

But when we, each one of us, come to consider our own experience, we know right well that it is not so. We cannot build our lives up with closely-fitting bricks into a fair completed edi-

fice, and there is no rational probability that we shall ever be able to do so. A bachelor philosopher living alone, absorbed in his ideas and his theories, might elaborate such a thought, though even he might be puzzled by some "*amie inconnue*;" but our philosophers mostly wed like other men, and more than one of them has stood in bewildered sorrow before an open grave and avowed that he felt it to be not only an abiding sorrow but a permanent mental shock. Can anybody out of *Gulliver's Travels* realise the possibility of the human race passing away in a painless old age? Of course we can *imagine* it, but can we sanely see the slightest chance of its coming to pass? We are ever face to face with death in all manner of strange and painful forms, and at all manner of strange, unexpected seasons. One of the commonest emblems in our cemeteries is a broken column—broken short off,—and as death is for ever lurking round the corner, so are the surprises of birth equally unaccountable. Who on earth can forecast a baby? A horse or a dog, a foal, a kitten or a puppy can be, to a certain extent, forecast, and form the basis of trade profit; but a human child is absolutely elusive, being so much more

complex, so much more highly organised than the young animal; the variations mean more. The children in a large family differ in a remarkable manner: they twist back to their grandparents; they revive their uncles and aunts in a most extraordinary manner. A family temper and a family nose will survive many generations. A mad dog is as nothing to the victim of *La Folie Lucide*. He can but bite. One of the strangest things is the transmission of a family wit. The same quips and cranks, the same quaint terms and sudden transitions, will reappear from one generation to another, and sometimes the origin is hidden in an irrecoverable past. The notion that we can modify boys and girls by education, further than by a slow, persistent effort to make them good, has surely passed away with the readers of *Sandford and Merton*. They will absorb religious truth in their own method and measure, and sometimes, alas! "go to the devil their own way." If ever a determined effort to mould the child was made — with high purpose and abundant mental power — it was surely done in Massachusetts two hundred and fifty years ago, and yet—we have all heard



of a group of people connected with a *Scarlet Letter*; and that Colonel Pyncheon, who built the House of the Seven Gables in Salem, was surely dissimilar to his contemporary Fitzjohn Winthrop; nor did that old Judge Pyncheon, who sat motionless so many hours in the darkness, at all resemble *his* contemporary Franklin! Such a cleavage is more remarkable than that between nations. There is an old saying "Expel Nature with a fork and she will come back with a pitchfork."

The whole of literature is a testimony to man's impotence to control his destiny. Every heathen poet looked on him as the sport of superior powers. Unless we are prepared to ignore the verdict of the sages, we must admit Niobe shielding her babe from the shafts of the son of Latona, Polyphemus hurling his rocks, Orpheus plunging into Hell. And as to our own sublime geniuses of the Europe which we know,—if men had been capable of symmetrical arrangement, where would have been the material for Dante and Shakespeare, Fielding, Victor Hugo or Zola?

It is hard to say in which sphere the want of symmetry is most visible, in what men and



women are, or in what fate they find; and when a persistent course of well doing, or reasonable doing, gives promise of an assured result, that result is often sacrificed in five minutes; and conversely, the turn in that lane which seemed to have no turning comes so suddenly that the startled pedestrian blesses his good luck or falls upon his knees. All that I have observed as to the natural diversity of life may be said to tell in favour of the unexpected. Nevertheless, we live in a perpetual effort to find our feet, to tread the solid earth, to sow corn and reap it. Order is Heaven's first law, says the poet; but that order of the constellations, through which "the eternal heavens are strong," is traversed by meteor showers. We never know where to expect them, nor can we estimate their final results, for the meteor showers of the moral life are not dead bits of iron-stone: we can seize them and turn them to our own purposes and make them serve as fruitful seed; and that although they spring from no apparent source, and are more really related to the future than to the past. If a census could be taken of the "moments of miracle" as they appear to

those who experience them, they would be found to be quite as impressive as a record of apparitions or of the phantasms of the living. How often has the crossing of a street changed the current of a human existence! What has become of all the business confided to unaddressed letters? What were those blue ribbons which touched the heart of Damon—and ah! what kept Johnny so long at the fair?

A lady said to me, "My own life's history hung on a conversation between my sister and myself at Charing Cross. We had been out a long time, being strangers to London. She wanted to go one way, and I wanted to go another. She wished to pay a call, but I was tired, and preferred going back to our rooms. However, I gave way, as we were near the place where she was bent on going, and there I met a lady whom I had never heard of, much less seen; and from that purely accidental meeting it came about that I am here talking to you six years afterwards, and seven thousand miles away from the scenes of my youth, and permanently so."

One class of sudden experiences are often recorded, with vivid expressions of wonder

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and alarm; I mean hairbreadth escapes. It is well known that there is an ascertainable average for the people run over in the streets of London, an average of recklessness on the part of pedestrians and drivers which evens the results; but to the individuals an accident is a violent intrusion on all their calculations, and the unreported escapes are never considered in the light of statistical events by the trembling creatures who just shave a cart wheel. A friend of mine remembers, with a shudder, a circumstance which is almost too trivial for report. Having gone some miles out of town to visit a sick man, she set off on her return by a train due at a particular junction, where she intended to alight instead of going on to the main station. As she explained it to me, "I wanted to get on to the narrow gauge." But at the junction the guard's attention was taken by a voluble passenger; my friend could not open the door, and, much to her disgust, was carried on to the wrong part of the town. The narrow-gauge train was wrecked, and for some little time her friends believed she had been killed. She said that the talk-

ing passenger had saved her life! As no railway accident can happen without many people being *in* or *out* of it there does not seem anything very remarkable in A or B being of the number; but if we had been that traveller I think we should not easily have forgotten the voice of the railway guard.

Conversely, it may sometimes happen that a sad fatality hangs on the act of a moment, performed by an innocent hand. A terrible thing occurred in connection with the loss of the steamship *London*, which, many years ago, went down in the Bay of Biscay. An eminent barrister had emigrated early in life, had become a judge at Melbourne, and when past middle life was appointed to a high post in New Zealand, and he arranged for his wife to take the opportunity of the breaking up of the establishment to go home to England to see once more her aged mother (from whom she had been parted for twenty years), saying affectionately that everything should be in order for her on her return. Mrs — was to take over her only daughter, a girl of fifteen, and *two* boys, one of whom she was to leave in England for his education, taking back her

eldest son, who had been educated at Westminster and Oxford, and called to the English Bar. Harry was a fine handsome fellow of five-and-twenty, to whom the judge looked as the assistant in his labours and the prop of his old age. When I asked him if he liked returning to the Colony after several years in England, he answered, with a bright smile, "I love Australia, but I shall miss the opera."

Mrs — had taken the tickets for the family of four, and everything was settled for their approaching departure on an Australian liner, when one morning she came to my mother's house in a state of considerable worry, saying, "The Judge has telegraphed to me, and he wishes us to return in the new ship *London*; he believes it safest." My mother, who was much the elder of the two ladies, sympathised with her friend, but agreed that it was necessary to obey the wishes of the anxious husband and father. The tickets were changed, and after some little delay Mrs — started with her eldest and youngest sons, Harry and master Watty (a little boy of ten), and the sweet

fair girl of fifteen. The loss of the *London* was one of the great tragedies of the sea. She was a very long ship, and it was said that she was laden with iron rails. She "broke her back" in the Bay of Biscay, a handful of sailors escaping in a boat, who, after a long delay, reached Greenwich. When last seen, the poor lady was holding a light to assist the carpenter in a vain endeavour to stop a leak, and saying, "This is all a woman can do." Meantime no news of the ship reached the Colonies. I cannot remember the state of telegraphic communication in 1866, I think the New Zealand cable was not laid. But I know that the judge went vainly, day after day, to some office for the news that did not come; and when at last it did come, he fell in a dead faint upon the floor. His own hand had written the fatal message which had consigned his family to their doom.

In a far distant country a great city lies along the edge of a bay, and a ferry connects it with a suburban train. One May day certain outlying schools held their prize-givings, and the highest Ecclesiastic started for the suburb, accompanied by his secretary, who

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was also in holy orders. They reached the landing-stage of the ferry, to which admission was through a door, and were just a second too late, this door being literally shut in their faces as they came up. But in that moment they were recognised, much to the consternation of the men on duty, and the latter were overheard wrangling as to whether they should re-open or not, the orders being strict in a country where accidents are frequent. But the bell rang, the boat started, and the two clergymen sat on a bench for twenty minutes, much vexed at missing the appointments at the schools. When at length they got across, telegrams were flashing through the sea to the city. The train which met the previous boat had fallen through an open drawbridge, and nearly thirty people were smothered in the mud of the inlet. Terrible was the consternation, for it was believed that his Grace was probably one of the victims; and truly to himself the closing of the barrier door must have seemed a moment of miracle.

A strange incident happened in an American state, which may be attributed to divine guidance or to a fortuitous coincidence, but



must, in any case, have been extremely startling to the man whom it concerned. A parish priest had been sent for by the head of a Priory at some distance. He was detained until late in the day, and on setting out to return on horseback was overtaken by the dark. Crossing a wide waste field the animal suddenly stopped, and no persuasion would induce him to stir another step. The priest thought that the horse probably smelt or saw a dead body, equine nerves being very sensitive or, at least, are supposed to be so, and he peered anxiously ahead, but could see nothing. At last he threw the reins on the neck of his beast and said angrily, "Go where you like," fearing he might not get home that night. The horse wheeled round to one side and got through an aperture in the field, and went up to a house wholly unknown to the rider. The priest knocked at the door, and a woman came out with a light, of whom he asked his way and also some help in buckling up his saddle, which had slipped. The woman looked up at him, saying "Are you a priest? My husband is dying." He, of course, alighted instantly,

went up to the sick man, who was a Catholic, heard his confession and gave him absolution, and then hastened back to his own home. In the morning he started back to the lonely farm with the needful requisites for giving the last sacraments to the sick man. But he found him already dead.

The story was told to me at first hand. It may have been a memory on the part of the horse. He may have lived in the stable of that farm, and been fed with sugar and apples. But take it how one will, it must have seemed to the three people concerned a most extraordinary and blessed coincidence.

My next anecdote is widely different. An intimate friend of my own, a woman known to all her generation, a friend of John Stuart Mill and of the whole range of intellectual and free-thinking England forty years ago, was travelling with her husband in America. Of the two *he* was the more inclined to mysticism, though by profession he belonged to one of the most positive of sciences. They were at St Louis, and were proposing to take a boat for New Orleans, the said boat bearing the odd name of the

*Eliza Battle.* The arrangements had been made by the husband, and were all complete. But in the night, my clear-headed friend, who scoffed at every kind of superstition, got a sudden and utterly causeless objection to the steamer. She went to the quay with her husband, saying, "I will not go by the *Eliza Battle.*" He was much upset, saying she was a good boat, and a respectable boat, and it was all settled; and how *could* she be so foolishly unlike her sensible self. She was driven to bay, and had no defence, but simply said, "No, I will not go by the *Eliza Battle*;" and, of course, her husband, grumbling much, had to give in. The *Eliza Battle* never reached New Orleans. She went down on a "snag"—one of those uprooted trees which used to be, and perhaps still are, the great danger of the Mississippi.

My friend used to tell this story, with half-laughing scorn of her own solitary bit of wilful superstition, which, nevertheless, saved both their lives.

There are two departments of human life in which, by common consent, the unexpected is expected. I refer to the meet-

ing of Dante and Beatrice as a world-consecrated example of love at first sight, and to the spiritual flash which blinded Paul on the road to Damascus, which I regard as having indubitably happened, to whatever source the reader may attribute the impression made upon his mind. People may conceivably attribute the authorship of Shakespeare's plays to Lord Bacon, but nobody possessed of literary discrimination can doubt of the identity of Paul running through the letters claimed by him, nor of the overwhelming, sudden nature of his change of front. The breaking down of the barriers of the spirit is a phenomenon attested by hundreds of witnesses and common to all generations.

When Dante saw Beatrice, when Petrarch saw Laura, when Michael Angelo saw Vittoria Colonna, it was, in each case, a fateful moment, which was to be translated into sound and echo down a long series of generations. The marriages which are made in Heaven seem chiefly those ideal unions which result in world-wide singing. The soul's partner shoots out of the blue like a meteor by night. This

is so old a theme that it is difficult to select illustrations: they crop up in the memory, sublime and pathetic, humorous, or with a touch light as the down of the thistle.

All ways at once my feelins flew  
Like sparks of burnt up paper,

says one well-known youth.

Jack meets Jill at a railway station, sees her as she is impressing her destination on a porter, and straightway his soul is consumed within him, till, with infinite art and three weeks' persistent inquiry, he finds out her name and address, and ends by leading her to the altar. I have often reflected on the illustration of the gentleman in the nursery rhyme, who so suddenly asks,—

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?

and straightway requests the girl to marry him. The words suggest a meeting and not an overtaking, and I can remember no time of my infancy when the song was not familiar to me. I had a nurse with a very sweet voice, and a musical young aunt, and they both sang it. "Look before you leap," says the proverb. Every scrap of English

verse of the old-fashioned, healthy sort advises young people to leap as soon as they have looked, and it is pre-supposed that the intuition is mysteriously accurate. And this is the strangest thing of all, if one comes to consider it, that no one blames it upon any level, no one considers it foolish, no one ever utters a word of warning. Whether the attraction be of the shepherd for the shepherdess—painted on a thousand fans—or of some high poetic strain, “*sanctifié de toutes les manières*” (as Mrs Craven said of her lovely love story), the common sense, or rather the common feeling, of mankind ratifies it.

Here, then, is a main issue of existence at the mercy of the entirely unforeseen; and it is one of our national boasts that it is so—that we lay no plots nor plans for Jack and Jill.

And for a final word of deprecation, without which it might be thought that the argument is too trivial; here, as in so many spheres of thought we are face to face with the irreconcilable. To the law of averages, into whose capacious maw all these anecdotes can

probably be swept, as if they were so much intellectual dust, is opposed the irresistible experience of each one of us; direct impressions, which are facts to be counted with, unless we are the hopeless sport of illusion. If Balaam's ass did not see an angel, and if a dog never saw a ghost, at least we men and women are absolutely constrained to acknowledge that we are personally insecure, and at the mercy of somewhat which we can neither see nor foresee; and we have to deal with the uncertainty as best we may, and by the help of whatever aid we can lay hold of. The greatest blessings and the sharpest griefs come to us in this way, and not in any other; and the wisest man is not he who lays the best plans for the future, but he who can best summon up faith and courage to meet the unforeseen.



## AN ENGLISH SAINT.

IN the stained window of the Catholic church on the hill he stands clad in a bright red garment. He lived and died so long ago that it is difficult to grapple with him. Six hundred and thirty years have passed since his death, but when we read that he came from the Shires, being a Worcestershire man, that Richard and Alice de la Wyche were his parents, that he got his education at Oxford, Paris and Boulogne, and died Bishop of this diocese, he becomes a little more real. He had the same touch of character which has broken out in England again and again. He believed in the multiplication of alms. Having suffered a great loss by fire, he remarked, "Perhaps God sent us this loss to punish our covetousness," and immediately began giving with renewed vigour. The early Methodists reasoned in just

the same way, and so does, in modern days, George Müller of Bristol, or General Booth.

St Richard, for he it is, died in a hospital called God's Home, at Dover. He was preaching a crusade, by order of the Pope, when he fell sick of a fever. He left so great an impression on his contemporaries that he was canonised only nine years after his death; and out of the forgotten subjects of Henry the Third he stands up like a landmark, a man of many prayers, of many languages, and in Catholic belief of many miracles also.

Another Saint connected with this Sussex village is St Anselm, the contemporary of William the Conqueror and Rufus. He founded the Parish Church. As he is a well-known political Archbishop of Canterbury, only one quaint story of him shall be quoted from Alban Butler. One day as he was riding to his Manor of Herse, a hare, harried by the dogs, ran under his horse for refuge, at which the Saint stopped, and the hounds stood at bay. The hunters laughed, but the Saint said,

weeping, "This hare puts me in mind of a poor sinner just upon the point of departing this life, surrounded with devils, waiting to carry away their prey." The hare got away, and he forbade her to be pursued, and was obeyed, not a hound stirring after her.

And methinks this should be painted for the Society for the Protection of Animals.

The pages of Alban Butler contain the most extraordinary and even fantastic stories of the conflict between the powers of evil and the powers of good, and they have acquired a new interest, read in the light of modern learning, for other than members of the Catholic church. The reasoners of the last two hundred years, when speaking of good and evil influences, have always conceived of them as working through the intellect, or at most, through the power of example only. In all the moral tales that ever were written, the good man is supposed to prove the beauty or the use of goodness, and the wicked man leads astray, by

persuading the weak brethren of the delights of sin. On either side of the question some amount of reasoning is brought into play. That any creature could breathe forth holiness, or exude moral contagion, was a notion relegated to the domain of forgotten superstition. But now comes science, and declares that the power of one creature over another may be direct, and exercised in an occult and mysterious manner of which we as yet know little or nothing. We are even quite uncertain of the limitations imposed by time or distance. This is precisely what our benighted ancestors were perpetually saying; and that not only in reference to the religion of the Middle Ages, but in latter time, when English and American courts of justice were absorbed for days and weeks in questions about old women and the evil eye. The notion has not yet wholly died out before the School Board. Within the last twenty years an old man was barbarously ducked for witchcraft at Hedingham in Essex. The neighbours were convinced that he deserved it.

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FROM THE GOLDEN WEST  
IN 1890

FROM the gates of the Golden West, which look across to Japan, have come two bright young spirits into this green corner of old England. They sit in a panelled room and interview me on all manner of questions. They seem, curiously enough, to live in an Elizabethan dream, so that answers have to be sought for in the depths of the past.

What happened in that neighbouring monastery, and why couldn't Delawarr save it when his own cousin was actually the abbot? Oh, what a shame! (Certainly it was, but just now it is a long way removed from being a matter of party politics, and there are many burning questions about which we are more uncomfortable.) And what an extraordinary thing to be in the very country of saints. (Heaven save the mark.) Why, St Richard lived here, and so did St Anselm, and it is credibly certain

that St Thomas à Becket dwelt for a space at the top of the village. Said E—— to-day, "I never thought about the saints at all till we came to Europe. We got holidays on the principal saints' days, and the children had nice things to eat; but that the saints were *people* was never real to me—you know we had only St Rose of Lima of our own, and she was, after all, a South American. While here they are all round!"

I showed them Selsey Bill, projecting into the glimmering sea miles away, and told them that there St Wilfrid had landed and built his church, whose site is now buried beneath the waves; and how his people had to come up to Chichester and built anew. Then I had to explain (so far is California from our ecclesiastical standpoint) that England was twice Christianised, and that the high Anglican party stoutly declare that they came down from the first missionaries and not from the Italians. But to the robust Californian mind this was a distinction without a difference. I could hardly make them understand what I meant. The Church they knew, and the Methodists they knew, and a third body which

they called the Episcopal; but of the fierce struggle within the latter fold itself, of that it seemed to me they had never even heard. Unmitigated was their astonishment at the famous reredos of Chichester Cathedral, and at the beautiful altars of the parish churches of Arundel and Madehurst, with their unlighted candles. In no part of England is the inner history of the Reformation writ with more outward clearness than here. It is to be seen with the eyes how hard Elizabeth strove to hold to the external decorums of the Catholic faith. For her the Dissenter existed not, and far and wide every parish church cries out piteously that it desires to be Catholic without the Pope. But I entirely failed in explaining this to my very intelligent children from the Golden West. From submitting to be myself interviewed, with the help of two immense volumes of county history, lent by the kind rector, and supplemented by volumes of Alban Butler, sent down by our priest, I took to interviewing *them*. It is very seldom that one can obtain a native born and literary Californian, and I made the most of the opportunity! For instance, in regard to the dis-



inction between Democrats and Republicans I was anxious to know in what manner the Conservative (or Republican) vote affected the Church, and here I was made to understand certain remarkable developments caused by the immense difference between Europe and America. A real Republican Tory is a true blue, who objects to any change in the sacred constitution; he is therefore likely to look at everything from a Puritan standpoint, and to be greatly opposed to the spread of the Catholic Church. He will, as far as he gets the chance, impose limits on emigration; and I understood that he would probably be a Protectionist, which seems to be about the only point on which American and English disputants can use words in common, and even here it is cotton and wool which are to be protected. You cannot protect corn when you grow so much that you could not eat it all if you tried. So that when the interlocutor pushes the question home and tries to get at the *verité vraie* of the political passions of San Francisco, it seems that the protection of home-manufactured goods is *the* point on which the conflict of parties touch. Every four years the mighty Union is convulsed

from end to end upon issues of which this is the ostensible pivot.\*

Just as we had arrived at this conclusion, the bells of our two village churches began to sound softly—from the more distant St Richard's at the top of the hill, and from the famous chime of St Mary's, founded by St Anselm, and now the parish church. And I said to my young Californians that it seemed to me that a young growing state, composed of such different races as those which congregate in the Golden West, must, before long, find deeper subjects of political division, fundamental differences such as divide our people over here. Cotton pocket-handkerchiefs and steel knives are poor motives of contest. The education question must surely come to the point, and so must the laws relating to marriage. What about divorce, for instance? Oh, well! *all* the Christians of every church and sect were getting frightened, and there were symptoms of a fight in the future. So also

\* This was a genuine statement made seven years ago, and written down at the time. Since then not only California, but every State in the Union has been called upon to decide not only upon the silver question, but on the much deeper questions which do divide our people over here.

in regard to the common schools. At present they were universally attended by Catholics, and a large body of teachers were of that faith. But no reference to religion was allowed on any side, and the clergy were trying to get their own schools. My young friends expressed considerable fear of any edict which might come between Catholic teachers and their present means of livelihood through the State.

I asked what had become of the famous old Spanish Missions, and was told they were absolutely gone from the face of the land; and the old chapels of the Jesuit Fathers, with about four exceptions, are either in ruins or visited as antiquarian curiosities. The church in California is entirely an American or an emigrant church. The orders are numerous and full of ardent activity. The most influential of the nuns is Mother Russell. She is at the head of the Sisters of Mercy in San Francisco.

And what, I asked, has become of the Spanish race? Improved away with very rare exceptions, and the Indian congregations utterly scattered, only a low and savage type of Indian remaining. Nothing can with-

stand the devouring energy of the Yankees. They fell like locusts on California in 1848 (the beautiful novel of *Ramona* tells the tale) The Spaniards all fled down to Mexico, the Indians north and west.

And *now*, what of the real source of education and of the "culture"? I was assured that all the new books crossed the huge continent week by week. Where the bones of the first emigrant trains lie whitening in the sun, cargoes of newest published matter rush by on the great railroad. There is no difference in this respect between San Francisco and New York. And the houses of the rich merchants are literally crammed with works of art bought in Europe.

And the Society? There exists a knot of families who live in the suburbs, literally in a high place, and associate and intermarry. Really and metaphorically they "sit up aloft."

And the heathen Chinese? Ah! he is a perennial difficulty. To prevent him from stealing across the Pacific, and smuggling himself in by various contraband inventions, is the ardent desire of every good Californian.

Then, reflecting on the very various types of mankind gathered together in the Golden West—a greater variety than Melbourne or Sydney can show—I fell to reflecting on the untold difference which the gradual expansion of the Catholic Church must make in California. For the church is rigid not only in doctrines and in morals, but also in the subtle influence of the education it bestows. Children from the Golden West are frequently convent-bred, and gracious and obedient as any good grafts of the old stock. Only in their freer intelligence could the Republican surroundings be traced. And I regard it as certain that the one influence which can prevent the people of the United States from pursuing a path of hopeless divergence in language, custom, and the infinitely more important realm of morals, away from the standards painfully wrought out in Europe during nineteen centuries, is that of Catholicism. The church created our civilization out of the moral chaos of the break up of the Roman Empire. It made us what we are in all our main lines. Compared with these, the changes wrought at the Reformation, though full of incipient danger, are as

yet of small account. There is every reason to hope that American life will be more and more subjected to the same powerful moulding, and that, according to the ardent desire of my two visitors, the States will ultimately achieve saints of their own growing, when the mass of the people are gathered into the fold.

## THE OLD NEW YORKER.

FOUR square volumes lay upon a shelf in a room whose windows looked out upon the broad waters of Lake Champlain. They were bound copies of a newspaper, edited by Horace Greely in 1838-9. I read them with intense interest for the revelation they afforded of the public of those days. The *New Yorker* was a real newspaper, but looked more of a magazine than a newspaper, so far as its contents went. It contained picturesque essays, good poems by Bryant and Mrs Sigourney, and thoughtful reflections upon all sorts of subjects. It was published in a New York wherein were no Irish emigrants, no Tammany Hall, as yet no Ward Beecher; even the anti-slavery movement was hardly to be traced in its broad pages. Its literary standards were entirely European, and it contained a touching moan over the death of L. E. L. at Cape Castle, and a long letter about the tragedy from Mrs S. C. Hall.



It so happened that I could remember that time very well, for a dear American uncle came over to see his sisters in England, and he took back with him a young aunt of mine, so much his junior that fellow-travellers thought she must be his daughter. When he went away he gave me a bright golden sovereign; and I was told that he was going in a steamship. It was the second voyage of the *Great Western*. And here, in the old newspaper, was a curious bit of history from the other side of the sea. A window opened on the wide familiar bay, showing the vast crowds upon the quays, and carrying their very voices to the ear of the imagination.

It tells how the "whole city" (New York) "was thrown into a state of great excitement by the arrival of the much-talked-of steam-packets, the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*. The former grounded while entering the harbour, on Sunday night, but came up early the following morning, and anchored off the Battery. The intelligence of the gratifying event spread rapidly through the city, and in an hour the Battery and adjacent piers were crowded by people of all ages, sexes and con-

ditions, who stood gazing, in mute admiration, at the gallant barque that had thus boldly and successfully breasted the billows of the broad Atlantic."

"At eleven o'clock it was announced by the Station Island telegraph that the *Great Western* was in the offing; this redoubled the interest already excited, and the interest of the multitude (now increased to fifteen or twenty thousand), was directed to the Narrows. In a short time the great steam leviathan made her appearance, looming above the water like a man-of-war. A shout rent the air as she approached the city, and on rounding to, she was saluted with a gun from the *Sirius*, and nine vehement cheers from the immense multitude along the shore. . . . A scene of greater interest and excitement than that presented by the Battery on Monday last has not been witnessed in this city since the landing of Lafayette. . . . The practicability of the enterprise is no longer a question. Here are the ships! and Dr Lardner, who, for the last five years, has been demonstrating the impossibility of crossing the ocean by steam, may as well rub out his old calculation and commence anew."

After a short sojourn the *Sirius* set off on her return to England, carrying twenty-six cabin and twenty-one steerage passengers. Letters "expressed" for the nearest English port were expected to reach London in fifteen days.

In a later sheet we are told that "the return of the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* to England appeared to have created quite as great a sensation as their arrival in America." At Bristol the bells were put in requisition, guns were fired, a meeting of the stockholders called, and votes of thanks and congratulations bestowed upon Captain Hoskin and others engaged in the enterprise. "Some think the captains of the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* should be knighted."

The average time of transit was fifteen days, and the larger ship made eight miles an hour, the smaller seven. When they started on their return passage heavy bets were laid on their speed. In the same issue of the *New Yorker* we learn that the Prince de Joinville had arrived in New York and taken lodgings in the Astor House. He issued several hundred invitations to a grand ball on board the *Hercules*, at Newport.

In this October of 1896 I see that the same Prince de Joinville is advised not to attend his great nephew's wedding in Vienna, by reason of age. But is it not wonderful to think that he was a grown young sailor Prince when the steamships first crossed the sea!

Looking over these old pages, I am struck with the variety of local events, and of the keen interest in English books. There is just a word about Longfellow and Washington Irving and Fennimore Cooper, and the picturesque and heroic Indians figure largely. But at last I found a most familiar and much-loved name.

Here is a portrait, from an American pen, of Her Majesty at nineteen years of age. It is prettily done and worth transcribing.

"Perseverance and a couple of halfcrowns have conquered, and I have passed two hours in the immediate presence of royalty—in full view of the Queen. . . .

"She attends public worship once on the Sabbath, in a small private chapel in the Palace of St James; and as this chapel is only large enough for about one hundred

persons, and many of these must be the official and regular attendants, it is not a matter of course that one can get a seat there whenever one chooses. However, being a Yankee, I resolved to try, and arrived at the door at half-past ten. . . . We had just begun to despair, when the door was cautiously opened, and the three foremost managed to squeeze themselves in; and after a few minutes another scramble commenced, and I found myself in the ante-room with the second instalment." The American gentleman finally got an excellent seat near the desk. The preacher on that day was Dr Thackeray.

"Well, the clock has struck twelve—the clerk has been thrice to the Queen's gallery to mark the places in Her Majesty's books, and leave a memo of the text—the prayer reader has opened at his place, the strangers are all seated and the doors closed. The important moment at length arrives: a young lady appears in the royal seat, who is at once the observed of all observers; the people rise, and the service commences.

"You know I have had the felicity of beholding the face of Her Majesty two or three

times before—at the opera, at a concert and on horseback in the parks (when, like all other ladies, she appeared to the best advantage); but as this last was a much better view, and indeed as good as I could have had in a drawing-room, I will give you a brief memorandum.

*Imprimis*, then, I think Queen Victoria is pretty; her features are rather small and regular, complexion fair, lips thin and mouth exquisitely little, eyes prominent and ‘beautifully blue’; as to figure, I cannot report officially, but they say she is quite short, yet not so plump as to be at all ungraceful.

“I knew you would require a special bulletin of the dress, and, therefore, took observations. Items—a plain white chip hat, with a small light blue feather on one side, ribbon to match, and a little wreath inside of blue and orange. Items—a plain white lace pelerino; and that’s all I can tell you. But, with no prejudice in her favour, had she been seated elsewhere I should have called her much the prettiest girl in the room, as well as the one most tastefully dressed, *because* with the most simplicity. The Princess Hohenlohe, who ac-

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accompanied her, and the ladies-in-waiting, seemed to imitate their young mistress in this respect, and the taste for gaudy finery, as seen occasionally among the plebeian ladies below, never appeared more ridiculous.

“The Queen joined audibly in all the services and chants, and was very attentive—standing at the usual times, in full view of nearly all the chapel. She seemed much annoyed at being stared at so much by the strangers; and I for one endeavoured to spare the modest blushes on her pretty little cheeks as much as possible. The service was uncommonly well read, and the chants and anthems well worth coming to hear. I liked particularly the manly and unaffected tone in which the prayers were said for ‘our sovereign lady Victoria.’ The sermon was faultless enough, but, like all I have heard in England, rather commonplace.”

In this same letter the writer, whose name does not transpire, was admitted to the House of Commons by sending in his card to Mr Wyse, the member for Waterford (Bonaparte Wyse, who had married a daughter of the Lucien, Prince of Canino), and there he saw and heard great things. “Little Lord



John Russell" was quite warm about a bill which had been returned from the Upper House with ninety-two new clauses. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley replied; O'Connell "came along puffing and blowing;" Lord Melbourne and the Duke "made sad work in speechifying." The latter was already "getting old and somewhat infirm."

"But Lyndhurst and Brougham are the giants."

As to her girlish Majesty, she seems to have fairly bewitched the traveller (probably, by his remarks, a Bostonian gentleman and the father of a young, well brought up family), for he winds up his interesting letter with a description of the Prorogation of Parliament, the Royal Horse Guards on their coal black chargers, — "Yeomen of the Guard, in scarlet laced frocks and ruffs, the same as in Queen Elizabeth's time," and then the young Queen in an open carriage drawn by the famous eight cream-coloured horses. The American gentleman was within three feet of her, and said she was richly dressed and wore a coronet of diamonds. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albemarle were with her, and "Her

Majesty looked sweetly and in excellent health, with a smiling face, and seemingly quite at her ease. She bowed gracefully on each side to the crowd."

This pretty bit of description was all I could find of this gentleman's writing in the *Old New Yorker*. In the next numbers of the paper, the editor redressed the balance by criticism of English Institutions, but the hand was not the same.

## THE LAND OF RUMOUR

DESCRIPTION OF A FOREIGN COUNTRY NOT TO  
BE FOUND IN ANY GEOGRAPHICAL TREATISE  
WHATEVER

THAT there are certain mysterious realms occasionally visited by mortal sailors (and marines), but engraved on no chart published by Mr Stanford, is well known to all poets and readers of poetry. It was the dim tradition of Atlantis that tempted Columbus to brave the unknown sea. Somewhere within a ring of charmed waters lie buried the fragments of Prospero's broken staff. The Galway peasant, looking at sunset over the waste of waters, sees upon the horizon the cloud ramparts of the Happy Isles. Peter Wilkins wedded a winged wife in one of the colonial departments of the Realm of Wonders; Rasselas dwelt from infancy to manhood in its happiest valley. Odin built the halls of Valhalla upon a mountain peak, and the city where the inhabitants were magically transformed into

coloured fish is situated upon one of its silver lakes. Indeed, space utterly fails me for even enumerating the provinces of this fair kingdom of imagination, nor can I so much as mention by name more than a poor half-dozen of its distinguished inhabitants. But it may not be irrelevant to mention that the *Argosy* was a most distinguished vessel in its navy, and its commander, Jason, an admiral of the first rank. The *Flying Dutchman* was perhaps the lightest craft in its merchant service, and the barque in which the Ancient Mariner laid low "with his cruel bow" the harmless Albatross, was a famous wreck among the annals of its marine disasters.

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind ?

asks a lonely voice. I regard the answer,

The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind,

as in the highest degree unlikely and unsatisfactory. It presupposes that the supernatural abhors a vacuum, about which we know nothing; whereas we do know that many ships went ashore on the Loadstone Islands, and that

Robinson Crusoe was wrecked merely by reason of a high wind. Let us stick to facts.

This being an age in which every contribution to our geographical knowledge is eagerly welcomed, I am encouraged to devote a few pages to a single province or minor kingdom, with which I have an intimate acquaintance, having frequently been compelled to visit it, much against my will. My readers must not therefore conclude that it is a place of detention, for I can assure them that the most harmless people are oftentimes seized and carried by main force across the border, and that they are lucky indeed if they escape without being nearly torn to pieces.

THE LAND OF RUMOUR lies within a too convenient distance of our own country (indeed, its denizens are sometimes described with a *clin d'œil* as "somebody not a hundred miles off"), and its times and seasons are contemporaneous with our own. Its inhabitants are distorted representations of ourselves, and their words are compounded from a Celtic, Latin and Saxon stock. Its streets are filled by a moving population, who buy and sell, feast and bury; and one of their main occupations, which they ever pur-

sue with whimsical earnestness, is marrying and giving in marriage—particularly the latter.

Innumerable exciting events are always turning up in the province; but though each is worth a passing word, it does not really please the people unless it overtops that fine line which divides our earthly commonplace from the mysterious and the horrible. But of such there is no lack. Murders, ghosts, deadly quarrels, are the occurrence of every hour, and the mercantile houses are always on the brink of failure or making a million of money a day. Clerks abscond, partners cut their throats, balance sheets won't add up, accounts are cooked. Villas Suburban are supported out of capital, "kites" are always flying in the wind, and "stags" tossing their antlers in the city streets. So much for commerce; as for credit it is nearly unknown, except in the way of creditors. The domestic column of the news-vendors is still more melancholy, since the finer feelings of the heart are, or ought to be, involved. Nobody but the *authentically informed* could believe the quarrels, the alienations, the heart-burnings. Husbands and wives, I am sorry to say, are rarely harmonious in the Land of

Rumour. Something in its atmosphere is alien to domestic peace.

Even the physical phenomena of this strange region are alarming. The very air is full of whispers, low and loud, soft and thrilling; they are wafted about on the tree tops, and may be seen floating in a thin vapour round the heads of the inhabitants, sometimes hiding them from each other, sometimes blinding their eyes and causing their steps to go astray. They may not unfairly be called Children of the Mist; and this brings me to the most remarkable and even awful phenomenon of all connected with this Land of Rumour. It is that each of these inhabitants is a duplicate of one of our own human race. Fortunately we do not all so suffer, but people of eminence, and especially politicians and preachers, dwell there in such distorted representations as we might behold in one of those concave or convex mirrors which were at once the terror and the delight of our childhood. Such a one I remember hanging on a nail in a quiet room in the country. A room lined with old books; the scent of sweet peas flowing in with the summer sunshine, and



scarlet leaves of the Virginian creeper making the desolate autumn bright. This mirror was so constructed that when you looked in the glass on one side you saw your face widened from ear to ear, like the pictorial representations of little Jack Horner eating his Christmas pie; and when you looked in the glass on the reverse side it was elongated from forehead to chin, like a tragic nurse in a pantomime. The mother who bore you would hardly have known that face for her own child's, so queer, so quaint, so lamentable, so pathetic, and so awfully unlike yourself was it, with yet an unmistakable vestige of individual identity, which made it a travesty of *you*, and of nobody else. Not long ago, the very Best and the very Greatest was so travestied. The name is not needed.

I have read in fantastic German romances of travelling knights, who, when riding through the dark green alleys of a forest, would suddenly see another figure pacing slowly to meet them, who on a nearer view, proved to be indeed another self—a demon wearing the same aspect—who haunted them in battles, and crossed them in love, and ever came in

just in the nick of the moment when it could do a mischief. I have also heard of that poet who was one day summoned by his servant, saying, a stranger waited to speak with him; and the poet rose and left the study, and began slowly descending the stairs of his house towards an unknown man at the bottom, who kept his face shrouded in his cloak. When the poet came close to him, the strange man dropped his cloak, and the face which the poet beheld was *his own*; and he turned and fled.

More terrible than the lonely figure in the woodland glade, more ghastly than the shrouded visitant, bearing a message from death, more distorted than an image in any mirror, convex or concave, is that image of our unconscious selves, because it is perhaps the worst part of this too vital phantasmagoria that we are seldom visited by our own Doubles. Occasionally, it is true, we may meet such a one face to face, and are terrified by the awful apparition; but it far more frequently happens that it goes about secretly, doing and saying the most atrocious things, covering the living man with shame and ridicule among his neighbours, who persist in believing it is *he*.

What absurdities does it not utter! What eccentricities does it not commit! Sometimes it soars into crime, of which the dark blame is laid on that man's shoulders; at others it stoops to follies, for which he must needs pay the penalty of a bitter blush. Our Ugly Doubles! Would to heaven that they did face us boldly, and let us know what they are at, instead of skulking about behind our backs in the Land of Rumour.

But there are other great peculiarities to be noticed apropos of this subject. While we see and know comparatively little of our own Doubles, except by the reports our friends kindly bring us (and which usually begin thus, "I really think you ought to know—;" or else, "I cannot imagine you to be aware of what—"), it is quite wonderful how much we know of those supernatural images of our neighbours. We cannot go to a social party without meeting at least a score of Doubles of the—absent. They float and buzz in all corners of the room, bringing down the last news from their country of shadows, and almost persuading one that they are of flesh and blood. So that we know, as it were, two

people in each of our acquaintances; the real individual whom we see with our sober eyes, and the mystical reflection of his or her identity projected from the Land of Rumour. And though you might think that the clear, vivid outlines of the human being would throw the vague form or the Double into confusion, yet it is not so; we *know* the one, yet we suffer ourselves to believe in the base vulgarity of the other—and not only among those to whom we are personal strangers are we injured by the spectre of ourselves. And what is truly wonderful is, that not people only, but also places are subjected to this terrible law of another realm. There is a foggier London and a sunnier Paris in that mystic land; and the sublimity of the one and the brightness of the other are equally defaced and distorted. Our Doubles go about doing evil and foolish deeds in a Regent Street and a Rue de Rivoli of their own; and whenever you hear that any one of them has been committing anything particularly mischievous, be sure that the locality also is defined, and that a particular house in a particular street at a particular hour are registered as belonging to that particular deed.

I have perhaps said enough to draw the attention of intelligent observers to an unexplored region which would well repay further investigation. It is true that many of our contemporaries of the press are known to retain special correspondents at high fees, who report direct information from the Land of Rumour. But their communications are not made in a philosophic or scientific spirit. They are imposed upon by every freak of the Doubles themselves, which they retail at considerable profit; and they attempt neither description nor analysis, regarding them simply as phenomena, after the manner of Auguste Comte. It appears, on the contrary, to me that these creatures act after the ruling of an interior law, and that at least the sequence of their actions is extremely invariable. For instance, you seldom hear of a Double conducting itself with grace, nobility, courage, fortitude, or talents. It is usually *maladroit*, ignominious, cowardly, impatient, and stupid. Sometimes, indeed, it exhibits a certain sentimental benevolence, but even *that* is a travesty of the judicious energy with which eminent public characters in England prefer to be credited.

History furnishes us with many examples of the freaks of Doubledom; such, for instance, as that of the Highland girl at Lucknow. Do you believe that Jessie in the plaid shawl ever heard the airy notes of "The Campbells are coming"? Or that the Iron Duke in the thick of the fray ejaculated, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

But of all the prowling shadows that ever distorted history, perhaps that of Richard the Third was the most malicious. Though the king himself was a comely young fellow, his Double counterfeited deformity, and did so many cruel and wicked things that his very name became odious. No succeeding monarch ever dared to run the risk of his son becoming a Richard the Fourth! Then there was a king of the same unlucky name starved to death in Pomfret Castle—was *he* a Double or a genuine creature? We know not. Did a true William Tell shoot the apple off his little boy's head? Who counterfeited Joan of Arc and married a French noble? Is it true that Henry the Second never smiled again? or that Eleanor sucked the poison, or Blondel sang to a lute? And, chief of all mysteries, *which* was the real Mary

Stuart? Which of the two? for two there were! Was it the lovely lady who charmed all beholders, the gay demoiselle of France, maturing by trial into the resigned woman who lived with pious dignity and died with mingled charity and fortitude? Or was it the astute female fiend?

It is the chief glory of a great author when he bestows helpful beauty on the phantoms which he makes to live for ever. He is now said to be less than literary. Yet it were a blessed thing to be less than literary with Elizabeth Rundle Charles, Longfellow, and Scott.

THE END

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