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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS.

VOL. II

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

ESSAYS.

REPRINTED FROM REVIEWS,

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

A NEW SERIES.

BY A. HAYWARD, ESQ., Q.C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ESSAYS.

VARIETIES OF HISTORY AND ART.

(From the Edinburgh Review, October 1866.)

Causeries d'un Curieux: Variétés d'Histoire et d'Art; Tirées d'un Cabinet d'Autographes et de Dessins. Par F. Feuillet de Conches. Tomes Premier et Second, 1862; Tome Troisième, 1864: Paris.

The title of this book is untranslatable. There is no English equivalent for *causerie*, which is something less formal, continuous, and pretentious than 'conversation,' something more intellectual, refined, and cultivated than 'talk.' An earnest preoccupied man may converse: an over-excited or coarse-minded man may talk; but neither the one nor the other can *causer* in the precise French acceptation of the word. Boswell says, 'Though his (Johnson's) usual phrase for conversation was "talk," yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with "a very pretty company," and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, sir, we had 'talk' but no conversation; there was nothing discussed."' On another occasion, however, when he said there had been good 'talk,' Boswell rejoined, 'Yes, sir, you tossed and gored several persons.' Positiveness, loudness, love of argument and eagerness for display, are fatal to *causerie;* which we take to consist in the easy, careless, unforced flow of

remarks, fancies, feelings, or thoughts,—the results of reading, observation, or reflection: begun without defined object or formed purpose, and continuing its course like Wordsworth's river which 'windeth at its own sweet will,' or Burns's verses when he trusted to the inspiration of accident—

> 'And how the subject theme may gang,
> Let time and chance determine;
> Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

In strictness, therefore, perhaps the title of *causeries* should only be given to such a book as we should call 'Table-Talk.' But we are not disposed to quarrel with M. Sainte-Beuve for giving it to his valuable collection of familiar essays, critical and biographical, the justly celebrated 'Causeries de Lundi;' still less to find fault with M. Feuillet de Conches for bestowing it on a book which, without any extraordinary stretch of fancy, we can imagine to have grown out of conversations with persons of congenial pursuits,—the scene varying between the library, the picture-gallery, the museum, and the collector's cabinet. Each freely and frankly communicates the discoveries he has made or the information he has collected: the *pièce justificative*, or illustrative document, in the shape of an autograph letter, manuscript, engraving, or portrait, is produced or appealed to: then come inquiry, comment, amicable difference, and discussion; till materials are accumulated for a book rivalling the 'Curiosities of Literature' in erudition, and far surpassing it in accuracy, penetration, and suggestiveness. Indeed, we have rarely met with one which opens so many fruitful fields of inquiry, supplies so many important topics of speculation, or brings the critical faculty so pleasantly and profitably into play.

The tendency and utility of such a work are so obvious that there was little need of the apologetic

preface of sixty pages, addressed to the celebrated advocate and jurisconsult, M. Chaix d'Est-Ange. Considering how chronicles, journals, correspondence, household-book, news-letters, broad sheets, loose scraps of every kind, have been ransacked and turned to account by recent writers of note,—the literary world in general, and historians in particular, would seem to be sufficiently awake already to the value of well-authenticated details and contemporary evidence, however homely and minute. M. Philarète Chasles might safely have been left unanswered when he exclaimed, 'What care I about the patience or scrupulousness of a former frequenter of the Alexandrian library who should have saved for me, in twenty-five volumes folio, the *billets-doux* of Cleopatra and the bills of her washerwoman and jeweller.' Twenty-five volumes in folio would be a large order, but can it be doubted that Cleopatra's bills, to say nothing of her *billets-doux*, would help to throw light on the habits and manners of the lady, the country, and the time? Can M. Philarète Chasles have forgotten the philosophic reflection of Pascal that, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed? Minute personal details have been rightly treasured by biographers; and we feel grateful to Mr. Forster for printing the bill of Goldsmith's tailor, Mr. Filby of Water Lane, although it does not specify the charge for the famous peach-coloured coat which provoked the sarcasm of Johnson.

At the same time we are not sorry that M. Feuillet de Conches has been seduced into a vindication of his plan; for, if superfluous, his preface is the opposite of commonplace or dull. It comprises a brief and rapid but masterly appreciation of the leading French memoirs; and after illustrating by instances the advantages of biographical details and private letters in estimating books as well as men, it proceeds to give

proofs of the serious liability incurred by authors who are content with secondhand authority.

'When we write a book, it is our reflection, our reason, that speak; we express only our ideas, sometimes only the hypocrisy of our ideas. When we write letters, we more commonly express our sentiments and our passions. Read, for example, the elegant pages in which Sallust raises altars to poverty, proclaims the ineffable sweetness and the eminent dignity of the Stoic moralists, stigmatises with burning declamation, with virtuous anger, the corruption of Rome, the extortion in the provinces. Is it after reading this that we shall recognise this Sallust, the corrupter of the domestic hearth, the bloodstained tribune, the slave of Cæsar, the impudent extortioner, whose famous museum-gardens were built with the gold and the tears of Numidia? Incredible power of abstraction! prodigious miracle of taste and art! This man, branded with infamy, talks of virtue like Cato: pen in hand he becomes virtuous.

'Shall we believe also in the disinterestedness of Seneca, in his philosophy, his austerity, his clemency, by reading nothing but his moral treatises, from which morals seem to flow rather than words. Read his life, and you will avert your looks. Alongside of some real public and private virtues, what shameful weaknesses! What infamy and crime! He knew how to die: he did not know how to live.'

When Seneca wrote his treatise in praise of poverty, he had some millions sterling out at usurious interest; and it was the pointed saying of South, that when he (Seneca) recommended people to throw away their money, it was with the view of picking it up himself.

Amongst moderns there is the familiar tale of Rousseau, invoking parental care for infancy and sending his own children to a foundling hospital; and the less known contrast between the published sentimentalism and the private conduct of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the author of 'Paul and Virginia,' who has been handed down to posterity, upon the not quite unimpeachable

testimony of his wife, as a man of desolating egotism, violent against the feeble, mendacious with the powerful. 'I have gathered from the mouth of an intimate friend of this worthy woman,' adds M. Feuillet de Conches, 'the most startling anecdotes of this pretended good man.'[1]

Fortunately for poor humanity, there is a compensating process or principle simultaneously at work, by aid of which the private characters of authors neutralise the repelling impressions of their works. The Count Joseph de Maistre has proclaimed the hangman the keystone of the social edifice. He has deliberately laid down that, in the study of philosophy, contempt for Locke is the beginning of wisdom; that the Essay on the Human Understanding 'is most assuredly, deny it who may, all that the absolute want of genius and style can produce most wearisome;' that Bacon is a charlatan; that the *De Augmentis* is 'perfectly null and contemptible;' and the *Novum Organon* 'simply worthy of Bedlam.' No writer of anything like equal eminence has given expression to so startling an amount of prejudice, illiberality, and insulting arrogance in his books; whilst his familiar letters teem with proofs of a kindly and loving nature, of candour, toleration, and Christian charity.

We are also told to be on our guard against drawing too broad an inference from some one memorable passage or action with which a name has been inextricably and disadvantageously mixed up. 'If there are certain cries of the heart which paint the entire man and betray the secrets of his soul, he may in an emergency let drop ill-considered words which are in contradiction to his real sentiments, to his whole life.' Or, to adopt the language of Bruyère, 'Je ne sais s'il est

[1] The groundlessness of the imputations based upon this testimony has been fully exposed by M. Aimé Martin in the 'Introduction to the Correspondence of Bernardin de St.-Pierre.'

permis de juger des hommes par une faute qui est unique, et si un besoin extrême, ou une violente passion, ou un premier mouvement, tirent à conséquence.' Thus, we are not to believe Barnave a Robespierre because, when the death of Foulon was announced amidst the indignant murmurs in the Constituent Assembly, he exclaimed, '*Le sang qui coule est-il donc si pur qu'on ne puisse en répandre quelques gouttes?*' He lived to make ample reparation for this outrage. Nor will it be forgotten that the Vicomte de Bonald was honest, firm and high-minded, although, hurried away by intolerance, he impatiently replied to those who objected to making sacrilege a capital crime, '*Eh bien! les coupables iront devant leur juge naturel!*'

In order to inculcate the value of documents, M. Feuillet de Conches has unsparingly exposed celebrated authors who have proceeded on the *mon siège est fait* principle; and he relates an anecdote which will be new to most readers. M. de Lamartine, meeting M. Alexandre Dumas soon after the publication of the History of the Girondins, inquired anxiously of the famous romance-writer if he had read it. '*Oui; c'est superbe! C'est de l'histoire élevée à la hauteur du roman.*'

It would seem that the taste for rare books and autographs leads to frequent neglect of the tenth commandment and occasional breaches of the eighth. A friend calling on Archbishop Usher found him busily engaged in placing his choicest books and manuscripts under lock and key, a precaution which he explained by mentioning that he expected a party of bibliophiles and collectors to dinner. 'What most of all and still afflicts me,' complains Evelyn, 'those letters and papers of the Queen of Scots, originals and written with her own hand, which I furnished to Dr. Burnet, are pretended to have been lost at the presse. The rest I lent to his countryman, the late Duke of Lauderdale, who

never returned them; so as by this tretchery my collection being broken, I bestowed the remainder on a worthy and curious friend of mine, *who is not likely to trust a Scot with anything he values.*'

A Scot is not always on the safe side in these matters. Sir Walter, after mentioning the sepulchral vase of silver sent him from Athens by Lord Byron, says that there was a letter sent with this vase more valuable than the gift itself. 'I left it naturally in the urn with the bones, but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station; most gratuitously exercised, certainly, since, after what I have said, no one will choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.'

With such tendencies abroad, M. Feuillet de Conches is quite right in warning collectors against the predatory habits of their associates; although, when he comes to particulars, his own personal grievances may turn out more imaginary than real.

'We need not go out of France in search of such adventures. Woe to the too confiding collector who forgets that of King Candaules; another Gyges might nefariously cut his throat after robbing him of his treasure! The lords of the literary world know full well how to cajole them at need, these poor collectors. One while they publish their autographs, in spite of the owners; one while they borrow what they never return, or do not even deign to cite their names whilst making use of their treasures.

'"Sicut canis ad Nilum, bibens et fugiens." Thus Lord Brougham, to whom, through the channel of an illustrious academician, I had lent letters of the eighteenth century for his notices, published at Paris, of Voltaire and Rousseau, has profited by my communications, and has not indicated the source, so that, without falling into the grasp of the law, I should not even have the right to reprint what belongs to me.'

No such consequences could ensue, had Lord

Brougham withheld the required acknowledgment; and in the preface to 'Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III.,' edition of 1855, we find, 'Besides the letters of Voltaire, communicated by Mr. Stanford, and which were given in the former editions, there are some of his, and one of Helvetius, now inserted, which had been given in the French edition, having been kindly communicated by M. Feuillet, a gentleman of great respectability.'

Another story is apparently so well authenticated by references that we may assume it to be true in the main. It relates to the Mallebranche correspondence, purchased at the Millon sale by a collector and lent to a *grand philosophe* (not named) who forthwith made arrangements for publishing the letters and refused to return the originals.

'Philosophy, I presume, has privileges which simplify the domestic economy of property, and are denied to vulgar simplicity. "Oh, physics! preserve me from metaphysics," exclaimed the great Newton every morning of his life. The poor collector would not give in. He appealed to the authority of the worthy and loyal academician (the witness of the loan). Vain effort! A common friend, the author of the excellent edition of Pascal after the originals, was not more fortunate. Plato hugged his prize, *his* by right divine.

'Comply with the conditions, objected M. F . . . ., or restore. He who has bought and paid is the lawful owner. To print in spite of him in the *Journal des Savants*, would be the violation of his right; for, after all, if he brought an action against you, what right could you allege? "*My right*," replied the philosopher, with a vivacity which had at least the merit of frankness, "*My passion is my right.*"'

Taking for granted, then, that the value of original documents and evidences of all sorts, as well as the rights of property in them, are established by the preface, we proceed to the main body of the work,

which opens with an attempt to ascertain what are the oldest manuscripts and likenesses, painted or carved, that are proved by history or tradition to have once existed: how far down they can be traced; and when they were destroyed or lost sight of.

The sacred Archives come first, and questions arise, what became of the tables which Moses deposited in an ark?—or of the copies of the law which the successive kings of Israel were directed to write out? or of the title-deeds which, like that of Hanameel's field, 'were put in earthen vessels that they might continue many days'? The wars of the Jews, their eventual subjugation and dispersion, with the repeated spoliation or destruction of the holy buildings in which their archives were deposited, sufficiently account for the disappearance of the originals at an early period; including the original of the Septuagint version of the Bible, made (277 B.C.), from a copy, for which, according to Josephus, an enormous sum was paid by Ptolemy.

The persecutions of the early Christians, and their scattered state, will equally account for the rapid disappearance of the autograph epistles of the Apostles and the other writings composing the New Testament. There is not so much as an authenticated scrap of the handwriting of any of the Fathers of the Church. The Greek copy of the Evangelists, known as the Codex Alexandrinus, in the British Museum, is assigned to the beginning of the fifth century, and the tradition attributing it to St. Thecla, one of St. Paul's virgin converts, is apocryphal at best. The pretended autograph of the Gospel according to St. Mark is still shown at Venice in a dilapidated, fragmentary, and utterly illegible state. Such as it is, it was brought with great ceremony from a convent in Aquileia in 1420, and is held to be nothing more than a devotional compilation for the use of the nuns. The autograph of autographs (priceless as the seamless coat) could it be recovered, would be the

letter of our Saviour to Abgar, Prince of Edessa, promising to send a disciple to cure his leprosy and teach his people the true faith. An Armenian historian of the fourth century, who gives the text of the prince's application and the reply, says that Abgar, after having been baptized by the Apostle Thaddeus, wrote to Tiberius to confirm the miraculous life and death of Christ. St. John of Damascus relates the same incident with modifications. Procopius, in the time of Justinian, mentions this holy letter, then augmented by a postscript promising the city of Edessa that it should never fall into the hands of enemies; and in 940 A.D. the Roman emperor got possession of it; that is, he procured from Edessa a document in Greek which was there treasured as the original. He had it magnificently framed in gold and jewels, which probably caused its destruction; for it disappeared for good and all during the revolution of 1185, when the people of Constantinople rose and plundered the imperial palace.

Copies have been preserved; the oldest extant being one in the Escurial, made by a monk in 1435; and the authenticity of the epistle was first questioned by a celebrated philologist of the fifteenth century, Laurent Valla, who went so far as to deny the existence of Abgar. The controversy was learnedly and conscientiously revived by an ecclesiastical historian of repute in the last century. 'But,' remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, 'knowledge and good faith are not criticism.' So, spite of this testimony, the epistle in question has been long since relegated to the company of counterfeits, with the text of the sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, with the letters of Christ which fell from heaven after his ascension, with the letters of the Virgin and the verses of the Sibyls, with the letters of the Devil (of which facsimiles have been published by Collin de Plancy), with the letter of the same Pontius Pilate on the life of Jesus Christ, and finally that of

Publius Lentulus, which gives, from life, the portrait of the Messiah.

The letter of Lentulus opens a subject of the deepest and most reverential interest; but it has been so fully and admirably treated by Lady Eastlake that a bare outline of the main argument may suffice in this place.[1] This famous document purports to be a report from a Roman proconsul to the senate, describing from actual observation the form, features, voice, bearing, look, and manner of the Messiah:—the pure and open brow, the rich wine-coloured (*vinei coloris*) hair parted in the middle and falling on the shoulders, the clear blue eyes, the regular features with their grave yet sweet expression; painting, in short, so far as words can paint, the very *beau idéal* popularly received of the mortal attributes of the Divine Founder of our faith. It has been confidently alleged that this letter was extracted by Eutropius from the archives of the senate: that several Fathers of the Church made mention of it; and that portraits were painted after it by the command of Constantine the Great. To all this, the decisive reply is, that there was no proconsul named Lentulus in Judæa at the period: that no trace of the letter is discoverable in Eutropius: that none of the Fathers (including St. Augustine, who speaks of pretended portraits of Christ) make mention of it; and that the earliest notice of it occurs in the fifteenth century, when the famous preacher, Père Olivier Maillard, produced it in macaronic French.

Not content with these strong grounds for incredulity, M. Feuillet de Conches maintains that it would not be difficult to arrive at the source of the forgery, to

[1] 'The History of our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art, &c. Commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson. Continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. London: 1864.' We refer to the Introduction. See also 'Recherches historiques sur la Personne de Jésus Christ,' by Peignot, 1829.

pick out word by word the elements in the different traditional portraits in writing which lie scattered amongst the Fathers or the Greek ecclesiastical writers. He proceeds to proof, and a valuable piece of criticism is the result; from which we shall simply borrow an episodical passage or two on the startling doubt which long vexed and divided the Fathers, namely, whether the Divine Essence was reflected in the beauty of the outward and visible form, or hidden, for the wisest and best of purposes, under a mean and unattractive exterior.

The New Testament gave no help to either side. The Old Testament inflamed the controversy by an apparent diversity. 'Thou art fairer than the children of men' is the inspired language of the Psalmist. 'He hath no form nor comeliness,' is the similarly inspired prophecy of Isaiah. The holy disputants, as was their wont, declined any rational explanation or reconciliation of the texts; and as no reference was made to the authority of Lentulus, the fair inference is that none of them had ever heard of him. St. Justin declared positively for ugliness: 'By appearing under an abject and humiliating exterior, our Saviour did but add to what the mystery of the redemption offers of sublime and touching.' Tertullian was strong for the same theory: 'Ne aspectu quidem honestus.' 'Nec humanæ honestatis fuit corpus ejus.' 'Si inglorius, si ignobilis, si inhonorabilis, meus erit Christus.' The pagans, accustomed to deify beauty, saw their advantage and struck in. 'Your Christ is ugly,' exclaimed Celsus with true Epicurean logic, 'then he is not God.' The three great divines of the Western Church, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine, stoutly held out for beauty; and the opposite opinion, discredited in Europe, was eventually confined to the Manichæans and some doctors of the East.

It may be collected from these disputes that no re-

liable image or representation of the form and features of Christ has been handed down by tradition. There is also much weight in the remark that the most ancient effigies are stamped with a Greek or Roman character, both in physiognomy and costume, without any trace of the Arabian or Israelite type. Thus, before the Byzantine style fixed *à la grecque* the face and costume of Jesus, the paintings of the Roman catacombs gave him a Roman face and clothed him with the toga and the pallium. Dating from these productions, there have been two principal types: the type of the Western Church and the type of the Eastern; varied to infinity by degrees of civilisation, by race, by manners, and by clime. 'The Greeks,' says Photius, 'think that He became man after their image; the Romans, that He had the features of a Roman; the Indians, that of an Indian; the Ethiopians make Him a black.' Black Virgins, we need hardly repeat, were painted and carved in ebony according to the received tradition, and still abound in Catholic countries.

The extent to which some of the great painters have travestied sacred subjects is familiar to all students of art; and the liberties taken by a ruder school are amusing by their mingled absurdity and singularity.

'In some of his pictures Rembrandt made Abraham a burgess of his time,[1] and the Messiah a burgomaster of Saardam. In the old paintings representing the fall of Adam and Eve, it is not uncommon to find the forbidden fruit varying with the country or province. In Normandy and Picardy it is the classic apple, one of the riches of the country; in Burgundy and Champagne, the bunch of grapes; in Provence and Portugal, the fig and the orange; whilst in America it is the guava. The guide to the paintings of Mount Athos prescribes the fig. The fig-tree is under the

[1] There is or was a picture, of the Dutch School, in which Abraham is about to kill Isaac with a blunderbuss, and an angel intervenes in a manner resembling the expedient by which Gulliver saved the royal palace of Lilliput from the flames.

protection of a Greek saint, Theodora, named the fig-eater. In Greece, then, it is generally the fig which is adopted on account of the sweetness and abundance of the fruit. In Italy it is sometimes the fig, sometimes the orange, according to the province, or caprice.'

The Venerable Bede, not content with giving the names and ages of the Magi or wise men of the Epiphany, enters into minute details of their personal appearance and their respective gifts. Thus, Melchior, a white-haired sage, offers the gold: Gaspar, beardless and fresh-coloured, the frankincense; and Balthasar, dark and full-bearded, the myrrh. Bede followed the tradition of his age, the seventh century. But what did Cardinal Mazarin follow, or direct to be followed, when he ordered for his gallery an unbroken series of portraits of the Popes, beginning with St. Peter. A similar series has been reproduced in mosaic at Rome, and may also be seen in the schools of theology at the Seminary of St. Sulpice; the portraits being about on a par with those of the Kings of France, beginning with Pharamond, at Versailles, or those of the Kings of Scotland at Holyrood, which (as Sir Walter Scott relates) elicited an acute criticism from a Persian ambassador. Addressing the housekeeper who was doing the honours, he asked, 'You paint them yourself?' and on her modest profession of inability, he continued, 'You no able? you try, and you paint better.'

The establishment of the National Portrait Gallery under the auspices of Earl Stanhope and the discriminating superintendence of Mr. Scharf, and the Exhibition at South Kensington, have enabled us to take stock, as it were, of our possessions in this line of art, and to determine with tolerable certainty which of our earliest portraits may be accepted as authentic, i.e., as paintings from the life. The earliest known in our time was the portrait of Edward III. in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. This was destroyed by fire in

1834, but careful copies had been fortunately taken from it for the Society of Antiquaries in 1812. The earliest extant, of recognised authenticity, is the portrait of Richard III. in Windsor Castle, where, however, there is a portrait of Edward IV. which good judges (including Mr. Scharf) are inclined to think genuine. They are not so sure of Her Majesty's portrait of Henry IV., although some put faith in it, strengthened by the features and costume. The earliest of the genuine pictures in the National Portrait Gallery is a Richard III., next in quality and equal in genuineness to the one at Windsor. The second earliest in that collection is a Cardinal Wolsey. The earliest at South Kensington are the portraits of Sir John Dame by Memling, and Edward Grimston by Petrus Christus.

We can abandon with comparative indifference any small remains of faith we may have cherished in the traditional likenesses of barbaric kings or popes; but it is a very different matter when we are required to believe that no trustworthy images of the heroes, statesmen, poets, orators, and philosophers of classical antiquity have descended to us: that the busts of Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Hannibal, Pericles, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Demosthenes, Cicero, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, with a host of others which we have been wont to admire or venerate, are apocryphal. The *primâ facie* argument is rather favourable to many of them. Fame is more lasting than brass, *ære perennius*, but brass, bronze, and marble are lasting enough to have endured to our time and retain a faithful reflex of form and features, of character and mind. We know that the ancients were never tired of multiplying statues of their great men, and that the highest genius was employed on the greatest: Phidias, on Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades: Praxiteles, on Demosthenes; Lysippus, on Alexander and Aristotle, and

so on. Alexander issued a decree reserving the right of reproducing his image to three artists: Apelles, for painting: Pyrgoteles, for stone engraving: Lysippus, for statuary in bronze. The more statues the more honour, and the number erected to the popular favourites was immense. Unluckily they were knocked down as eagerly as they had been set up when the tide turned. No sooner had the news of the battle of Pharsalia reached the capital, than all Pompey's statues were thrown down and mutilated. Augustus began his reign by destroying all the busts and images of the assassins of Cæsar. At the same time he set about forming a collection of the triumphal statues of the great men who had contributed to the power of Rome; and the imperial city at that time boasted many private galleries rich with the spoils of Greece. If Mummius burnt Corinth with most of its inestimable treasures of art—that same Mummius who gave the well-known warning to the carriers of what he appropriated—Sylla thanked the gods for having granted him two signal favours: the friendship of Metellus Pius, and the good fortune of having taken Athens without destroying it.

But independently of the risks of removal and the increased difficulty of identification, the accumulation of all the finest productions of art in one place, and that place the capital of the world, which ambition or sedition periodically converted into a battle-field, was one main cause of their being wholly lost, or of their descending in an unsatisfactory condition to posterity. *Furor arma ministrat:* anything or everything, sacred or profane, becomes a weapon in a deadly conflict when the blood is up. 'I expect little aid from their hand,' said Front de Bœuf, pointing to the stone images of saints in his chapel, 'unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering St. Christopher yonder,

sufficient to bear a whole company to the earth.' The Roman warriors thought and acted like the rude Norman baron. When Titus Flavius Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian, was besieged in the burning capitol by the troops of Vitellius, he repaired breaches and formed barricades with the statues of the Temple of Jupiter. Fire and earthquake co-operated with civil war and barbaric conquest to complete the work of devastation: whatever was left unbroken or distinguishable lay buried under heaps of ruin; and when the superincumbent mass of rubbish was cleared away after the lapse of ages, the grand difficulty arose of appropriating the proper names to the best preserved images, and of duly assorting the arms, legs, heads, and noses of the mutilated.[1]

This difficulty was aggravated by a known practice of the ancients, which may have suggested to Sir Roger de Coverley the notion of transforming by a few touches of the brush the sign of 'The Knight's Head,' set up in his honour, into 'The Saracen's Head'! When the Rhodians decreed the honour of a statue to a general, he was desired to choose which he liked amongst the existing votive statues, and the dedication was altered by the insertion of his name. The prevalence and antiquity of this method of substitution are proved by Plato's proposed law for compelling the statuary to form each statue out of a single block; and instances abound of the change of heads from vanity, caprice, or accident. A striking passage in Statius charges Cæsar with the incredible folly of cutting off the head of an equestrian statue of Alexander by Lysippus, and replacing it by a gilded effigy of himself. Tacitus states that Tiberius decapitated a statue of Augustus to make

[1] The contests between the Turks and Venetians for the possession of Athens, which underwent several sieges, were similarly fatal to the buildings and monuments of antiquity.

room for his own head; and the gods of Greece, including the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, were similarly treated by Caligula with a view to his own deification. There is a statue of Pompey at Rome reputed to be the very one at whose base, 'which all the time ran blood, great Cæsar fell.' But, objects M. Feuillet de Conches, we must have recourse to some anecdote, suspicious as ingenious, to be persuaded that the head, very badly restored, is really the original head. Rome is full of antiquity-mongers, who will supply any number of consuls' or emperors' heads, arms, legs, or noses to order.

Napoleon was a great admirer of Hannibal, and one day, during a visit to the Louvre, stopped before the bust which bears the name of his hero, and inquired of M. Visconti, the distinguished antiquary, whether it was authentic. 'It is possible,' was the reply; 'the Romans erected his statue in three public places of a city within the bounds of which, alone among the enemies of Rome, he had cast a javelin. Caracalla, who ranked him among the great captains, also raised several statues to him; but all this is much posterior to Hannibal.' 'This effigy,' rejoined Napoleon, 'has nothing African about it. Besides, Hannibal was blind of one eye, and this is not. Are there any medals of the time confirmatory of this bust?' 'There are medals, also long posterior.' 'Then it has been done *après coup*. I do not believe in it.'

Although the inference from the eye may not be deemed conclusive by connoisseurs, that drawn from the want of contemporary medals carries weight. When medals and gems fail, the deficiency is not unfrequently supplied by inscriptions or books. The fine bust of Cicero at the Vatican is authenticated by a passage in Livy as well as by medals. There are no well-authenticated busts, medals, or gems of Virgil or

Horace;[1] although the biographers of Virgil do not hesitate to describe him as tall and dark, with long, flowing hair, whilst the personal peculiarities of Horace may be collected from his writings. The best bust of Plato is apocryphal, which is probably the reason why Mr. Grote's great work, 'Plato and the other companions of Socrates,' appears without a frontispiece.

This range of subjects is inexhaustible; and our immediate object is simply to skim the cream of a semi-classical, semi-artistic *causerie*. We will now suppose the conversation turning on some other singularities or illustrations of classical antiquity, which throw light on its intellectual or secret history, and suggest parallels or contrasts with modern life and manners.

We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are not listening to the story of an English or French collector, when we are told of Libanius of Antioch hearing that an Iliad and an Odyssey of prodigious antiquity were about to be sold at Athens, and commissioning a friend to purchase them. On receipt of the coveted treasure, he sends a fine copy of the Iliad, more recent but correct, in acknowledgment of the friend's services. He next learns that a copy of the Odyssey which seemed contemporary with Homer, is for sale, and purchases it. But he is so ill-advised as to lend it, and as it is not returned, we find him complaining and lamenting, very much like Evelyn when he denounced the carelessness or dishonesty of the two Scot borrowers, or the French gentleman who was done out of the Malebranche's letters by the philosopher. Why, asks M. Feuillet de Conches, did he not act like the Faculty of Paris who held out against Louis XII., all absolute as he was, refused to lend him an Arabian manuscript without a deposit of a hundred gold pieces, and would not abate

[1] The 'garden of Horace' at the classic and romantic abode of Knebworth is appropriately adorned with the best busts of Horace, modelled after medals.

a livre on seeing the royal treasurer forced to sell a part of his own plate to make up half the security?

The greatest private collection of autographs in ancient Rome is said to have been that of Mucianus, the friend of Pliny the Elder. He especially rejoiced in the possession of the reputed letter of Sarpedon to Priam, which he had discovered in a temple whilst he was governor of Lycia. Among other celebrated autographs in which the Greek and Roman collectors put faith, may be named the letters of Artaxerxes and Democritus to Hypocrates, the correspondence of Alexander and Aristotle, the letter of Zenobia to Aurelian in the handwriting of Longinus, and the letters of Titus to Josephus testifying to the trustworthiness of his history of the Jews. It might safely be taken for granted without evidence of the fact, that the autographs of Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, &c. &c., were as eagerly sought after and as highly prized in ancient times as those of the corresponding celebrities in our own. But we are not left to conjecture. Pliny speaks of having seen autographs of Cicero and Virgil. Quintilian mentions manuscripts of Cicero, Virgil, Augustus and Cato the Censor, *apropos* of certain differences and singularities of orthography which the copyists had not preserved. Cicero refers to an autograph of Ennius for the same purpose. Aulus Gellius had seen a manuscript of the Georgics, corrected by the author, as well as a manuscript of the second book of the Æneid which passed for the original, or at least came from the house and the family of Virgil. The first known use of the word autograph is in Suetonius, *Literæ Augusti Autographæ*.[1]

A great variety of materials were employed for

[1] An eminent scholar, Le Père Hardouin (1646–1727), maintained that all the so-called classics were composed by the monks of the thirteenth century, with the exception of Pliny's 'Natural History,' Virgil's 'Georgics,' and the 'Satires and Epistles' of Horace.

writing, besides the waxed tablets, without which no Roman of condition went abroad. For epistolary correspondence the Romans used a fine papyrus called Augustan; the second quality was called Livian; the third, Claudian. They had also (adds M. Feuillet de Conches) great eagle paper like ourselves. Curious points of analogy abound in this portion of his book. The ancients had ingenious cyphers for their secret despatches, and sent private orders to their commanders or ambassadors which could not be opened, so as to be legible, without a peculiar contrivance or the key. Cæsar's usual method was to write by agreement the fourth letter of the alphabet for the first; for example, D for A, and so on, varying the arrangement occasionally. The Romans had also shorthand writers, a chosen number of whom were employed by Cicero to take down a speech of Cato. Martial and Ausonius bear testimony to the surprising skill of some of them. We find emperors and consuls scribbling on monuments, and as careless of profaning or defacing them as modern travellers or bagmen. M. Letronne found the names of Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, inscribed on the statue of Memnon at Thebes. He might also have copied from it, had he thought fit, '*Pierre Giroux le grand vainqueur, grenadier de la deuxième demi-brigade, division Desaix, passait par Thebes, le 7 Messidor, An VII, pour se rendre aux cataractes du Nil.*'

The conceit of compressing the greatest quantities of writing into a given space was carried to excess by the Romans. Cicero speaks of the entire Iliad having been written on just so much skin or parchment as was contained in a nutshell—*in nuce inclusam.* This *tour de force* was rivalled by the poet mentioned by Pliny, who contrived to inclose a distich in letters of gold within the husk of a grain of corn, an exploit which may pair off with that of the Frenchman who wrote the four canonical

prayers on his nail. M. Feuillet de Conches has discovered a marked analogy between the French bureaucracy and the Roman scribes, who formed a corporation of which Horace was a member. They had gradually grown into considerable importance, and must not be confounded with the copyists, masters and journeymen, who answered to our printers and booksellers. The Sosii were the Murrays and Longmans of the Augustan age of Rome. The patricians were not ashamed to compete with them in this peculiar line of business. The house of Atticus is described as an immense establishment in which skilful workmen, mostly slaves, were busied in copying, pressing, and binding for the book-market. One amongst them, named Tiron, highly commended by Cicero, turned out copies that took rank like Elzevirs.

Women were much employed as copyists, and occasionally as scribes or secretaries. We have heard, prior to the abolition of serfdom, of white slaves in Russia, embarked in commerce or eminent in art, vainly offering enormous sums for enfranchisement; and cases of the same kind were of frequent occurrence in Greece and Rome. An actor was able and willing to give a sum equivalent to seven or eight thousand pounds sterling for his liberty. One Canisius Sabrinus (mentioned by Seneca), a man of enormous wealth who wished to shine as a diner-out in spite of his natural dulness, procured a dozen slaves who were made to learn by heart select passages from the popular poets and instructed how to prompt him when he broke down or had nothing to say. As the required duty implied memory and tact, these slaves are said to have cost him, on the average, a hundred thousand sesterces (about 800*l.*) apiece.

Mural and monumental inscriptions apart, the oldest specimens of Roman writing extant are those discovered in Herculaneum. These are, a Terence of the fourth century, and a Virgil of the fifth, both on parchment,

now in the Vatican. How happens it that, out of the multitude of manuscripts in general circulation for several centuries later, not a single known original, and hardly one perfect copy, of an eminent classic author has survived the dark ages? The best solution will be found in the never-ceasing war waged against learning and knowledge by bigotry and ignorance, from the decline of civilisation to its revival or new birth. 'The Romans,' says Disraeli the elder, 'burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and of the philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews.' Take, for instance, the fate of Livy, of whom we have only thirty-five books, and those incomplete, out of one hundred and forty. Independently of the long chapter of accidents common to all, he was honoured by the senseless enmity of Caligula, who ordered his works, along with those of Virgil and Homer, to be cast out of all the libraries.

Livy was afterwards treated much in the same fashion by Gregory the Great, who placed him in the *Index*. This same Pope (says Disraeli) ordered that the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames. He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the Holy Scriptures. From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authority of the Church, has been emphatically distinguished as *profane* in opposition to *sacred*. This pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that Saint Austin might escape from the charge of plagiarism: the Saint being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work, 'The City of God.'

This is not the only irreparable loss that has been attributed to plagiarism. Cicero's treatise *De Gloria* was extant in the fourteenth century and in the posses-

sion of Petrarch, who lent it, and it was lost. Two centuries later it was traced to a convent library, from which it had disappeared under circumstances justifying a suspicion that the guardian of the library, Pierre Alcyonius, had destroyed it to conceal the fraudulent use made of the contents for his treatise *De Exsilio*, many pages of which (to borrow a simile from the 'Critic') lie upon the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilise.

Leonard Aretin, believing himself the sole possessor of a manuscript of Procopius on the War of the Goths, translated it into Latin and passed for the author, until another copy unluckily turned up. The *Causeur* relates a similar anecdote of Augustin Barbosa, Bishop of Ugento, who printed a treatise *De Officio Episcoporum*. His cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin manuscript. The prelate had the curiosity to read the fragment. Struck with the subject, he ran to the market, and ransacked the stalls till he had discovered the book from which the leaf had been torn. It was the treatise *De Officio*, which, adding very little of his own, he published among his works 'to the greater glory of God.' This was a bolder stroke for fame than that of an Irish bishop, still living, who incorporated a brother divine's sermon in his Charge. Plagiarism, however, was not esteemed so heinous an offence as it is at present, and our actual stores of thought and knowledge have been enriched by it. Thus, Sulpicius Severus, the Christian Sallust, is believed to have copied his account of the capture of Jerusalem from the lost books of Tacitus.

How little comparative value was attached for some time after the revival of letters to the classic masterpieces, may be inferred from the confession of Petrarch, that he had seen several in his youth of which all trace had subsequently been lost; among others, the Second Decade of Livy. Its fate was curious, although not

perhaps singular. The tutor of a Marquis de Ronville, playing at tennis near Saumur, found that his racket was made out of a leaf of old parchment containing a fragment of this Decade. He hurried to the racket-maker to save the remains: all had passed into rackets.

Tacitus had a better chance than Livy; for his imperial namesake, after supplying all the public libraries with his works, ordered ten fresh copies to be executed annually; yet thirty books were lost, and the manuscript of what are saved escaped by a miracle; a single copy in a state of rapid decomposition having been discovered in a convent in Westphalia.

We have lingered with pleasure over this classical gossip, which is just such as may be supposed going on at Lord Stanhope's, Mr. Gladstone's, or the Literary Club, when Sir George Lewis, Lord Macaulay, Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote were alive to join in it. *Decies repetita placebit;* and although such details may not be new to the accomplished bibliopolist—to the Duc d'Aumale or M. Van de Weyer, for example—we are not afraid of falling under the sarcasm levelled in Gil Blas at the pedant who solemnly narrated that the Athenian children cried when they were whipped; 'a fact of which, but for his vast and select erudition, we should have remained ignorant.'

We shall pass more rapidly over the chapters devoted to China. But although the gloss of novelty has been taken off by recent travellers, there is still a good deal left in the Celestial Empire for the philosophical inquirer to glean and speculate upon. The respect paid by the Chinese to paper or parchment on which written or printed characters have been impressed, contrasts strikingly with the European mode of thinking, ancient and modern. Martial's friend, Statius, tells him that his book has all the air of paper in which Egyptian pepper and Byzantian anchovies are to be

packed; and the same vein of pleasantry may be traced in a letter from Hume to Robertson: 'I forgot to tell you that two days ago I was in the House of Commons, where an English gentleman came to me and told me he had lately sent to a grocer's shop for a pound of raisins which he received wrapped up in a paper that he showed me. How would you have turned pale at the sight! It was a leaf of your History, and the very character of Queen Elizabeth which you had laboured so finely, little thinking it would soon come to so disgraceful an end.' After stating that the publisher, Millar, had come to him for information to trace out the theft, he adds: 'In vain did I remonstrate that this was, sooner or later, the fate of all authors *serius, ocyus, sors exitura.* He will not be satisfied, and begs me to keep my jokes for another occasion.'

To the Chinese, who regard the art of speaking to the eyes by marks or signs as a gift from on high, handwriting and printing, means for the reproduction of thoughts, are sacred.[1] The trade of ink-making is esteemed honourable for the same reason. Hence in China a scrap of printed paper or writing is never wittingly trodden under foot or used as a wrapper: it is carefully picked up; and in the vestibule of each house is a perfuming-pan destined to receive and burn all waste papers of the kind. 'Tea and other objects of commerce,' adds M. Feuillet de Conches, 'are always packed in blank paper.' Thus, too, pocket-handkerchiefs being in China an object of show and luxury, every great dignitary is followed by a valet, who, on visits of ceremony, carries his spitting-box and presents him with small pieces of paper every time he wishes to blow his nose. These pieces of paper are *blank, never printed or written.*

The same veneration for writing was professed by a

[1] The Mahometans have the same respect for paper, because a line of the Koran may be written on it.

Christian saint, Francois d'Assise, who flourished in the thirteenth century. If his eye fell on any scrap of writing in his walks, he scrupulously picked it up, for fear of treading on the name of the Lord or any passage treating of things sacred. When one of his disciples inquired of him why he picked up with equal care the writings of pagans, he replied, 'My son, it is with the letters of these writings that we form the most glorious name of God.'

A religious respect for the staff of life, bread, is not confined to the Chinese. We are told of a janissary dropping out of a procession at Aleppo, and dismounting to remove a piece of bread, lest it should be profaned by the horses' hoofs. During the great fire of London, popularly attributed to the Catholics, a member of the Portuguese Embassy was apprehended on a charge of throwing fireballs into houses. On examination it was proved that he had simply picked up a piece of bread and placed it on the ledge of a window; an act which he explained by stating that, according to a feeling then prevalent among his countrymen, to have left it on the pavement would have been a sin. To return to the Chinese: it stands to reason that they attach the highest value to the handwriting of their rulers and worthies—in other words, to autographs. Even fac-similes are held in high esteem, and the interiors of temples are adorned with them, posted like advertising bills against the walls. The great pagoda of Canton boasts no other decoration; neither does the great temple of Confucius at Pekin. By some fatality no manuscript from the actual hand of this philosopher has been preserved. All his autographs have disappeared, although autographs are extant of the two preceding centuries.

The use of red ink is reserved to the emperors, so that it would be neither easy nor safe to counterfeit their autographs, which are carefully deposited in the

state archives when the immediate purpose has been served. The signature of the Mongol emperors consisted merely of the impress of the forefinger and thumb. The first-class mandarins claimed the privilege of authenticating documents in the same manner. The Dalar-Lama made his mark with the entire palm. Writing, however, was part of the imperial education. Kang the Third, contemporary with Louis Quatorze, rivalled the Grand Monarque in the importance which he attached to his matutinal condition and preparations. It was his wont, at his *lever*, to circulate among his courtiers a bulletin written with his own hand, in his own red ink, containing words to this effect: 'I am well'! One of these papers has been sold for forty pounds in the autograph market of Pekin; and the price sounds far from exorbitant.

In the competitive examinations of China—in which, by the way, they were as much in advance of Europeans as in the first rude invention of printing and gunpowder—the handwriting carries as many marks as the composition; and in the case of aspirants to the academy of Pekin, it is the emperor in person who examines the papers, counts the strokes of the letters, and verifies their agreement and form. 'One is always sure, therefore,' concludes M. Feuillet de Conches, 'when one has to do with a *Han-Lin*, or academician, to have to do with a scholar, a distinguished man of letters, and one skilled in the caligraphy of his country.'

With a reasonable distrust of their school of painting, the Chinese have never formed a picture-gallery, although in the strictly imitative arts they never were excelled, not even by the grapes of Zeuxis, the curtain of Parrhasius, or the door at Greenwich Hospital. Their grand stumbling-block is perspective, in which their most formidable rivals are the Pre-Raphaelites. 'Their style,' remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, 'talent apart, is that of Cimabue and Giotto, abandoned by

Massaccio, resumed by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and, an age later, by Holbein himself in some of his portraits.'

The third part of these *Causeries* starts with the aphorism that all collections are useful, although some may be more useful than others. Just so, we have heard it plausibly maintained that all wine is good, although some is better than another, and all women handsome, although some are handsomer than others. Yet we are quite willing to concede the utility, provided the disproportioned trouble and expense in some instances are conceded in return; as in forming collections of postage-stamps, of advertisements, of black letter ballads, of ropes with which celebrated criminals have been hanged, or of bills of fare or *menus* of the best tables, with which a friend of ours, well placed in diplomacy, has filled an album of several volumes. A startling variety are enumerated by M. Feuillet de Conches, illustrated by anecdotes, and setting consecutive description at defiance; but his pages are so rich in materials that quoting from them at random is like dipping into the kettle of Camacho: something tempting and racy is almost certain to come up. Thus, *apropos* of Frederic the Great's collection of snuff-boxes (containing more than 1,500) he describes a snuff-box of Talleyrand and its use. It was double, two snuff-boxes joined together by a common bottom. The one was politely offered to his acquaintance: the other, never to be profaned by the finger and thumb of a third person, was reserved for himself. Here we recognise the diplomate, so eternally on his guard, that when a lady requested his autograph, he wrote his name on the very top of the sheet of paper handed to him.

The collector of ropes is declared to be an Englishman and a member of the Humane Society, who died about twenty years ago. To each rope was attached a memoir of the subject or sufferer; and in most instances

the last dying speech and confession was annexed, proving, it is added, the perfection to which, by dint of practice, the eloquence of the drop has arrived in the United Kingdom. 'Can it be, as is asserted on the authority of an English writer, whose name I forget, that in England the masters were wont to practise their pupils in this kind of composition, so that every good Englishman on entering into the world had his peroration ready *en cas* of the accident of the gallows?' Is there anything that a Frenchman, lettered or unlettered, will not believe of an Englishman,—not at all out of ill-nature or ill will, but out of sheer ignorance? In the month of January 1866, a French journal described the English aristocracy as habitually risking their *centaine de guinées* on the result of a cockfight; and M. Feuillet de Conches reproduces, without questioning, the statement of Diderot that, in a secluded quarter of St. James's Park, there was a pond in which the female sex had the exclusive privilege of drowning themselves. So well-informed a writer might surely have learned that the English occupy only the third or fourth rank in the statistics of suicide, and that the Prussians stand first.

The collection of ropes begins with Sir Thomas Blount, who was executed in the reign of Henry IV. It contains instruments which, according to the notes annexed, had served in executions when the culprit or martyr was hung between two dogs or with a dog tied to his feet. There, too, was the silken cord which Lord Ferrers begged hard to substitute for the hempen one; as great a curiosity as the sword which Balaam wished for to punish his ass; and with it might have been appropriately ticketed one of the willow twigs, the received makeshifts in Ireland; so received, in fact, *temp.* Elizabeth, that a rebel with a rope round his neck claimed the privilege of the twig. Bowstrings, which had done duty in the East, abounded; and one

rope professed to be the very rope with which Lord Bacon's friend tried whether death by suffocation was agreeable or not. The practical conclusion, contrary to the theoretical one of some recent essayists on the abolition of capital punishment, was in the negative. An appropriate inscription to be placed over the door of a collection of this kind might be taken from the *Trödelhexe's* speech in the *Walpurgisnacht* or from a well-known passage in *Tam o' Shanter*.

Light is thrown on manners by collections, common in France, of *billets de naissance*, *de mariage*, and *de mort*, or *d'enterrement*. Those in use towards the middle of the last century were adorned with emblems, like valentines; and artistic skill of a high order was frequently employed upon them. An account of the *billet d'enterrement* of the Duke de Lavauguyon, a masterpiece of the kind, may be read in the Literary Correspondence of Grimm. The same fashion partially prevailed in England; and the card of invitation to the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by Bartolozzi, would fetch a high price. A plentiful harvest was offered to collectors of a gloomy and reflective turn by the violation of the graves at St. Denis in 1793. One of them, Ledon, *physicien* (conjuror) by profession, contrived to abstract fragments of the tombs sufficient to construct a sarcophagus for the rest of his acquisitions, consisting of bones, crowns, sceptres, shrouds, and other relics and emblems of defunct kings and queens. The bodies were mostly in different stages of decomposition; but a few were perfectly preserved and had a complete look of life. Henry IV. looked as if he had just fallen asleep, and his fresh appearance led to an incident, related by a bystander, which seems to have escaped M. Feuillet de Conches :—

'A soldier who was present, moved by a martial enthusiasm at the moment of the opening of the coffin, threw himself on the body of the conqueror of the League, and after a long

silence of admiration, he drew his sabre, cut off a lock (*mèche*) of his beard, which was still fresh, exclaiming at the same time in energetic and truly military terms: "And I too am a French soldier. Henceforward I will have no other moustache." Placing this precious lock on his upper lip: "Now I am sure of conquering the enemies of France, and I march to victory." So saying he withdrew.'[1]

The Grand Monarque was found in perfect preservation, and his exact proportions were carefully measured and calculated before he was broken up. His height was under five feet eight; and this result supplied Lord Macaulay with the text of one of his most ornate and characteristic passages. Turenne, who, as well as du Guesclin, had received the royal honour of a burial at St. Denis, was also torn from his tomb, and was on the point of being flung into a newly dug pit with the rest, when a *savant*, struck by his high state of preservation, claimed the body for the National Academy of Anatomy. It remained there till September 1800, when the First Consul, ashamed of the indignity to which the military glory of France was thus exposed, caused it to be removed with becoming solemnity and deposited in the Church of the Invalides.

Stranger still, and yet better fitted to point a moral, was the destiny of Richelieu, whose body was torn from the grave in the church of the Sorbonne and rudely trampled under foot, after the head had been cut off and exhibited to the bystanders, amongst whom was Lenoir. A grocer got possession of it, and kept it as a curiosity till he married, when, to calm his wife's fears, he sold it to M. Armez *père*, who offered

[1] Description historique et chronologique des Monumens de Sculpture réunis au Musée des Monumens français. Par Alexandre Lenoir, Fondateur et Administrateur de ce Musée; augmentée d'une Dissertation sur la Barbe et les Costumes de chaque Siècle, du procès-verbal des Exhumations de Saint-Denis et d'un Traité de la Peinture sur Verre, par le même Auteur. Sixième édition, Paris, An X de la République (1802).

it to the Duc de Richelieu, Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Restoration. The offer remained unacknowledged, and the head devolved on M. Armez *fils*. At a sitting of the Historical Committee of Arts and Monuments, on the 13th June, 1846, attention was called to the circumstance, and the president, M. de Montalembert, supported by the committee, attempted to repair the profanation. Their exertions proved vain, and were renewed with no better result in 1855. 'We accuse no one,' observes M. Feuillet, 'still the fact is undeniable that this terrible head, the personification of the absolute monarchy killing the aristocratic monarchy, is wandering upon the earth like a spectre that has straggled out of the domain of the dead.' During the same popular phrensy in 1793, the fine marble statue of the Cardinal at the Château de Melleraye was decapitated, and—'to what base uses we may return, Horatio'—the head was used as a balance weight for a roasting-jack by a zealous republican of the district.

Not content with emptying the tombs, the heroes and heroines of the Reign of Terror danced among them: rivalling or outdoing the patrons and patronesses of the *Bal des Victimes*. Over the entrance to a cemetery was a scroll: *Bal du Zéphyr*; and once on a time the patroness stood at the door distributing copies of the 'Rights of Man,' bound in human skin supplied to the binder by the executioner. M. Villenave possessed one of these copies. What would not an English collector give for one? What would not the drum made out of Ziska's skin fetch at Christie's, should it accidentally turn up? Mathematicians will be glad to hear that there is a joint of Galileo's back-bone in the Museum of Padua, surreptitiously abstracted by the physician entrusted with the transfer of the relics to the Santa Croce at Florence in 1737.

The worshippers of the Goddess of Reason were

anticipated in their taste for horrors by the fine ladies, the *belles marquises*, of the early part of the reign of Louis XV. If we may trust the Marquis d'Argenson, their favourite object of contemplation was a death's head. They adorned it with ribbons, lighted it up with coloured lamps, and remained in mute meditation before it for half-an-hour before the promenade or the play. The queen, Maria Leczinska, had one which she called *la belle mignonne*, and pretended to be the skull of Ninon de Lenclos. One may suppose, without any lack of charity, that there was nothing very elevating or purifying in the train of meditation which the skull of Ninon de Lenclos would inspire. Yet Queen Maria Leczinska passed for virtuous, and was guilty of nothing worse than folly, or a shade of hypocrisy, in sanctioning such a fashion by her example.

A collector of walking-sticks, M. Henri de Meer, a Dutchman, attracted attention to his collection by going mad and dying with a walking-stick in each hand: feeble imitator of Dr. Morrison, who breathed his last grasping a box of his own pills and calling loudly for more. But the collections which afford most aid to history, and most scope to speculation, are those of wigs, hats, caps, and head-dresses. The vacillating and erratic tendency of national taste, the march of mind, the progress of events, may be traced by them. A war, a peace, a new play, a scientific invention, a public disaster, an actor, a beauty, a hero, a charlatan, anything or anybody that made a noise, originated a head-dress and gave a name to it. There was the *perruque à la Ramilies* or *à la Villeroy*, by way of set-off to the cravat *à la Steinkirk*, emblematic of the battle in which the star of William paled before that of Luxembourg. 'The jewellers,' says Macaulay, 'devised Steinkirk buckles: the perfumers sold Steinkirk powder. But the name of the field of battle was peculiarly given to a new species of collar. Lace neckcloths

were then worn by men of fashion; and it had been usual to arrange them with great care. But at the terrible moment when the brigade of Bourbonnais was flying before the onset of the allies, there was no time for foppery; and the finest gentlemen of the court came spurring to the front of the line of battle with their rich cravats in disorder. It therefore became a fashion among the beauties of Paris to wear round their necks kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged and these kerchiefs were called Steinkirks.'

During the exultation caused by the naval combats of the 'Juno' and the 'Belle Poule,' the French ladies went about with mimic frigates on their heads. There are individual memories associated with this class of article which have a painful yet irresistible attraction. We cannot avert our eyes from the wig of Queen Margaret, the faithless and fascinating wife of Henry IV., of whom it is recorded that she had her pages clipped to hide under their fair tresses the black locks which nature had bestowed upon her. Still less can we refuse the evidence of the 'True Report' of the last moments of Mary Queen of Scots, which sets forth that, when the executioner lifted the head by the hair to show it to the bystanders with the exclamation of 'God Save the Queen,' it suddenly dropped from his hands. The hair was false; the head had been shaved in front and at the back, leaving a few grey hairs on the sides.[1]

The author of 'Waverley' remarks that the vanity of personal appearance may be found clinging to the soldier who leads a forlorn hope, and the criminal who ascends the scaffold. The minutest details of

[1] The authority is Chateauneuf, the French ambassador. See 'Lettres de Marie Stuart,' &c. &c. Par A. Teulet. Paris: 1859. In the fourth volume of his 'Causeries,' published in 1868, M. Feuillet de Conches has devoted a chapter of fifty-four pages to the 'Portraits of Mary

Mary's dress at her execution were carefully studied. According to one account, 'her kirtle was of figured black satin, and her petticoat-skirts of crimson velvet, her shoes of Spanish leather; a pair of green silk garters; her nether stockings worsted, and coloured watchet (pale blue) clouded with silver, and edged on the tops with silver, and next her legs a pair of Jersey hose. She wore also drawers of white fustian.'

This account is adopted by Miss Strickland on the authority of Burleigh's reporter. She adds that the details coincide with those communicated by Chateauneuf, also from the notes of an eye-witness, which they do with the exception of the stockings. These Chateauneuf's eye-witness declares to have been silk, and the garters he describes as *deux belles escharpes sans ouvrage*. The stockings and garters are preserved in a collection that has been laid open to the *Causeur*, and he reminds us, in reference to the large stock of garters comprised in it, that this compromising ligature was not formerly what it is now, a secret or concealed article of dress. Women wore drawers, otherwise called *chausses*, fastened to the *bas de chausses* which for shortness we call *bas* or stockings. The garter, fastened beneath the knee by a rich clasp or buckle, was the connecting-band between the drawers and stockings. There was, consequently, no reason for its not being exposed to view. 'This,' he continues, 'explains why in riding dress ladies wore stockings

Stuart,' which, as well as the medals, differ to an embarrassing extent. The colour of her eyes is a lasting subject of dispute, although Lord Byron took for granted that they were gray—

> 'Napoleon's, Mary's (Queen of Scotland), should
> Lend to that colour a transcendent ray;
> And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,
> Too wise to look through optics black or blue.'

It seems to have escaped M. Feuillet de Conches, in speaking of the portraits of Elizabeth, that she repeatedly forbade by proclamation any portrait of her to be taken or sold without her leave.

richly worked and garters set with jewels; how a Duchess of Orleans (whose garters were inventoried) could venture during her widowhood to have tears and thoughts (*pensées*) enamelled on them; how Edward III. could found his great order of the Garter without degrading it by avowing its origin.' But what was its origin? Surely an antiquarian of M. Feuillet de Conches's attainments and calibre must know that the old story of the Countess of Salisbury has been given up on all sides, and that the utmost exertions of his learned brethren to solve the mystery have proved vain; although it by no means follows that the actual garter dropped by the Countess may not be found duly labelled in the collection of his friend.[1]

We must return to the inexhaustible subject of wigs and hair-dressing, if only to point out that the new fashion (set by the Parisian *demi-monde*) of yellow or golden hair with a tinge of red or auburn, is simply the revival of one which began under more respectable auspices towards the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. The two queens, Anne and Maria Theresa, dowager and regnante, the Duchess de Longueville, the seductive heroine of the Fronde, and the two first favourites, Mesdames De la Vallière and De Fontanges, were *blondes*; so, for all the aspiring beauties whom nature had made *brunes*, there was no alternative but to wear a wig or dye. The men fell into the custom, as may be learnt from Molière, who makes the Misanthrope exclaim to Celimène—

> 'Vous êtes-vous rendue, avec tout le beau monde,
> Au mérite éclatant de sa perruque blonde.'

The assumption of the perruque by Jean Baptiste, the son of Racine, secretary of embassy in Holland, is formally discussed between him and his mother-in-law:

[1] *Ante*, vol. i. p. 35. Ladies present at the feasts of St. George wore the garter round the arm.

'Your father deeply regrets the necessity which you say you are under of wearing a wig. He leaves the decision to the ambassador. When your father is in better health he will order M. Marguery to make you such a one as you require. Madame la Comtesse de Gramont is very sorry for you that you should lose the attraction which your hair gave you.'

The entry in Pepys's Diary for May 11, 1667, runs thus:—

'My wife being dressed this day in fair hair, did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that Creed and I into the Park and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God may forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it.'

They renewed the discussion the next day, Sunday, and came to an understanding that she should give up her white locks, on his agreeing to give up keeping company with one Mrs. Knipp, of whom there is frequent and rather suspicious mention in the Diary.

There was no concealment or fear of detection on the part of either sex. The false hair was put off and on by the women like a bonnet or a cap; and a court lady would have felt little abashed at an accident such as recently happened to a fair equestrian, who had the misfortune to drop the whole of her back hair or *chignon* in Rotten Row.[1]

The fashion of powdering the hair with gold dust, which has recently found votaries both at London and Paris, was commenced by Poppæa the wife of Nero, and copied by Lucius Verus (the adopted son of Aurelius), who was extravagantly vain of his hair.

[1] Since this was written, the *chignon* has come to be similarly considered an ordinary article of dress.

Authorities are not wanting to prove that the golden and auburn tints which we admire in the portraits of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, were produced by a tincture in vogue at Venice in the sixteenth century.[1] The collections show that other shades of colour, especially brown and black, have had their day; and it is a disputed question in connoisseurship whether the highest degree of beauty has not been attained by the *brunettes*. Red or carroty (which is the correcter translation of *roux* or *rousse*) has been at a discount in all ages. It was thought ominous of evil by the ancients, and typical of villany during many ages of the Christian era. 'Judas-coloured hair' is the spiteful reproach of Dryden. '*Aussi, dans tout notre musée de coiffure, pas un cheveu roux ardent, couleur de carotte.*'

The reason why Racine put off ordering his son's wig is obvious enough, when we find that the price of one of the fashionable colour was a thousand French crowns. The gentleman whom Sydney Smith, in reference to the length and redundancy of his curls, accused of growing hair for sale, might have driven a profitable trade at that time. Down to the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, which introduced crops *à la Brutus*, the wigs commonly worn by English gentlemen in the streets cost from thirty to forty guineas; and Rogers, appealing to Luttrell in our hearing, thus described a mode of theft as practised in London within their common memory. The operator was a small boy in a butcher's tray on the shoulders of a tall man; and when the wig was adroitly twitched off, the bewildered owner looked round for it in vain; an accomplice confused and impeded under the pretence of assisting him, and the tray-bearer made off.

[1] The whole process is described by M. Feuillet de Conches in a volume got up with his usual taste and research, entitled 'Les Femmes Blondes.' The Venetian ladies commonly wetted their hair with vinegar and water, and exposed it to the sun till it got dry. Others used unguents of which the recipes have been preserved.

Fine hair was a frequent resource in want, and a far higher class were occasionally tempted to recur to it than the heroine of a repulsive episode of *Les Misérables*. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, the favourite of George II., is an example. In her earlier and domestic days, when her husband was English Minister at Hanover, they were in want of money to give an indispensable dinner or entertainment of some sort; and to supply the deficiency she magnanimously sacrificed her hair. Large allowance should be made for the frailties of a woman who thus understood and practised the self-denying duties of a wife.

Of course there were not wanting censors and puritans to denounce wigs and cosmetics, as vehemently as Prynne denounced the unloveliness of love-books. An Abbé de Vessets published a treatise against *Le Luxe de Coiffures* in 1694, containing a chapter headed, *Mariage: une fille coëffée à la mode n'est digne de recevoir ce sacrement.* Another abbé is the author of a book on *L'Abus des Nudités de la Gorge.*[1] The name of the first member of the priesthood who adopted the peruke to the scandal of the lay public, has been preserved. It was the Abbé de la Rovière, a courtier of Gaston of Orleans, who afterwards became Bishop of Langres. How modes of thinking, even on sacerdotal subjects, vary with time and country! When the cadet of a noble family (Pelham), who had been a Captain of Dragoons, was made a bishop by George III., he nearly went down on his knees to his Majesty to be permitted to dispense with the wig; and the king remained inexorable. The rise and fall of Kant's wig are thought to indicate not only the fitful changes of the curiosity-market, but the rise and fall of his philosophy. It (the wig) fetched thirty thousand florins at his death. At one of the subsequent fairs at Leipzig

[1] In the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. a lady was ordered out of the chapel at Versailles for not being *décolletée* enough.

it was sold for twelve thousand dollars, a fall of from fifteen to twenty per cent. 'The system of Kant was going down. Can the same be said of the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau, whose shoes (*sabots*), sold at the same fair, were given for ten dollars?'

M. Feuillet de Conches has had in his hand a pair of the spectacles brought from Venice in the seventeenth century, which became so much the fashion that the *élégantes* never took them off, not even in bed. The glasses were double the size of those now in use. He has, also, examined a packet of the tooth-picks, imported into France by Antonio Perez, which popularised the habit rendered memorable by Coligny, who was never seen without a tooth-pick between his teeth. After the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, his body was exposed with the eternal tooth-pick in his mouth; but we are not aware that it has been preserved.

A collection of buttons was exhibited at the University of Ghent in 1845, for the benefit of the poor, and proved a valuable contribution to the history of manners and art. They were not only of all shapes and sizes, in polished steel, in silver and gold, and set with the costliest jewels; but an entire series were painted in miniature by the first artists of the period —the first years of Louis XVI. There were portraits of celebrated beauties, with copies of ancient statues and scenes taken from ancient mythology. Klingstet made double buttons with a spring, containing two surfaces, and each a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. Honoré Fragonard, a decorator of note, painted for a gay marquis a set of buttons *à la Watteau*, which have been preserved. Another man of rank wore a set of small watches, without, it is slily added, becoming more famous for punctuality. Equal extravagance was indulged about the same time in waistcoats, which, although the material was more perishable, afforded wider scope for luxury and design. An exquisite of

the first water was then an improving study for both the sempstress or embroiderer and the scene-painter. One might be seen with the amours of Mars and Venus on his stomach, and another with a cavalry review. 'We are assured,' says a writer in the *Mémoires Secrets*, 'that an enthusiast has ordered a dozen waistcoats representing scenes from the popular plays, so that his wardrobe may become a theatrical repertory and some day serve for tapestry.' After the assembly of the Notables, there were *gilets aux Notables*, copied from the print described by Bachaumont: 'The king is in the middle, on his throne: in the left hand he holds a scroll on which are these words, *L'age d'or;* but by a very offensive oversight it is so placed that he seems to be rummaging his pockets with his right hand.' A little later, the guillotine grew into fashion for ornaments, especially for brooches and pins.[1]

The same vaunted collection, which reopens so many curious chapters of social annals, is described as particularly rich in gloves. M. Feuillet de Conches boasts of having himself contributed the identical pair of gloves which Anne of Austria sent to Spain to the Duc d'Arcos, with a letter of business ending with this P.S.: 'Monsieur Le Duc et Compère, I send herewith a pair of gloves which will serve as a pattern for the dozen which I request you to have forwarded to me.' These gloves are of coarse leather; and surprise is expressed that they could be worn by a woman who, it was feared at Madrid, was too delicate to be able to sleep in Holland sheets. Alongside of them are placed the gloves which Antonio Perez, Spanish ex-ambassador, sent to Lady Knolles with a letter saying: 'These gloves, Madam, are made of the skin of a dog, the animal most praised for his fidelity. Deign to allow

[1] *Gilets à la Robespierre* were worn by the more advanced republicans at Paris in 1848.

me this praise, with a place in your good graces. And if I can be of no other use, my skin at least might serve to make gloves.' He was so pleased with this conceit, that in a letter to Lady Rich he repeats and improves upon it:—

'I have endured such affliction at not having ready at hand the dogskin gloves desired by your ladyship that I have resolved to sacrifice myself for your service, and to strip off a little skin from the most delicate part of myself, if indeed any delicate skin can be found on a thing so rustic as my person. . . . The gloves are of dogskin, Madame; and yet they are of mine, for I hold myself a dog, and entreat your Ladyship to hold me for such, as well on account of my faith as my passion. The skinned dog, (*perro decollado*) of your Ladyship, ANTON. PEREZ.'

The most curious collection of *chaussures* (boots, shoes, and slippers) is stated (1862) to be in the possession of an Englishman, Mr. Roach Smith. Besides specimens of every successive age, beginning with the boots of a bishop in 721 A.D., he has several to which an historic or romantic interest is attached; e.g. the shoes of most of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, including the Duchess of Cleveland, the Countess of Muskerry, and la belle Hamilton (afterwards Comtesse de Grammont) with those of Miss Jennings and Miss Stewart (the original of the Britannia on the guinea), stolen, according to the labels, by Rochester and Killigrew.

There is an entire compartment devoted to some of the shoes crowned by the *Société des Petits Pieds*, over which the member with the smallest foot presided till she was displaced by a competitor; and a Cinderella-like slipper was kept to test the qualifications of the candidates. If Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) had competed, she would have been hailed president for life by acclamation. Her feet, besides their smallness and exquisite shape, were plump (*potelés*) and rosy like those of a child: the use of crushed strawberries

instead of soap was thought to preserve their rosiness; and she was by no means chary in exhibiting them. On ceremonial occasions, a page entered with a cushion of dark velvet, on which she placed her foot, whilst he knelt and drew off the stocking. Her remark on sitting for a nearly nude figure to Canova is well known.

The *Curieux* relates a trait of enthusiasm on the part of a milord which we suspect will prove new to his countrymen. A Scotch earl, Lord Fife, gave Madame Vestris a thousand guineas to allow a cast to be taken of her leg, which was superb. The earl died, and this cherished leg was sold for half a crown! The moral reflection is conveyed in a line from Lamartine:

'J'ai pesé dans ma main la cendre des héros.'

This leg should have been sent to the fair at Leipzig along with Kant's wig. The Germans are the people for answering to a call on sensibility or sentiment. When Sontag was in the height of her celebrity at Berlin, a party of her military admirers bribed her maid to give them one of her cast-off slippers, had it set as a cup, and toasted her in it till it was worn out. There is another story that a party of students rushed into her hotel whilst her carriage was driving off, and made prey of a wine-glass not quite empty, out of which she had just been drinking. This was put up to auction on the spot and fetched seventeen dollars.

A pair of shoes has been preserved with the extravagantly high heels painted by Watteau to represent a flock or sheep-fold (*bergerie*) of Loves. The Duchess de Berry had a shoe that once belonged to Louis XIV., of dark velvet, embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis* and adorned with a battle-piece painted by Parrocel.

'*Puisque nous causons*, let us pause a little to speak

of the history of flowers, of the flowers that Marie Antoinette loved so well, that she so largely contributed to multiply and embellish.' We willingly pause to record the plausible claim put in for the invention of what is commonly called the English system of gardening, by a Frenchman in the time of Louis Quatorze. It was the poet Du Fresnoy, we are assured, who first ventured on substituting the picturesque variety of the landscape painter for the rectilinear style of the architects, and was made comptroller of the royal gardens in recognition of his merit. But nature and simplicity were sadly out of keeping with the artificial grandeur of Versailles. The genius of Du Fresnoy was chilled or rebuked by his royal patron, and the reform planned by him stopped short. 'His system returned to us,' says the *Curieux*, 'in the following age, with the British stamp on it, as so many products of French imagination return to us.' Girardin created Ermenonville; M. Boutin, Tivoli; M. de la Borde, Meréville; the poet-painter Watelet, Moulin-Joli. The Prince de Ligne did his best to correct the stiffness of his paternal alleys and flower-beds. Then, in 1774, came Marie Antoinette, who, under the direction of Bernard de Jussieu and a clever gardener, converted Trianon into a charming parterre, where the system of the English painter, William Kent, and his rival, Browne (the inventor Du Fresnoy was altogether forgotten) was more followed than the severe harmony of Le Nostre and De la Quintenie.

Kent died in 1748; and Browne achieved his highest distinction by laying out the grounds of Blenheim, where he committed a solecism which proved a compromising one for his illustrious employer, the great Duke of Marlborough. A magnificent bridge over a streamlet provoked the epigram:

> 'The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
> The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.'

Our neighbours were in no hurry to reclaim their property in the invention, if it can be so termed; and we suspect that the resumption simply formed part of the Anglomania that came over them about the time when Marie Antoinette began amusing herself with the creation of *Le petit Trianon*. Her fondness for flowers led to one of those revolutions in head-dresses of which specimens may be multiplied to weariness. When flowers got common, the court ladies took first to fruit, and afterwards to vegetables. Chaplets of artificial radishes and carrots were in vogue. Madame de Matignon appeared one day, *à la jardinière*, in a head-dress of brown linen striped with blue, ornamented by the artist hand of Leonard with a head of brocoli and an artichoke.

The bare list of collections visited by the *Curieux* would fill many pages. But his master passion is for autographs; and he is constantly digressing to expatiate on their value and their charm; on the best methods of utilising and the sacred duty of preserving them. Indeed, he is a veritable Chinese in his reverence for written paper; and he would cordially assent to the second branch of the *roué* maxim, *Write not, Burn not*, without regarding, probably without suspecting, the consummate profligacy that lurked in it.[1] Yet in his highly interesting dissertation on the *Cassette aux Poulets* of Fouquet, he incidentally demonstrates the imprudence, to use no stronger term, of giving a permanent form to any shade of forbidden feeling or any passing burst of irritability, disappointment or caprice.

[1] Madame Ratazzi's character of herself, addressed to and published by M. d'Ideville, contains this passage:—'Mais j'oubliais deux choses: 1° que je ne veux pas me moquer de vous: 2° que j'oublie sans cesse la recommandation que m'avait faite ma belle-mère, une femme d'esprit, le jour de mon mariage: "Soyez sage, mon enfant, si vous pouvez," me dit-elle à voix basse, "mais surtout, quoi qu'il arrive, mettez des verrous à vos portes et n'écrivez jamais." J'ai toujours fait tout le contraire.'—*Journal d'un Diplomate.*

The one may make an enemy or unmake a friend; the other may destroy a reputation. Trifles light as air, once committed to paper, have often led to complications in which peace, fortune, and happiness have been wrecked.

Fouquet, the prince of financiers, was not less renowned for gallantry than for liberality and wealth. His downfall was owing to his indiscreet rivalry with his royal master both in magnificence and love. The first step after his arrest was the seizure of his papers, including the casket in which he kept those notes and letters of female friends and applicants which pass under the denomination of *poulets*. The opening of this casket was dreaded like that of another Pandora's box, without Hope at the bottom. What varied evils, what scandalous disclosures, what revelations of broken fortunes and fallen or falling virtue, might come forth! The King himself opened the casket, and its contents were read by only two persons besides himself, the Queen and Tellier (the royal confessor). All sorts of stories were afloat, and Madame de Motteville remarks that few persons about the Court were exempt from the charge of having sacrificed to the golden calf: that the fable of Danaë was fully borne out; and that, since by extraordinary ill-luck Fouquet kept all the letters addressed to him, things were read which did great harm to very many persons. Rumour and malice added, coloured, or invented. A pretended letter from Madame Scarron (afterwards Madame de Maintenon), was handed about, containing this passage:—

'J'ai toujours fuy le vice, et naturellement je hais le péché; mais je vous avoue que je hais encore davantage la pauvreté. J'ai reçu de vous dix mille écus; si vous voulez encore en apporter dix mille dans deux jours, je verrai ce que j'aurai à faire.'

Another version of the letter commences differently

and ends: *Je ne vous deffends pas d'espérer.*' The *Curieux* indignantly denounces this letter as a fabrication, and justifies his incredulity by a passage in the *Souvenirs* of Madame de Caylus: 'I remember to have heard that Madame Scarron, being one day obliged to go to speak to M. Fouquet, she thought fit to go so negligently dressed that her friends were ashamed to take her there. Everybody knows what M. Fouquet was, and his weakness for women, and how the vainest and the best placed sought to please him.'

The uncharitable might put an opposite interpretation on this neglected dress; and the best defence for Madame Scarron is the continued respect in which she was held by the Court and her private marriage to the King. There is no hatred like religious hatred, and this very marriage became a fresh topic for calumny in the hands of those who had suffered from the persecutions encouraged by her bigotry. 'In 1835, at the French Hospital in London,' says the *Curieux*, 'I found, in the possession of an old female inmate, an English libel against Madame de Maintenon, entitled, *The French King's Wedding, or the Royal Frolic; being a pleasant account of the intrigues, comical courtship, caterwauling, and surprising marriage ceremonies of Louis XIV. with Madame de Maintenon, with a Comical Song, sung to His Majesty:* 1708. The old Protestant obstinately refused to cede me the book, which she read and re-read with pleasure, although she found difficulty in understanding it.'

A second lady whom the *Curieux* deems unjustly calumniated was the Marquise du Plessis-Bellière, accused of having assisted Fouquet in his designs on Madame de la Vallière on the strength of what is termed a hideous apocryphal letter amongst the papers of Conrart. The Marquise was a friend of Fouquet and rendered him important political services, whether she was paid for them or not. The reputation of

another great lady, the Princess of Monaco (*née* de Grammont), who was also compromised by the correspondence, is abandoned as not worth defending; and in this instance at least a sound discretion has been exercised. Leaving her husband to the solitary enjoyment of his miniature sovereignty, she lived a gay life at the French Court, where she was renowned for the rapid succession of her lovers, every one of whom was regularly hung in effigy by the Prince in the avenue of his palace at Monaco, with a label round the neck. The number became startling; strangers came from far and near to admire the spectacle; and the circumstance at length came to the ears of the Grand Monarque. He tried at first to interfere with a high hand, but finding his threats vain, and the scandal on the increase, he was fain to conciliate the Prince by a promise that a strict guard should henceforth be kept on the Princess; whereupon the effigies were removed.

Another letter to Fouquet, which no virtuous woman could have written, endorsed *Lettre d'une Inconnue* by Conrart, was by turns attributed to Madame Scarron and Madame de Sévigné in the *Mémoires sur la Bastille*, and finally given to Madame de Sévigné by the rest of the scandalous chronicles in circulation. Her known and avowed letters go far to refute the calumny. 'With him' (Fouquet), she writes to Bussy, 'I have always the same precautions and the same fears, which notably retard the progress he would willingly make. I believe he will be tired at last of always recommencing uselessly the same thing.'

The following passage is copied *verbatim et literatim* from an autograph letter of hers to Ménage in the possession of the *Curieux:*

'Je vous remercie, mon cher monsieur, de toutes vos nouuelles. Il y en a deux ou trois dans vostre lettre que ie ne sauois point. Pour celles de M. Fouquet, ie nentends parler dautre chose. Je pense que vous saues bien le de-

plesir que iay eü davoir esté trouuée dans le nombre de celles qui luy ont escrit. Il est vray que ce nestait ny la galanterie, ni linterest que mauoient obligée davoir vn commerce avec luy. Lon voit clairement que ce nestait que pour les affaires de M. de la Trousse ; mais cela nempesche pas que ie naye esté fort touchée de voir quil les avoit mises dans la cassette de ses poulets, et de me voir nommée parmy celles qui nont pas eü des sentimens si purs que moy. Dans cette occasion iay besoin que mes amis instruisent ceux qui ne le sont pas. Je vous croy asses genereux pour vouloir en dire ce que M^e^. de la Fayette vous en aprendra, et iay receu tant dautres marques de vostre amitié que je ne fais nulle facon de vous coniurer de me donner encore celle-cy.'

Bussy-Rabutin who, like Fouquet, had failed to touch his charming cousin's heart, quarrelled with her, and took an ungenerous revenge in his *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. But he soon grew ashamed of his conduct, and did his best to compensate for the wrong by (to use his own language) 'siding with her loudly against the people who sought to confound her with the mistresses of the minister.' To be well-armed for the campaign, he saw Tellier, and was assured by him that 'the letters of Madame de Sévigné were the letters of a friend who had a great deal of wit, and that they had amused the King more than the insipid tenderness of the other letters, but that the surintendant had *mal à propos* mixed love with friendship.' Tellier, it is justly added, was not the man to palliate evil if there was any, for it was he of whom the Comte de Grammont said, on seeing him go out from a private conference with the King, 'He looks like a polecat that has just been killing chickens and is licking his blood-stained muzzle.'

Both Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon are in high favour with the *Curieux*, having both contributed largely to his collection of autographs ; and he insists on throwing the entire responsibility of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and other arbitrary

measures suggested or sanctioned by Madame de Maintenon, on the King. The ingrained absolutism and egotism of Louis XIV., he contends, were at their acme from his earliest years. In the public library of St. Petersburg, under the glass covering of a collection of autographs, may be seen one of the copybooks in which his Majesty practised writing as a child. Instead of 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' or 'Virtue is its own reward,' the copy set for him was this: '*Les rois font tout ce qu'ils veulent.*'

The best mode that could be hit upon for teaching history to Louis XV. was that recommended by St. Simon to Fleury, the royal preceptor, afterwards cardinal and minister. It was to hang a gallery with historical portraits and sketches, to make this the place of reception for the children of the nobility who came to pay their respects to their young sovereign, to have them tutored beforehand and accompanied by preceptors, who were to lead the conversation to prominent events or characters, and so draw him on to make inquiries and pick up information.

More than half (300 pages) of the third volume of the *Causeries* is devoted to Montaigne, who is held in high favour, despite of two peculiarities which might have been expected to lower him in the opinion of a collector of autographs. He was an infrequent and careless correspondent, and he expressed a thorough contempt for all who wrote letters with a view to publication or literary fame. He excepts none, not even Cicero and Pliny the Younger, of whom he says:

'This surpasses all meanness of heart in persons of their rank to have wished to derive glory from egotism and prattle, to the point of employing for this purpose their private letters to their friends; so that, some having missed the time for being sent, they have notwithstanding published them with this worthy excuse that they were unwilling to

lose their pains. . . . Does it become two Roman consuls, sovereign magistrates of the imperial State of the world, to occupy their leisure in arranging and dressing up a fine missive, to draw from it the reputation of understanding well the language of their nurse? What could a schoolmaster, who gained his livelihood by it, do worse?'

What would Montaigne have said had he lived to be told of the miserable subterfuge of Pope, who surreptitiously caused his letters to be published, and then denounced the publication as a theft; or of the anxious care taken by Horace Walpole to transmit corrected copies of epistolary gossip to posterity? Be their motives what they might, we are indebted to them for compositions which the world would not willingly let die.

Throwing over Pliny somewhat unceremoniously and unnecessarily, M. Feuillet de Conches takes up the cudgels for Cicero, who, he vows, did not write his letters to his familiars—*ad familiares*—for any eyes but theirs; and the proof is that, when Atticus applied to him for copies, with a view to a complete collection, he had none. Montaigne, too, it is retorted, printed some of his own letters; whilst his mode of speaking of them and his method of epistolary composition is strongly marked by self-complacency:—

'On this subject of letters, I wish to say this one word, that it is a work in which my friends hold that I am capable of something; and I should more willingly have chosen this form of publishing my whims, had I had anyone to speak to (*si j'eusse eu à qui parler*).. I needed, what I have had at other times, a certain commerce that attracted, sustained, and excited me. If all the paper was in existence that I have ever blotted for the ladies, when my hand was truly carried away by my passion, there would haply be found some page worthy to be communicated to idle youth misled by this madness.'

After saying that he writes very fast, and very badly,

trusting to the indulgence of the great personages with whom he corresponds to excuse blots and erasures, he continues:

'The letters which cost me most are those that are worth least; from the moment that I flag, it is a sign that I am no longer in the vein. I readily begin without plan; the first sometimes produces the second. . . .

'As I had rather compose two letters than close and fold one, I always resign this duty to another; so that, when the substance is finished, I would willingly charge some one with the duty of adjusting those long harangues, offers, and prayers, that we place at the end, and wish that some new custom would deliver us from them.'

His wish has been granted, and our formal conclusions are now speedily dispatched. His habit of beginning without a plan recalls Rousseau's *beau idéal* of a love-letter, which should be begun without the writer knowing what he is going to say and end without his knowing what he has said. The letter of a celebrated Frenchwoman to her husband is a model of conciseness. '*Je commence, parce que je n'ai rien à faire: je finis parce que je n'ai rien à dire.*'—T. A. V.

The increased facility of communication has encouraged brevity and haste; we dash off a dozen letters in an hour instead of devoting half a morning to the production of one; and literary people are remarkable for carelessness in this respect,—probably on the principle avowed by Madame de Staël: 'Since I have aimed openly at celebrity by my books, I have left off paying any attention to my letters.'

The literary public are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a valuable collection of letters in which the place of honour is assigned to Montaigne;[1] and his familiarity with the style and hand-writing of this, the quaintest and most original of essayists, led to his

[1] 'Lettres inédites de Michel de Montaigne et de quelques autres personnages pour servir à l'histoire du seizième siècle.'

being called in to decide an amusing and instructive controversy. An autograph letter of Montaigne belonging to the Countess Boni de Castellain was put up to auction in 1834, and the agent of M. de Pixérécourt, having received an unlimited commission, gave 700 francs for it to the extreme disgust of his employer; who, on the chance of getting rid of his bargain, started what at first sounded like a plausible objection to its authenticity. The autograph was a report, dated February 16, 1588, to Maréchal de Matignon of what befell the writer and his party in an encounter with a troop of Leaguers, and contains this sentence: 'Nous n'osiens cependant passer outre pour l'incertitude de la sûreté de nos persones, de quoi nous devions estre esclercis sur nos *passepors*.'

The doubt arose from the word *passepors*, which, it was contended, was more modern. The reply was that, besides being used in another letter of Montaigne's and in one from the Cardinal de Lorraine of anterior date, it actually occurs eight times in the *Ordonnance d'Institution des Postes* framed under Louis XI. in 1464. An autograph, however, like Cæsar's wife, cannot endure suspicion: to be once discredited is enough; and the letter which cost 700 francs was subsequently thought dear at thirty. The word passport, it may be remembered, is introduced by Shakspeare in Henry V.'s speech before the battle of Agincourt: 'Let him depart: his passport shall be made.' But it appears from 'The Sentimental Journey,' published in 1768, that passports were not then in general use for travelling in time of peace: 'I had left London (says Yorick) with so much precipitation that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport.'[1]

[1] The most astounding collection of forged autographs ever known was that for which MM. Chasles and Eliè de Beaumont stood godfathers:

In the first chapter of his Fourth Book, entitled *Voyage où il vous plaira*, the *Curieux* analyses the nature of the interest we take in the personal qualities of authors, and strengthens his theory by the authority of Addison in the 'Spectator,' who begins by drawing a portrait of himself, which, although verging on caricature, has preserved two or three of the genuine and strongly marked features of the original. If not quite so taciturn as his literary double, Addison used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket. It was said of Corneille *qu'il avait tout son esprit en génie;* and he pleads guilty to the impeachment:—

> 'J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,
> Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville;
> Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui,
> Que si je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.'

According to an autograph note written by the Abbé d'Olivet for Voltaire and verified by the *Curieux*, there was another peculiarity in which the author of the *Cid* resembled another English writer of genius. Pope says in one of his letters that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination; and his habit was to take instant advantage of it when it came; rising frequently in the middle of the night to fix a thought, an image, or a rhyme. The fitfulness of Corneille's inspirations is thus illustrated in the note. One day whilst Molière was dressing, two men of letters dropped in and spoke with high praise of a tragedy by Corneille played the night before for the first time. Molière

and the controversy they raised is one amongst many melancholy proofs of the liability of learning and integrity to be the dupes of impudent imposture. The number and variety, including Milton, Galileo, Pascal, Newton, &c., &c., should have created distrust from the first; and how the internal evidence of the forgery escaped so many *savans* and Academicians is quite unaccountable. It was left to M. Van de Weyer to point out that a passage in a French letter (modern French) attributed to Milton was copied almost literally from the 'Notice sur Milton' by M. Villemain.

listened without uttering a word. When he was dressed, he began, 'Well, gentlemen, so you believe that Corneille is the author of what you have heard? Learn that there is a little demon who has conceived a friendship for him, and who has the wit of a demon. When he sees Corneille seating himself at his desk to bite his nails and try to make verses, he approaches and dictates four, eight, ten, sometimes twenty verses in succession, which are superior to anything that a mere man can make. After which the little demon, who is as mischievous as a demon, withdraws some paces off, saying, "Let us see how the rogue will get on without help." Corneille then makes the ten, twenty, thirty following verses; amongst which there are none but very ordinary, or even there are some very bad. The next day the same game is recommenced between the demon and Corneille. The whole piece is composed in this manner. Beware, gentlemen, of confounding the two authors. The one is a man, but the other is far more than a man.'

This differs somewhat from the fine criticism of St. Evremond where he says: 'That which is not excellent in him (Corneille) seems bad, less from being bad than from not having the perfection which he had managed to reach in other things. He preferred *Rodogune* to all his pieces; the public, *Cinna*.' The note (St. Evremond's) concludes: 'This is what I have heard related by the late Baron, our Roscius, who was present when Molière said it. I can also certify that M. de Maucroix, canon of Rheims, who died in 1708 at the age of ninety, told me that the audience at the theatre rose when Corneille entered, as for the Prince de Condé; and this he has told me more than once.'

The lively illustration of Molière would apply to many other men of genius—*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus;* and we have heard as coming from the mouth of an English author fond of argument, the

remark given by the *Curieux* to Nicole of Port-Royal, in reference to his friend Troisville: 'He has the best of it in the room; but he is no sooner at the bottom of the staircase than I have confuted him.' Is this the origin of the term *l'esprit de l'escalier*? Rousseau frequently complains of his own want of readiness and lays claim to the same description of wit.

Cuddie Headrigg says of Lady Margaret Bellenden, 'My leddy dinna like to be contradicted; as I ken naebody does if they can help themselves.' The *Curieux* does not like to be interrupted; 'not,' he adds, 'out of pride, but because interruption staggers and troubles his thoughts, and puts him out in his interrogations.' He has often been heard to exclaim, like M. de Fontenelle, 'My children, if we were to speak but four at once! what would you have? The *Curieux* has his nerves; you have yours.' This grievance would be comparatively little felt in England, where conversation is more elliptical, and the best talker is liable to be voted a bore if he habitually transgresses Swift's rule (strongly recommended by Sydney Smith) of not occupying more than half a minute without a break; it being free to all to get as many half minutes as they can. The well-known incident of the Frenchman watching his opportunity to strike in and murmuring *S'il crache, il est perdu*, could hardly have recurred in this country; at least not since two of the most eminent modern English historians have been taken from us.

If there is no precise reason why *causeries* of this kind should stop anywhere, they must clearly stop somewhere, and M. Feuillet de Conches's readers are not like the audience in 'The Critic,' who (according to Mr. Sneer) were perfectly indifferent how the actors got off the stage so long as they did get off. The *Curieux*, therefore, despite of his dislike to interruption, introduces a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of his publisher, '*le fidèle* Henri Plon,' exclaiming, '*Ah, Mon Dieu, est*

il possible! So you are still rummaging among the ashes of antiquity: you are still lingering among the frosts of the North: you are still at Aulnay with Huet, at Caen with M. de Malherbe, in Burgundy with Rabutin. Are you not also going to run off to London, to Florence, to Mantua, to Venice? And my third volume? And then your photograph, which my subscribers insist upon.'

The bare mention of the photograph provokes a diatribe against this new and popular substitute for the miniature and the engraving. 'Photography,' replies the *Curieux*, 'is my aversion; if it reproduces monuments and chalk or pencil drawings to admiration, it has infirmities and intolerable falsehoods for living nature. It can make nothing of distances, and does not see true. It falsifies features. It falsifies colours. In a word, it is the antipodes of art; it is the slave of an instrument and has all the defects of one. When Daniel du Moustier painted people, he made them better-looking than they were, giving as his reason: "They are such fools that they believe themselves to be what I make them, and pay more." But there are sitters more stingy than foolish, and if photography was dear, no one would submit to it; for it makes uglier than nature. It has been popularised by cheapness.' And so he runs on, till he has fairly run himself out and is content to conclude in right earnest, leaving us no alternative but to conclude with him.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

(From the Edinburgh Review, for July 1864).

Life of Edward Livingston. By Charles Havens Hunt. With an *Introduction* by George Bancroft. New York: 1864.

We have rarely been more struck or interested by any biographical work than by this book. It re-animates and elevates its theme by dint of truth and earnestness, without exaggerating a merit or palliating a defect; and we speedily found ourselves following with anxious admiration the career of a legislator and jurist, whose rejected System of Penal Law has hitherto been thought to constitute his sole title to European attention or celebrity. This effect may be partly owing to the light thrown by his speeches and correspondence on the causes and growth of the internecine dissensions of the United States; but the grand attraction may be traced to the fact that his chequered life, quite independently of its manifold and momentous relations to public measures and events, is fraught with useful lessons in conduct and deeply coloured with romance. We may simultaneously deduce from it, by way of moral, that honesty and energy of purpose must succeed in the long run and that the development of the highest talents, or the prosecution of the loftiest aims, may be fatally checked by pecuniary embarrassments resulting from neglect. It is a welcome change to turn from the sanguinary contentions, the sordid passions, and the shattered condition of the American people at the present time (1864), to the wisdom, the

dignity, and the love of freedom which marked the great citizens of the commonwealth in its earlier years. Of these men Edward Livingston was one.

The master passion of a prosperous family in the New World is to prove its descent from one of traditional nobility or gentility in the Old. A member of the transatlantic tribe of Warrens has printed a comely quarto to prove that the last Earl de Warrenne (who left no issue) was their lineal ancestor; and a Bright of Boston has devoted a royal octavo of three hundred and forty-five pages to 'The Brights of Suffolk;' in which, strange to say, he lays no claim to relationship with his distinguished namesake, the Member for Birmingham. We may consequently consider ourselves as let off cheaply by Mr. Hunt, when he disposes of the Livingston pedigree in a single chapter of moderate length, having had strong temptations to overcome; for that pedigree is remarkable alike for its clearness and its respectability.

It modestly commences with Sir Alexander Livingston, of Calendar, who on the death of James I. of Scotland, in 1437, was appointed one of two joint Regents during the minority of James II., and was made Keeper of the King's person, his associate Crichton being Chancellor. The murder of Earl Douglas in Edinburgh Castle by these worthies, has done more to perpetuate their memories than any good or wise action performed by either of them; but, as was pointedly said by Gibbon, 'treason, sacrilege, and proscription are often the best titles of ancient nobility.' The Livingstons had their fair share of this sort of illustration; having generally managed to lose their peerages nearly as fast as they got them by taking the losing side in 1715 and 1745. The destinies of the founder of the American branch, Robert, were swayed, in his own despite, by the independent and insubordinate spirit of his race. He was born in Teviotdale, in 1654, the son of the

Reverend John Livingston, who played a prominent part in Scottish ecclesiastical history, and passed the last nine years of his life (from 1663 to 1672) at Rotterdam, under sentence of banishment for Nonconformity. Robert was bred up amongst Dutchmen, and as soon as he came to man's estate, he started for New York, took up his residence in Albany, then a Dutch village, and proceeded to amass landed property in a fashion which will sound strange to the conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn. The first purchase, we are told, was of two thousand acres on Roelof Jansen's Hill. The deed, bearing date July 12, 1683, was executed by two Indians and two squaws, with names defying pronunciation and orthography. The consideration consisted of 300 guilders and a strange medley of assorted goods and articles to be paid or delivered in five days. The other conveyances were of the same character, and at the foot of one of them is this receipt:

'This day, the 18th July 1687, a certain Cripple Indian Woman named Siakanochqui of Catskil acknowledges to have received full satisfaction by a cloth garment and cotton Shift for her share and claim to a certain Flatt of Land Situate in the Manor of Livingston; Which Witness, &c.'

In this way Robert Livingston became the proprietor of a territory embracing upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand acres, which was erected by patent from the Crown into the Lordship; and he fondly looked forward to its perpetuation, one and undivided, like an ancestral manor in Great Britain, in a succession of representatives. But the force of democratic institutions was too strong; and the third possessor parcelled it out amongst his children with as proud a contempt for primogeniture and aristocracy as if he had been a cotton lord or manufacturer—perhaps prouder. In allusion to the resulting loss of concentrated influence and importance, Mr. Hunt exclaims:

'What a change has the intervening half century wrought, not merely in the affairs of this house, but in those of all like establishments in this country! The Livingstons are now a multiplied host of for the most part energetic and successful individuals, and their aggregate wealth and influence exceeds the probable dreams of their ambitious ancestor. Yet the strength which comes of combination is gone from them. Our democracy divides every clan, minces every estate, individualises everybody, disintegrates everything. Each man is the head of his own family; no man can be the head of the family of his ancestors.'

Down to this point the writer seems to favour the inference that the change is for the best. But in the very next paragraph we are shown the reverse of the medal, and are warned to anticipate a consummation which is already more than half completed:

'In the United States, we seem to be out-heroding this tendency of the times. Our political leaders, representatives, and even judges, are now too often individuals whom many an obscure, well-bred person would not meet in the same drawing-room for all the world. We are certainly making some progress in bridging the gulf which once generally separated low manners from high positions. Such progress is one of the worst of our present evils; it threatens us with the most palpable of our future dangers. How far the effrontery of ill-bred ignorance and incapacity will carry itself towards monopolising places of dignity, power, and trust, is truly a question of moment. It is frightful to contemplate the possibility that the entire government in all its branches of so great and prosperous a country may, some day, be given permanently over to unlettered and unmannered statesmen. The whole world always did and always will respect a man who becomes conspicuous by force of high capacity and virtue, in spite of humble birth and imperfect education; but surely it would be better if public opinion should restrain politicians from aspiring to the Presidency without a respectable knowledge of grammar and the proprieties of life.'

Unluckily it is this very public opinion which en-

courages these unlettered and unmannered 'statesmen,' as they are called by courtesy, and it will be well if they transgress no higher rules than those of grammar and propriety. The democratic principle, however, was only just beginning to operate when Edward Livingston was approaching manhood: its foundations had hardly been so much as laid when he came into the world; and he had all the advantages at starting which the wealth, position, and connexions of progenitors and parents can bestow.

His father was a judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of New York, and was so highly esteemed that one of his most intimate friends, William Smith, the historical writer, was accustomed to say, 'If I were to be placed in a desert island, with but one book and one friend, that book should be the Bible, and that friend Robert Livingston.' His mother, Margaret Beekman, 'a woman of a large and heroic mould,' is described as a meet mate for such a man.

An anecdote of Edward's boyhood proves both his own sweetness of temper and the maternal sagacity on which the formation of character in children so materially depends. One of his sisters came with a complaint to the mother of having been roughly accosted or unkindly treated by him. 'Then go into the corner. I am sure you have been very naughty, or Edward would not have done so.' His only battle at school was in vindication of his veracity, when assailed, like that of Bruce in the centre of Africa, for the statement of a familiar fact. 'The occasion,' says Mr. Hunt, 'was the moral necessity of backing up a statement which he casually made among his fellows, to the effect that at Clermont they had an ice-house in which ice was preserved for family use through the summer,—a statement which one of the boys, because he had never heard of such a thing before, honestly but indiscreetly pronounced to

be—a lie.' He was not remarkable for diligence at school, but no degree of idleness could deprive a boy of his stamp of the education of events and circumstances; and these were of the most impressive kind at the precise time when his heart and imagination were most prone to be moved and stirred by them.

Born on the 26th May, 1764, he was in his thirteenth year on the day of the Declaration of Independence: his first degree at college, Nassau Hall, Princeton, was contemporary with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in 1781; and his legal studies were completed about the time when 'a grave little gentleman in black (John Adams) walked up St James's as first American ambassador.' Before attaining his majority, he had mingled in the contest for the most sacred of rights: he had played his part in popular demonstrations: he had witnessed marches and countermarches, advances and retreats: he had seen all that was dearest to him repeatedly at stake: he had heard the angry clamour of the market-place suddenly drowned by the rattle of musketry; and when his family were hastily decamping with their household goods from their cherished home, with the hostile soldiery at hand, he had caught courage from the hearty laugh of his mother at the figure made by a favourite servant, a fat old negro woman, perched in solemn sadness on the top of a waggon. The training supplied by scenes of this kind is at least as valuable as that which the university can confer; and Edward Livingston's mind was fortunately steeled by them for vicissitudes for which no ordinary culture would have afforded an adequate preparation.

At the same time, we are not prepared to accept his own statement that he neglected the usual studies or was deficient in the common round of attainments at school or college. The extensive knowledge of science and literature which he subsequently displayed, must most of it have been acquired—at least the founda-

tions of it must have been laid—in his student days; and that he was not thought an idle boy by his friends appears from (amongst other indications) a letter written by John Jay, from Paris, to Chancellor Livingston (his elder brother) in 1783: 'I send you a box of plaster copies of medals: if Mrs. Livingston will permit you to keep so many mistresses, reserve the ladies for yourself, and give the philosophers and poets to Edward.' It may certainly be doubted whether Edward would have consented to this partition to the extent of abandoning all claim to a share of the ladies, for his finical attention to his dress had earned him the title of Beau Ned; and at a still later period he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Longinus:

Longinus, give thy lessons o'er;
I do not need thy rules:
Let pedants on thy precepts pore,
Or give them to the schools.

The perfect beauty which you seek,
In Anna's verse I find;
It glows on fair Eliza's cheek,
And dwells in Mary's mind.

The ladies in question were the daughters of Mr. McEvers, a merchant of New York; and the Mary, whose perfect beauty dwelt in her mind, subsequently became his wife.

The division of labour which is rigidly enforced amongst English lawyers has never been held compulsory on the profession in America, where the callings of barrister and attorney are frequently combined. We must not, therefore, be surprised at reading that Livingston was admitted to practise as an attorney in January 1785, and that he speedily became a formidable rival to the advocates of highest reputation at the New York bar. A sketch of these is given by Mr. Hunt; and amongst other names that have acquired more than provincial celebrity, are those

of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. No particulars are given of our hero's forensic career, of the prosecutions which he conducted, the accused persons whom he defended, or the causes that he led. We are simply assured that in the course of nine years' practice he had distanced the great bulk of his competitors, that he was the Romilly or Scarlett of New York, and that his reputation as an eminently accomplished orator led to his being elected a member of Congress for that city in 1794. He was opposed by a Mr. Watts, a gentleman whose speciality was that he had never articulated anything but 'aye' and 'no' during his congressional career; and he was contrasted for this very reason (his friends thought favourably) with one whose ready rhetoric was denounced as an unanswerable proof of shallowness.

Livingston's most remarkable effort in his first session was the delivery of a speech, occupying nearly a day, in support of the right of Congress to question the policy of treaties with foreign countries, on which it was contended to be the prerogative of the President to decide with the consent and advice of the Senate. He also brought forward a resolution for the protection of American seamen; and on each occasion found himself measuring his strength with Madison, Sedgwick, and Fisher Ames. His re-election in 1796 was vehemently opposed by a man and in a manner that bore ample testimony to the importance he had obtained in the eyes of the antagonist party, the Federalists; who, at the instigation of Alexander Hamilton, made strenuous exertions to get a Mr. Watson preferred to him, on the curious ground, actually put forward in a handbill of Hamilton's composition, that he kept a chariot; rendered more curious by the retorted fact that the Federalist kept a chariot too.

There is a passage in M. Nisard's Life of Armand

Carrel alluding to 'that cabriolet which had been made such a topic of reproach to him, either by men who would have sold the tombs of their fathers to have one, or by those friends of equality who call for it in fortunes to console them for the inequality of talents.' But this was at a time when it was truly and wittily said of 'young France' that each of them was striving to be the equal of his superior and the superior of his equal; and it is new to us that such an objection could be raised with effect in the freshly emancipated colony still clinging to the habits and modes of thought of the parent country. From the intelligence that is almost daily reaching us, also, of the present social condition of New York, we should infer that the display of wealth in equipages and dress is no longer typical of, nor associated in the popular mind with, aristocracy.

On the occasion of his second candidature in 1796, Livingston received a letter from his elder brother, the chancellor, which may be read with advantage by many a rising lawyer who is looking to a seat in Parliament or many a would-be statesman who underestimates the conditions of success:

'As I naturally feel myself much interested in your political career, I cannot but entreat you to consider that you are at this moment making immense sacrifices of fortune and professional reputation by remaining in Congress. Nothing can compensate for these losses but attaining the highest political distinction. But, believe me, this will never be attained without the most unwearied application, both in and out of the House. Read everything that relates to the state of your laws, commerce, and finances. Form and perfect your plans, so as to bring them forward in the best shape. Forgive, my dear brother, both my freedom and my style. I write from my heart, not from my head. Be persuaded that no extent of talent will avail, without a considerable portion of industry, to make a distinguished statesman.'

The debates in which Livingston most distinguished

himself in the third session possess an historical interest, and throw light on the contrasted progress of democratic and monarchical institutions. Two measures bearing a suspicious resemblance to the English 'Gagging Bill,' and a still stronger to the French Law of Public Safety, were introduced by the President (Adams) in 1798, popularly known as the Alien and Sedition Laws. The one made it a high misdemeanour, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to combine to oppose any measures of the Government, or to traduce or defame the Legislature or the President by declarations tending to criminate the motives of either. The other invested the President with power to imprison or banish suspected aliens, or perpetually exclude them from the rights of citizenship, or to grant them licenses of residences revocable at pleasure.

'Both these odious measures,' says Mr. Hunt, 'were passed under the spur of party discipline. Both excited at once the bitterest opposition of the Republican party, and presently incurred the hearty abomination of the country. Such experiments in legislation are not likely to be repeated while our form of government lasts.' Never was there a more unfortunate prediction. It is precisely 'our form of government' which has proved most fruitful of such measures. Arbitrary restrictions of personal liberty are at this moment rifest in North America, the pride of democracy, and under the French Empire, the boasted creation of universal suffrage; whilst the existing generation of Englishmen practically know nothing of exceptionally repressive or oppressive laws of any kind. The Alien and Sedition Bills were opposed at every stage by Livingston; and his principal speech against the Alien Bill was printed on satin and largely distributed throughout the States. In one passage, which may be cited as a favourable specimen of his style, he went the length of invoking popular resistance to it if passed:

'But if, regardless of our duties as citizens, and our solemn obligations as representatives; regardless of the rights of our constituents; regardless of every sanction, human and divine, we are ready to violate the Constitution we have sworn to defend,—will the people submit to our unauthorised acts? will the States sanction our usurped power? Sir, they ought not to submit; they would deserve the chains which these measures are forging for them, if they did not resist. . . . You have already been told of plots and conspiracies; and all the frightful images that are necessary to keep up the present system of terror and alarm have been presented to you; but who are implicated in these dark hints, these mysterious allusions? They are our own citizens, Sir, not aliens. If there is any necessity for the system now proposed, it is more necessary to be enforced against our own citizens than against strangers; and I have no doubt that, either in this or some other shape, this will be attempted.

'I now ask, Sir, whether the people of America are prepared for this?—whether they are willing to part with all the means which the wisdom of their ancestors discovered and their own caution so lately adopted, to secure their own persons?—whether they are willing to submit to imprisonment, or exile, whenever suspicion, calumny, or vengeance shall mark them for ruin? Are they base enough to be prepared for this? No, Sir, they will—I repeat it, they will—resist this tyrannical system; the people will oppose, the States will not submit to its operations; they ought not to acquiesce, and I pray to God they never may.'

In the concluding sentences, he was copying, consciously or unconsciously, Lord Chatham's famous burst: 'I rejoice that America has resisted; three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest.' As the part Livingston took on this occasion raised him to the height of popularity, it does not appear, nor does his biographer explain, why he retired from Congress in 1801; for the domestic affliction, the loss of his first wife, which occurred subsequently in the same

month, was not anticipated. He probably began to see the importance of acting on his brother's advice by attending more to his professional prospects; for his retirement was almost immediately followed by his appointment to the office of Attorney for the district of New York, as well as to the Mayoralty of New York, then a post of dignity and importance. The celebrated De Witt Clinton, we are reminded, resigned, with a view to its acceptance, his seat in the Senate. Besides presiding over the deliberations of the Common Council, the Mayor was *ex-officio* the chief judge of the highest court of this city, with jurisdiction civil and criminal. The emoluments were such that a few years' incumbency carefully managed was reckoned equivalent to a handsome competency.

Livingston was now thirty-seven: his worldly prospects wore a smiling aspect, and his varied duties were performed with spirit and efficiency. His decisions gave satisfaction: his refined hospitality as chief magistrate to distinguished strangers reflected credit on his fellow-citizens, and he was unceasingly active in endeavouring to reform abuses and mitigate distress. A favourite scheme, in which he warmly urged the Mechanical Society to co-operate, was to found an establishment for insuring the employment of, first, strangers during the first month of their arrival; secondly, citizens who had been thrown out of work by sickness or casualties; thirdly, widows and orphans; fourthly, discharged or pardoned convicts. The leading feature of the project being the opening of public workshops, like the *Ateliers Nationaux* of 1848, the sound political economist will see at a glance that it could not have been carried out without a mischievous disturbance of the labour market; and the Mechanical Society, wisely, we think, declined to concur in it. His practical philanthropy was of a nature that did not admit of denial or dispute. In the summer of 1803, the yellow fever broke out in New

York, and spread rapidly in all classes. First among the self-sacrificing portion of the community was the Mayor, who not only saw to the execution of the needful official regulations, but kept a list of the houses in which there were sick, and visited them all in turn as well as the hospitals. At length he caught the contagion, and his life was in serious peril for a period. 'He was now,' says Mr. Hunt, 'the object of extraordinary popular gratitude and regard. When his physicians called for madeira to be administered to him, not a bottle of that or any other kind of wine was to be found in his cellar. He had himself prescribed every drop for others. As soon as the fact was known, the best wines were sent to his house from every direction. A crowd thronged the street near his door, to obtain the latest news of his condition; and young people vied with each other for the privilege of watching by his bed.'

Except in this absorbing crisis, he found time for science and literature, as well as for legislation and jurisprudence, and was always ready to promote parties of amusement, or to add his joyous laugh to the merriment of the gay and young. 'I wish I could go to the theatre every night,' exclaimed a lively niece of sixteen. 'Well, my dear,' said the Mayor, 'you shall, you shall;' and he actually took her night after night until she was compelled to cry, enough. Escorting Theodosia Burr, yclept the celebrated, with a party to see a frigate lying in the harbour, he told her, as they neared the ship: 'Now, Theodosia, you must bring none of your sparks on board: they have a magazine, and we shall all be blown up.' He had a mania for punning, but was obliged to own that the only tolerable pun he had ever made was whilst he was asleep. He had dreamed that he was present in a crowded church, at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun. The novice's name was announced as Mary Fish. The

question was then put, who should be her patron saint. 'I woke myself,' said Livingston, 'by exclaiming, "Why, St. Poly Carp, to be sure!"'

The fifth volume of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' concludes with a laudatory quotation from Captain Hall, and the remark '—with his flourish of trumpets I must drop the curtain on a scene of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The muffled drum is in prospect.' The stage of Livingston's life at which we have now arrived might well justify a similar pause, and suggest a similar train of reflection. He was in the enjoyment of almost every blessing and not a cloud was visible in the horizon of the future, when a crushing blow fell upon him, shattering both fame and fortune and dooming him to a series of severe trials for the best of his remaining years. In the autumn of 1803, he became a public defaulter for an amount beyond his immediate or anticipated means to satisfy; and the utmost that he could hope in the emergency was that a charitable interpretation of the circumstances would save him from disgrace. It was one of his duties and perquisites in his official capacity to receive certain moneys from public creditors through the hands of agents, for whom he was responsible. He never could be made to attend to pecuniary transactions or accounts: a weakness or peculiarity for which his multifarious engagements were partially an excuse, especially in the fever year, when the chief *deficit* occurred. Five years later, in the course of a controversy to which we shall recur, he made a clean breast of the matter in terms which we cannot do better than adopt:

'It is time that I should speak. Silence now would be cruelty to my children, injustice to my creditors, treachery to my fame. The consciousness of a serious imprudence, which created the debt I owe the public, I confess it with humility and regret, has rendered me perhaps too desirous of avoiding public observation,—an imprudence which, if

nothing can excuse, may at least be accounted for by the confidence I placed in an agent, who received and appropriated a very large proportion of the sum, and the moral certainty I had of being able to answer any call for the residue whenever it should be made. Perhaps, too, it may be atoned for in some degree by the mortification of exile, by my constant and laborious exertions to satisfy the claims of justice, by the keen disappointment attending this deadly blow to the hopes I had encouraged of pouring into the public treasury the fruits of my labour, and above all by the humiliation of this public avowal.'

The agent of whom he speaks was a confidential clerk, a Frenchman by birth; and it will be fresh in the memory of most readers that Thomas Moore was subjected to a similar embarrassment by the failure of his deputy in Bermuda, and that the 'disorder in the *chest*,' which compelled Theodore Hook to quit his treasurership at Mauritius was also mainly owing to a mulatto clerk.

In his Essay on Decision of Character, Foster relates the true story of a prodigal, who, having sold the whole of his paternal estate and spent the last sixpence of the proceeds, seated himself on a rising ground commanding a view of the property, made a solemn vow to get it back, and by dint of industry and parsimony succeeded in so doing. The dream of Warren Hastings' life was the recovery of his ancestral home of Daylesford, which he did recover. Moore met his unmerited misfortune with an equanimity that extorted the half-comic praise of Rogers: 'It is well you are a poet; you could never bear it as you do if you were a philosopher.' Sir Walter Scott nobly put forth his full strength at all hazards and against all remonstrances, till, like the overtasked elephant, he broke down and died. But no victim or hero, genuine or apocryphal, could have displayed a finer, more chivalrous, or more self-denying spirit than Livingston.

Having promptly satisfied himself of his liability, he at once, without waiting for the formal adjustment, confessed judgment for the largest estimated amount, subsequently fixed at $43,666, assigned over all his property in trust for the State, and resigned both his offices. The citizens of New York were not wanting in generosity: he was strongly urged to retain the Mayoralty; and a highly laudatory address was voted and presented to him by the Common Council. But his mind was made up to quit the scene of the honours and the prosperity thus fatally reversed, and to quit it instantly for the field of exertion offering the best chance of the speedy redemption and restitution for which he panted.

In the spring of that very year, 1803, Louisiana had been purchased by the United States of France. New Orleans was the rising commercial city, the El Dorado of the South, where talent and enterprise would have freer scope than in any more settled community. To New Orleans, therefore, he would go, and never return to New York till he could return free and independent, with his debts paid and his position no longer open to a reproach.

'He now had need of all his philosophy. He was considerably past the period of life when usually, if ever, a man undertakes for the first time such an adventure, and to this one all his habits and associations, his tastes and his affections, opposed themselves. It was to quit the scene of his long prosperity and happiness, his family, his friends, and the fresh graves of his wife and eldest son; while the comfort and safety of his two remaining children, now nine and five years old, the objects of his tenderest feelings, would require them to be left behind for years. Nevertheless, he resolved upon the enterprise, and having made the resolution, did not lag in its execution. He at once arranged his affairs, procured all practical means of extensive introduction to Louisianians, and leaving his children, from whom he had never yet been separated, in the care of his brother, John R.

Livingston, whose wife was Eliza McEvers, the sister of their mother, he embarked, during the last week of December, 1803, within two months after retiring from the mayoralty, as a passenger on board a vessel bound to New Orleans. All the money and pecuniary resources which he had reserved out of his property and now carried, consisted of about one hundred dollars in gold, and a letter of credit for one thousand dollar more.'

He almost at once assumed the lead of the bar at New Orleans, where his knowledge of languages stood him in good stead; and soon after his arrival he was requested to draw up a Code of Procedure, which thenceforth regulated the practice of the courts. Fearne, the profoundest and acutest of English real-property lawyers, was deeply versed in chemistry and other branches of science. With equal versatility, Livingston was wont to amuse his leisure hours with mechanical contrivances; and a carpenter whom he employed to made models, naïvely observed: 'It is odd that a lawyer should understand *my* trade so well as Mr. Livingston does: I know nothing in the world of *his*.' He was a zealous Freemason, and a passage from one of his addresses, as President of the Louisiana Lodge, is introduced for the sake of the anecdote connected with it:

'My brethren, have you searched your hearts? Do you find there no lurking animosity against a brother? Have you had the felicity never to have cherished, or are you so happy as to have banished, all envy at his prosperity, all malicious joy at his misfortunes? If you find this is the result of your scrutiny, enter with confidence the sanctuary of union. But if the examination discovers either rankling jealousy or hatred long concealed, or even unkindness or offensive pride, I entreat you, defile not the altar of Friendship with your unhallowed offering; but, in the language of Scripture, "Go, be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer thy gift."'

Here the speaker was interrupted by the sudden

movement of two of the audience, who rushed into each other's arms. They were real brothers, who had quarrelled and not been on speaking terms for several years. 'No triumph at the bar or tribune,' said Livingston, 'could be worth the satisfaction I felt at that moment.'

In 1805, he married his second wife, Louise Moreau de Lassy, the young widow of a gentleman from Jamaica and a native of St. Domingo. She is described as exceedingly beautiful. 'Slender, delicate, and wonderfully graceful, she possessed a brilliant intellect and an uncommon spirit.' Two months after his marriage, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Tillotson :—

'I have now, indeed, again a home, and a wife who gives it all the charms that talents, good temper, and affection can afford: but that home is situated at a distance from my family, and in a climate to which I cannot, without imprudence, bring my children.'

For a time everything seemed succeeding to his wishes. Besides receiving a large income from his profession, he had made money by successful speculations in land; and he was beginning to calculate the time—three or four years at the utmost—before he could return with credit and comfort to New York. But twice before that consummation could be reached, he was destined to be flung back and pressed down by the heavy hand of power, arbitrarily and wrongfully stretched forth beneath that young tree of liberty which was to overshadow the world with its branches. A private debt due from him when he left New York had been assigned to Aaron Burr, who, in July 1806, wrote to him by one Dr. Bollman respecting it, and arrangements were forthwith made with Bollman for its discharge. When Burr's conspiracy broke out, General James Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States and Governor of Upper

Louisiana, then at Orleans, ordered the military arrest of Bollman and two others on a charge of misprision of treason; and on a *habeas corpus* being granted, personally attended on the return-day of the writ, to enforce its discharge. In the course of a speech which he thought fit to address to the startled judges, he said he had taken this step for the national safety then menaced by a lawless band of traitors associated under Aaron Burr, whose adherents were numerous in the city, including two councillors of that court. He then cast his eyes slowly round the bar, enjoining the suspense of the members, till he named Mr. Alexander, and proceeded:—'As to Mr. Livingston, I have evidence that Dr. Bollman brought a draft upon him for $2,000 and upwards, which he paid.'

'He finished by asking the court that his oath might be taken to the truth of the charges he had exhibited. He raised his hand as if to have the oath administered, when the court mildly suggested the propriety of reducing the statement to writing. He then hesitated. One of the judges offered him a seat at his side on the bench, and proposed himself to take down the charges and testimony. This the General declined; upon which the court suggested that one of the judges would wait on "His Excellency," at any time that might be convenient to him, to take his deposition. This offer the conquering hero condescended to accept, and retired from the bar, after receiving the thanks of the presiding judge for his communication, and an apology for the trouble the business had caused him.

'But just as Wilkinson was about to withdraw, Mr. Livingston, who, till then, during this shocking scene of judicial sycophancy, had sat in melancholy silence, arose to demand and then to entreat of the court that his accuser should not be allowed to leave the bar without substantiating his charge upon oath, in order that, if it should appear that he was guilty, he might be immediately committed to prison, and if not, that he should not be compelled to go home loaded with the suspicion of crime. The appeal was fruit-

less, and the General went his way, promising, however, to make good the charge on the following day.'

Of course he never did make good the charge, the utter groundlessness of which was thoroughly and fearlessly exposed by Livingston without delay; but the General went on his way exulting, with as little dread of responsibility or regard to consequences as might be supposed to influence Marshal von Wrangel, General Butler, or any other military despot at this hour.

'When he returned to his house after the scene in court, in which the accusation of Wilkinson had fallen suddenly as a thunderbolt upon him, his young wife, then the mother of their only child, but a few months old, besought him earnestly not to withhold from her any part of his confidence. "We have not lived long together," she said, "and you may not know the whole strength of my character or of my affection. Whatever may have been the scheme of Burr, if you have had anything to do with it tell me, so that I may share your thoughts as well as your destiny." His response was a laugh so hearty as to dispel in an instant from her mind any shadow of fear that he was really implicated in the mysterious enterprise.'

It was hard to be forced into an unequal conflict in this fashion with the Commander-in-Chief on a question of liberty and reputation, but it was harder still to be brought to the verge of ruin by a controversy with the President, who, instead of leaving the matter in dispute to the uncontrolled decision of the courts of justice, exerted all his official and personal influence to bear his adversary and intended victim to the ground. Here, again, we shall have to mark a course of proceeding on the part of the Executive of the model Republic, for which there has been no parallel under the English monarchy since the worst days of the Stuarts.

The Batture Controversy, to which a chapter of fifty

pages is devoted in this biography, may take rank with the most striking of the logical or literary duels to which we are wont to refer long after their local or temporary interest has died away, as specimens of learning, acuteness, raillery or, wit. Livingston's answers to Jefferson are little inferior in their way to Bentley's reply to Boyle, Porson's Letters to Travis, or the best of Paul Louis Courier's pamphlets; and they moreover involve principles of jurisprudence of universal application. What in a double sense might be called the battle-ground was a part of the delta of the Mississippi at New Orleans, then in a transitional state between land and shore, serving sometimes as an anchorage and sometimes as a quay, according to the height of the river. Although the adjacent proprietor had laid early claim to it, no exclusive right was attempted to be set up till he became a client of Livingston's, who saw its future value at a glance. 'This rural bank must soon give place to urban wharfs like those of New York. Ah, here was a mine to be worked, and opportunity to escape from bankruptcy at a single bound, instead of trudging only the tedious road of careful industry.' He bought a portion of the property and began inclosing it. Then awoke the popular tumult, and then began the official oppression. Both people and government persevered in treating him as an intruder, and a long course of harassing litigation, comprising civil and criminal proceedings of many kinds, was the result. At the end of a nine or ten years' contest, he succeeded in establishing his title and confounding his opponents, but the loss of time and the waste of intellectual energy were irrecoverable.

The English invasion of Louisiana, and the assault of New Orleans in 1815, brought out Livingston in an entirely new and highly favourable light. He organised meetings to encourage the citizens to resistance: he drew up animating addresses: with the rank of colonel,

he acted as aide-de-camp to General Jackson; and he was deemed one of the most effective of the military council and staff. When a medal was struck by order of Congress in honour of the General, he called to Livingston: 'Come here and see what you have helped me to gain.' Mr. Hunt dwells with pardonable complacency on the military services of his hero; and if we are compelled to pass them over, it is from no patriotic wish to deprive him of any part of the glory obtained in great measure through British mismanagement or mishap.

We now come to the culminating point of Livingston's reputation, his System of Penal Law or Criminal Codes.[1] In 1796, when he first took his seat in Congress, his attention had been drawn to the subject, and he procured first one Committee and then a second (of both which he was Chairman) to report on the Penal Laws of the United States. No report was made, and his labours in this walk did not recommence in earnest till 1820, when he drew up and introduced an Act authorising the preparation of a Criminal Code for Louisiana. In February 1821 he was elected by joint ballot of the General Assembly of that State to revise its entire system of criminal law. The existing system was a compound of French, Spanish, and English laws or customs—confused, uncertain, and occasionally revolting from severity or absurdity. Thus, sentence of infamy was passed indiscriminately upon whole classes, without the smallest reference to

[1] The whole of his labours under this head are collected in an octavo volume of 745 closely printed pages, entitled 'A System of Penal Law for the State of Louisiana: consisting of A Code of Crimes and Punishments: A Code of Procedure: A Code of Evidence: A Code of Reform and Prison Discipline: A Book of Definitions. Prepared under the authority of a law of the said State, by Edward Livingston. To which are prefixed a Preliminary Report on the Plan of a Penal Code, and Introductory Reports to the several Codes embraced in the System of Penal Law. Published by James Kay, Jun. & Co., Philadelphia, 1833.'

personal innocence or guilt, the bare fact of their coming within the description being enough: children of illegal marriages; suitors or advocates incurring rebuke, just or unjust, from a judge; widows marrying before the expiration of a year's mourning, and their new husbands; procurers, comedians, slanderers, usurers, gamblers, and buffoons. It was also a crime, punishable by banishment and confiscation of all property, for an advocate to betray the secrets of his client: for any person to say mass without ordination; to change a name for one more honourable; or for a woman to feign maternity and produce a counterfeit heir.

None of the popular objections to codification could consequently arise in this instance; and Livingston's eventual failure to satisfy the pressing and practical wants of his employers, was owing to the vastness of his conceptions and the comprehensive philanthropy of his views. He was far in advance of the most advanced legislative or representative assembly then existing in either hemisphere; and he assumed, as the groundwork of his system, doctrines or principles which are still disputed by the majority of enlightened jurists. He insisted on the abolition of capital punishment as imperatively required by reason, justice, and humanity; whilst the grand aim of his system of secondary punishments was the reform and gradual restoration of the offender to society. For this purpose, he proposed to bring under one central direction, crime, vagrancy, mendicity and all forms of pauperism: to combine in single establishments the whole machinery of poor-house, workhouse, bridewell, and penitentiary. Society, he lays down, is formed of two divisions: those who by their industry or property provide subsistence for themselves and their families, and those who do not. The latter may be subdivided into three classes: those who can labour and are willing to labour, but cannot find employment: those who can labour, but are idle from

inclination, not from want of employment: those who are unable to support themselves by their labour from infancy, old age, or inferiority of body or mind. He then proceeds to justify his projected establishment:

'This establishment enters most essentially into the plan I propose. Its different departments, under the name of poorhouses, workhouses, and bridewells, are known not only in England and the states which derive their jurisprudence from that country, but in different parts of Europe, but they are there distinct institutions, and want that unity of plan from which it is thought their principal utility will arise. This requires elucidation. If the duty of supporting its members be once acknowledged to be one incumbent on society to the extent that has been assumed, and if the classification I have made is correct, the necessity becomes apparent of distinguishing in what degree the different applicants are entitled to relief; but that system would be obviously imperfect that was confined to making this distinction, and granting relief only to the one class without making any disposition of the others. Every applicant, if my premisses be true, must belong to one or the other of those classes; and the same magistrate who hears his demand of support, or before whom he is brought, on an accusation of illegally obtaining it, is enabled at once to assign him his place. Is he able and willing to work, but cannot obtain it? Here is employment suited to his strength, to his age, his capacity. Is he able to work, but idle, intemperate, or vicious? His habits must be corrected by seclusion, sobriety, instruction, and labour. Is he utterly unable to provide for his support? The great social duty of religion and humanity must be performed. *One investigation on this plan puts an end to the inquiry.* Every one applying for alms, or convicted of illegal idleness and vice, necessarily belongs to one or the other class, and immediately finds his place; he no longer remains a burthen on individuals, and society is at once relieved from vagrancy and pauperism.'

The primary object of this part of his system is to prevent the idle or unemployed from becoming law-breakers. He deals with actual criminals by carefully

classifying them, and subjecting them to imprisonment varying in time, place, and circumstance with their respective degrees of guilt. Seclusion and labour afford him the means of increasing punishment to the utmost point of severity admitted by his Code. The article relating to murderers runs thus:

'Art. 167. No murderers, in any degree, shall have any communication with other persons out of the prison than the inspectors and visitors; they are considered dead to the rest of the world.

'Art. 168. The cells of murderers (in any degree) shall be painted black within and without, and on the outside thereof shall be inscribed, in large letters, the following sentence:

'"In this cell is confined, to pass his life in solitude and sorrow, A.B., convicted of the murder of C.D. [by assassination, parricide, &c., describing the offence, if of an aggravated kind]; his food is bread of the coarsest kind; his drink is water, mingled with his tears: he is dead to the world; his cell is his grave; his existence is prolonged that he may remember his crime, and repent it, and that the continuance of his punishment may deter others from the indulgence of hatred, avarice, sensuality, and the passions which lead to the crime he has committed. When the Almighty, in His due time, shall exercise towards him that dispensation which he himself arrogantly and wickedly usurped towards another, his body is to be dissected, and his soul will abide that judgment which Divine Justice shall decree."

'Art. 169. The same inscription, changing only the words "this cell" for the words "solitary cell in this prison," shall be made on the outside of the prison wall, in large white letters on a black ground. The inscriptions shall be removed on the death of the convicts to which they relate.'

Treating voluntary labour as a mitigation and a resource, he denies it to the worst class of criminals; and one strong objection to his substitute for capital punishment is that it frequently produces insanity. His main reasons for sparing life, however, are not of a sentimental character; nor does he shrink from the

infliction of necessary pain. He dwells most emphatically on the demoralising character of executions, and on the danger of placing unjust judgments beyond recall. The passages in which he enforces these topics are as good specimens as could be produced of the rich, varied, and sustained language of his Reports:

'History presents to us the magic glass on which, by looking at past, we may discern future events. It is folly not to read; it is perversity not to follow its lessons. If the hemlock had not been brewed for felons in Athens, would the fatal cup have been drained by Socrates? If the people had not been familiarised to scenes of judicial homicide, would France or England have been disgraced by the useless murder of Louis or of Charles? If the punishment of death had not been sanctioned by the ordinary laws of those kingdoms, would the one have been deluged with the blood of innocence, of worth, of patriotism, and science, in her revolution? Would the best and noblest lives of the other have been lost on the scaffold, in her civil broils? Would her lovely and calumniated queen, the virtuous Malesherbes, the learned Condorcet—would religion, personified in the pious minister of the altar—courage and honour, in the host of high-minded nobles—and science, in its worthy representative, Lavoisier—would the daily hecatomb of loyalty and worth—would all have been immolated by the stroke of the guillotine; or Russell and Sidney, and the long succession of victims of party and tyranny, by the axe?

'The fires of Smithfield would not have blazed; nor, after the lapse of ages, should we yet shudder at the name of St. Bartholomew, if the ordinary ecclesiastical law had not usurped the attributes of Divine vengeance, and, by the sacrilegious and absurd doctrine that offences against the Deity were to be punished with death, given a pretext to these atrocities. Nor, in the awful and mysterious scene on Mount Calvary, would that agony have been inflicted, if by the daily sight of the cross, as an instrument of justice, the Jews had not been prepared to make it one of their sacrilegious rage. But there is no end of the examples

which crowd upon the memory, to show the length to which the exercise of this power, by the law, has carried the dreadful abuse of it, under the semblance of justice. Every nation has wept over the graves of patriots, heroes, and martyrs, sacrificed by its own fury. Every age has had its annals of blood.'

The following is his picture of the innocent convict about to suffer death:

'Slow in its approach, uncertain in its stroke, its victim feels not only the sickness of the heart that arises from the alternation of hope and fear, until his doom is pronounced, but when that becomes inevitable, alone, the tenant of a dungeon during every moment that the cruel lenity of the law prolongs his life, he is made to feel all those anticipations, worse than a thousand deaths. The consciousness of innocence, that which is our support under other miseries, is here converted into a source of bitter anguish, when it is found to be no protection from infamy and death; and when the ties which connected him to his country, his friends, his family, are torn asunder, no consoling reflection mitigates the misery of that moment. He leaves unmerited infamy to his children; a name stamped with dishonour to their surviving parent, and bows down the grey heads of his own with sorrow to the grave. As he walks from his dungeon, he sees the thousands who have come to gaze on his last agony; he mounts the fatal tree, and a life of innocence is closed by a death of dishonour.

'This is no picture of the imagination. Would to God it were! Would to God that, if death must be inflicted, some sure means might be discovered of making it fall upon the guilty. These things have happened. These legal murders have been committed! and who were the primary causes of the crime? Who authorised a punishment, which once inflicted, could never be remitted to the innocent? Who tied the cord, or let fall the axe upon the guiltless head? Not the executioner, the vile instrument who is hired to do the work of death; not the jury who convict, or the judge who condemns; not the law which sanctions these errors, but the legislators who made the law; those who, having the power, did not repeal it. These are the persons,

responsible to their country, their consciences, and their God.'

His Code of Reform and Prison Discipline comprises the minutest instructions for the treatment of every class of prisoner; and its efficiency in practice would obviously depend in a great degree on the zeal and intelligence of the administrators. In fact, Livingston, like many other eminent philanthropists, was prone to consider society as a parent watching over a family of children and accurately acquainted with the disposition and tendencies of each.

His scheme, as might have been anticipated, was respectfully declined, despite the almost impassioned appeal to the legislature of Louisiana with which he pressed its adoption in the Introductory Report—an appeal which might be appropriately addressed to almost any halting or hesitating body of legislators:

'Legislative functions are in the most ordinary times attended with high responsibility. Yours, from the duty which your predecessors have imposed upon you, are peculiarly so. From the performance of this duty there is no escape. The defects of your penal laws are arrayed before your eyes. Former legislative acts have declared that they exist, and they have established principles and laid down rules by which laws are to be framed for their removal. Those laws are now submitted for your consideration. You cannot avoid acting. It is impossible to say that the evils are imaginary. You must then either declare that the principles for correcting them, heretofore unanimously established by the representatives of the people, are erroneous, or that the plan prepared is not drawn in conformity with them. In either alternative the duty of correcting the principles or reforming the work is one that must be performed. For, disguise it as we may, it is a truth which must be told and ought to be felt: that, circumstanced as you are, should you shrink from the performance of these duties, to you will be attributed the future depredations of every offender who escapes punishment from the ambiguity of your laws: the

vexations of all who suffer by their uncertainty: the general alarm caused by the existence of your unknown and unrepealed statutes: the depravity of those who are corrupted by the associations into which they are forced by your prison discipline: the unnecessary and violent death of the guilty; and, worse than all this, legislators! the judicial murder of the innocent who may perish under the operation of your sanguinary laws. All this, and more, will be laid to your charge, if you do not embrace the opportunity that is afforded to reform them; for the continuance of every bad law, which we have the power to repeal, is equivalent to its enactment.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the practicability of Livingston's system taken as a whole or estimated by its distinctive qualities, no doubt can exist of the vast amount of thought, knowledge, intellectual grasp, originality of conception, and power of expression displayed in its development. The volume already mentioned is a perfect treasure-house of juridical and legislative schemes and suggestions, doctrines and contrivances; and its indirect influence has been immense. That a collection of codes and reports so large, so comprehensive, so systematically shaped and so logically connected, should have been produced in less than five years, would sound incredible, did we not remember that he drew upon stores that had been accumulating for thirty; and, wonderful to relate, it would have been produced in three years, but for an accident under which a mind of less energy must have been crushed. The misfortune was thus announced to M. du Ponceau, from whom he had borrowed a volume of Bacon:—

'The night before last, I wrote you an apologetic letter, accounting for not having before that time thanked you for your letter and your book. My excuse lay before me, in four Codes: of Crimes and Punishments, of Criminal Procedure, of Prison Discipline, and of Evidence. This was about one o'clock; I retired to rest, and in about three hours was waked by the cry of fire. It had broken out in my writing-

room, and, before it was discovered, not a vestige of my work remained, except about fifty or sixty pages which were at the printer's, and a few very imperfect notes in another place. You may imagine, for you are an author, my dismay on perceiving the evidence of this calamity; for circumstanced as I am, it is a real one. My habits for some years past, however, have fortunately inured me to labour, as my whole life has to disappointment and distress. I therefore bear it with more fortitude than I otherwise should, and, instead of repining, work all night and correct the proofs all day, to repair the loss and get the work ready by the time I had promised it to the legislature.'

A few days later he wrote:

'I thank you most sincerely for your kind participation in my calamity, for although I put the best face upon it, I cannot help feeling it as such. I have always found occupation the best remedy for distress of every kind. The great difficulty I have found on those occasions was to rally the energies of the mind, so as to bring them to undertake it. Here, exertion was necessary not only to enable me to bear the misfortune, but to repair it; and I therefore did not lose an hour. The very night after the accident I sat up until three o'clock, with a determination to keep pace with my printer; hitherto I have succeeded, and he has, with what is already printed, copy for a hundred pages of the penal code.

'The part I shall find most difficult to replace is the preliminary discourse, of which I have not a single note, and with which (I may confide it to your friendly ear) I was satisfied. A composition of that kind depends so much upon the feeling of the moment in which it is written, the disposition that suggests not only the idea but the precise word that is proper to express it is so evanescent, (mine at least are,) that it will, I fear, be utterly impossible for me to regain it.'

When Porson's manuscript copy of the Codex Galeanus, a masterpiece of caligraphy, was accidentally destroyed by fire, he set about and completed a fresh one. But this was a merely mechanical task: there were no thoughts to reclothe in chosen language; no

studied trains of reasonings, no spontaneous bursts of eloquence, to reproduce in their original freshness. 'Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know what mischief you have done'—is the temperate expression of regret which the popular legend has placed in the mouth of Newton, when his little dog upset the candle amongst his papers. But Sir David Brewster rejects the legend, and equally discredits that version of the incident which represents the brain of the philosopher as temporarily impaired by the shock. According to him, rumour or malice has exaggerated both the loss and its consequences. Livingston's misfortune, therefore, may be regarded as the most trying of the kind recorded in the annals of intellectual labour; and the manner in which he bore up under it does the highest honour to his energy, patience, capacity, fertility, readiness, and self-command.

He had his reward in the praises and congratulations of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, as well as in the certainty of durable fame. Jeremy Bentham proposed that the English Parliament should cause the entire work to be printed for the use of the nation. M. Villemain declared the 'System' to be a work without example from the hand of any one hand. Victor Hugo wrote: 'You will be numbered among the men of this age who have deserved most and best of mankind.' He received autograph letters on the subject from the Emperor (Nicholas) of Russia and the King of Sweden; a gold medal with a laudatory inscription was presented to him by the King of the Netherlands; and he was elected a Foreign Associate to the Institute of France.[1]

[1] To this honour he is indebted for the glowing tribute paid to his labour and his memory by one of the most eminent of living Frenchmen, M. Mignet, in a biographical notice read at a public sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, June 30, 1838. The importance attached to Livingston's legislative and juridical works may be inferred from their translation into French, and pending republication in

The lapse of time has deepened and strengthened the foundations of his fame. No longer ago than 1856 Dr. Maine, formerly Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge and now a member of Council at Calcutta, spoke of Livingston as 'the first legal genius of modern times.' But the recognition of his success of which he had most reason to be proud was a letter from his old adversary (we might almost say, enemy) Jefferson, who concludes: 'Wishing anxiously that your great work may obtain complete success, and becofne an example for the imitation and improvement of other States, I pray you to be assured of my unabated friendship and respect.' Another letter from Jefferson, in 1822, contains this striking passage, referring to a question of government:

'But age has weaned me from questions of this kind. My delight is now in the passive occupation of reading; and it is with great reluctance I permit my mind ever to encounter subjects of difficult investigation. You have many years yet to come of vigorous activity, and I confidently trust they will be employed in cherishing every measure which may foster our brotherly union, and perpetuate a constitution of government *destined to be the primitive and precious model of what is to change the condition of man over the globe.*'

At the same time he is not blind to the danger:

'They [the judges] are practising on the Constitution by inferences, analogies, and sophisms, as they would on an ordinary law; they do not seem aware that it is not even a *Constitution* formed by a single authority, and subject to a single superintendence and control, but that it is a compact of many independent powers, every single one of which claims an equal right to understand it, and to require its observance. *However strong the cord of compact may be, there is a point of tension at which it will break.*'

France. See *Exposé d'un Système de Législation criminalle pour l'Etat de la Louisiane et pour les États-unis d'Amérique. Par Edward Livingston, etc. Précédé d'une Préface par M. Charles Lucas, Membre de l'Institut, etc., et d'une Notice historique par M. Miguet*, Paris, 1872. Two volumes have already appeared.

In July 1822, whilst Livingston was still employed on his Codes, he was re-elected member of Congress, in which he continued to sit till 1830. In the year 1826 he discharged his long-standing debt to the Government; and thenceforth there was only one more disappointment, and that not a very severe or irremediable one, in store for him. He lost his election for New Orleans in 1830, very much as Lord Macaulay lost his seat for Edinburgh in 1847; the opposition being principally caused by his alleged disregard of the local interests of his constituents and his neglect of the personal attentions they deemed their due. The legislature of Louisiana immediately elected him a senator of the United States; a position which fully satisfied his political ambition, although he was not long permitted to rest in it. It was in the Senate, in March 1830, that he delivered a very remarkable speech; especially memorable on account of the applicability of the principles laid down in it to the existing state of things in North America. The subject was the policy of the Government with respect to the public lands, but amongst the mass of relevant or irrelevant topics introduced was the nature of the Federal compact and of the reserved rights of the several States. The opinion of Livingston, the first constitutional lawyer of his time and country, was that the States had respectively surrendered a part, and only a part, of their sovereignty to the Union, and that each would be justified in resorting to any measure of resistance for the assertion and preservation of the rest. After specifying the steps that might be constitutionally taken in the first instance, he proceeds:

'And, finally, if the act be intolerably oppressive, and they find the General Government persevere in enforcing it, by a resort to the natural right which every people have to resist extreme oppression.

'Secondly, if the act be one of those few which in their

operation cannot be submitted to the Supreme Court, and be one that will, in the opinion of the State, justify the risk of a withdrawal from the Union, that this last extreme remedy may at once be resorted to.

'That the right of resistance to the operation of an act of Congress, in the extreme cases above alluded to, is not a right derived from the Constitution, but can be justified only on the supposition that the Constitution has been broken, and the State absolved from its obligation; and that, whenever resorted to, it must be at the risk of all the penalties attached to an unsuccessful resistance to established authority.'

In other words, the resisting State would stand precisely in the same relation to the Union in which the colonies conceived themselves to stand to Great Britain at the commencement of the War of Independence. The apprehended (rapidly becoming actual) evils of the opposite theory are thus stated:

'That the theory of the Federal Government being the result of the general will of the People of the United States in their aggregate capacity, and founded, in no degree, on compact between the States, would tend to the most disastrous practical results: that it would place three-fourths of the States at the mercy of one-fourth, and lead inevitably to a consolidated Government, and finally to monarchy, if the doctrine were generally admitted, and if partially so, and opposed, to civil dissencion.'

Chatham drew one of his finest figures of speech from the tapestry of the House of Lords. Livingston converted the marble columns of the hall in which he spoke into illustrations:

'What were they originally? Worthless heaps of unconnected sand and pebbles, washed apart by every wave, blown asunder by every wind. What are they now? Bound together by an indissoluble cement of nature, fashioned by the hand of skill, they are changed into lofty columns, the component parts and the support of a noble edifice, symbols of the union and strength on which alone our government

can rest, solid within, polished without; standing firm only by the rectitude of their position, they are emblems of what senators of the United States should be, and teach us that the slightest obliquity of position would prostrate the structure, and draw with their own fall that of all they support and protect, in one mighty ruin.'

The friendship which Livingston had formed for General Jackson at the siege of New Orleans had been gradually cemented by what is almost indispensable to strong mutual regard between active men of mark under free institutions—the *idem sentire de republicâ;* and in May 1831, he consented, at the earnest solicitation of the General (then President), to accept the Secretaryship of State, vacated by Van Buren. He was so much in the habit of consulting his wife about everything he wrote or did, including his Codes, that she playfully compared herself to the old woman of Molière. On the subject of his appointment, he writes to her:

'Here I am in the second place in the United States,—some say the first; in the place filled by Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, and by him who filled it before any of them,—my brother; in the place gained by Clay at so great a sacrifice; in the very easy chair of Adams; in the office which every politician looks to as the last step but one in the ladder of his ambition; in the very cell where the great magician, they say, brewed his spells. Here I am without an effort, uncontrolled by any engagements, unfettered by any promise to party or to man; here I am, and here I have been for a month. I know now what it is; am I happier than I was? The question is not easily answered.'

He was the chief supporter of the Government whilst he formed part of it; but his services could only be appreciated by those who are versed in the domestic politics of the United States. One of the most pleasing results of Livingston's tenure of office, was the assistance he was enabled to afford to Alexis de Tocqueville in the

composition of his great work, 'De la Démocratie en Amérique.' A graceful note of acknowledgment in the Introduction concludes: 'Mr. Livingston is one of those rare men whom we love in reading their writings, whom we admire and honour even before becoming acquainted with them, and to whom we are happy to owe a debt of gratitude.'

On the 29th May 1833, he resigned the office of Secretary of State, and the same day was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. It appears from his correspondence with Lafayette, one of his earliest and most attached friends, that the French Embassy had been proposed or suggested to him before his acceptance of office in 1831. The special object of his mission was to come to some arrangement with the French Government for the payment of the indemnity agreed to be paid to subjects of the United States for illegal seizures under the Berlin and Milan decrees. The amount had been fixed at twenty-five millions of francs, by a treaty of July 1831, signed by Louis Philippe; but the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies was required, and this, on a division, was refused by a majority of eight. A Ministerial crisis ensued: a breach between France and the United States became imminent: the arbitration of Great Britain was accepted, and the matter was at length satisfactorily arranged. But the intervening proceedings were of a nature to tax the temper and judgment of Livingston to the utmost, and he was generally allowed to have hit the happy medium between firmness and conciliation by his diplomacy.[1] During his visit to Europe he lost no opportunity of obtaining materials or hints for Law reforms. In a

[1] A brief account of the incident of the American Indemnity, and the ministerial complications to which it gave rise, is given by M. Guizot in his Memoirs (vol. iii. pp. 233–237). He maintains the justice of the demand and substantially confirms Mr. Hunt.

letter dated Paris, February 1834, to the writer of these pages, he says:

'Perceiving that some parts of the System of Penal Law which I had prepared for the State of Louisiana have fallen under your notice, it has occurred to me that this whole work might not prove unacceptable, and I therefore have sent a copy to Mr. Vail to be offered to you.

'Should any improvement in your penal or civil jurisprudence be adopted or even proposed, I will be greatly obliged by a notice of it.'

He was naturally anxious to visit England, but the sudden and peculiar close of his mission compelled him to return direct, and he arrived at New York on the 23rd of June, in the 'Constitution' frigate. His reception by all parties was highly flattering, and he attended some public dinners given to welcome him and do him honour. The most interesting of his last public displays, however, was his appearance in the Supreme Court at Washington, as counsel in the case of the Municipal Authorities of the City of New Orleans, Appellants, *versus* the United States, Respondents: Daniel Webster acting as his junior. An allusion having been made to the Batture Controversy, he said that he had been spared the lasting regret of reflecting that Jefferson had descended to the grave with a feeling of ill-will towards him. 'The offended party forgot the injury, and the other performed the more difficult task (if the maxim of a celebrated French author be true) of forgiving the man upon whom he had inflicted it.'

This was in January 1836. He was taken ill in the following month, and on the 23rd May, 1836, within five days of the completion of his seventy-second year, he expired, 'easily, serenely, and cheerfully, surrounded by his family and many of his friends.' His death at this ripe age was regarded by those who knew him as premature, for none of them had come to regard him

as an old man; and it was remarked that his black hair resting on the pillow of his coffin, presented a striking contrast to the record of his years inscribed on the lid.

This book ends with an estimate of Livingston's qualities by his biographer, and begins (by way of introduction) with a summary of his services by Mr. Bancroft, the historian. The biographer says:

'As for his intellect, it was one of general acuteness and uniform power, without any dull side or any dazzling gift; just as his writings and speeches present few salient, distinct, and quotable beauties, but rather a steady felicity, a constant power, and a pervading eloquence.

'But this grand capacity was not perfectly rounded. One faculty it signally lacked. At no period of his life was he competent, practically, to manage financial affairs. In this one regard he was not much more than a child. It was as if a guardian genius had purchased for him gifts sufficing for all other emergencies, by debarring him from one important endowment which even the stupid often possess. If the dull favourites of Mammon ever envied his shining parts, they perhaps found comfort in the substance of the maxim from Chaucer,—

The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men.'

The greatest statesmen are not less open to the imputed weakness than 'the gretest clerkes,' and genius has been so often associated with irregularity that poor human nature must be content to bear a full share of the reproach. Bacon, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Scott, Lamartine, are a few amongst innumerable examples of the loss of comfort and independence, possibly of self-respect, and (in the case of the 'brightest, meanest') of fair fame, through improvidence.

Mr. Bancroft recapitulates Livingston's public and private virtues, and dwells exultingly on the fact that the adviser of Jackson in a crisis of the Constitution

was 'one who to the clearest perceptions and the firmest purpose added a calm conciliating benignity, and the venerableness of age, enhanced by a world-wide fame.' He then proceeds:

'That fame was due to the fact, that Edward Livingston, more than any other man, was the representative of the system of penal and legal reform which flows by necessity from the nature of our institutions. The Code which he prepared at the instance of the State of Louisiana is in its simplicity, completeness, and humanity *at once an impersonation of the man, and an exposition of the American constitutions.* If it has never yet been adopted as a whole, it has proved an unfailing fountain of reforms, suggested by its principles. In this work, more than in any other, may be seen the character and life-long faith of the author. The great doctrines which it developes will, as time advances, be more and more nearly reduced to practice, for they are but the expression of true philanthropy, and, as even the heathen said, "Man loves his fellow-man, whether he will or no."'

The first half of this paragraph is fortunately qualified and expanded by the last. It sounds almost like a contradiction in terms to say that Livingston's Code was at once an impersonation of the man *and* an exposition of the American constitutions—those constitutions which are crackling and crumbling as we write. There was nothing local, limited, provincial, conventional, nor even national, in or about the system or the man: he never gave up to party what was meant for mankind: he and his work were essentially cosmopolitan: if asked for his country, he might have pointed, like the Grecian sage, to heaven; and it is as a citizen of the world, not as a citizen of an American Republic, that he will be consulted, cited, interpreted, practically applied and hailed as an honoured guide, by the generations of converts yet unborn that are promised him.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

(From the Edinburgh Review, April 1862.)

Memoirs of Richard the Third and some of his Contemporaries. With an Historical Drama on the Battle of Bosworth. By John Heneage Jesse. London: 1861.

It was the shrewd remark of Johnson, that, when the world think long about a matter, they generally think right; and this may be one reason why attempts to whitewash the received villains or tyrants of history have been commonly attended with indifferent success. The ugly features of Robespierre's character look positively more repulsive through the varnish of sophistry which M. Louis Blanc has spread over them. The new light thrown by Mr. Carlyle on the domestic and political career of Frederic William of Prussia, the collector of giants, simply exhibits him as the closest approximation to a downright brute and madman that was ever tolerated as the ruler of a civilised community. Despite of Mr. Froude's indefatigable research, skilful arrangement of materials, and attractive style, Henry the Eighth is still the royal Bluebeard, who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust; and hardly any perceptible change has been effected in the popular impression of Richard the Third, although since 1621 (the date of Buck's History), it has continued an open question whether he was really guilty of more than a small fraction of the crimes imputed to him.

Walpole's 'Historic Doubts' is amongst the best of

his writings. If he was advocating a paradox, he believed it to be a truth; and in the subsequent encounter with Hume, he has the advantage which thorough acquaintance with the subject must almost always give over the ablest antagonist whose original views were based upon superficial knowledge. Yet no part of this remarkable essay is freshly remembered, except an incidental reference (on which the ingenious author laid little stress) to the apocryphal testimony of the Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard in her youth and declared him to be the handsomest man at court except his brother Edward, confessedly the handsomest man of his day. Mr. Sharon Turner's learned and conscientious recapitulation of the good measures, enlightened views, and kindly actions of Richard has proved equally inoperative to stem the current of obloquy.[1] Why is this? Why do we thus cling to a judgment which, we are assured, has been ill-considered? Is it because the numerical majority of the English public are in the same predicament as the great Duke of Marlborough, who boldly avowed Shakespeare to be the only History of England he ever read? because the ground once occupied by creative genius is thenceforth unapproachable by realities and unassailable by proofs? The image of the dramatic Richard, as represented by a succession of great actors, is vividly called up whenever the name is mentioned—

> 'And when he would have said King Richard died,
> And called a horse, a horse, he *Burbage* cried;'

and this is unluckily one of the rare instances in which, if it be not profanation to say so, the truth and modesty of nature have been overstepped by our immortal bard to produce a character of calculated and unmitigated

[1] See the 'History of England during the Middle Ages,' vol. iv. book v. chap. i.

atrocity. In the very first scene, the hero, after expatiating on his deformities, concludes—

> 'And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover
> To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
> I am determinèd to prove a villain.

Moralists have laid down that dwarfs and misshapen persons are commonly out of humour with the world, but it may be doubted whether any one of them in actual life ever indulged in this sort of self-communing at the outset of a career. The far truer picture of a man hurried from crime to crime by ambition is Macbeth; and the most virulent assailants of Richard's memory are agreed in allowing him the kind of merit which Fielding gives to Jonathan Wild, who did a good action upon finding, after due deliberation, that he could gain nothing by not doing it. By presupposing the worst, such a commencement checks artistic development whilst it violates the truth of history; and not the least interesting or instructive result anticipated from an impartial examination of the authorities, will be the insight we shall attain by means of them into the heaven-born poet's mode of selecting and working up the materials of his play.

Mr. Jesse frankly owns that his work has been composed without any definite object, moral, critical, antiquarian, or philosophical. It 'emanated indirectly in the drama,' entitled 'The Last War of the Roses,' which occupies more than a fourth of the volume and strikes us to be an attempt, more ambitious than successful, to rival the greatest of dramatists on his own ground. 'To the merit of novelty,' says the author in his preface, 'whether of facts or arguments, he can prefer but a very trifling claim. To compress scattered and curious information, and, if possible, to amuse, have been the primary objects of the author.' The result is an agreeable addition to popular literature, containing a good deal that will be new as

well as interesting to the class of readers for whose amusement he is in the habit of catering. But if the life of Richard was to be re-written at all, the task should have been undertaken in a more serious and meditative mood, with a full sense of its responsibilities, and a keener insight into the complex causes of the strange notions of right and wrong, legality and illegality, which marked the period in dispute.

During the whole of the Plantagenet dynasty, the succession to the crown was involved in the most mischievous uncertainty. Except in the case of an adult eldest son, inheriting from the father, there was no rule of descent universally recognised. Whether more remote lineals should be preferred to collaterals, or whether claims by or through females were admissible at all, were questions frequently and most furiously agitated; nor was any title deemed absolutely unimpeachable until ratified by the popular voice or, what was equally or more potent, by the landed aristocracy. It is not going too far to say that any member of the royal family, or even any peer related to it by blood, had a chance of the throne: hence the plentiful crop of conspiracies constantly springing up: hence, also, the eagerness of the sovereign, *de facto*, to get rid, by any means, foul or fair, of every possible competitor. To bear no brother near the throne was not, in the fifteenth century, peculiar to the Turk; and servile parliaments were never wanting to pronounce or ratify the cruel sentences of fear, expediency, or hate. The wholesale beheading, hanging and quartering that took place after each alternation of fortune during the Yorkist and Lancastrian battles, were only exceeded in atrocity by the vindictive and insulting butcheries of prisoners perpetrated on the field. It has been computed that not fewer than eighty princes of the blood died deaths of violence during these wars; and the ancient nobility would have been well-nigh extin-

guished altogether, had the struggle been prolonged. Edward IV.'s first parliament included in one Act of Attainder, Henry VI., Queen Margaret, their son Edward, the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, the Earls of Northumberland, Devon, Wiltshire, and Pembroke, Viscount Beaumont, Lords Ross, Neville, Rougemont, Dacre, and Hungerfield, with one hundred and thirty-eight knights, priests, and esquires, who were one and all adjudged to suffer all the penalties of treason. The prevalent doctrine of these times as to religious and moral obligations is comprised in these lines:

> 'York. I took an oath he should quietly reign.
> *Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.
> I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
> *Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took
> Before a true and lawful magistrate
> That hath authority over him that swears.
> Henry had none, but did usurp the place.'

Subjects had no more respect for oaths than princes; and what we now understand by loyalty was almost unknown. We are indebted to Lord Macaulay's penetration and sagacity for the discovery that the Scottish clans, which so long upheld the cause of the Stuarts, were animated far more by local sympathies and antipathies, especially by hatred of the Campbells, than by chivalrous devotion to a fallen dynasty. The Yorkists and Lancastrians were influenced by an analogous class of motives, or by purely selfish views. Most of the greater barons chose their side from hopes of personal aggrandisement or from private pique. The most notorious example was Warwick, the King-maker, who feasted daily thirty thousand persons in his castle-halls, who could rally thirty thousand men under his banner, and carry them, like a troop of household servants, from camp to camp, as passion, interest, or caprice dictated. It is a remarkable fact that, in 1469, both the rival kings were under durance at once,—Edward IV. at Middleham, and

Henry VI. in the Tower, whilst the Nevilles were wavering between the two.[1] It has been taken for granted that the people, as contradistinguished from the barons, were Yorkists, who were undoubtedly popular in the city of London, where Edward IV. won all hearts by his courtesy and hospitality. Neither in city or country, however, do we find any national or public-spirited preference for either dynasty. When the commoners rose, they rose from a sense of personal oppression, or, like the followers of Robin of Redesdale, in order to redress some local grievance.

There is not a more striking illustration of the gross ignorance and superstition of the age than the general belief that the mists which disordered the tactics of Warwick's army at Barnet were raised for the purpose by Friar Bungay. It was, in fact, the age of all others in which unscrupulous ambition might hope to thrive: in which everything was possible for courage, military skill, statecraft, and dogged determination, backed by birth and fortune. If Richard has attained a bad pre-eminence for treachery and bloodthirstiness, it must be owned that he succumbed to temptations from which few of his family or generation would have turned away.

Although Shakespeare assigns him a prominent part in the battle of Wakefield, where his father, the Duke of York, was taken and put to death after exclaiming—

> 'Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
> And thrice cried, Courage, father, fight it out;'

Richard (born Oct. 2, 1452) was only in his ninth year when that battle was fought, and he narrowly escaped the fate of Rutland. The Duchess of York took refuge with her younger children in the Low Countries, and remained there till the triumphant entry of Edward the Fourth into London and the

[1] Lingard, vol. iv. p. 168.

decisive victory of Towton restored them to their country and to more than the full immunities of their rank. The title of Duke of Gloucester, with an ample appanage in the shape of lordships and manors, was at once conferred on Richard, who, at an unusually early age, was also appointed to three or four offices of the highest trust and dignity. He amply justified the confidence reposed in him. He had the same motive as the weak wavering Clarence for joining Warwick, when the King-maker broke with Edward and sent the haughty message :—

> 'Tell him from me that he has done me wrong,
> And for it I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

What the precise wrong was, is still a mystery. The repudiation by Edward of the contract with the Lady Bona, sister of Louis of France, is doubted by Hume, and rejected by Lingard, as the cause of quarrel; whilst the author of 'The Last of the Barons' gives plausible reasons for the conjecture on which the plot of that romance mainly turns—that Warwick took just offence at an insult offered by the amorous monarch to one of his daughters. The hand of the eldest, the Lady Isabella, was the bait with which the King-maker lured Clarence; and Richard had been from early youth attached to the youngest (whom Shakespeare calls the eldest) Lady Anne; a circumstance which may partly account for his rapid success in the famous courtship scene; the forced and overcharged character of which is so glossed over and concealed by the consummate art of the execution, that we are puzzled in what sense to receive the exulting exclamation—

> 'Was ever woman in such humour woo'd;
> Was ever woman in such humour won?'

Shakespeare makes Richard remain true to Edward from calculation; his chances of the crown being materially increased by the defection of Clarence.

But a man may not be the less honest, because honesty is his best policy; and it is enough that in every emergency he gave Edward the wisest and apparently most disinterested counsel, as well as the support of his tried courage and military skill. He commanded the right wing of the Yorkist army at Barnet, and was directly opposed to Warwick, the most renowned warrior of the period. Personal prowess was then essential in a leader, and Gloucester and Warwick are reported to have fought hand-to-hand in the *mêlée*. According to the tradition, the King-maker evaded the conflict as long as he could, and then felled Richard unwounded to the ground.

At Tewkesbury Richard commanded the van, and was confronted with the Duke of Somerset, who had taken up so formidable a position, fenced by dykes and hedges, that to carry it seemed hopeless. After a feigned attack and a short conflict, Gloucester drew back as if for a retreat. Somerset, rash and impetuous, was deceived by this manœuvre, and left his vantage ground, when Gloucester faced about and fell upon the Lancastrians so furiously and unexpectedly that they were driven back in confusion to their intrenchments, which the pursuing force entered along with them. Lord Wenlock, who, by coming to their assistance with his division, might have beaten back Gloucester, never stirred; and Somerset no sooner regained his camp than, riding up to his recreant friend, he denounced him as a traitor and coward, and stopped recrimination and remonstrance by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe.

The chief glory of this well-fought field belonged to Richard; but unluckily it was the scene of a tragedy in which the part of first villain has been popularly assigned to him. We are required to believe that, directly after leading his troops to victory, his instinctive bloodthirstiness induced him to take the lead

in a cowardly assassination in which others were only too anxious to anticipate him. The common story runs that, after the battle of Tewkesbury, Margaret and her son, aged eighteen, were brought before Edward, who asked the prince in an insulting manner how he dared to invade his dominions and, irritated by a spirited reply, struck him on the face with his gauntlet; whereupon the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir Thomas Grey, taking the blow as a signal, hurried the prince into the next room and there dispatched him with their daggers. A contemporary historian, Fabyan, says that the King 'strake him with the gauntlet upon the face, after which stroke, so by him received, he was by the kynges servants incontinently slaine.' The Chronicle of Croyland, of nearly the same date, says, 'that he was slain by the avenging hands of several (ultricibus quorundam manibus).' The names of the alleged perpetrators were first given by Hall and afterwards copied from him by Holingshed. Stowe adopts Fabyan's version, which is much the most probable; and the king's brutality is not utterly destitute of palliation, when it is remembered how his brother, the Earl of Rutland, had been put to death after the battle of Wakefield. Mr. Sharon Turner, relying on what he deems an authentic MS. in the Harleian Collection, says that 'the prince was taken as flying towards the town, and was slain in the field.' Bernard Andreas, writing in 1509, says 'belligerens ceciderat.'

That Richard stabbed Henry VI. with his own hand in the Tower, will appear still more improbable; especially when we consider that during the whole of Edward IV.'s reign he was playing for popularity, and trying to base it on a character for sanctity and self-denial. According to Shakespeare, directly after stabbing the young prince, he hurries off to a fresh murder:

'*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother.
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower!'

Towards the conclusion of the scene, his absence and presumed errand are thus glanced at:

'*King Edw.* Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and as I guess
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
King Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence.'

This is taking the matter coolly enough in all conscience; and, to add to the absurdity, the Tower was not, at that time, familiarly associated with images of murder and misery, nor would it have been apostrophised as—

'Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.'

It was a royal palace, in which the queen of Edward IV. was residing at the time, whilst Henry VI., who had been placed in the front of the Yorkist army at Tewkesbury to give him a chance of being shot by a friendly arrow, was certainly not in the Tower on the eve of the battle. He is supposed to have died seventeen days afterwards, on the night of the 21st May, 1471, the day of King Edward's return to London. His death was attributed to grief, and the body was carried in solemn procession to St. Paul's, where it was exposed to public gaze, 'the face open so that every man might see him.' The face might have been so composed as to tell no tales; and the exposure of the body was the almost invariable practice in cases of alleged or suspected death by violence. The bodies of Edward II., Richard II., Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, were similarly exposed. Few doubted that Henry was put to death: it being quite in accordance with custom and the spirit of the times

for the king *de facto* to deal summarily with his rival. The shortness of the interval between the imprisonment and the death of princes is proverbial. The strange if not absolutely incredible incident of so common a catastrophe, was that a prince of the blood should be named to do the deed or volunteer to do it as a labour of love. No circumstance that can heighten the atrocity is omitted in the scene where Gloucester, having already killed Henry, stabs him again, exclaiming:

> 'If any spark of life be yet remaining,
> Down, down, to hell; and say I sent thee there.'

The motive which seems wanting in the preceding instances was undeniably strong enough to raise a presumption that Richard contrived or hastened the death of Clarence, who had once stood in the way of his love and still stood in the way of his interest and his ambition. When all other means failed to keep Richard from the Lady Anne, Clarence, who had married the eldest daughter of the King-maker and wished to appropriate the entire inheritance, caused his sister-in-law to be concealed; and she was eventually found by Richard in an obscure corner of London in the garb of a kitchen-maid. Whether this disguise was voluntarily assumed to escape from an unwelcome suitor, must be left to conjecture. She accepted his protection without scruple, and was placed by him in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, from whence she was transferred to the guardianship of her uncle, the Archbishop of York. That she was wooed and won during her attendance on the corpse of her father-in-law, is a poetic fiction: an *alibi* might easily be made out for both parties; and it is further remarkable that no objection was made to their union on the ground of Richard's alleged participation in the murder of her first husband, nor was she ever, during her lifetime, accused of insensibility or indelicacy on that account. The date of the marriage

is unknown; but as she bore him a child in 1473, it is inferred that it took place as soon as her year of mourning had expired.

Clarence vowed that if his brother would have a bride, she should be a portionless one. 'He may well have my lady sister-in-law, but we will part no inheritance,' are the words attributed to him in the Paston Letters; and Sir John Paston writes: As for other tidings, I trust to God that the two Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester shall be set at one by the award of the King.' It was arranged that each should plead his own cause in person before the King in council; and (according to a contemporary) they both exhibited so much acuteness, and found arguments in such abundance, that the whole audience, including the lawyers, were lost in admiration and surprise. The decision, carried out by an Act of Parliament, was, that the property should be equally divided between the two sisters, the husbands retaining life interests in their wives' estates respectively. This settlement, equitable and impartial as it looks, was based on a gross injustice, for it overlooked the prior claim of the King-maker's widow, who, as heiress of the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, had brought him the largest of his estates and by this award was left dependent, if not penniless.

Richard was not the man to forgive or forget Clarence's unbrotherly conduct, although his ambition soared too high to be coupled with cupidity. His superiority to all sordid considerations was strikingly displayed during the invasion of France in 1475, when Edward, at the head of one of the finest armies that ever left the English coast, was cajoled and outmanœuvred by Louis XI. into doing worse than nothing. The expedition ended in a disgraceful treaty, by which Edward was to receive certain sums of money, which he wanted for his personal pleasures. Bribes were plentifully distributed amongst the nobles and courtiers

who were thought able to facilitate this result. Lord Howard received 20,000 crowns, in money and plate, besides a pension. The Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls pocketed large sums. What is most extraordinary, they gave written acknowledgments, which were regularly docketed by their royal paymaster. The apologists for Bacon, who maintain that the custom of receiving presents by judges and privy-councillors endured to his day, may point to these receipts in support of their theory: others may point to them as proofs of all-pervading corruption or unblushing audacity. The less charitable supposition is favoured by what Commines has recorded of Hastings, who, more prudent than his colleagues, declined the transaction in the proposed shape, saying: 'If you wish me to take the money, you must put it into my sleeve.'

Richard alone refused to barter English honour for French gold. 'Only the Duke of Gloucester, who stood aloof on the other side for honour, frowned at this accord, and expressed much sorrow, as compassionating the glory of his nation blemished in it.' Habington, from whom we quote, suggests that the Duke had a further and more dangerous aim, 'as who, by the dishonour of his brothers, thought his credit received increase; and by how much the King sunk in opinion, he should rise.' Bacon adopts the same method of depreciation: 'And that out of this deep root of ambition, it sprang that, as well at the treaty of peace *as upon all other occasions*, Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, stood ever on the side of honour, raising his own reputation to the disadvantage of the king, his brother, and drawing the eyes of all (especially of the nobles and soldiers) upon himself.' According to this mode of reasoning, brotherly love and loyalty required him to be as corrupt and self-seeking as the rest. Yet surely, if he was content to rise by patriotism and integrity, it is enough.

If he assumed virtues that he had not, this, at all events, refutes the notion that he wantonly and gratuitously perpetrated acts which must have exposed him to general execration and distrust; and we have here, from his worst calumniators, the admitted fact that down to 1475 his means were noble, be his end and motives what they might.

With regard to his alleged participation in the death of Clarence, the charge rests exclusively on a vague presumption of his having hardened the heart of Edward, already sufficiently incensed against Clarence and ready at all times to trample down all ties of relationship and all feelings of mercy when his throne was in danger or his vindictiveness aroused. Clarence had joined Warwick in impeaching Edward's title and denying his legitimacy. Untaught by experience, he had recently indulged in intemperate language against his sovereign, who actually appeared in person as the principal accuser at the trial, which was of the most solemn description known to the law. The Duke was found guilty by his peers, and both Houses of Parliament petitioned for his execution and afterwards passed a bill of attainder. He was also peculiarly obnoxious to the Queen and her friends, Rivers, Hastings, and the Greys.

'The only favour,' says Hume, 'which the King granted his brother after his condemnation, was to leave him the choice of his death; and he was privately drowned in a butt of malmsey in the Tower; a whimsical choice, which implies that he had an extraordinary passion for that liquor.' Mr. Bayley ('History of the Tower') suggests that his well-known fondness for this wine was the foundation of the story, although, so far as evidence goes, the fondness for the wine is mere matter of conjecture; and we rather agree with Walpole, that 'whoever can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard helped him into it, and kept him down till he was

suffocated.' Yet this is precisely what some do believe, or maintain. 'After Clarence,' writes Sandford, 'had offered his mass-penny in the Tower of London, he was drowned in a butt of malmsey; his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, assisting thereat with his own proper hands.' The most plausible solution of the enigma is suggested by Shakespeare, when he makes the First Murderer tell the Second; 'Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey butt in the next room.' The dialogue on Clarence's awakening is,—

> '*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.
> 1*st Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.'

After a brief parley, the First Murderer stabs him, exclaiming:

> 'Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
> I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within.'

He carries out the body, and returns to tell his relenting comrade,

> 'Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
> Till that the duke give order for his burial.'

Clarence's groans may have been stifled in a full butt conveniently nigh, or the body may have been temporarily hidden in an empty one.

Richard was for several years Lord Warden, or Keeper, of the Northern Marches, and while residing in a kind of vice-regal capacity at York, he so ingratiated himself with the people of the city and neighbourhood, that they stood by him to the last. In 1482, he commanded the army which invaded Scotland, entered Edinburgh in triumph, and speedily brought the Scottish king to terms. On the death of his brother he was in the fulness of his fame as a soldier and statesman. He was also the first prince of the blood; and he must have been endowed with an amount of stoical indifference and self-denial seldom found in high places at

any time, if no ambitious hopes dawned upon him. Edward IV. died on the 9th April, 1843, leaving two sons, Edward V., twelve years and five months old, and Richard Duke of York, between ten and eleven, besides several daughters. The court and country were divided between two parties, that of the Queen and her kinsmen, and that of the ancient nobility, who had taken offence at the honours lavished on her upstart connexions. The malcontents, headed by the Duke of Buckingham and favoured by Lord Hastings, naturally dreaded the aggrandisement of their adversaries, and were prepared to go any lengths to prevent them from getting exclusive possession of the King's person, and governing in his name. The Queen and her brothers, on the other hand, resolved to make the best of the situation, and took immediate measures for overawing the threatened resistance to their schemes.

The young King was at Ludlow Castle, under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, Anthony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, renowned for his gallantry and accomplishments. He had a large military force under his command, and it was proposed that he should escort the King to London, at the head of all the men he could muster. This was vehemently opposed by Hastings, a member of the council at which the plan was broached, and his opposition so far prevailed that the escort was nominally reduced to 2,000 men. About the same time Buckingham put himself into communication with Richard, who was quietly watching the progress of events at York, and abiding the moment when his interposition would become, or be thought, indispensable for the salvation of the realm. A divided nobility, a minority, and a female regency afforded ample materials, in those unsettled times, for the aspirant to supreme power to work upon, without openly or prematurely assuming the part of the ungrateful brother and unnatural uncle. Ac-

cording to Sir Thomas More, he sent letters to Lord Rivers, with full assurances of duty and subjection to his nephew, and love and friendship to himself; 'so that he, seeing all things calm and peaceable, came up with no greater number of followers than was necessary to show the King's honour and greatness.' At Northampton, the regal party were met by the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, by whose advice the King was sent on to Stony Stratford, for the sake of more convenient lodging, while Rivers was feasted by the two Dukes 'with all demonstrations of joy and signs of friendship.'

As soon as he was gone, they entered into consultation with a select number of their friends, and spent the greater part of the night in conference. The result became known in the morning, when, after putting Rivers under arrest and laying an embargo on his suite, they hurried on to Stratford, and arrested Lord Richard Grey (the Queen's son by her first husband), Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Howse, on a charge of conspiracy, in the very presence of the King. Despite his tears and entreaties, they also removed from about his person all on whom they could not confidently reckon to act as their creatures. They then escorted him to London, and were met at Hornsey 'by the Mayor and Sheriffs, with all their brethren, the Aldermen in scarlet, and 500 commoners on horseback, in purple-coloured gowns.' 'In this solemn cavalcade,' continues Sir Thomas More, 'the behaviour of the Duke of Gloucester to the King was very remarkable; for he rode bareheaded before him, and often, with a loud voice, said to the people, *Behold your prince and sovereign;* giving them on all occasions such an example of reverence and duty as might teach them how to honour and respect their prince; by which action he so won on all the spectators that they looked on the late misrepresentations of him as the effect of his

enemies' malice, and he was on all hands accounted the best, as he was the first subject in the kingdom.'

The Protectorship was easily attained. It was conferred on him 'by a great council of the nobility, who met to settle the government and choose a Protector, according to the usual custom in the minority of their kings.'[1] The next step was attended with difficulty. On hearing of the arrest of her brothers, the Queen, with her youngest son and daughters, had hurried into the sanctuary of Westminster; and her refusal to quit it, or trust her son out of her protection, was an impediment to the Protector's designs, as well as an injurious expression of distrust. He would have resorted to force, had not the Archbishop of Canterbury represented that it would be a thing not only ungrateful to the whole nation, but highly displeasing to Almighty God, to have the privilege of sanctuary broken in that church, which was first consecrated by St. Peter, 'who came down, above five hundred years ago, in person, accompanied with many angels, by night, to do it;' in proof whereof the prelate affirmed that St. Peter's cope, worn on the occasion, was still to be seen in the abbey. What could be done by persuasion, the Archbishop readily engaged to try; and accompanied by several lords of the council, he forthwith proceeded to the sanctuary to argue the matter out with the Queen, who, influenced more by fear than argument, at length gave up the point. She led her son to the Archbishop and lords of council, and after solemnly confiding him to their care, she kissed him, and said, 'Farewell, mine own sweet son. The Almighty be thy protector! Let me kiss thee once more before we part, for God knows when we shall kiss again.' The child was first carried to the Bishop of London's palace,

[1] Sir Thomas More. Lingard states that the House of Lords then always took upon itself to settle the government in cases of doubt or difficulty, and his authorities bear out the statement.

where his brother was lodged, and, after a few days, they were both removed to the Tower, the ostensible reason being that they might be ready for the ceremony of the coronation.

Buckingham had probably entered fully into Richard's ulterior designs upon the crown, from their formation. Hastings was not so compliant. He had been the intimate, attached, and trusted friend of the late king, and his loyalty was proof against temptation. After he had been sounded through Catesby, his ruin and death were resolved upon; and gross as are the means described by Shakespeare in the council scene, where Richard exhibits his withered arm, they are little more than a metrical version of the text of More, who reports the Protector's words to have been: 'Do you answer me with *ifs* and *ands*, as if I charged them falsely? I tell you, they have done it, and thou hast joined with them in this villainy.' He struck the table hard with his fist; upon which armed men rushed in, and seized the Archbishop of York, Lord Stanley, and several other lords, besides Hastings, who was 'ordered forthwith to prepare himself for his death, for the Protector had sworn by St. Paul that he would not dine till his head was off. It was in vain to complain of severity or demand justice—the Protector's oath must not be broken; so he was forc'd to take the next priest that came, and make a short confession, for the common form was too long for the Protector's stomach to wait on; and being immediately hurried to the green, by the chappell within the Tower, his head was laid on a timber-logg, which was provided for repairing the chappell, and there stricken off.'

Walpole objects that the collateral circumstances introduced by More do but weaken his account, and take from its probability. He urges that, cruel or not, Richard was no fool, and was not likely to lay the withering of his arm (if it ever was withered) on

witchcraft, or to couple the Queen and Jane Shore together as accomplices, the Queen's aversion for her late husband's concubine being notorious. The sudden arrest and death of Hastings, however, are undeniable; and on the very same day, Earl Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, Vaughan and Howse, were beheaded at Pontefract. The executions were consonant to the manners and violence of the times; of which Lingard furnishes a striking illustration by quoting the commission of the Lord High Constable, who is empowered to execute speedy justice, and distinctly enjoined to dispense with regular proofs and forms.

So inured were people to scenes of blood and the high-handed exertion of authority, that the citizens of London, by whom Hastings had been much esteemed, were easily persuaded that the public weal required him to be summarily dealt upon:

> '*Buck.* Look you, my lord mayor:
> Would you imagine, or almost believe,
> Wer't not that by great preservation
> We live to tell it you:—the subtle traitor
> This day had plotted in the council-house
> To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster.
> *May.* Now fair befal you! he deserv'd his death,
> And your good graces both have well proceeded
> To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
> *I never look'd for better at his hands*
> *After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.*'

The received accounts of Richard's mode of ascending the throne are contradictory, and it is difficult to believe that he laid much stress on the voices of the rabble in Guildhall, although here again Shakespeare is supported by More. Under a regular government, with a standing army and a centralised system of administration, a usurper who has force on his side may dispense with national support. Not so in times when authority was divided, when the whole population was more or less military, when the possession of the capital with the command of the public offices left the rest of the kingdom

uncontrolled. Richard must have been sure of a powerful party, or he never would have ventured to present himself as king before the very parliament which he had summoned in the name of the nephew he deposed. This important fact is made clear by Mr. Gairdner, who, admitting that this parliament was not formally called together, asserts that it did meet, and that the petition to Richard to assume the crown was presented by a deputation of the Lords and Commons of England, accompanied by another from the city of London, on the very day that had been originally appointed for its meeting.[1]

If after so many changes of dynasty, such frequent assertions and denials of title, any respect for hereditary right yet lingered in the public mind, it must have been rudely shaken by the imputated illegitimacy not only of the late king himself but of his children by his second wife. Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, volunteered a deposition that Edward, at the time of his marriage with Lady Grey, had a wife living, Eleanor, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; the bishop himself having married them, at the pressing request of Edward, without witnesses. This is one of the stories which people accept or repudiate according to interest or inclination. It suited the notables, who were overpersuaded by Richard or dreaded the evils of a prolonged minority, to believe or affect to believe

[1] 'Letters and papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII., edited by James Gairdner,' published by the authority of the Lords-Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman and Co. 1861. Vol. i. preface, p. xviii. Mr. Gairdner suggests in a note that there is reason to believe Sir T. More's 'History of Richard III.' to be a translation of a work of Cardinal Morton. This may account for its Lancastrian bias. Walpole says: 'I take the truth to be that Sir Thomas wrote his "Reign of Edward the Fifth" as he wrote his "Utopia," to amuse his leisure and exercise his fancy.' The only strictly contemporary historians, or chroniclers, are Fabyan, a citizen of London, and the author of the 'Chronicle of Croyland,' a monk. Neither saw or heard more than the surface of events or the current rumours of the time.

the bishop, and an Act was subsequently passed on the assumption of his truth.

From this mock election in June, says More, he commenced his reign, and was crowned in July with the same provision that was made for the coronation of his nephew. The day before the ceremony he and his Queen rode from the Tower through the city to Westminster, with a train comprising three dukes, nine earls, and twenty-two barons. There was a larger attendance than usual of peers, lay and spiritual, and great dignitaries at the ensuing ceremony in Westminster Hall; and More records as most observable that the Countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry VII., bore up the Queen's train in the procession. Richard soon afterwards left London on a royal progress towards York, where he was crowned a second time; and it was in this progress that he is reported to have planned the crime which has done more to blacken his memory than all his other misdeeds put together, being indeed the main cause why men's minds were thenceforth predisposed to give credence to any barely plausible accusation that might be brought against him. Feeling this, Walpole has exerted his utmost powers of research and ingenuity to prove that Richard did not cause his nephews to be murdered in the Tower, and he has pointed out many material improbabilities and discrepancies in the popular narrative. He lays great stress on the admissions of More and Bacon, that it was long doubted whether the princes were murdered or had died during Richard's reign at all. He insinuates that, if one or both of them had been found in the Tower on the accession of Henry VII., that politic monarch would have got rid of them with no more scruple than he showed in getting rid of Clarence's eldest son and heir, the Earl of Warwick, whom Richard spared; and he contends that Perkin Warbeck was no impostor, but the genuine Duke of

York, who had been saved by Tyrrell and his accomplices when they smothered his elder brother.

This would be no defence for Richard if it were true; and the charge in question differs from the rest in the most essential point. Far from being a posthumous production of Lancastrian writers, it was pointedly and repeatedly bruited about at a time when the readiest modes of refutation, if it was groundless, were in Richard's power, and when he had the most powerful of all imaginable motives for resorting to them. When he found foreign princes, including even Louis XI., giving open expression to their abhorrence, and thorough-going adherents like Buckingham falling off, why did he not at once produce his nephews in the open face of day? Even the conventional farce of exposing the bodies was not hazarded, from a conviction probably that two at once would be too much for the most ignorant or slavish credulity.

Rulers with doubtful titles are commonly anxious to rule well; and Richard laid himself out from the commencement of his reign to found a reputation for moderation, equity, and forgiveness of private injuries. 'The day after his acceptance of the crown,' says More, 'he went to Westminster, sat himself down in the Court of King's Bench, made a very gracious speech to the assembly there present, and promised them halcyon days. He ordered one Hog, whom he hated, and who was fled to sanctuary for fear of him, to be brought before him, took him by the hand, and spoke favourably to him, which the multitude thought was a token of his clemency, and the wise men of his vanity.'

He formally enjoined the great barons to see to the equal administration of justice in their provinces; and a contemporary sketch of his progresses speaks of 'his lords and judges in every place, sitting determining the complaints of poor folks, with due punition of offenders against the laws.' In a circular letter to the bishops

he expresses his fervent desire for the suppression of vice; 'and this perfectly followed and put in execution by persons of high estate, pre-eminence, and dignity, induces persons of lower degree to take thereof example, and to insure the same.' His legislative measures are admitted to have been valuable additions to the Statute Book.

Edward IV. was always in want of money, and was in the habit of personally appealing to his wealthiest subjects for contributions. 'And here,' says the chronicler, 'I will not let passe a prettie conceipt that happened in this gathering, in which you shall not only note the humilitie of a king, but more the fantasie of a woman. King Edward had called before him a widow much abounding in substance, and no lesse growne in years, of whom he merily demanded, what she gladly would give him towards his great charges. By my trothe, quoth she, for thy lovely countenance thou shalt have even twentie pounds. The king looking scarce for the half of that sum, thanked her, and lovinglie kissed her. Whether the flavor of his breath did so comfort her stomach, or she esteemed the kiss of a king so precious a jewele, she swore incontinentlie that he should have twentie pounds more, which she with the same will paied that she offered it.'[1] Richard went on an opposite tack. When the citizens and others offered him a benevolence, he refused it, saying, 'I would rather have your hearts than your money.'

He disforested a large tract of country at Witchwood which his brother had cleared for deer, and showed at the same time his wish to promote all manly and popular amusements by liberal grants and allowances to the masters of his hounds and hawks. There is, moreover, extant a mandate to all mayors and sheriffs

[1] Holingshed, vol. iii. p. 33.

not to vex or molest John Brown 'our master-guider and ruler of all our bears and apes to us appertaining.' He is commended by contemporaries for his encouragement of architecture; and the commendation is justified by a list of the structures which he completed or improved. His love of music is inferred from the extreme measures he adopted for its gratification. Turner quotes a warrant 'empowering one of the gentlemen of his chapel to take and seize for the king's use, all such singing men and children, expert in the science of music, as he could find and think able to do the king service, in all places in the kingdom, whether cathedrals, colleges, chapels, monasteries, or any other franchised places except Windsor.' He was visited by minstrels from foreign countries, and he gave annuities to several professors of the gentle science; 'and also,' adds Turner, 'perhaps from his fondness for their sonorous state music, to several trumpeters.' His example, therefore, indirectly refutes the famous Shakespearian theory—'The man that has no music in his soul'—which Steevens contends is fit only to supply the vacant fiddler with something to say in praise of his idle calling. If Richard was an innate villain, he is at all events a proof that one who is 'moved with concord of sweet sounds' may be as 'fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils' as one who cannot distinguish 'Rule Britannia' from 'Nancy Dawson.' Mr. Jesse will have it that Richard's nature was originally a compassionate one; and he appeals to the pensions considerately bestowed by him on the widows of his enemies, Lady Hastings, Lady Rivers, Lady Oxford, and the Duchess of Buckingham.

A few months after the death of the young princes, the clergy in convocation assembled drew up and presented a petition to him, complaining that churchmen were cruelly, grievously and daily troubled, vexed, indicted, and arrested; and prayed for relief, 'Seeing

your most noble and blessed disposition in all other things.' Probably this is a precedent for the revival of Convocation in all its glory on which the Bishop of Oxford and the other right reverend upholders of that venerated institution will not be anxious to rely.

Sir Thomas More states that Richard, in the height of his prosperity, could never silence the whispers of his conscience, and could not lie quiet in his bed for dreams and visions. So Anne is made to complain:

> 'For never yet one hour in his bed
> Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep;
> But with his tim'rous dreams was still awakened.'

We suspect that the instability of his position had more to do with his uneasy nights than the sense of guilt; for men of his temper, habituated to deeds of blood and projects of aggrandisement from boyhood, are little subject to remorse. He knew that the majority of the great nobles were plotting round him, and that it was beyond his power to satisfy the rapacity of all who had helped him to the throne. The Percys turned against Henry IV. on the plea of his ingratitude. Warwick changed sides because he was personally slighted, or disappointed; and Buckingham, in a nearly analogous position, was pretty sure to try whether he could not pull down what he had so largely contributed to set up. His motives have given rise to much ingenious speculation, and were probably mixed. He may (as Shakespeare takes for granted) have been refused the promised earldom and domains of Hereford, although a formal grant of them has been discovered amongst some old records; or, being of the blood royal, he might have hoped to get the crown for himself. He told Morton that he could no longer abide the sight of Richard after the death of 'the two young innocents.' He accordingly transferred his allegiance to the Earl of Richmond; who, when the arrangements for a simultaneous rising in several parts

of England were complete, set sail from St. Malo with a force computed at 5000 soldiers. His friends keeping faith, the insurrection assumed formidable proportions in Devonshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Kent. Buckingham had collected a large force in Wales. But it was impossible to elude Richard's watchfulness; and fortune had not yet deserted him. Richmond's fleet was driven back by a tempest, and Buckingham was stopped by an inundation of the Severn and the neighbouring rivers, so terrible that, for a century afterwards, it was spoken of as Buckingham's Great Water. The result is succinctly told by Shakespeare:

> '*Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
> *K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death.
> [*He strikes him.*
> *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty
> Is — that by sudden floods and fall of waters
> Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
> And he himself wandered away alone,
> No man knows whither.'

After another messenger has delivered an equally cheering report,

> '*Enter* CATESBY.
> My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.
> That's the best news.—That the Earl of Richmond
> Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
> Is colder tidings, yet it must be told.
> *King.* Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here
> A royal battle might be won and lost.
> Some one take order Buckingham be brought
> To Salisbury: the rest march on with me.'

Many readers will be as much puzzled by this passage as was the Drury Lane audience on the night when John Philip Kemble, feeling ill, left out the line[1] which provoked a nightly conflict with the pit. The point or claptrap which they missed was interpolated

[1] 'For this be sure to-night thou shalt have aches.' The story is told by Scott, 'Prose Works,' vol. xx. p. 188.

by Cibber in what, with a few subsequent changes, is still the acting edition of the play :

'*Enter* CATESBY.
My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.
Rich. Off with his head: so much for Buckingham.'

This is the popular reading, and a story is current in theatrical circles of the ludicrous confusion of a celebrated actor who piqued himself on the delivery of the line given to Richard, when the Catesby of the evening thus varied his part :

'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
And, without orders, they've cut off his head.'

Cibber's Richard is printed amongst his works under the title of 'The Tragical History of Richard III. as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Altered from Shakespeare, by Mr. Cibber. London. Printed in the year 1721.' Indignation is naturally excited by the bare notion of Shakespeare corrected by Cibber, and we are prepared to hear of 'gilding refined gold, painting the lily,' &c. Yet the best critics are agreed that the success of the drama as an acting play is mainly owing to him. Their concurrent estimate is thus expressed by Steevens : 'The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, [a Kean and a Macready,] should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author. Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received, must also in some measure be imputed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious.' No modern audience, we agree with him, would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his expostulation with the murderers, the prattle of his children, the soliloquy of the scrivener, the tedious

dialogue of the citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the vehement interchange of curses and invectives with which whole scenes are stuffed, or the repeated progresses to execution. In fact, Shakespeare's ordinary fertility of resource is frequently belied by this play; for Clarence's dream (in which the betrayed Warwick, and the murdered of Tewkesbury appear to him) foreshadows Richard's; and the scene in which he extorts the reluctant consent of Elizabeth—

'Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman—

too closely resembles that in which he woos and wins Anne. His new marriage project is thus broached to his convenient tool, Catesby:—

'I say again, give out
That Anne, my queen, is sick and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain!'

It is one of the strangest stories of these strange times that the young and lovely Princess Elizabeth was in love with the wicked crook-backed uncle who had murdered her brothers; and that, in declared rivalry with her aunt, she appeared at the Christmas festivals of 1484 in royal robes exactly similar to those of the Queen, who died the March following of a languishing distemper. His tongue must have surpassed that of the original tempter, or the great ladies of those days must have had an uncommon share of their sex's weakness, if one after the other consented to overlook notorious crime and suppress natural horror in this fashion; for it would seem that the princess's inclinations were sanctioned by her mother, the widow of Edward IV., who, if possible, had still stronger grounds of abhorrence. Another curious sign of the times is

the oath by which he induced his nieces to leave the sanctuary and trust themselves in his power. This document, dated March 1, 1484, begins thus:

'I, Richard, by the grace of God king, &c., in the presence of you, my lords spiritual and temporal, and you, mayor and aldermen of my city of London, promise and swear, *verbo regio*, upon these H ly Evangelists of God, by me personally touched, that if the daughters of Dame Elizabeth Grey, late calling herself Queen of England; that is to wit, Elizabeth, Cecily, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget, will come unto me out of the sanctuary at Westminster, and be guided, ruled, and demeaned after me, then I shall see that they shall be in surety of their lives, and also not suffer any manner of hurt by any manner of person or persons, to them or any of them, on their bodies and persons, to be done by way of ravishment or defouling, contrary to their will.'

He further swears to marry them to gentlemen by birth, to endow each of them to the amount of 200 marks *per annum*, and to discredit any reports to their disadvantage, till they shall have had opportunity for lawful defence and answer.

There is good reason to believe that Richard continued warmly attached to his early love and wedded wife, Anne; who never recovered the death of their son, and languished, says Buck, 'in weakness and extremity of sorrow, until she seemed rather to overtake death, than death her.' Richard might easily have procured a dispensation to marry his niece, had he been so minded; but the project was never carried further than was required to break off or delay her marriage with her future husband, Richmond; and when this purpose had been answered, he publicly assured the citizens of London that he never so much as contemplated the union.

The shortness of his reign favours the notion that the nation, exasperated beyond endurance by his villanies, rose and threw him off like an incubus. But nothing of the kind occurred. The people at large

were too much inured to scenes of blood and acts of cruelty, to be shocked by them. They cared little or nothing whether a few princes or lords, more or less, were put to death, so long as they were not fleeced by the tax-gatherer or oppressed by a local tyrant; and Richard, like Cromwell at a later period, took good care that there should be no usurped or abused authority besides his own. He was not weighed in the balance and found wanting, till two discontented nobles, the Stanleys, threw their whole weight into the opposing scale. The numerical inferiority of Richmond's army is a conclusive proof that his cause was not a pre-eminently popular one. After landing at Milford Haven (Aug. 6, 1485), he proceeded by a circuitous route through Wales, in the hope, which was not disappointed, of profiting by his Welsh blood and connexions. On arriving at Shrewsbury, the gates, after a short parley, were opened to him by Mitton, the sheriff, who had sworn fidelity to Richard, but fortunately discovered a mode of breaking his oath without hurt to his conscience. He had sworn that Richmond should go over his belly before entering the tower, meaning of course that he would die in its defence, 'soe when they entered, the sayd Mitton lay alonge the grounde wyth his belly uppwards, and soe the said Earle stepped over hym and saved his othe.'

On Tuesday, August 16th, Richard quitted Nottingham at the head of all the forces he could collect, and entered Leicester the same evening a little after sunset. He took up his quarters in a large half-timber house, standing within living memory; and slept in a bed, the remains of which were recently in existence.[1] It had a false bottom, in which a large sum of money could be concealed, and did duty as a military chest.

[1] The 'Battle of Bosworth Field,' &c. &c., by W. Hutton, F.A.S.S., the second edition by J. Nicholls, F.S.A., p. 37. Engravings of the house and bedstead are given in this book.

He passed the night of the 17th at Elmsthorp, eleven miles from Leicester; and on the 18th pitched his camp at a place called the Bradshaws, a mile and a half from Bosworth Field. Richmond advanced by Lichfield and Tamworth to Atherstone, close to the field; where he arrived on the 20th, after having held a private council with the Stanleys on the way. Judging from the result, their plan is concluded to have been that, whilst Richmond marched directly to the field, Lord Stanley should take up a position on the right, and Sir William on the left, so that, when the four armies were marshalled, they would form a hollow square; the two brothers to remain neuter unless their aid should prove indispensable. There were good reasons for this saving clause; for Lord Strange, Lord Stanley's eldest son, was a hostage in the hands of Richard; and though the usurper might be defeated, it did not follow that he would be killed, or lose all future chance of taking full vengeance on false friends. According to Hutton's estimate, Richard brought into the field twelve thousand men, Richmond more than seven, Lord Stanley five, and Sir William Stanley three. The same impartial and well-informed writer succinctly sums up the respective merits and pretensions of the rivals: 'Were I allowed to treat royalty with plainness, Richard was an accomplished rascal, and Henry not one jot better. Which had the greatest right to the crown, is no part of the argument; neither of them had any. Perhaps their chief difference of character consisted in Richard's murdering two men for Henry's one; but as a small counter-balance, Richard had some excellences, to which the other was a stranger.'

The powers of upper air may therefore be supposed to have remained neuter, and each of the combatants passed probably an equally agitated night. We learn from an anecdote that Richard had lost nothing of his vigilance or unrelenting sternness. Going the rounds

he found a sentinel asleep, and stabbed him, with the remark, 'I found him asleep, and have left him as I found him.' For summary administration of martial law, this beats Frederick the Great's famous postscript to the subaltern's letter to his wife.

The influence of omens on the English of all classes is mentioned by Philip de Commines, and Richard is reported to have been peculiarly subject to it. 'During his abode at Exeter,' says Holingshed, 'he went about the citie, and viewed the seat of the same, and at length he came to the castle; and when he understood that it was called Rugemont, suddenlie he fell into a dumpe, and (as one astonied) said, "Well I see my daies be not long." He spake this of a prophecy told him that when he came once to Richmond, he should not long live after.' He had more rational cause for alarm when Jockey of Norfolk produced the doggrel warning found in his tent, for it clearly indicated the desertion and treachery that were about to prove fatal to him.

Shakespeare's representation of the battle is unaccountably tame, for he has made little or no use of the many stirring episodes and incidents supplied by the chroniclers. Early in the morning, Sir Robert Brakenbury delivered this message to Lord Stanley: 'My lord, the King salutes you, and commands your immediate attendance with your bands, or, by God, your son shall instantly die.' About the same time, Sir Reginald Gray came with a pressing message from Richmond. Stanley replied to Brakenbury: 'If the King stains his honour with the blood of my son, I have more; but why should he suffer? I have not lifted a hand against him. I will come at a convenient time.' When this answer was brought to Richard, he exclaimed: 'This is a false pretence. He is a traitor, and young Strange shall die. Catesby, see to it.' Strange was brought forth, and the executioner was

getting ready the axe and the block, when Lord Ferrers of Chartley warmly remonstrated, and extorted a reprieve, mainly by urging that Lord Stanley might be still undecided. This is rather weakly rendered by—

'Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind care of eternal night.

. . . . . .

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy has passed the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.'

The vanguard of Richard's army was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk; the centre and main body by the King himself, who rode at their head, mounted on his celebrated milk-white steed,—

'Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow,'—

and arrayed in the splendid suit of armour which he had worn at Tewkesbury. Like Henry V. at Agincourt, he wore a golden crown, not (as Hutton takes care to tell us) as a man would wear a hat or cap, but by way of crest over his helmet, instead of the grinning boar's head in which Lord Lytton portrays him scattering dismay at Barnet. Richmond, too, bore himself gallantly, and rode through the ranks, marshalling and encouraging his men, arrayed in complete armour, but unhelmeted. His vanguard, commanded by the Earl of Oxford, began the battle by crossing the low ground towards the elevated position where Richard prudently waited the attack. 'The trumpets blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the King's archers courageously let fly their arrows. The earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again; and, the terrible shot once passed, the armies joined, and came

to hand strokes.'[1] The leaders of those days deemed it a point of honour to fight hand to hand, if possible, and Oxford and Norfolk managed to engage in a personal encounter, which would form a fitting subject for an Ariosto or a Scott. After shivering their spears on each other's shields or breastplates, they fell to with their swords. Oxford, wounded in the arm by a blow which glanced from his crest, returned it by one which hewed off the vizor of Norfolk's helmet, leaving the face bare; and then, disdaining to follow up the advantage, drew back, when an arrow from an unknown hand pierced the duke's brain. Surrey, hurrying up to assist or avenge his father, was surrounded and overpowered by Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir John Savage, who commanded on the right and left for Richmond—

> 'Young Howard single with an army fights;
> When, moved with pity, two renownèd knights,
> Strong Clarendon and valiant Conyers, try
> To rescue him, in which attempt they die.
> Now Surrey, fainting, scarce his sword can hold,
> Which made a common soldier grow so bold,
> To lay rude hands upon that noble flower,
> Which he disdaining,—anger gives him power,—
> Erects his weapon with a nimb'e round,
> And sends the peasant's arm to kiss the ground.'[2]

If we may credit tradition or the chroniclers, all this was literally true. When completely exhausted, Surrey presented the hilt of his sword to Talbot, whom he requested to take his life and save him from dying by an ignoble hand. He lived to be the Surrey of Flodden Field, and the worthy transmitter of 'all the blood of all the Howards.'

Hutton contends that, although Norfolk had fallen and Lord Stanley had closed up whilst the vanguard

[1] Grafton, vol. ii. p. 154. Balls of about a pound and a half weight have been dug up on the field, but none of the chroniclers speak of artillery as used by either side.

[2] Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont, Bart., quoted by Mr. Jesse from Weever's Funeral Monuments, p. 554.

were engaged, no decisive advantage had been gained, when Richard made that renowned charge, which historians describe as the last effort of despair. He was bringing up his main body when intelligence reached him that Richmond was posted behind the hill with a slender attendance. His plan was formed on the instant; nor, although fiery courage or burning hate might have suggested it, was it ill-judged or reckless. Three-fourths of the combatants, if we include the Stanleys, were ready to side with the strongest. Richmond's army, without Richmond, was a rope of sand. His fall would be the signal for a general scattering or a feigned renewal of hollow allegiance to the conqueror. Neither did the execution of the proposed *coup de main* betoken a sudden impulse inconsiderately acted upon. Richard rode out at the right flank of his army, and ascended a rising ground to get a view of his enemy, with whose person he was not acquainted. He summoned to his side a chosen body of knights, all of whom, with the exception of Lord Lovell, perished with him, and he paused to drink at a spring which still goes by his name. It must have been here, if anywhere, that Catesby, a civilian, called his attention to Sir William Stanley's suspicious movements, and urged him to fly, offering a fresh horse; but there is no authority for making Catesby exclaim to Norfolk, slain an hour ago:

> 'Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
> The king enacts more wonders than a man,
> Daring an opposite to every danger.
> His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
> Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.'

For aught that is known, it was White Surrey that, like Hotspur's roan, was to bear him like a thunderbolt against the bosom of his foe; and it was spear in rest that he dashed amongst Richmond's surprised and fluttered body-guard. 'Richard was better versed

in arms, Henry was better served. Richard was brave, Henry a coward. Richard was about five feet four, rather runted, but only made crooked by his enemies; and wanted six weeks of thirty-three. Henry was twenty-seven, slender, and near five feet nine, with a saturnine countenance, yellow hair, and grey eyes.'

Such is Hutton's estimate of the personal prowess of the pair who were now contending for a kingdom. What follows sounds fabulous, unless we bear in mind the reflection with which Scott accompanies his sketch of Claverhouse unhorsing Balfour of Burleigh. 'A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man to appearance so slightly made as Claverhouse, and the vulgar of course set down to supernatural aid the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm.' We all recollect the Countess of Auvergne's wonder at the sight of Talbot, whom she calls a 'weak and writhled shrimp;' and the hero of one of the most spirited feats of arms recorded by Froissart, is a humpbacked little knight, whose head and shoulders only just appeared over his raised saddle-bow. According to Grafton, Richard, so soon as he descried Richmond, 'put spurs to his horse, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest towards him.' He unhorsed Sir John Cheney, a strong and brave knight,[1] and rushing on Sir William Brandon, Henry's standard-bearer, cleft his skull, tore the standard from his grasp, and flung it on the ground. 'He was now,' says Hume,

[1] 'Sir John Cheney of Sherland, personally encountering King Richard, was felled to the ground by the monarch, had his crest struck off and his head laid bare; for some time, it is said, he remained stunned; but recovering after awhile, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his head to supply the loss of the upper part of his helmet: he then returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service that Henry, on being proclaimed king, assigned Cheney for crest the bull's scalp, which his descendants still bear.' (*Sir Bernard Burke, Vicissitudes of Families*, p. 350.)

'within reach of Richmond himself, who declined not the combat.' Others say Richmond drew back, as a braver man might have done in his place—

> 'No craven he, and yet he shuns the blow,
> So much confusion magnifies the foe.'

Fortunately for him Sir William Stanley came up at the very nick of time 'with three thousand tall men,' and overpowered Richard, who died, fighting furiously and murmuring with his last breath, *treason! treason! treason!* So nicely timed was Stanley's aid, that Henry afterwards justified the ungrateful return he made for it by saying: 'He came time enough to save my life, but he stayed long enough to endanger it.' Richard received wounds enough to let out a hundred lives: his crown had been struck off at the beginning of the onset; and his armour was so broken, and his features were so defaced, that he was hardly to be recognised when dragged from beneath a heap of slain—

> 'His hand still strained the broken brand,
> His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
> Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
> With dinted shield and helmet beat,
> The falcon crest and plumage gone,—
> Can that be haughty Marmion?'

And can that stripped and mutilated corpse be the crowned monarch who at morning's rise led a gallant army to an assured victory, who had recently been described by a distinguished foreigner as holding the proudest position held by any king of England for a hundred years?[1] Nothing places in a stronger light the depth of moral degradation and insensibility, fast verging towards barbarism, to which men's minds had been sunk by the multiplied butcheries of these terrible conflicts, than the indignities heaped upon the dead king, with the sanction, if not by the express

[1] Philip de Commines.

orders, of his successor. The body, perfectly naked, with a rope round the neck, was flung across a horse, like the carcass of a calf, behind a pursuivant at arms bearing a silver boar upon his coat, and was thus carried in triumph to Leicester. It was exposed two days in the Townhall, and then buried without ceremony in the Gray Friars Church. At the destruction of the religious houses the remains were thrown out, and the coffin, which was of stone, was converted into a watering-trough at the White Horse Inn. The best intelligence that Mr. Hutton, who made a journey on purpose in 1758, could collect concerning it was, that it was broken up about the latter end of the reign of George the First, and that some of the pieces had been placed as steps in the cellar of the inn. 'To what base uses we may return, Horatio!' The sign of the White Boar at Leicester, at which Richard slept, was forthwith converted into the Blue Boar; and the name of the street, called after it, has been corrupted into Blubber Lane.

As to the person of Richard, we agree with Buck and Walpole. 'The truth (says Walpole) I take to have been this: Richard, who was slender and not tall, had one shoulder a little higher than the other, a defect by the magnifying glasses of party, by distance of time, and by the amplification of tradition, easily swelled to shocking deformity.' The impression left by a marked personal peculiarity may be unconsciously heightened and transmitted till it becomes inextricably woven into the web of history. Thus Lord Macaulay, a warm admirer of both Luxembourg and William, winds up a brilliant paragraph by the remark that amongst the 100,000 men engaged at Landen, 'perhaps the two feeblest in body were the humpbacked dwarf who urged on the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.' The strongest argument in favour of Richard's personal appearance is that drawn

from Dr. Shaw's address to the citizens of London preparatory to the usurpation. After contending that the illegitimacy of Edward IV. and Clarence was obvious from their likeness to persons with whom their mother had intrigued, he went on: 'But my Lord Protector, that very noble Prince, the pattern of all heroic deeds, represents the very face and mind of the great Duke his father. His features are the same, and the very express likeness of that noble Duke.' At these words the Protector was to enter as if by chance; and although the point was missed by his non-appearance till a few minutes later, such a *coup de théâtre* would hardly have been hazarded if Richard either presented no resemblance or a miniature and caricature one of his father. A Scotch prelate, one of the commissioners for concluding the marriage between Prince James of Scotland and the Lady Anne de la Pole, thus alludes to Richard's stature in his address:

'He (the King of Scotland) beholds in your face a princely majesty and authority royal, sparkling with the illustrious beams of all moral and heroical virtue. To you may not unfitly be applied what was said by the poet of a most renowned prince of the Thebans:

'"Nunquam tantum animum natura minori
Corpore, nec tantas visa est includere vires.
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."'[1]

He had a habit of gnawing his under lip and a trick of playing with his dagger, which, although misconstrued into signs of an evil disposition, were probably mere outward manifestationss of restlessness. Polydore Virgil speaks of his 'horrible vigilance and celerity.' It was the old story of the sword wearing out the scabbard; and the chances are that he would not long have survived Bosworth Field had he come off unscathed and the conqueror.

[1] Buck, in Kennet, p. 573. The address was in Latin, and is rather freely rendered by Buck. *Facies* may mean *form* or *air* as well as *face*. The prelate's quotation from Statius, too, is somewhat garbled. See the *Thebaid*, L. 1. v. 416, and L. 6. v. 845.

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(From the Edinburgh Review for July 1859.)

Vie de Marie Antoinette. Par Édouard et Jules de Goncourt. Deuxième Édition. Revue et augmentée de Documents inédits et de Pièces tirées des Archives de l'Empire. Paris, 1859.

In Sir Walter Scott's younger days, as he states in one of his prefaces, the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots was a constant subject of angry controversy, and a reflection on her character in the hearing of one of her avowed partisans was held to justify a challenge. A similar though less durable conflict of opinion has existed in France touching the reputation of Marie Antoinette; and we remember the time when it would have been exceedingly dangerous to question her conjugal fidelity within the precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain. Both of these illustrious ladies were cradled in royalty: both were beauties and coquettes: both were unequally mated: both were suspected and calumniated; and both perished on the scaffold. But the parallel ceases at the most important point. The verdict of history has proved decidedly unfavourable to Mary Stuart, whilst the name and memory of Marie Antoinette come out brighter and brighter from the ordeal of every fresh inquiry.

Partial as Madame Campan may have been to her beloved mistress, there is an air of sincerity in her statements which could not fail to make way with posterity. The most material have been confirmed by

the unimpeachable testimony of the Count de la Marck[1]; whilst the indications discoverable in the memoirs and correspondence of her most respectable contemporaries almost all point in the same direction. The case for the defence has been completed by MM. de Goncourt; who profess to have resorted to every accessible source of information, and now boldly lay claim for their heroine to take rank as the most high-principled, self-sacrificing, and best-conducted, as well as most unfortunate, of queens. The first edition of their book was speedily exhausted; and such is the inherent attraction of the subject, that we are tempted to recapitulate and re-examine the principal events of a life which has all the interest of a novel, although it influenced the destinies of Europe and (no solitary example) was embittered by a throne.

We shall confine ourselves almost exclusively to her personal history, on which we hope to throw fresh light from sources which have escaped the search, or not fallen under the observation, of MM. de Goncourt. But, judging from the success of recent contributions to retrospective literature of a more familiar kind, we should not despair of a favourable reception were we to do no more than bring together the scattered and highly interesting traits which are already known to the curious in French memoirs.

Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Francis the First, Emperor of Germany, and the famous Maria-Theresa, was born November 2nd, 1755; 'the day,' says Madame Campan, 'of the earthquake of Lisbon; and this catastrophe, which seemed to mark with a fatal stamp the epoch of her nativity, without being a motive for superstitious fear, had nevertheless made an impression on the mind of the princess.' This is strange, for the earthquake took place the day before, namely,

[1] Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de la Marck. Paris, 1851.

November 1st. The Empress, anxious for a son, had made a bet of two ducats with the Duc de Tarozka that she should have a daughter. After the announcement of the event, the loser was discovered in a brown study by Metastasio, who inquired the cause. 'Imagine my embarrassment,' exclaimed the Duke: 'I have a wager of two ducats with the Empress that she would be brought to bed of a prince, and lo, it is a princess.' 'Well then,' replied Metastasio, 'you have lost and must pay.' 'Pay! but how pay two ducats to an empress?' 'Oh, if that is all, your troubles will soon be over.' The poet took out his pencil, and wrote these lines:

'Ho perduto: l' augusta figlia
A pagar m' ha condannato;
Ma s' è ver che a voi somiglia.
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato.'

This epigram may be paraphrased thus:

'A daughter instead of a son!
My wager is lost, but I smother
Regret—the whole world will have won,
If the daughter resembles the mother.'

'There,' he continued, 'wrap up your two ducats in this paper, and your debt will be paid without offence.'[1]

This disappointment did not deprive the infant archduchess of her fair share of maternal affection, and her father, the Emperor, took a peculiar interest in her. In her sixth year, he had already quitted the palace to start for Inspruck, when he ordered an attendant to go for her, and bring her to the carriage. When she came, he held out his arms to receive her, and exclaimed, after pressing her to his heart, 'I had an irresistible longing to kiss this child.' He died suddenly during the journey, and never saw her again.

In M. de Lamartine's 'History of the Girondins' it is related that 'she (Marie Antoinette) began life amidst the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of

[1] This story is told rather differently by MM. de Goncourt on the authority of Madame Campan. We have adopted Weber's version.

the children that the Empress led by the hand when she appeared as a suppliant to her faithful Hungarians, and *these troops* exclaimed, "Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa." ' According to more careful annalists, Maria Theresa presented herself to the assembled magnates with her son, afterwards Joseph the Second, in her arms, four years *before the birth* of Marie Antoinette.

MM. de Goncourt state that Maria Theresa personally superintended the education of her daughter, instead of abandoning her to her courtly governesses; and they quote the Empress's own testimony, in the shape of an autograph letter, for the fact. But we learn from other sources, especially from Madame Campan, that the direct contrary was the truth: that the cares of the cabinet left the Empress little time for the nursery or the schoolroom: that, although daily reports were brought to her of the health of her children by her physician, she often suffered several days to elapse without seeing them; and that the attractive pictures of domestic tenderness, described by distinguished travellers invited to a family party at the imperial palace, were *tableaux vivants* got up for their edification. The archduchesses were drilled to listen with apparent intelligence to Latin harangues of which they did not understand a syllable; and sketches were exhibited in proof of their proficiency in drawing which they had never so much as touched. In after life Marie Antoinette avowed and lamented what she called the *charlatanerie* of her education, and its deficiencies were too palpable to leave room for doubt as to her good faith. She had a natural taste and extreme fondness for music, yet on her arrival in France she put off receiving her *ex-officio* singing-master on one pretence or another for three months, whilst she was practising in private with a confidential attendant. 'The Dauphine,' she remarked, 'must take care of the reputation of the Archduchess.' She was taught Italian by

Metastasio, and both spoke and wrote it with facility; and such care was taken to perfect her in French that she ended by losing her native German altogether.

The series of reverses sustained by France during Lord Chatham's first administration, and the humiliating terms dictated by England at the peace of Paris in 1763, had induced the French Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, to reverse the policy, which he had inherited from a long line of predecessors, of considering the House of Hapsburg as the most formidable enemy or rival of that of Bourbon. His new plan was to form what he termed an alliance of the South—that is, of France, Spain, and Austria—against Great Britain, and the most obvious mode of consolidating it was by marriage. The Empress-Queen eagerly concurred. During Madame Geoffrin's visit to Vienna, in 1766, she was speaking warmly in the court circle of the beauty and grace of the little archduchess, and saying that she should like to carry her to Paris. '*Emportez! emportez!*' exclaimed Maria Theresa.

The choice of teachers to fit a young princess for so exalted a destiny was curious enough. An actor, named Aufresne, was appointed to teach her pronunciation and declamation; and another, named Sainville, for what Madame Campan calls the *goût du chant français.*' Sainville had been in the army, and was considered a scapegrace. The French court disapproved of this selection: the French ambassador was instructed to remonstrate: the two actors were dismissed, and an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Vermond, was named in their place. This man has been accused of exercising a mischievous influence on the manners, modes of thinking, disposition and conduct of Marie Antoinette at the most trying epoch of her life; and his own character has consequently been subjected to the most searching scrutiny. But we have been unable to arrive at any safe and definite conclusion regarding him. Madame

Campan, whose suspicions may have been sharpened by jealousy, describes him as a cold, insolent, indiscreet, and mocking sceptic, who, both by precept and example, inculcated a contempt for forms and conventional distinctions. The son of a village surgeon, the Abbé (she says) was wont, in the height of his favour, to receive bishops and ministers in his bath, remarking at the same time that the Abbé Dubois, whose position he affected, was a fool; because a man like him should make cardinals and refuse to be one. His mode of gaining admission to the private circle of the imperial family does credit to his tact. Soon after his arrival the Empress, meeting him at her daughter's, inquired if he had formed any acquaintance at Vienna. 'Not one, Madame,' was the reply. 'The apartment of the archduchess and the hotel of the French ambassador are the only places in which a man honoured with the care of the princess's education should be seen.' A month later he gave the same answer to the same question, and the day following he received a command to attend the family circle every evening.

Unless this description be entirely false, the Abbé Vermond was extremely ill qualified for his post. But the Count de la Marck, who subsequently saw a good deal of him at the hôtel of the Count de Mercy (the Austrian ambassador at Paris), speaks of him as a honest well-intentioned man of moderate abilities, devotedly attached to the Queen; and says that, although she employed him to copy her letters, she had a low opinion of his capacity. His importance, according to this high authority, was mainly derived from his being the principal medium of unofficial communication between the Queen and her connexions at Vienna; and his fidelity was unquestionable.

Early in 1769 the proposed union had become a constant topic of diplomatic correspondence, and a painter, Ducreux, was sent from Paris to paint the portrait of

the future queen of France for Louis Quinze. It seems to have been deemed satisfactory by this practised judge of female charms, for the preliminary contract was signed on the 16th July, and the final ratifications were exchanged on the 17th January, 1770. The customary fêtes, ceremonies, and preparations for the departure of the bride, occupied some months. On the 17th of April, she signed a formal renunciation of her hereditary rights, paternal and maternal, in a full council of ministers, and confirmed it by an oath administered at the altar. After attending the Belvedere fêtes, which lasted nine days, she started on the 26th for France, carrying with her a copy of the ominous injunction addressed by Maria Theresa to her children :

'I recommend you, my dear children, to set apart two days of every year to prepare for death, as if you were sure that those two days were the last of your life.'

On the 7th of May she reached an island on the Rhine, near Strasburg, where she was received in a richly furnished pavilion constructed for the purpose, and divided into two compartments, one for the Austrians and the other for the French. Before quitting the Austrian side she was stripped to the skin and attired from top to toe in French habiliments, 'in order,' so ran the regulation, 'that she might retain nothing of a country which was hers no longer.' She was accordingly undressed and dressed, and then ceremoniously handed over to the ladies and gentlemen of the new court which had been formed for her, beginning with Madame la Comtesse de Noailles, her chief lady in waiting.

At this point MM. de Goncourt pause to describe the face and figure of their heroine, who had not yet completed her fifteenth year, and gave little more than the promise of her matured beauty. But her expressive features, her exquisite complexion, her clear blue eyes,

the rich tresses of her light brown hair, the animation of her whole person, and her winning grace of manner, won all hearts, and '*qu'elle est jolie, notre Dauphine*,' was the exulting cry of the peasantry whenever they got a glimpse of her on the route.

The degree and character of her beauty have been much disputed. Lord Holland ('Foreign Reminiscences'), who saw her the year before her death, says that it consisted exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air. MM. de Goncourt are too enthusiastic to inspire confidence on this point. One of their ablest critics, M. F. Barrère, quotes the following as the most accurate description of her on her arrival in France:

'Her figure was low (*petite*) but perfectly proportioned; her arms were well formed and of dazzling whiteness; her hands *potelées*, her fingers tapering, her nails transparent and rose-coloured, her feet charming.' 'As she grew and filled out,' adds M. Barrère, 'her feet and hands remained equally irreproachable, but her figure lost somewhat of its symmetry and her bust became too prominent. Her face was an oval a little elongated; her eyes were blue, soft, and animated; her neck possibly a little too long but admirably set; the forehead too round (*bombé*) and not sufficiently shaded by the hair. The mode of dressing the hair which the French ladies adopted under the Empire, would have become her to admiration, and the hair banded on the brow would have made her a regular beauty.'

The portraits, which are very numerous, and were taken at various and long distant periods, from the brilliant rising to the gloomy setting of her sun, naturally differ widely; but they leave no doubt of her having been endowed with personal charms more than sufficient to pass for beauty on a throne.

Her first meeting with the royal family of France, including her intended husband, was at the bridge of Berne, some leagues from Compiègne. She there

alights from her carriage; and, followed by her ladies, is led by her 'chevalier d'honneur' and the first equerry to the King, at whose feet she throws herself. He raises her, kisses her, and presents her to the Dauphin, who does likewise. They then proceed to the château of Compiègne, where she is obliged to undergo another set of presentations. The night preceding the nuptial benediction was passed at the Château de la Muette; and here at supper the King was guilty of the inconceivable weakness and indecency of suffering Madame du Barry to seat herself at Marie Antoinette's table. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the depth of sensuality and self-indulgence which this monarch must have reached, or the debasing thraldom in which this abandoned woman held him, or the state of morals which could render such an outrage possible, even in a despotic monarchy, where public opinion still found vent in pasquinades. When Burke enthusiastically exclaimed, 'I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult,' he forgot that the first insult had been perpetrated, and the ground laid for the most galling of the rest, without a solitary protest amongst this 'nation of gallant men.' But 'the age of chivalry' *was* over, and that of 'sophists, economists, calculators' had *not* arrived.

When one of her ladies in waiting asked her what she thought of the favourite, she replied by one well-chosen word '*charmante.*' It is also related that she naïvely asked Madame de Noailles what was Madame du Barry's peculiar function at the court? 'She amuses the King.' 'Then I declare myself her rival.'

The marriage was solemnised in the chapel of Versailles, on the forenoon of the 16th of May. As soon as it was over, the bride hurried to her own apartment, and without waiting to lay aside her robes, wrote to her mother, '*Enfin me voilà Dauphine de*

France.' The ceremony was hardly ended when the sky was darkened by clouds, the rain fell in torrents, and the crowd which filled the gardens were driven home. The bad weather continuing, the fireworks were not let off, the illuminations failed, and the people, deprived of their anticipated fête, began to talk of omens and give vent to presentiments. The fêtes at Paris concluded still more inauspiciously. Through the mismanagement of the municipal authorities, who insisted on superseding the regular police for the occasion, the crowd got jammed in the Place Louis Quinze (now *Place de la Concorde*), and a furious conflict had already commenced between those who wished to come in and those who were struggling to get out, when the scaffolding round the statute, on which the ornamented lamps were hung, caught fire. The alarm spread: the efforts to escape grew phrenzied: the strong trampled down the weak: the firemen dashed to the spot with their engines over every obstacle; and when the confusion ceased, the outlets and much of the open space were found heaped with the dying and the dead. The number of the sufferers was reduced as low as possible in the official reports, but according to the 'Gazette de France,' 132 dead bodies were collected and buried in the cemetery of the Madeleine.

Among the startling incidents of the scene, which deeply touched the Dauphiness, was one recorded of a young couple who were to be married the day following. Feeling her strength fail, and on the point of sinking to the ground, the girl entreated her lover to leave her to her fate and save himself: 'Never,' he exclaimed, 'and there is hope yet; get upon my shoulders, and I can carry you through the press.' He stooped, turning his back towards her. A light form took the offered place, and a woman's arm was round his neck. He was tall, strong, and resolute. He made his way to a safe spot, and his fair burden glided to his

feet. It was an entire stranger, who had overheard the suggestion, pushed his betrothed bride aside, and taken her place.

The royal couple who had been the innocent cause of these disasters, contributed the whole of their year's income to the relief fund, and Marie Antoinette was constantly recurring to the catastrophe and devising means to mitigate the resulting miseries. One of her attendants, by way of consolation, told her that a number of pickpockets, their pockets crammed with watches and snuff-boxes, were found amongst the dead, and observed that they at least had met with their deserts. 'Oh, no, no,' was the reply; 'they have met their death by the side of honest people.'

There existed grounds of apprehension and causes of anxiety of a more tangible and appreciable sort than omens. To discover them, it was simply necessary to look a little below the surface of the courtly circle into which she was received with such a flattering exhibition of enthusiasm. As already stated, the Austrian alliance, of which she was the pledge, was the favourite project of the Duke de Choiseul, whose power was rapidly declining; and the bare fact of its having been brought about by him, made it and her distasteful to the rival party, with which the royal mistress and the King's four daughters were closely allied. Madame du Barry had tact enough to see that, if His Majesty once became fond of the Dauphiness and accustomed to her society, the fresh, pure, and refined would speedily supersede the old and coarser tie. Notwithstanding his epicurean habits, he had once or twice shown symptoms of a reviving taste for better things, as when he resorted for a period to Madame Adelaide's apartment; and his first feeling towards Marie Antoinette was one of admiring affection. He insisted on doing the honours of Versailles in his own proper person, and an incident which occurred as he was playing cicerone in

the gardens, affords a striking proof of his inactivity and confirmed indolence, mental and bodily. To his surprise he found the walks broken up or encumbered with ruins. As he assisted her over a heap of stones, he remarked: 'I beg your pardon a thousand times, my daughter; but, in my time, there was a fine set of marble steps here: I do not know what they have done with them.'

All the arts of misrepresentation were set on foot by the unscrupulous mistress to undermine the growing favour of '*la petite rousse*;' and she at length succeeded by insinuating that Marie Antoinette had complained to her mother of the indecorous addition to the royal supper party at La Muette, and by persuading the King that his attentions were thrown away on an ungrateful or insensible object. His manner gradually grew colder and colder, and at length the triumph of vice over virtue was announced by his exclaiming, in a tone of mingled bitterness and regret: '*Je sais bien Madame la Dauphine ne m'aime pas.*'

Her aunts-in-law, four in number, shared among them most of the qualities which are popularly, if unjustly, attributed to old maids. Although they did their best to appear amiable to their new relative at first, they were obviously repelled instead of attracted by youth, beauty, and high spirits. She made light of the pleasures of the table, and they were famous for their cook. It was Madame Victoire who, to quiet a conscientious scruple, requested a bishop to decide whether a particular description of water-fowl could be properly eaten during Lent. He gravely informed her that, in all such cases, the bird should be carved upon a cold dish, and that unless the gravy congealed within a quarter of an hour, it might be eaten at all seasons without sin. It was Madame Louise again, who growing delirious on her death-bed, cried out: '*Au Paradis! vîte, vîte, au grand galop!*' The ruling spirit of the

four was unluckily Madame Adelaide, who had a double motive for disliking her niece, both as a rival for the King's confidential intimacy for which she had fought a hard fight with the mistress, and as the outward and visible sign of the abandonment of the old national anti-Austrian policy, of which she was the warm partisan. When M. Campan went to receive her commands before starting to meet the Dauphiness on the frontier, Madame Adelaide told him haughtily that she had no commands to give about sending to look after an Austrian princess.

The Dauphin's brothers were too young as yet to play an important part, but they soon began to exercise a marked and evil influence on her destiny; the one designedly and from ill-nature, the other unconsciously and from the unguarded display of his admiration. The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., though of a cold disposition and studious habits, had a turn of gallantry, and affected for a period to be the adorer and poet of his sister-in-law.[1] But on his marriage with a princess of Savoy, originally destined for the Dauphin and for that reason detesting the innocent cause of her disappointment, he adopted the prejudices of his wife, and some of the most mischievous interpretations put upon the language and conduct of the Dauphiness were traced to their salon. What made him the more dangerous, he had a turn for satire, was a sayer of good things, and wrote tolerable verses, especially in the epigrammatic style. That Mesdames du Terrage and de Balbi were nominally his mistresses, proves nothing more than his compliance with fashion or his vanity. When a candid friend tried to excite the Comtesse's

[1] He sent her, in his own name, the following verses (borrowed, we believe, from Lemierre) with a fan:—

'Au milieu des chaleurs extrêmes,
Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,
J'aurai soin de vous amener les zéphyrs,
Les amours viendront d'eux-mêmes.'

jealousy by alluding to them, she replied, 'O, mon Dieu, don't let us reproach him with these ladies. They are the only superfluities he allows himself.'

The younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was the precise opposite of his senior. He was frank, gay, careless, full of life and vivacity, fond of pleasure, and chivalrously devoted to women. His gallantry, indeed, was of the most discursive sort, and was so far from being interrupted by his marriage with a daughter of Savoy (sister of the Comtesse de Provence), that his frequent visits to an actress, Mademoiselle Duthé, gave rise to the punning remark that 'ayant eu une indigestion de gâteau de Savoye à Versailles, il était allé prendre *du thé* à Paris.' He found ample time, however, to be at all Marie Antoinette's parties of amusement, and his open adoration was subsequently converted into a weapon of defamation by her calumniators.

The greatest of her disadvantages was the uncongenial character of her husband. His piety, his passive courage, his domestic virtues, and his heartfelt wish to promote the true happiness of his people, are now matter of history; but it required time and misfortune to elicit them, and he confessedly had none of the qualities which make a French prince popular or fix the affection of a bride of fifteen. At the same time, we think MM. de Goncourt are hardly just when they cite him as 'one of those poor hearts, those sluggish temperaments, sometimes occurring towards the end of royal races, in which Nature seems to make a parade of her lassitude.' Still less can we answer in the affirmative when they ask whether 'this coldness, this silence of the passions of youth, of sex, this contracted imagination, these tremblings and sinkings of a Bourbon of eighteen, this husband, this man, were not in reality the work, the crime, of a governor chosen by the blind piety of the father of Louis XVI.?' It is

perfectly true that this governor, the Duc de Vauguyon, acted on a totally different principle from most governors and tutors at that period, and made no effort to control his pupil's humour when shrinking timidly from female society. It may be also true that, subsequently to the marriage, he endeavoured to keep the young couple apart as much as possible by interfering with the arrangement of their apartments at Fontainebleau, and that the Dauphiness was at last provoked by his intrusiveness into saying, 'Monsieur le Duc, Monsieur le Dauphin is old enough to dispense with a governor, and I have no need of a spy. I request that you will not appear before me again.'

The melancholy end of Louis XVI. has thrown over his memory something of the radiance of martyrdom; but it is not the less true that his manners were coarse, his voice harsh, his speech rude, and his whole demeanour alike deficient in elegance and in consideration for others. These unamiable qualities were keenly felt by the younger branches of the royal family, and they probably contributed to that alienation of some of the princes from the king which produced most fatal consequences in the Revolution. Nor were they unfelt by her who was doomed at last to follow him to the scaffold.

The Dauphin had other defects which must have helped to destroy the illusions of a bride. His appetite rivalled that of his ancestor, le Grand Monarque, and he indulged it without regard to appearances, whilst she was singularly sparing in her diet; her principal meal seldom extending beyond the wing of a chicken and a glass of water.[1] He was economical and fond of accounts, which he kept with the most scrupulous exactitude. His favourite occupation was practical mechanics; he would shut himself up morning after

[1] When the royal couple were lodged at the Feuillants, just after the dreadful 20th of June, the king indulged his appetite in so undignified a manner that the royalist deputies thought right to notice it to the Queen.

morning with a locksmith, who treated him like an ordinary apprentice. When he rejoined her with his hands and clothes smeared with oil and steel filings, she was wont to hail him with 'Oh, here comes my God Vulcan,'—a classical allusion which seldom failed to raise a malicious smile amongst such of the courtiers as had a smattering of heathen mythology or had studied Ovid's 'Art of Love.' His only manly and gentlemanlike amusement was the chase; but this, as followed by the later generations of French kings, was a very different thing from an English stag or fox hunt; the 'field' being composed of courtiers of both sexes, who looked on from gilded coaches or cantered along smooth glades on trained palfreys.

This dissimilarity of tastes and character did not prevent the young couple from presenting an attractive picture of conjugal affection before the public, and wherever they appeared they were hailed with enthusiasm. Their first formal visit to Paris was delayed for three years. It took place in June 1773, and it was on this occasion that the old Marshal de Brissac, requesting the Dauphin not to be jealous, led her to the front of the gallery overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries, and pointing to the sea of upturned faces beneath, told her: 'Madame, you have there, before your eyes, two hundred thousand lovers.'

Towards the beginning of May 1774, Louis XV. fell ill of the smallpox, of which he died on the 10th. His remains were in such a state of putrefaction that it was considered certain death to meddle with them. As soon as the breath was out of his body, the Duc de Villequier, first gentleman of the chamber, desired M. Andouille, first surgeon to his defunct Majesty, to open and embalm it. 'I am ready,' replied Andouille, 'but you will hold the head during the operation: it is a part of your duty.' The Duc walked away without another word, and the body was neither opened nor embalmed. It was hastily buried by some poor work-

people, and spirits of wine were poured into the coffin to check infection. The late king's aunts were sedulous in their attendance on his sick-bed, and exhibited the most heroic courage in confronting a danger from which the courtiers of every class fled. More than fifty persons caught the malady from merely passing through the great gallery. The Dauphin and Dauphiness waited in her apartment; it being settled that they were to leave for Choisy so soon as all was over. That no time might be lost in giving orders, it was agreed between the attendants who had charge of the carriages and those who were waiting near the sick-chamber, that a lighted candle placed at a window should be extinguished when the dying monarch was no more. The light disappeared, and within a few minutes all was ready for a start. The first intimation of what had taken place was conveyed to the new King and Queen by the crowd of courtiers hurrying to salute the rising sun. Their rush into the ante-chamber is described by Madame Campan as producing a terrible noise resembling thunder. On hearing it, the objects of this tumultuous homage knew that their reign had commenced, and by a spontaneous movement both fell upon their knees, exclaiming, 'Good Lord, guide us, protect us; we reign too soon.'

The cry of *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* is admirably suited to an impressible and lighthearted people, whose natural tendency is rather to live in the future than in the past. Far more gaiety than grief was certainly elicited among them by this devolution of the crown, and even in the royal carriage which was conveying the six chief mourners (the King and Queen, Monsieur and Madame, and Le Comte and Comtesse d'Artois) on their road to Choisy, the prevalent sentiment would have justified Byron's well-known lines on gondolas:

> 'And sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
> Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.'

They kept up a decent show of sorrow during the first half of the journey, when a word ludicrously mispronounced by the Comtesse d'Artois raised a general laugh, and they then by common consent wiped their eyes and left off weeping.

The Queen used all her influence to procure the recall of the Duc de Choiseul, to whom she conceived herself indebted for her throne. But on this point Louis XVI. was inexorable. The secret memoirs left by his father under the care of his governor, contained a solemn proscription of this minister, who was also vehemently opposed by Madame Adelaide. Although the Queen failed in this instance, however, she was obviously winning her way to that place in his affections which she ultimately obtained and kept. They were seen so often walking arm-in-arm in the gardens of Choisy as to set the fashion; and 'we had the gratification,' observes an eye-witness, 'of seeing several couples who had been separated and not without reason, for many years, walking arm-in-arm on the terrace for hours together, and enduring, from courtly complaisance, the intolerable tediousness of a prolonged *tête-à-tête*.' The hearts, or heads, of the mass of the people were so full of the charms and virtues of their Queen on her accession, that a jeweller made a large fortune by selling mourning snuff-boxes in her honour. They were composed of *chagrin*, with the motto '*La Consolation dans le Chagrin*.' The conceit was hardly so poetical as that of the artist who on her arrival in France painted her in the heart or centre of an opening rose.

When she wrote exultingly to her mother '*Enfin me voilà Dauphine de France*,' she must have been thinking of the mere rank and title; for some years were to elapse before the complete consummation of her hopes. Referring to 1775, Madame de Campan says that the king went to bed every night at eleven; that he was very methodical, and allowed nothing

to derange his habits. Up to this time he had never once omitted to share the nuptial couch, but the noise involuntarily made by the Queen when she returned very late from the *soirées* of the Princess de Guémenée, or the Duc de Duras, ended by annoying the King; and, without any display of temper, it was amicably arranged that the Queen should inform him beforehand when she intended to stay up, and then the King began to sleep in his own room, which had never occurred since the epoch of their marriage.

Referring to a subsequent period, this lady says that the Comtesse d'Artois had already two children: that the Queen had not yet so much as a hope of giving heirs to the throne; and that the supposed obstacle had been a frequent topic of courtly gossip under the rose.

'At last, towards the end of 1777, the Queen being alone in her apartments, sent for my father-in-law and me, and giving us her hand to kiss, told us that, regarding us both as persons interested in her happiness, she wished to receive our compliments: that at length she was Queen of France, and hoped soon to have children; that she had hitherto managed to conceal her troubles, but that she had shed many tears in secret. We have calculated that she was brought to bed of Madame, the King's daughter, exactly a year after the confidence she had deigned to repose in us. The report of this union so long delayed did not get abroad.'

About the same time that this auspicious change took place in their domestic intercourse, the outward aspect of things was smiling and the general prospect fair. But the anti-Austrian faction was implacable: family jealousies were as rife as ever, and a host of wounded vanities were accumulating, comparing and exaggerating their wrongs, real or fancied, with a view to retaliation or revenge. A trifling incident was sufficient to show the amount of

malignity of which she was about to become the mark and the victim. She held a drawing-room at La Muette to receive all the ladies of the court, young and old; many of whom, from the stiffness of their demeanour and the antiquated fashion of their habiliments, looked ridiculous enough. But she kept her countenance irreproachably till one of her ladies-in-waiting, the Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre, feeling or feigning exhaustion, sate down on the floor behind her, and, under shelter of the hoops of her neighbours, began to make faces and play off other childish tricks. These attracted the notice of the Queen, who was once or twice obliged to conceal a tendency to laughter behind her fan, when some elderly dowagers were curtseying to her. The next day, a report was spread that she had purposely cast ridicule on all the elderly and most respectable ladies present, and that no one of them would appear in the court circle a second time. A song was circulated with this refrain:

'Petite reine de vingt ans,
Vous qui traitez si mal les gens,
Vous repasserez la barrière,
Laire, laire, laire lanlaire, laire lanla.'

'More than fifteen years after this event,' adds Madame Campan, 'I heard old ladies, in the depths of Auvergne, relate all the details of this day, when, according to them, the Queen had indecorously laughed in the faces of the sexagenarian duchesses and princesses who had deemed it their duty to attend.'

Very little form was observed by the imperial family at Vienna, except on state occasions: the House of Lorraine prided itself on its simplicity; and Marie Antoinette was probably more influenced by the traditions of her race, the example of her mother, the recollections of her girlhood, and her own gaiety of disposition, than by the shallow philosophy of the Abbé Vermond. Certain it is, however, that her disregard

of etiquette was a fatal error, and laid the foundation of much future misery. There is a well-known story of her slipping off a donkey in a fit of laughter, and, instead of rising immediately, requesting some one to call Madame de Noailles, and ascertain the prescribed mode of behaviour for a Queen of France who could not keep her seat upon a donkey. According to another version, the donkey fell with her, and she refused to get up till Madame de Noailles had decided whether she or the donkey was to get up first. She had given Madame de Noailles the nickname of Madame l'Étiquette, and divided the ladies of the court into three classes, calling the no-longer young, *les siècles*; the prudes who affected devotion, *les collets montés*; and the retailers of scandals, *les paquets*. They avenged themselves by putting disadvantageous interpretations on all her words and actions. Madame de Marsan, the governess of the King's sisters and the dear friend of Madame de Noailles, was a conspicuous member of the band:

'In her eyes,' says MM. de Goncourt, 'that light and buoyant step was the step of a courtesan; that fashion of transparent lawn was a theatrical costume intended to stimulate desire. If the royal beauty raised her eyes, her enemies saw in them the practised look of a coquette; if she wore her hair a little loose and waving, "the hair of a Bacchante," was the cry; if she spoke with her natural vivacity, it was the rage for talking without saying anything or having anything to say; if in conversation she assumed a look of sympathy and intelligence, it was an insupportable air of understanding everything; if she laughed with her girlish gaiety, it was an affected gaiety, bursts of forced laughter. This old woman, in short, suspected and perverted everything, as if youth and grace were incompatible with purity.'

When we investigate the usages of the French court at this period, we cease to wonder at the repugnance

which they inspired in any one who had not been bred up to consider them as the beginning and end of all things, the foundation of social order, and the strength as well as ornament of the throne. A Queen of France was not allowed a moment of privacy, walking or sitting, in-doors or out of doors, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking, dressing or undressing. Some court functionary or another, male or female, might claim to be near her or about her from morning to night and from night to morning; and as many of these official attendants had bought or inherited their places, she had not even the power of excluding known spies and ill-wishers from her privacy.

Such being her habitual life, we can easily understand both why the Queen should seize every opportunity of escaping from it, and why her transgressions against etiquette should be denounced by its votaries as tantamount to so many breaches of the Decalogue. Thus, she had a fancy to see a sunrise; and the King consented to her going for this purpose to the heights of Marly at three in the morning, but instead of sitting up to accompany her, went to bed. The Queen was attended by a numerous suite, including her ladies-in-waiting. A few days afterwards a libellous copy of verses entitled, 'Le Lever de l'Aurore,' was circulated at Paris, and a belief was current that this night expedition was planned expressly for the indulgence of a passion for the famous, or infamous, Egalité, whom, it is clear, she never liked, although, like two or three others rebuffed for presumption, he subsequently tried to injure her reputation.

If the precautions taken in this instance to preclude calumny were unavailing, it was a matter of course that she should be condemned when direct evidence of her entire innocence was wanting and she required to be judged charitably. She was fond of going to the masked balls of the opera attended by a single lady.

One evening when she had come from Versailles for this purpose, in the company of the Duchesse de Luynes, their carriage broke down just within the gates of Paris. They were obliged to alight and remain in a shop whilst a footman went for a fiacre. They were masked, and the adventure might have been kept secret, but it was so odd a one for a Queen of France, and she was so unconscious of wrong, that she could not help exclaiming to the first acquaintance she met at the ball, '*C'est moi en fiacre; n'est-ce pas bien plaisant?*'

The story got wind, and was repeated in the most exaggerated and compromising form. It was said that she had given a meeting at a private house to a nobleman, and the Duc de Coigny was openly named as the happy man. According to one of the scandalous chronicles of the period, she went to the theatre in a grey domino, having ordered several of her ladies to go similarly attired, and was alone with the Duc for some minutes in a box on the second tier. 'She was seen,' it is added, 'coming out in so agitated a state as to be near fainting on the staircase.' A lady made a memorandum of the hour in her pocket-book: it was handed round, and almost all the ladies of the court had it copied into theirs, '*inscribed in letters of gold.*' The most offensive inferences were drawn from these gossiping stories of a profligate and malignant court. If the 'School for Scandal' is a true picture of human nature in its most unamiable moods, minuteness of detail is no guarantee for accuracy; and such charges are refuted by their particularity and their grossness. The inscription in letters of gold is an impudent fiction on the face of it, and the assumed notoriety of the Queen's habitual profligacy is irreconcilable with the recorded testimony of a host of impartial and unimpeachable witnesses, at the head of which stand the Prince de Ligne, the Count de la Marck,

and the Marquis de la Fayette. 'The pretended gallantry of the Queen,' says the Prince de Ligne, in his *Mélanges*, 'was never anything more than a profound feeling of friendship for one or two persons, and a coquettish wish, as woman, as queen, to please everybody.' The Count de la Marck contemptuously disposes of the popular stories against her as '*mensonges et méchancetés*.'

Lady Morgan has preserved Lafayette's impressions:

'"Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a *bal masqué* at the opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, the King knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?" "I am afraid so," said he; "she was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, the Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was, when I pointed out Madame du Barry to her, whose figure and favourite domino I knew, the Queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the Queen would not have objected to it. Such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "O general, you were their Grandison Cromwell." "*Pas encore*," replied he smiling, "that *sobriquet* was given me long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the Queen was quite taken with the American cause." "She thought so, but understood nothing about it," replied he. "The world said at least," I added with some hesitation, "that she favoured its young champion *le héros des deux mondes*." "*Cancan de salon*," he replied, and the subject was dropped.'[1]

Though evidence to character may outweigh common rumour, it cannot supersede specific proof, and three specific accusations have been brought against Marie Antoinette upon authority that must not be

[1] 'Passages from my Autobiography'; by Sydney, Lady Morgan, p. 95.

lightly set aside. The accusers are the Duc de Lauzun, the Baron de Besenval, and Talleyrand; the first and second misled by vanity, whilst the third, who by the way could not help taking the uncharitable side in any question of the sort, has been demonstrably misquoted or mistaken.

The Duc de Lauzun one day appeared at the Princess de Guemenée's with a magnificent heron plume in his hat. On the Queen's admiring it he took it out and requested her acceptance of it. She wore it once, and called his attention to the circumstance, on the strength of which he endeavours, in his Secret Memoirs, to establish that she meant to encourage him to make love to her. In his version, she asks for the plume, and tells him, 'with an infinity of graces,' that she was never attired so much to her satisfaction before.

'It would assuredly,' he continues, 'have been better for her not to have spoken of it, for the Duc de Coigny remarked both the feather and the phrase. He inquired where it came from. The Queen said, with embarrassment enough, that I had brought it from my travels for Madame de Guemenée, and that SHE had given it her. The Duc de Coigny spoke of it in the evening to Madame de Guemenée with much ill-temper: told her that nothing was more ridiculous and more unbecoming than my manner with the Queen; that it was unheard of to play the adorer thus publicly, and incredible that she should appear to approve it. He was received badly enough, and considered how I was to be kept at a distance.'

Madame Campan relates that, soon after the present of the feather, he solicited an audience of the Queen, which was granted, as it would have been granted to any other courtier of the same rank—

'I was in the adjoining room. A few moments after his arrival the Queen opened the door, and exclaimed in a raised and angry voice, "*Sortez, Monsieur!*" M. de Lauzun made

a low bow and disappeared. The Queen was greatly agitated. She said to me, "Never will I receive that man again."'

'On the death of the Maréchal de Bîron, the Duc de Lauzun inherited his name, and applied for the colonelcy of the regiment of guards. The Queen caused it to be given to the Duc de Chatelet. The Duc de Bîron (Lauzun) joined the party of the Duc d'Orléans, and became one of the bitterest enemies of Marie Antoinette.'

The Duc's Memoirs were not published till after Madame Campan's, and the passage on which she comments is suppressed. It is printed, as copied from his original manuscript, in the appendix to her first volume.

The Baron de Besenval was guilty of a similar impertinence, was similarly rebuffed, and has revenged himself in much the same manner. His presumption was the more remarkable, since he was past fifty when, finding himself alone with the Queen, he threw himself at her feet and made a formal declaration of love. As she told Madame Campan, she ordered him to rise, and promised that the King should know nothing of an offence that would disgrace him for ever: he turned pale and muttered an excuse; she left her cabinet without adding a word, and hardly ever spoke to him again. His Memoirs, which sufficiently prove the laxity of his morals and his outrageous personal vanity, are silent as to this scene; but he blends a malignant insinuation with his account of the interview in which she communicated with him, by the King's wish, respecting the duel between the Comte d'Artois and the Prince de Bourbon.

'I went first to the King's *levée*. I was hardly in his cabinet when I perceived Campan, secretary of the Queen's cabinet, who made me a sign. I went to him. He said, not appearing to speak to me, "Follow me, but at a distance, so as not to be observed." He led me through several

doors and staircases which were entirely unknown to me; and when we ran no risk of being heard or seen, he said, "You must allow that this promises well; but it is nothing of the kind, for the husband is in the secret." "My dear Campan," I replied, "it is not when one has grey hairs and wrinkles that one expects to be fetched to a handsome queen of twenty, by such out of the way passages, for anything but business." "She expects you," he added, impatiently. "I have sent twice to your house already, and I have looked for you wherever you were most likely to be found." He had hardly ceased speaking when we found ourselves in the highest story, in a very dirty corridor, opposite a mean-looking little door. He tried the look; but having pushed several times in vain, he exclaimed, "Ah! the door is bolted inside, and I must go round." He returned very shortly, and told me that the Queen was very sorry she could not see me immediately, because the hour of mass was at hand, but that she begged me to return to the same place at three. I came back accordingly, and Campan introduced me by a side passage into a room where there was a billiard table, which I recognised from having often played on it with the Queen: then into another which I did not know, simply but comfortably furnished. I was astonished, not that the Queen had desired such facilities, but that she had ventured to provide herself with them.'

That he, a known gossip and man of intrigue, was admitted to this mysterious apartment, and with the King's knowledge, might have helped to avert suspicion, but Madame Campan states that it was the one commonly used by the lady in waiting during any temporary indisposition of the Queen.

In a note to the late Lord Holland's 'Foreign Reminiscences,' published in 1850, we find this passage:—

'Madame Campan's delicacy and discretion are not only pardonable, but praiseworthy; but they are disingenuous, and her "Memoirs" conceal truths well known to her, though such as would have been unbecoming a lady to reveal. She was, in fact, the confidante of Marie Antoinette's amours. These amours were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading,

but they *were* amours. Madame Campan, who lived beyond the Restoration, was not so mysterious in conversation on these subjects as she was in her writings. She acknowledged to persons, who have acknowledged it to me, that she was privy to the intercourse between the Queen and the Duc de Coigny. That French nobleman, from timidity of character and coldness of constitution, was not sorry to withdraw himself early from so dangerous an intrigue. Madame Campan confessed a curious fact, namely, that Fersen was in the Queen's boudoir or bedchamber, *tête-à-tête* with Her Majesty, on the famous night of the 6th of October. He escaped observation with considerable difficulty, in a disguise which she (Madame Campan herself) procured for him. This, M. de Talleyrand, though generally somewhat averse to retailing anecdotes disparaging of the royal family of France, has twice recounted to me, and assured me that he had it from Madame Campan herself.'

Madame Campan lived till 1822, and although, like her royal mistress, the subject of much calumny, was highly respected by her friends. One who knew her well, and often heard her speak on the topic in question, has assured us that the uniform tenor of her conversation was confirmatory of her book, in which she treats the alleged intrigue of the Queen with the Duc de Coigny as a calumny, belied by the Duc's character and peculiar position in the court. As to the night of the 6th of October, she says in her Memoirs:—

'At this epoch I was not in attendance on the Queen M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was going away, she deigned with infinite goodness to reassure me as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me the very words of M. de la Fayette, who had just invited the royal family to retire to rest, rendering himself responsible for his army. . . .

'It was particularly against the Queen that the insurrection was directed. I shudder still when I recall how the fishwomen, who wore white aprons, cried out that these were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette. The

Queen went to bed at two in the morning, and fell asleep, worn out by so trying a day. She had ordered her two ladies to go to bed, thinking that there was nothing to fear, at least for this night: but the unfortunate princess owed her life to the feeling of attachment which prevented them from obeying. My sister, who was one of them, told me the next day what I am about to narrate.

'On leaving the Queen's chamber, these ladies summoned their waiting maids, and all four kept together at the door of the Queen's bedchamber. Towards half-past four in the morning they heard horrible cries and some musket shots. One of them entered the Queen's room to wake her, and get her out of bed. My sister flew to the place where the tumult seemed to be. She opened the door of the ante-chamber adjoining the guard-room, and saw a *garde-du-corps* holding his musket across the door, attacked by numbers, and his face already covered with blood. He turned and called to her, "Madame, save the Queen, they are coming to assassinate her!" She suddenly shut the door upon this unhappy victim of his duty, bolted it, took the same precaution on leaving the next room, and on reaching the Queen's room she cried out, "Rise, Madame! do not stay to dress, save yourself in the King's room." The Queen, starting up in alarm, springs from her bed, they help her to put on a petticoat without fastening it, and her two ladies conduct her toward the *œil-de-bœuf*.'

It is utterly incredible that, on a night like this, with every one on the alert and every avenue watched or guarded, the Queen should have had an assignation with a lover, or that he could have been introduced or escaped unobserved. Nor is it likely that the writer of the foregoing narrative, who states expressly that she was not present, and was known not to have been, should have told Talleyrand that she herself procured the disguise. What she was wont to say of the Comte de Fersen was, that the Queen was much attached to him, and sent him a token from her prison shortly before her death, but that the strictest bounds of propriety were never transgressed on either side. It was

Fersen who, amongst other proofs of devotion to the royal family, drove them through Paris in the disguise of a coachman at the commencement of the unfortunate expedition to Varennes.[1]

Cæsar's wife should not even be suspected, and 'he comes too near, who comes to be denied.' If a woman in private life, much more a princess or a queen, is frequently found in situations affording opportunity and facility for crime, her fair fame will infallibly suffer, although she may remain quite guiltless in reality. We are far, therefore, from holding Marie Antoinette blameless. She must have been inexcusably coquettish and indiscreet. But her very thoughtlessness and imprudence afford a strong presumption of her personal purity. Although she must have been perfectly aware of the interpretations put upon her conduct, she made no change in it, and persevered in amusing herself in the way most likely to provoke and give plausibility to fresh calumnies. Yet according to the Prince de Ligne, a fatality hung over all her efforts of enjoyment, as over those of Seged Emperor of Ethiopia, for he says: 'I never saw her pass a perfectly happy day.'

It was in 1774 that the King, in an unwonted fit of gallantry, addressed her with, 'You are fond of flowers. Well, I have a bouquet to offer you: it is the Little Trianon.' He could not have made her a more accept-

[1] 'M. Hyppolite Castille says, in one of his recent publications, that a friend of the highest respectability had an opportunity of seeing in Sweden, at the Château of Count de Fersen, a portfolio which had been given him by Marie Antoinette at the period of their loves. In this portfolio was a secret compartment containing unmentionable things.' (*Louis Seize et sa Cour, par Amédée Renée*, p. 245, note.) 'Without contesting the alleged fact,' continues M. Renée, 'I can here certify that the nephew of M. de Fersen, the Count de Lowelhelm, who was long Swedish minister at Paris, has several times assured me that there existed in his family no proofs of these pretended *liaisons* of his uncle with Marie Antoinette, and that the Count de Fersen never uttered a word calculated to accredit this report.' The story of M. Castille's respectable friend is incredible on the face of it.

able nor, as it turned out, a more fatal present; for the Little Trianon became the imputed cause of ruinous extravagance and the fancied scene of improper indulgences. In point of fact, the extraordinary outlay was moderate, and although ceremony was laid aside, there is no ground for assuming any serious infringement of propriety. Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, invariably accompanied the Queen during her residence there, and the favourite entertainment was private theatricals, at which the King regularly attended. The part she generally chose was that of the *soubrette*. The fancy cottages which writers like the Abbé Soulavié have converted into places of assignation, were occupied by the labourers employed about the place.

The game called *escampativos* was much in vogue. It consisted in the coupling of the whole party by a president, male or female, named for the purpose, who, when this duty was performed, exclaimed *escampativos*, by way of signal for each pair to separate from the rest for a named period, during which each was to produce an allotted number of rhymes, solve a riddle, or execute some assigned task: any pair that failed, or interrupted another pair, paid forfeit. This game was reported to have been introduced at the Little Trianon, and played under the Queen's auspices, for the purpose of procuring a *tête-à-tête;* but the only place where we read of her sanctioning it was in the Duchess de Duras' apartment.

Marie Antoinette made it a rule to receive no woman separated from her husband, and broke with the Prince de Condé by refusing to depart from it in favour of his mistress, the Princesse de Monaco. Lightly as the marriage tie weighed on either sex at this epoch, it was not unfrequently found too heavy to be even formally endured, and a formidable array of frail beauties, bearing some of the noblest names in France, were alienated and exasperated by this decree.

It was Marie Antoinette's delight to water her plants

and tie up her flowers in the Little Trianon, dressed like a country girl, with a straw hat and apron. Except on state occasions, she discarded silk and velvet in favour of muslin and gauze, and so constantly appeared in white gowns of inexpensive materials, that she was accused of seeking to discourage French manufactures.[1] The weavers of Lyons memorialised the King on the subject, and their complaint was backed by her sisters-in-law, the Comtesses de Provence and d'Artois. She was not more fortunate in escaping censure when her taste or caprice in costume tended to extravagance and (in the Protectionist sense) promoted trade by increasing the demand for a particular kind of labour. In consequence of various new fashions of dressing the hair patronised by her, an addition of six hundred *coiffeurs de femme* was made to the company of master hairdressers of Paris in one year, 1777.

The fashion which took the lead consisted in wearing feathers as high as they could be raised. The Queen sat for her picture in this headgear, and sent it to her mother, who returned it by the same courier, with an intimation that she should gladly have accepted the portrait of the Queen of France, but took it for granted that the portrait of some actress had been sent by mistake. On a hint from the King, Carlin, the French Grimaldi, turned this fashion into ridicule on the stage. When he appeared as harlequin he wore in his hat, instead of the usual rabbit's tail, a peacock's feather of enormous length, which he managed to entangle in the scenery and flourish in people's faces. Discarding feathers, the hairdressers' skill was next taxed to convert the female head, by dint of lace and ribbons, into the semblance of some chosen object of nature or art,

[1] Marshal Saxe, in a letter to the King of Poland in 1747, says that, being in the boudoir of the Dauphiness, he was requested by the Dauphin to lift up her petticoat, which, according to his estimate, weighed sixty pounds.

—a tree, a meadow, a ship, a naval combat, a porcupine, a helmet, or a horn of abundance. The world was all before them where to choose, and imagination was racked for novelties. This fashion was at its height when the Emperor Joseph paid his visit, and it was the constant subject of his sarcasms. The quantity of rouge worn by his sister was also very disagreeable to him. One day, when she was dressed to accompany him to the opera and wore a good deal, he ironically advised her to put on more. 'Come,' said he, pointing to one of her attendants, 'another touch or two under the eyes; on with it, *en furie*, like this lady.'[1] On her sending to say that she had changed her mind, and was expecting him at one theatre instead of another as agreed, he remarked aloud to the actor Clairval: 'Your young queen is wild enough in all conscience, but, fortunately, you French don't dislike it.'

Amongst other alleged proofs of her wildness, or worse, have been cited the *Saturnales* or *Nocturnales* of Versailles. In the July and August of 1778, the Queen, then enceinte, suffered much from the heat, and could not sleep without being some time in the open air in the evening. She was in the habit of walking on the Terrace with the rest of the royal family: a band was ordered to play for their amusement, and of course these promenades soon became the fashion. Every night, from ten or eleven till two or three in the morning, the Terrace and walks were the resort of all the gay company of the neighbourhood. The Queen and her two sisters-in-law (who, Madame Campan asserts, never left her) were sometimes hardly distinguishable amongst the crowd, and on two occasions they were impertinently addressed. On another, they found themselves seated on the same bench with Madame du Barry. The scandalmongers made the

[1] In her 'Episodes of French History' (vol. i. p. 591) Miss Pardoe transfers this story, told by Madame Campan, to Napoleon and Josephine.

most of these incidents, and the King was advised to stop the promenades. He consulted M. de Maurepas, who, it is believed, advised his royal master to let Her Majesty amuse herself in her own manner, lest she should take it into her head to occupy herself with affairs of state.

It is no easy matter to ascertain either the extent of her influence on public affairs, or the period when she began to exercise it. The Prince de Montbarry, who was strongly prejudiced against her, states in his Memoirs that, on a lieutenant-colonelcy becoming vacant, she urged the claims of her candidate with such unseemly vehemence that he was at length driven to say that he must repeat all that had passed to the King. 'You are at liberty so to do, sir,' said the Queen; 'I am well aware of that,' he replied, 'and I shall go to His Majesty at once.' He adds that he did not lose an instant, that the King listened with grave attention, appearing to sympathise with his minister from his own experience of the Queen's vivacity, and concluded the conference with these words: 'No one understands what has taken place better than myself.' This scene is laid in 1777.

The same authority relates that the King had an instinctive feeling of nullity in her presence, and one day said to Maurepas, to excuse an unworthy concession, 'Her spirit has such an ascendency over mine, that I was unable to resist.' Maurepas died in 1781, and was succeeded by Calonne, who convinced Lord Holland that Louis XVI. was self-sufficient in his disposition, coarse and brutal in his manners, and especially vain of his superiority to female domination or court intrigue. To establish this theory, Calonne stated that, on his pointing out the mischief that might ensue from the Queen's declared disapproval of his project:

'Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her) forming or hazarding any opinion

about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and displeasure, the King rang the bell, sent for Her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters "*auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire*," he, to the dismay of Calonne, took her by the shoulders and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. "*Me voilà perdu*," said Calonne to himself; and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days.'[1]

The conclusion rebuts the intended inference, and the failure of Calonne's policy sufficiently accounts for his fall. Madame Campan speaks of the rude hits (*coups de boutoir*) which the King distributed without respect to persons; and the pleasantry by which he checked the Comtesse Diane de Polignac's enthusiasm for Dr. Franklin was indefensibly coarse. The utmost the Queen could obtain for the Duc de Choiseul was one interview, in which, after she had said: 'M. de Choiseul, I am delighted to see you. You have made my happiness: it is no more than just that you should witness it,'—the King merely added, 'M. de Choiseul, you have grown very fat—you have lost your hair—you are getting bald.' Her efforts in favour of other candidates for high offices were almost uniformly unsuccessful. An instance is given by Madame de Staël: —'I waited on the Queen according to custom on St. Louis' day; the niece of the archbishop, dismissed that very day, was paying her court as well as myself; the Queen manifested clearly by her mode of receiving us, that she much preferred the displaced minister to his successor.'[2]

The Count de la Marck says:

'I can without hesitation deny the pretended influence which the Queen is said to have exercised on the choice of

[1] Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences.
[2] Considerations on the French Revolution, chap. xii.

the King's ministers, with the single exception of the nomination of the Marquis de Ségur. I can even add that the Queen, far from having the desire and the taste to meddle with the affairs of the kingdom, had rather a genuine repugnance for these affairs, owing perhaps to a little lightness of mind common enough amongst women.'

She frequently complained to Madame Campan, as of one of the hard necessities of her position, when she was over-persuaded by her friends to support their applications, or was compelled by circumstances to fix and strengthen the wavering decision of the King.

Her affection for the Princesse de Lamballe, although the object of much malignant misrepresentation as '*un caprice de grande dame*,' was honourable to both; and the unsullied reputation of this lady is the best answer to the charges of criminal levity levelled against her beloved mistress. Their friendship remained unbroken, as is shown by the touching letters addressed by Marie Antoinette at the most trying periods to the Princess; but there were long intervals of partial estrangement, which were filled by female intimacies less judiciously chosen. Of these the Queen's attachment to the Comtesse Jules de Polignac endured the longest, was worst requited, and proved most mischievous in its consequences. The Countess was poor; she had her own and her husband's fortune to make; and she brought in her train a number of relatives, friends, or admirers, who each and all expected to benefit by her interest. Sovereigns will always strive in vain to make themselves the centre of an intimate, unembarrassed, and disinterested circle; for the main attractions to it, where the charm of equality is wanting, must be the gratification of vanity and the hope of advancement. The members of the envied *coterie* which met at the Little Trianon were constantly on the look-out for honours, offices, or pensions; and it was at their instigation that the Queen too frequently interfered in the distribution

of patronage. Her favouritism may have been less expensive and less degrading to the monarchy than that which had been prescriptively indulged upon the French throne, especially in the preceding reign; but the people had begun to count the cost of royal amusements, and the gratified avidity of the Polignac set added greatly to her increasing unpopularity. She felt this deeply. 'Amongst the persons admitted to her society,' says the Count de la Marck, 'were a great many foreigners, such as the Counts Esterhazy and de Fersen, the Baron de Stedingh, &c. It was evidently their society that pleased her most. I took the liberty one day to observe to her that this marked preference for foreigners might do her harm with the French. "You are right," she replied sorrowfully, "but it is only they who never ask me for anything."'

When her dear friend, or the friends of her dear friend, had got all they wanted, or were disappointed in some unreasonable demand, they were at no pains to curb their ill-temper or conceal their discontent, nor, importunate as they were in their request, did they think it incumbent on them to consult her wishes or consider her position as affected by their conduct in their turn. Thus, when the King and the Queen had expressed the strongest disapproval of the 'Mariage de Figaro,' which they had read in manuscript, it was M. de Vaudreuil, the principal adorer of the Comtesse Jules, who set the example of disobedience by having it acted at his country-house. The Countess herself, till spoiled by flattery and indulgence, was remarkable for sweetness of disposition, feminine grace, and natural gaiety. In the first year of their intimacy, she and the Queen would romp together like schoolgirls, pelt each other with bonbons, and engage in little trials of strength or agility. Just so, Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough corresponded as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, and kept up an

unremitting interchange of endearing expressions, till the light and rosy fetter had become a heavy and galling chain. Although the French Countess never reached the same height of insolence as the English Duchess, in gratitude they were pretty nearly on a par.

'M. and Madame de Polignac,' says the Count de la Marck, 'never showed much anxiety to bring together the persons it would have best suited the Queen to meet. The Queen once went the length of expressing to Madame de Polignac her dislike to many whom she met in their society, and that lady, submissive to those who ruled her, and despite her habitual gentleness, was not ashamed to reply, "I think that its being your Majesty's pleasure to come to my salon, is not a reason for your claiming to exclude my friends." This was told me in 1790 by the Queen herself, who added: "I am not angry with Madame de Polignac on that account. She is good at heart and loves me, but those about her had her completely under their command."'

In consequence of this change in Madame de Polignac, the Queen abandoned her salon for that of the Comtesse d'Ossun, her mistress of the robes, where little dinners of four or five persons were made for her, and she could sing and dance without restraint. Loud was the outcry, and deep the mortification, of the deserted *coterie*, who did not hesitate to take revenge by calumny.

'They related with malignity,' says the Count de la Marck, 'how the Queen was fond of dancing reels (*écossaises*) with a young Lord Strathaven (the late Marquis of Huntley) at these little dances. A frequenter of the Polignac salon, and one from whom more than all were due the deepest gratitude and the utmost respect towards the Queen, composed an ill-natured couplet against her, and this couplet, founded on an infamous falsehood, circulated through Paris.'

The Count de la Marck completely vindicates the Queen against the charge of using her influence in favour of Austria, and states that her brother Joseph

complained bitterly of her on that account, saying that the conduct of France was far removed from what he had a right to expect from an allied court. In one of her letters to him in 1784, she distinctly refuses to carry out his wishes, and uses these remarkable words: 'In a word, my dear brother, I am now French before being Austrian.' The belief, however, was indelibly fixed in the popular mind that she was constantly sacrificing her adopted to her native country, and *Autrichienne* continued to her dying day the epithet by which the greatest amount of popular prejudice was concentrated against her.

The well-known affair of the necklace gave full scope to malignity, and the acquittal of the Cardinal de Rohan by a narrow majority (twenty-six against twenty-three) in the Parliament of Paris (May 1786), was hailed with acclamation as a virtual condemnation of the Queen, of whose entire innocence there cannot now be the shadow of a doubt. In 1787, only two years before the Revolution, her unpopularity was such that her portrait, by Madame Le Brun, was left out of the exhibition at the Louvre, for fear of its provoking fresh insults. If, wearied and saddened by what she encountered at every step in Paris or Versailles, she looked abroad for encouragement or sympathy, she found herself equally misunderstood, misrepresented, and repelled. In England, where genius was soon to throw a halo of never-dying lustre round her name, the worst libels were printed and circulated; and, rightly or wrongly, conceiving the English minister to be bent on revenging at her expense the policy of which her marriage was the pledge, she avowed that she never heard the name of Pitt without a cold shudder running down her back: '*sans que la petite mort ne me passe sur le dos.*' By a strange concurrence of circumstances, almost all the royal houses of Europe were against her, and she was even made responsible for the misconduct of her

sister, the Queen of Naples. The impression was so widespread that it actually reached Constantinople; and when the coming republic was announced, the Grand Vizier exclaimed, 'Good! this republic will not marry archduchesses.'[1]

By a strange fatality, what under other circumstances would have been her pride and happiness, would have conciliated esteem and repelled calumny, was turned against her. The growing uxoriousness of the King excited against her the same hostile feelings which the mistresses of former monarchs had provoked, and she was held responsible for the disorders of the finances, for the sufferings of the people, for bad crops as well as bad ministers; in short, for everything that went wrong in any quarter. One of the parliamentary protests addressed to the King contained these words: 'Such measures, Sire, are not in your heart; such examples are not in the principles of your Majesty; they come from another source'—a weak paraphrase of Lord Chatham's famous denunciation of 'an influence behind the throne greater than the throne itself.' Yet, at this epoch, laying aside every feminine weakness and caprice, she was exclusively occupied in private with her husband and her children, whilst all her care in public was the salvation of the State. The weakness and indecision of the King had become truly pitiable. She was obliged to be constantly at his side when any matters of importance were discussed, or he could form no resolution at all. If he consented to adopt a prudent measure or follow a wise counsel, it was invariably piecemeal or too late. He was constantly halting between opposite courses. He resisted just enough to take away the grace of concession, and conceded more than enough to make resistance unavailing.

[1] This *mot* is given to the Turk by Soulavié, but we suspect it to be of Parisian manufacture.

It has been said that a King who could mount on horseback and head his troops, might three times over have saved monarchy in France. In 1789, 1830, and 1848, its best chances were certainly forfeited by want of spirit and vigour in its representatives. At the first of these epochs great changes had become inevitable; but they might have been effected without the revolting orgies that ensued, if not without disturbing the peace of Europe for twenty years and unsettling its social organisation to this hour. The essential point was to enforce order, and to prevent or put down any open or direct resort to violence. The moment a mob had been permitted to set law at defiance, to storm the palace, to outrage the sovereign, and murder his guards, the Revolution had been consummated in its worst form.

The die was cast on the night of the 6th of October, and the manner in which the catastrophe was provoked without being anticipated, strikingly shows how the King's irresolution accelerated his fall. A popular movement against Versailles, with the view of bringing the royal family to Paris, had been planned at the beginning of September, when the Court had ample warning; and the obvious policy of removal to a safe distance was vehemently though vainly recommended by the Queen. The precaution was, however, taken of ordering another regiment to Versailles; and at a banquet given by the garrison to the new comers, the loyalty of the assembled guests was excited to enthusiasm by the unexpected entrance of the King, Queen, and Dauphin. That the popular exasperation was stimulated to phrenzy by an exaggerated report of the scene, is notorious; but if the fixed intention was to repel force by force, they did right to show themselves, and it may be presumed that it was in one of His Majesty's transient flashes of heroism that he

consented to appear.[1] But his courage had oozed out before the time for action had arrived, and the swords which had flashed in idle bravado over the festive table, were glued to the scabbard by royal imbecility when the very guard-room of the palace was filled with infuriated rebels clamouring for the Queen's blood.

The eagerness of the royalist nobility, including the princes of the blood, to provide for their own safety by emigration, may be accounted for, if not altogether justified, by the mistaken humanity or irresolution of the King; who rejected proposal after proposal to rally round him, and left them no alternative but to fly or to stand with their arms folded whilst their throats were cut.

In the transaction with Mirabeau, again, after all the risk and odium had been incurred, the expected fruits were lost by procrastination. This curious episode in the history of the Revolution has been fully explained and placed in its proper light by the 'Correspondance' between Mirabeau and the Count de la Marck, to which we have frequently referred. The tendency of this valuable publication is certainly to clear Mirabeau's memory from the charge of gross and indiscriminate venality. His conduct was at all events not more censurable than that of Algernon Sidney and the English patriots of whom Lord Macaulay says that 'they meant to serve their country, but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indelicate enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her.'

There is no doubt that Mirabeau's principles were monarchical: that the utmost he ever aimed at was to supersede a despotic form of government by a constitutional one after the English model; and that he was

[1] Whilst reading Gibbon, Louis XVI. came upon the sentence, 'What matters it that a Bourbon slumbers on a throne in the south?' He started up and exclaimed with vivacity, 'I will show these English that I am not asleep.' (*Weber*, vol. i. p. 178.)

earnestly acting upon his own convictions when, in return for being freed from pecuniary embarrassments, he agreed to co-operate with the Court. M. Thiers speaks of him as 'Cet homme enfin qui fit son devoir par raison, par génie, et non pour quelque peu d'or jeté à ses passions.' Once in the tribune, he was unable to resist any sudden impulse or to withstand the temptation of an oratorical triumph, and on two or three occasions, as in alluding to the Versailles banquet, he had been hurried into a vehement diatribe against the Queen, which made her averse from having recourse to him till he was thought indispensable.

They soon began to understand each other. When Dumont, as he relates in his 'Souvenirs,' objected that any fresh plan must fail, like all the others, from want of firmness in the King, 'You do not know the Queen,' exclaimed Mirabeau. 'She has a prodigious strength of mind: she is a man for courage.' This was before their interview, which took place in the garden of St. Cloud, July 3rd, 1790. She told Madame Campan that she opened the interview with these words, 'In the case of an ordinary enemy, of a man who had sworn the destruction of the monarchy without appreciating its usefulness for a great people, I should be taking at this moment a misplaced step; but when one speaks to a Mirabeau, &c.' As he never had sworn the destruction of the monarchy, this form of words was not very happily chosen, but the impression was highly favourable, and on quitting the Queen he said, 'Madame, the monarchy is saved.' After describing what had passed to the Count de la Marck, he declared that nothing should stop him, that he would perish rather than fail in the redemption of his pledges. He devoted all his energies to the task, and fearlessly advocated the right of the sovereign to make war or peace. When twitted by Barnave in the debate with a pamphlet hawked about the streets entitled 'The

Treason of Mirabeau,' and warned that the populace were improvising a gallows to hang him, he sprang to the tribune and uttered the memorable phrase of defiance: 'I have not now to learn for the first time that there is but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock.'

M. de Lamartine treats Mirabeau's reactionary projects as absurd and impracticable. M. Thiers thinks that, although the revolutionary tide would not have subsided or turned back at his bidding, he might have guided and moderated its course. But whether he could construct as well as destroy, and retreat as well as advance, must remain matter of speculation, for he died April 2nd, 1791, 'carrying with him to the tomb,' say MM. de Goncourt, 'more than his promises, more than the hopes of Marie Antoinette; he carried away the royalist popularity of the Queen.' The Comte d'Artois and his party never forgave her for condescending to parley with rebels, and in their angry remonstrances with her for not adopting a more spirited policy, made no allowance for the weakness of the instrument by and through which she was to act. 'You know,' she writes to the Count de Mercy, in August 1791, 'the person (the King) with whom I have to deal: at the very moment when we believe him persuaded, an argument, a word, makes him change his mind without his being aware of it; it is for this reason, also, that a thousand things are not to be undertaken.'

The King had made a careful study of the last days and trial of Charles the First, and was strongly impressed with the notion that the royal martyr's fate was owing to his having sanctioned civil war, and shed, or caused to be shed, the blood of his subjects. From personal fear, therefore, as well as from mildness of disposition, Louis could never be induced to resort to force even to repel force; and his constant aim was to disarm his enemies by good intentions and good faith.

It may be collected from the Queen's voluminous correspondence that, finding nothing else possible, she encouraged and cheered him along the only path he was able or willing to tread with any semblance of dignity. Accordingly she counselled him to accept and abide by the Constitution, and writes thus to justify herself: 'Looking at our position, it is impossible for the King to refuse; believe me that this must be true, since I say it. You know my character enough to believe that it would lead me by preference to something noble and full of courage.' When she was driven to extremity, when authority was no longer upheld in any quarter and a state of anarchy was at hand, she hazarded the suggestion that an appeal from the sovereigns of Europe, backed by an army on the frontier, might have the effect of bringing the nation to its senses; but the general tendency of her letters is to deprecate foreign interference, and an emigrant invasion is her unceasing object of alarm, as sure to aggravate the dangers and difficulties of her situation.

The chief feature in Mirabeau's plans was the removal of the Court to a safe distance from Paris. This was sound advice, and, like most other sound advice, was not acted upon till too late. We suspect, however, that the King's consent to the unlucky expedition which terminated at Varennes, was extorted by the daily insults and mortifications to which he was exposed at Paris, rather than prompted by any spirited and enlightened consideration of policy. These had been such as fully to acquit him of the popular imputation of bad faith. The royal party, as is well known, were recognised and stopped at Varennes by the populace until they were overtaken by the deputies of the Assembly; but they might easily have forced their way through the town, and the Queen threw the chief blame of the failure on M. Goguelot, who, instead of charging at once with his hussars, waited for orders

from the King, who was sure to yield without a blow. During the return to Paris, the deputies, Barnave and Pétion, occupied places in the royal carriage, and Barnave was so fascinated by the combined dignity and sweetness of the Queen's manner as to become thenceforward one of the warmest of her partisans. As they were passing through a village the curate, who had approached the carriage with the intention of addressing the King, was assailed and thrown to the ground by the bystanders, when Barnave exclaimed, 'Tigers, have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, have you become a people of assassins?' This incident conciliated the royal party. When the Queen inquired to what means he would advise her to have recourse, he replied, 'Popularity, Madame.' 'And how could I have it?' she rejoined, 'it has been taken from me.' 'Ah! Madame, it would be much easier for you to regain it than it was for me to gain it.'

Barnave now took the place of Mirabeau as secret adviser of the Court, and induced his friends, Duport and the Lameths, to co-operate with him in strengthening the executive. These, the chiefs of the Feuillants, are thus described by M. Thiers: 'Duport thought, Barnave spoke, the Lameths executed.' They expected great things from the acceptance of the Constitution, pure and simple, which they strongly advocated; but the Queen had an intuitive conviction that all was over, and exclaimed, 'These people do not wish for sovereigns. They are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone.' During the fêtes in celebration of the acceptance, the King and Queen went to each of the three principal theatres, the 'Français,' the 'Opéra,' and the 'Italiens.' Mademoiselle Contat, the popular actress, was much admired in 'La Coquette Corrigée,' and this play had been selected for performance at the 'Français,' with exclusive reference to her. The probable application was obvious, and Madame Campan

summoned up courage to mention it to the Queen, who ordered 'La Gouvernante,' instead. A good deal of care having been taken to pack the audience, she was warmly applauded; but at the 'Italiens,' a fierce contest ensued between the boxes and part of the pit. The piece was 'Les Évènements Imprévus,' by Grétry, and Madame Dugazon, on coming to the words, '*Ah, comme j'aime ma maîtresse,*' turned towards the Queen. Immediately a shout was raised from the pit of '*Pas de maîtresse, plus de maître! liberté!*' whilst the boxes and balcony replied with '*Vive la Reine! Vive le Roi! vivent à jamais le Roi et la Reine!*' The pit being divided between the factions, a battle ensued, in which the Jacobins had the worst of it. The guard was called in, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, rising in tumult, threatened to take part in the fray. This was the last time the Queen ever entered a theatre.[1]

Barnave's plans and counsels were no better followed than Mirabeau's; and finding that he was compromising himself uselessly, he communicated to the Queen his determination to quit Paris, and requested a parting interview, which was granted. After dwelling on the services he had vainly laboured to render her, he stated that his known devotion to her interests would cost him his life if he did not seek safety in flight, and as his sole recompense he entreated to be allowed to kiss her hand. She gave it to him with her eyes bathed in tears, and he left Paris; but in the course of the same year, 1792, he was arrested at Grenoble. His dealings with the Court having been clearly proved, he was guillotined on the 22nd October, 1793, his last words being, 'Behold then the price of all I have done for liberty.' His new-born zeal for monarchy was popularly

[1] It was on this occasion that a royalist lady, struck by an apple, picked it up and sent it to La Fayette, with a note, saying that, as it was the only *fruit* of the Revolution she had yet seen or felt, she thought him entitled to it.

attributed to a romantic passion conceived during the return from Varennes. Nor was this the only instance of sudden conversion or heroic self-sacrifice for which meaner motives were thought insufficient to account. 'No sooner' says Madame Campan, 'had the most furious Jacobins occasion to be near the Queen, to speak to her, to hear her voice, than they became her most zealous partisans, and even in the prison of the Temple, several of those who had helped to drag her there, died for having tried to liberate her.' Like the ill-fated Queen of Scots gazing on the dying Douglas, she might have exclaimed more than once, 'Look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot further to save her wretched life.'

On the evening of the terrible June 20, when the Queen was calling on the deputies of the Assembly to mark the signs of popular outrage in the Tuileries, the sole remaining asylum of royalty, Merlin de Thionville was melted to tears. 'You weep, M. Merlin,' she continued, 'to see the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he has always wished to make happy.' 'It is true, Madame,' replied Merlin,' that I weep over the misfortunes of a woman, beautiful, tender-hearted, and the mother of a family; but do not deceive yourself, not one of my tears is shed for the King or the Queen. I hate kings and queens. It is the only sentiment they inspire in me; it is my religion.' Possibly Sir Walter Scott had this very passage in his mind when (in 'The Abbot') he described Lindsay as moved by a similar impulse, and saying as he knelt to Mary Stuart, 'Lady, thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God's choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit which I would not have paid to the power thou hast long undeservedly wielded. I kneel to Mary Stuart, not to the queen.'

Even with her own sex, the fascination of Marie Antoinette's manner was irresistible. On the morning

of the same day, a part of the invading mob consisted of the lowest class of women, one of whom carried a gibbet, to which was suspended a figure labelled *Marie Antoinette à la lanterne*'—another, a bullock's heart, labelled, '*Cœur de Louis Seize*'—a third, the horns of the same animal with an obscene inscription. One of the most savage of them paused to vent imprecations on the Queen, who asked if she had ever done her any personal injury. 'No: but it is you who cause the misery of the nation.' 'You have been told so,' replied the Queen; 'you have been deceived. Wife of a king of France, mother of the Dauphin, I shall never see my native country more. I can only be happy or miserable in France. I was happy when you loved me.' The termagant burst into tears, begged pardon, and exclaimed, 'It is all because I did not know you. I see that you are good.'

During the enforced and harassing journey from Versailles to Paris on the 6th of October, the women who approached the carriage to insult her, ended by shouting '*Vive la Reine!*'—

> 'I rose with purpose dread
> To speak my curse upon thy head;
> O'ermastered yet by high behest,
> I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest.'

The details of Marie Antoinette's prison life are too well known to require recapitulation. It fills the darkest page of French history. The manner in which her feelings as a mother and her delicacy as a woman were systematically outraged, reflects indelible disgrace on the people that could tolerate it in their most excited moods; and human nature had reached its lowest point of degradation when they assembled in crowds to hoot and insult her on her way to the scaffold. Lord Holland states, in his 'Foreign Reminiscences,' that she was insensible. This is one of the groundless statements circulated to diminish our admiration of her

heroism and our horror of her persecutors. Her firmness of mind on the morning of the fatal day (Oct. 16, 1793) is sufficiently attested by her letter (dated 4½ A.M.) to Madame Elizabeth, which, though obviously brought to an abrupt termination, breathes the genuine spirit of faith, hope, and charity, in unison with maternal and sisterly love. After confiding it to the turnkey (who delivered it to Fouquier), she called for food, lest faintness should be mistaken for fear. After eating the wing of a chicken, she changed her linen, threw herself dressed upon a bed, wrapped her feet in a blanket (procured with difficulty), and fell asleep. She was awakened by a priest named Girard, of whose ministry, from a suspicion of his quality, she declined to avail herself. On his asking if she wished him to accompany her, she quietly replied, '*Comme vous voudrez.*'

Sanson, the executioner, arrived at seven. 'You are early, Sir,' remarked the Queen; 'could you not have come later?' 'No, Madame, I was ordered to come.' The Queen had already cut her hair, and no preparations were needed. She breakfasted on a cup of chocolate brought from a neighbouring *café*, and a very small roll. She was then taken to the registry, where her hands were tied. She was helped into the cart by Sanson, and the priest took his place by her side. The progress through the streets was retarded that she might taste long of death—*boire longtemps la mort.*' More than once she indicated by a gesture to the priest that the cords gave her pain. Opposite the Palais Égalité, the inscription over the gate caught her attention. Before Saint Roch there was a halt, and a torrent of abusive epithets burst from the spectators on the steps. At the passage of the Jacobins she leant towards Girard, and questioned him as to the inscription, '*Atelier d'armes républicaines pour foudroyer les tyrans.*' By way of reply he held up a little ivory

Christ. At the same instant the player Grammont, who had kept close to the cart on horseback, stood up in his stirrups, waved his sword, and turning towards the Queen, shouted to the mob, '*La voilà l'infâme Antoinette! Elle est*———, *mes amis.*' It was mid-day when the cart reached its destination. On leaving it, she turned her eyes with evident emotion in the direction of the Tuileries, then mounted the scaffold, and met her fate with calmness. Her head was exhibited to the public gaze by Sanson, whilst under the guillotine the gendarme Mingoult was dipping his handkerchief in her blood. 'That same evening,' add MM. de Goncourt, 'a man whose day's work was done, made out this bill of charges, which history cannot touch without a shudder:

'Account of money paid and interments executed by Joly, gravedigger of the Madeleine de la Ville l'Évêque, for the persons put to death by the judgment of the aforesaid tribunal:

	Livres.
. . . . .	
The Widow Capet.—For the bier . .	6
For the grave and the gravediggers . .	25.'

We can suggest no moral, emotion, or reflection that will not arise spontaneously in the heart and mind of every reader endowed with thought and feeling, on the bare perusal of this document.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY AND ALFIERI.

(From the Edinburgh Review, July 1861.)

Die Gräfin von Albany. Von Alfred von Reumont. Two Volumes. Berlin: 1860.

Some forty years since, the sister of an Irish peeress astonished a party of English at Florence by announcing that she had been to see the house in which Ariosto lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles the First. She meant the house in which Alfieri lived with the Countess of Albany after the death of her husband, Charles Edward, popularly known as the Pretender![1] It is to be feared that the name of the Countess of Albany, although it may not again mislead to this extent, will recall few clear or definite impressions to the mass of the reading public. Yet that name is imperishably blended with the royalty of race and the prouder royalty of genius,—with the expiring glories of an illustrious house, and with the rising glories of an author, who, thanks to Ristori, has at length obtained, in European estimation, the place which the most discriminating of his countrymen were prepared from the first to claim for him.

In allusion to the monument in Santa Croce and the many spots in Florence associated with their history, M. de Reumont exclaims, 'Thus in the capital of Tuscany are united the names and memories of a descen-

[1] This story is rather diffusely told in 'The Idler in Italy' (vol. ii. p. 146), by the Countess of Blessington, who, in the very act of triumphing over her countrywoman, falls into the not less palpable mistake of calling the Countess the widow of *James* Stuart, the Chevalier St. George.

dant of the most unfortunate kingly line of modern times, of a German princess, and an Italian poet.' It will not be this accomplished writer's fault if their union ever again fails to attract attention. The object of his book is to make the German princess not only the connecting link between the exiled prince and the poet, but the central figure of a group, or rather of successive groups, of learned and accomplished persons more or less known to fame. These in turn serve as an apology for introducing sketches of Italian society at different epochs, interspersed with remarks on manners and criticisms on art.

M. de Reumont was many years Prussian Minister at Florence: he is the author of a valuable work, in six volumes, entitled 'Contributions to Italian History:' he is full to overflowing of antiquarian, artistic, and architectural lore; and he pours out his stores, whenever he can find or make an opportunity, without mercy or restraint. This is one of the most exhaustive and also the most conscientiously written books we ever remember to have read. Indeed, its excessive conscientiousness is its fault. There is no denying that, if we wish to convey a complete image and perfectly just estimate of a man and woman, everything that contributes directly or indirectly to the formation of their characters falls strictly within the province of the biographer. But a line of demarcation must be drawn somewhere. In the speech assigned to David Hartley in 'Anticipation,' he is made to argue that the right of Great Britain to tax a colony depends upon the constitution of colonies in general: that colonies cannot be considered without reference to mother countries, nor mother countries without reference to the partition and population of the world. By an analogous train of reasoning, M. de Reumont insists on tracing the influence perceptibly or imperceptibly exercised on Charles Edward by his paternal and maternal connections in the ascending line

to the third or fourth degree, as well as by his father, mother, brother, and mistress, singly or conjointly; and the result is that we are not introduced to the lady whose name exclusively occupies the title-page, till we arrive at the third chapter and 133rd page of the book.

Foreign readers, however, who are less conversant with the errors and misfortunes of the Stuarts, may not be sorry to learn more of the last of them; and it must be admitted that the illustrative traits and incidents brought together by the author are extremely well chosen and well adapted to his purpose.[1] But we could not find room for many of them without excluding more attractive matter; and we pass at once to the marriage of the Chevalier St. George in 1718 with Marie Clementine Sobieski, the granddaughter of the heroic king of Poland. Amongst the valuables which formed part of her dowry, were the rubies of the Polish crown, now in the treasury of St. Peter's: the golden shield, presented by the Emperor Leopold to the deliverer of Vienna; and the cover, of gold brocade adorned with verses of the Koran in turquoise, in which the standard of the Prophet was kept during the siege.

The theory that men of mark are commonly more indebted to their mothers than their fathers, has been illustrated by long lists of instances; and it is a fair subject of speculation whether the transient dashes of heroism exhibited by Charles are to be set down to the credit of the Sobieski blood, or were any way owing

[1] 'The most interesting and curious of the anecdotes relating to the Stuarts in Italy are taken from 'The Decline of the Last Stuarts. Extracts from the Despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State. Printed for the Roxburghe Club by Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), London: 1843.' M. de Reumont's work is appropriately dedicated to 'Anna Cæcilia, Countess of Bernstorff, the German woman who in the society of England represents her native country with grace, tact, and kindliness; who, in a similar position in Italy, has left a willingly cherished remembrance.'

to maternal training or encouragement. Pollnitz, indeed, says that Marie Clementine was a princess who deserved to be a queen. 'Without possessing the lustre of a great beauty, she unites endless attractions in her person. She is obliging, compassionate, beneficent; her piety is deep-seated, and she leads in truth the life of a saint.' This was more than could be said for her husband, whose undisguised attentions to the Duchess of Inverness at length produced an open rupture, which was made up with difficulty through the intervention of Alberoni, after causing great scandal.

Charles Edward was born at Rome on December 31, 1720. Seven cardinals were present at his birth, and the Pope, Clement XI., caused a Te Deum to be sung. As he grew up, he gave decided signs of future eminence. From early childhood he was imbued with the loftiest and most aspiring notions, and his training was adapted to his assumed prospects. Very little is popularly known of him, either before or after his exploits and adventures in 1745; and M. de Reumont has been at considerable pains to bring together the leading indications of his character at each of the comparatively unknown or obscure periods. His personal advantages in youth were undeniable. He was fair, like his mother, and unlike his father, who was dark. He was fond of active exercise, and devoted to field sports. He was a good rider and a good shot. But his body was not improved and strengthened at the expense of his mind, for he spoke Latin, Italian, French, and English, and was well versed in ancient and modern history. He was the observed of all observers at more than one splendid entertainment given at Rome in honour of his family; and, when he entered a ball-room, the same fluttering anxiety to secure a royal partner was visible amongst the Roman beauties as was betrayed by the American damsels during the Prince of Wales's progress through the United States.

But he was in no danger of degenerating into a mere carpet-knight. When he was only fourteen years old he served in the short and dashing campaign which ended (1735) in placing a Spanish Bourbon on the throne of Naples. He was on board one of the Spanish vessels employed against Gaeta, when his hat blew off into the sea. As his attendants were hurrying to recover it, he stopped them, exclaiming: 'Let it go, let it go; give yourselves no trouble. One day or another I will follow the same course as this hat.' The Lord Marshal Keith checked one meditated display of his military ardour which would not have added to his popularity in Great Britain. When the expedition to Scotland, projected in concert with France in 1744, was postponed, he was with difficulty prevented from placing himself under the command of Marshal Saxe, who was to have made an attempt on the English coast about the same time.

Romance has combined with history to familiarise all classes of readers in all civilised countries with the leading events of 1745. After fourteen months of chivalrous adventure he returned to France, where his reception by the people as well as by the Court was enthusiastic. His undertaking, although abortive, says M. de Reumont, 'had surrounded his head as with a halo. But when he began to talk of assistance for another, the tone changed apace. During a negotiation with this view, Cardinal Tencin threw out a hint that the effective help of France might be bought by the surrender of Ireland. "No, Monsieur le Cardinal. All or nothing; no halving (Non, Monsieur le Cardinal. Tout ou rien; point de partage)."' This recalls one of the few redeeming traits recorded of his grandfather, James II., who, when he witnessed from the shore at La Hogue the reckless intrepidity of the seamen under Rooke, cried out: '*My brave English!—My brave*

English!' in entire forgetfulness that they were completing the ruin of his cause.

Scheme after scheme was formed and thrown aside; and the sickening pang of hope deferred had been endured in all its bitterness by the exile, when a crushing blow fell upon him. It was made a condition in the Treaty of Peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, that Charles Edward should be expelled from the French territory. An intimation was accordingly conveyed to him, through the Duc de Gèvres and M. de Maurepas, that a fitting retreat had been prepared for him at Freiburg. He positively refused to quit France. 'Above all,' he said, 'I grieve for Louis; I can only lose life, but Louis loses honour.' Like Charles XII. of Sweden at Bender, he armed his servants, barricaded his house, and determined to repel force by force. The Dauphin and many of the principal nobility sympathised with him, and used all their influence to avoid coming to extremities; but the Government had gone too far to recede, and the result is thus concisely and indignantly summed up by Chateaubriand: 'The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle drove Charles Edward from France. Seized in the Opera-house on the 11th December, 1748, shamefully bound, he was brought to Vincennes. He was carried to the frontiers; Louis Quatorze was no longer on the throne. Charles Edward learnt the hard lesson which the great are wont to learn in adversity. He was abandoned. He had his good right on his side; but legitimacy is no protection. It was decreed that the time should come when the descendants of Louis XV. would be wandering about Europe like the Pretender,—would read on the corners of streets in Germany: *All beggars, vagabonds, and emigrants are forbidden to tarry longer than twenty-four hours here.*'

Contemporary opinion was little less severe. The Duc de Biron, who commanded the French guards employed in the seizure, was very generally regarded as a dis-

honoured man, and the popular sentiment was well expressed by Desforges in some verses ending—

'Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux vous n'êtes plus d'asile.'

Severe blows were yet to come, which should have been felt the more from being provoked or invited by folly, weakness, vicious indulgence, or misconduct of some sort. The catastrophe in 'Redgauntlet' is made to turn on his connection with Miss Walkingshaw, and his refusal to give her up although she was more than suspected of conveying intelligence of all his movements to the British Court through her sister, who was lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales. Sir Walter Scott lays the scene in Cumberland in 1760. It took place at an earlier date, and the best authenticated account of the Pretender's secret visit to London represents him as being there in 1750. *Il chassoit de race.* Mary of Modena said of his grandfather, James II.: 'The King was ready to sacrifice his throne to his belief; but he had not force of mind to give up a mistress.'

'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Are made the whips to scourge us'—

Never was there a more marked exemplification of this aphorism than Charles Edward's irregular connection with Miss Walkingshaw. After ruining him with his friends, she abandoned him under an allegation of ill-treatment, which he denied, and fled to Paris, where she contrived to enlist the Archbishop of Paris on her side as well as the old Chevalier St. George, who, glad, no doubt, to separate her from his son, made her independent of him by allowing her a pension. For a time the unhappy prince bore up manfully against his destiny. But when all hope seemed over, when every field of active exertion was closed against him, when his ambition and his affection were alike blighted, his spirit and character sank with his fortunes, and in the

spring of 1761, we find the British Ambassador, Stanley, writing from Paris that the son of the Pretender was given to drinking to such excess, as to be often drunk in the morning, and to be carried senseless to bed every evening by his attendants.

He became titular King of England by the death of his father in 1766; and Wraxall relates, on what he describes as the highest authority, that in 1770, when the affair of the Falkland Islands threatened war between Great Britain and Spain, the Duc de Choiseul, then Prime Minister of France, thought the time favourable for a fresh effort in favour of the Stuarts. A messenger was despatched to Rome, requesting the immediate presence of the Pretender at Paris. He obeyed the summons, and an interview was arranged for the very day of his arrival. He was to come disguised in a hackney-coach, at midnight, to the Hôtel de Choiseul, where the Duc and the Marshal de Broglie were in attendance to receive him. After waiting an hour, they were on the point of separating, under an impression that some unforeseen accident had occurred, when the carriage drove up, and out of it got, or rather was helped with difficulty, the titular King of England, in a state of drunkenness which rendered the most ordinary communication with him an impossibility. The next day he received a peremptory order to quit France.

When things had come to this pass, it might have been expected that the degraded representative of a fallen dynasty, unfit for action and useless even as a tool, would soon have dropped into insignificance; but in an age of intrigue, and under the corrupt political system which then prevailed in every continental Court, no means of weakening or distracting a rival Power were to be despised. The House of Hanover might be disquieted, and the approaching period of its uncontested stability might be postponed, if it could

not be overthrown ; and for this purpose, the competing race must be kept up as long as possible. Charles Edward was childless : his brother was a priest. He must therefore be married, on the chance of his having an heir to his claims, to his disappointments, and not improbably to his shame. In August 1771, he was suddenly summoned again to Paris, and informed by the Duke of Fitzjames, on behalf of the French Court, that if he would take to himself a wife of their choosing, a pension of 240,000 livres would be settled on him.

The chosen subject of this strange proposal was Louise, Princess of Stolberg, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, the scion of an ancient and distinguished family raised to princely rank in the person of his father. Her mother was a daughter of the illustrious house of Horn, and she was maternally allied to the Bruces in Scotland, the Montmorencys and Créquis in France, the De Croys and De Lignes in the Low Countries, the Colonnas and Orsinis in Italy, the Gonzagas and Medinas in Spain. The circumstances of the family were not on a par with their descent. Her father, a lieutenant-general in the Austrian service, was killed in the bloody battle of December 5th, 1757, fought and gained by Frederick the Great against Marshal Daun ; and her mother was left a widow at the age of twenty-four, with four daughters : Louise, the eldest, born September 20th, 1752, being then in her sixth year. The Empress Maria Theresa gave the mother a pension and undertook to provide for the daughters. At that period there existed in the Austrian Netherlands several well-endowed chapters, exclusively reserved for such of the female nobility as could prove the required number of quarterings. That of Mons was the most distinguished ; and the first stall that fell vacant in it was placed at the disposal of the Princess, who nominated Louise.

The patent was executed in December 1761, when

she was in her tenth year. Her education was completed in a convent, and she first entered upon her full rights as canoness in her seventeenth year, when she also made her *début* in society; for there was little or nothing of an ecclesiastical character about these chapters beyond the name. The Abbess of Ste. Wandru, as her principal was designated, was Charlotte, Princess of Lothringen, sister of Francis I., a lady famed for mundane tastes and accomplishments; and altogether we cannot well conceive a more agreeable life for an orphan and dowerless girl of quality than lay within the reach of the damsel in question, when she consented, nothing loth, to receive Charles Edward as her bridegroom, she being not yet twenty, and he fifty-two.

The difference in age might have been overlooked, and many marriages might be cited where equal or greater disparity has proved no bar to happiness; but Charles Edward was thoroughly 'used up.' All contemporary accounts describe him as mentally and bodily a wreck. Eighteen years before, when his father pressed him to marry, he replied that the unworthy conduct of certain ministers and the troubles of December 1748 (the date of the deportation from Paris) had rendered it impossible for him to settle down anywhere without risk to his honour. 'Were it even possible to find a place of refuge, I think our family has had misfortune enough. I will not marry so long as I am in misery, for such a step would only multiply this misery. If a son chanced to resemble the father in character, he too would be bound hand and foot, if he refused to obey a vile minion of authority.' He did not adhere to this resolution, which was uttered in a moment of pique, and he once meditated an alliance with the Czar in the hope of Russian aid. He fell in with the French project from pecuniary motives.

'For the young canoness of Mons,' says M. de Reumont, 'this marriage might have attractions. It was

a crown that was offered her,—a crown without true significance, but wreathed by the splendour which is lent by centuries of legitimacy and great events,—a crown which had once belonged to the glorious race of Robert Bruce, whose blood flowed in her veins,—a crown set in rich pearls by the truth of a people, by the sanctity of misfortune, by ready courage in danger, by cheerfulness in self-sacrifice. *Dieu et mon droit*, and the Scottish *Nemo me impune lacessit*, found an echo in the device of the Stolbergs' *Spes nescia falli*,—in the *Fuimus* of the Bruces.' The mother, probably, was influenced by more solid considerations. She must have exaggerated the chances of a restoration, and have looked forward to a period when her daughter would be a queen in right earnest; or she would hardly have hurried on the marriage with the view of concealing it from her kind benefactress, the Empress, who was deeply offended when she heard of it.

M. de Reumont desires us to observe that both the year and the day were ominous. It was the year (1772) that witnessed the first partition of Poland, the restoration of despotic government in Sweden, the startling drama of Caroline Matilda and Struensee in Denmark, and some minor symptoms of general disturbance in the South. The formal and concluding ceremony of the marriage took place at Macerata, in the private chapel of Cardinal Marefoschi's palace, on the 17th of April, which fell on a Good Friday. In later years, the Countess of Albany frequently declared that her marriage had 'turned out precisely as a marriage solemnised on the lamentation-day of Christendom might have been expected to turn out.'

> 'Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
> Causa fuit.'

The honeymoon passed off pleasantly enough. After spending a couple of days at Macerata, the new-married pair left for Terni, and slept at the house of Count

Spada, whose brother had been long attached to the mimic Court of the Stuarts. The grace and animation of the bride made the most agreeable impression on the ladies of the house, who, however, were struck by the circumstance that she, despite her youth and freshness, wore rouge, which she also strongly recommended to the Countess Spada, although her cheeks also showed not the smallest want of such an addition. They reached Rome on the 22nd April, when they made their entry with a semblance of royal pomp. Four couriers preceded them: then came the travelling carriage of the Prince, then that of the Princess, in which were the bride and bridegroom, both drawn by six horses: two other carriages with their attendants: two others with the attendants of Cardinal York. Immediately on their arrival, the Cardinal paid the Princess a long visit, and presented her with a rich snuff-box set in diamonds, containing a draft for forty thousand Roman crowns. Charles Edward notified to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Pallavicini, the arrival of 'the King and Queen of England;' but the recognition was politely evaded, and they were obliged to content themselves with the varying amount of reverence that compassionate courtesy, chivalrous loyalty, or interested flattery might produce. Bonstetten, the accomplished patrician of Berne, as M. de Reumont calls him, best known as the friend of Madame de Staël and Sismondi, gives an animated description of their appearance and establishment in the winter of 1773-1774, when they occupied the Palace Muti:

'The Queen of Hearts, as the Queen of England was called, was of the middle height, *blonde*, with deep blue eyes, a nose slightly turned up, the complexion dazzlingly fair, like that of an Englishwoman. Her expression was maliciously gay, but naturally not without a dash of raillery; her nature more French than German. She seemed made to turn everybody's head. The Pretender was large, lean, of a

kindly disposition, talkative. He delighted to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures, interesting enough for a stranger, whilst those about him might possibly have been obliged to listen to them a hundred times. His young wife laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature.'

At this point, as at several others, M. de Reumont digresses, agreeably and instructively, to portray the society of the period and the place. Although the daily life of the Italian nobles was simple and frugal, the princes of the Church occasionally gave entertainments on a scale of grandeur rarely equalled in France; but the equivocal position of the titular King and Queen made public appearances of all sorts disagreeable to them, and after residing a year in Rome they went to Leghorn and soon afterwards to Sienna: the alleged scene of a mysterious adventure, revived in 1847 by two gentlemen named Stuart as the foundation of a claim to the lineal representation of the extinct line. The substance of the story, which was unsparingly exposed by the late Mr. Lockhart, was that, in 1773, the royal couple had a son, whose birth was kept secret: that the child was carried on board an English frigate, the commander of which, Admiral O'Halloran, brought it up as his own: that this scion of royalty afterwards appeared on board of a man-of-war among the Western Islands of Scotland, was married to an English lady, and was alive in 1831.[1]

Towards the end of October 1774, the royal pair took up their abode in Florence. The Grand Duke Peter Leopold followed the example of the Pope, or rather improved upon it, by avoiding any official notice whatever of their arrival; which did not pre-

[1] See 'Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846, by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, Edinburgh, 1847;' and 'The Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxi. p. 57.

vent the nobility or courtiers from partaking of the Pretender's hospitality. The ladies held more aloof in consequence of the Countess's refusal to place herself on a footing of equality with them by returning their visits. The evening was commonly passed by the illustrious pair at the theatre, and on one occasion, Charles Edward, happening to engage in an altercation with a French officer, was reminded that he forgot who his adversary was: 'I know that you are a Frenchman,' was the retort, 'and that is enough.' He was half intoxicated at the time, and so inveterate grew the craving for stimulants that at a somewhat later period he is described as having always a bottle of Cyprus wine in his box. Soon after his arrival in Florence, his health gave way, his appetite failed, he showed symptoms of dropsy, and he became so helpless that he was obliged to be carried from his carriage to a sofa, on which he lay during the performance. The Countess was in constant attendance: whether from jealousy or affection, he never suffered her to be out of his sight in public; and it may be presumed that her attachment to such a helpmate was not heightened by this constant and compelled companionship.

Such was the state of things when (in the autumn of 1777) Alfieri arrived in Florence. We shall give the commencement and rapid progress of his passion in his own expressive words; but, fully to appreciate the position, his peculiar genius, temperament, and prior life should be freshly remembered, and these fortunately may all be gathered from his autobiography.[1]

Vittorio Alfieri was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the 17th January, 1749, of a noble and honourable family of independent fortune,—a circumstance on which he lays considerable stress. His education was that com-

[1] 'Vita di Vittorio Alfieri da Asti. Scritta da Esso (two volumes). Firenze, 1822.'

monly given to young men of his country and station at the time. It was bad, no doubt, but when he complains that, on the completion of his academical studies at Turin, he was lamentably deficient in literature and useful knowledge, he says no more than might have been said by most English lads of the same age on quitting a public school. The fits and starts by which he endeavoured to correct the omissions of his tutors, may be inferred from the curious fact, that a window is still shown in the Collobiano Palace at Turin, near which he made his servant tie him to his chair, to save him, Ulysses-like, from the sirens of dissipation.

At different times, by dint of volition and as a set task, he read, re-read, collated, analysed, and meditated on Ariosto, Montesquieu, Helvetius, and Machiavelli. *Multum legere, non multa* (to read much, not many things), is the wise advice of Bacon; and Alfieri, consciously or unconsciously, acted on it. He also applied his whole heart and soul to gain a fitting instrument of expression for his glowing and thronging thoughts and images, by acquiring the pure Tuscan dialect. When, in his seventeenth year, he started on his travels, he spoke no language but his native semi-barbarous dialect, and some very equivocal French. His mind, however, was one of those that are enriched by the mere act of passing among scenes and objects deemed barren by the multitude; and the future tragedian was formed by adventures which the scientific or dilettante traveller would avoid and the strict moralist must condemn. In Holland he fell so desperately in love with a young married woman, that when she left him at the by no means hasty or unreasonable call of conjugal duty, he became speechless, and when brought to his senses by the lancet, was with difficulty prevented from tearing off the bandages and wilfully bleeding to death.

This, though headed *Primo Intoppo Amoroso* (First Love Adventure), was preceded by a slighter attack of the same malady in Italy, and followed by a still graver one in England, which he narrates with all the details, merely suppressing the name. The heroine of this romance was the wife of a peer who had a commission in the Guards. After the usual amount of preliminary flirtation, Alfieri became her accepted lover, and was clandestinely admitted to her house. The intrigue was betrayed to the husband, who challenged the poet. They fought in the Green Park with swords, and Alfieri, utterly ignorant of the use of the weapon, escaped with a wound in the arm. His generous adversary, disdaining to take advantage of superior skill, declared himself satisfied, and intimated at the same time that he no longer claimed any right to control the movements of the lady, as it was his intention to divorce her without delay.

Alfieri was eager to offer her the sole reparation in his power, and she vehemently expatiated on the happiness she anticipated in becoming his wife, although she kept on qualifying her ardent hopes with doubts and fears lest he should eventually draw back. Her tone and manner puzzled him till the third day after the duel, when the mystery was cleared up. She then frankly told him that, prior to the commencement of their acquaintance, she had bestowed her favours on a groom, who was still in the house: that this man, under the influence of jealousy, had revealed both intrigues to her husband: that she was completely in his power, and was irretrievably lost in every sense. Alfieri told her that she judged rightly in supposing that he could not marry her: that it was well she had made a clean breast of it when she did, for, had their marriage preceded the confession or discovery, he would have put her to death with his own hands; but her candour was a redeeming feature,

and he was still ready to accompany her to any part of Europe or America, as her friend.

This was on a Friday. The state of mind in which he passed the rest of the day and the next night may be guessed. On Saturday morning, as he casually glanced over a newspaper, his own name caught his eye. 'I snatch it up, read a tolerably long article, in which the whole of my misadventure is narrated, detailed minutely and accurately, and I learn from it, moreover, the melancholy and laughable individuality of my rival the groom, including his name, age, figure, and the full confession made by him to his master. I was on the point of falling dead as I read on; and when at last my lucidity of mind returned, I became aware that the perfidious dame had *spontaneously* confessed all, after the newspaper of Friday morning had already revealed all to the public.' We should have thought that no extent of illusion could hold out against this exposure; yet such was his infatuation that he still lingered round his paramour, and actually travelled with her for a period:

> 'I ask not, I know not, if guilt 's in that heart,
> I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.'

He was made the defendant in the subsequent proceedings, and pays a just tribute to the generosity of the injured husband, who, having already spared his life, now spared his pocket by not demanding damages.[1]

[1] The case obtained so much publicity that, especially at this distance of time, there can be no indiscretion in mentioning the names. The lady was Penelope, daughter of George Lord Rivers, and wife of Edward Lord Ligonier. A house at which, when absent from London, she was clandestinely visited by Alfieri, was standing in the park at Strathfieldsaye within living memory, and a tree used to be pointed out, on the bough of which Alfieri hung the bridle of his horse. The house was pulled down by the late Duke of Wellington. We cannot help wishing that his Grace had followed the example of the successive Earls of Chesterfield, who have carefully preserved within the domain of Bretby Park the cottage or outbuilding so amusingly associated with Grammont's night adventure, narrated in the ninth chapter of his Memoirs.

Adventures of this kind formed no bad apprenticeship for the embryo dramatist. Goethe remarked of Balzac that each of his best novels was dug out of a suffering woman's heart. More than one of Alfieri's best tragedies was dug out of his own. The fifth chapter of the second volume of the 'Life' is headed: *Degno amore mi allaccia finalmente per sempre* (worthy love binds me finally for ever). It contains the story of his introduction to the woman who, with all her faults and weaknesses, was destined to be to him what Beatrice was to Dante, Laura to Petrarch, Vittoria Colonna to Michael Angelo,—his polestar, his beacon, his inspiration, and his guide. To concentrate the energies and steady the impulsive flights of this irregular genius, two things were essential: a settled object of ambition, an equally settled object of affection; and with her he acquired both.

In the autumn of 1777 he arrived at Florence, uncertain whether he should winter there or not:

'At the end of the preceding summer, which I passed at Florence, I had often, without seeking her, met a charming and beautiful lady, who, from her being also a foreigner and of distinction, it was impossible not to see and observe; and still more impossible that, seen and observed, she should not please every one in the highest degree. With all this, although a great part of the gentry of Florence and all the foreigners of birth visited her, I, plunged in study and melancholy, retiring and savage by disposition, and always intent on most avoiding those of the fair sex who appeared to me most beautiful and attractive,—I, however, in that preceding summer, did not get introduced at all at her house, but it chanced to me to see her very often in the theatres and promenades. The most pleasing impression of her had remained in my mind. A soft flame in the darkest of eyes, coupled (which rarely happens) with the whitest of skins and light hair, gave her beauty an attraction from which it was no easy matter to escape unwounded or unsubdued. Twenty-five years of age, much tendency to the fine arts and

literature, a disposition all gold,[1] and, notwithstanding her position, painful, disagreeable domestic circumstances that seldom left her happy and contented as she should have been. These were too many charms to be rashly encountered.

'In this autumn, then, an acquaintance having often proposed to take me to her house, thinking myself strong enough, I summoned up courage to wait upon her; nor had I gone many times before I found myself, as it were, unconsciously caught. But the approach of this, my fourth and last fever of the heart, was fortunately manifested by symptoms different enough from the three first. In those I never found myself agitated by a passion of the mind, which, counter-balancing and mingling with that of the heart, formed (to speak with the poet) an unknown, indistinct combination, the more profound and lasting in proportion as it was less impetuous and fervent. Such was the flame which little by little got the upper hand of my every thought and feeling, and will never be extinguished in me but with life. Becoming aware in two months that my true lady was this one, since, instead of finding in her, as in all ordinary women, an obstacle to literary glory, a disturbance to useful occupation, and a lowering of thought, I found in her a spur, a comfort, and an example towards every good work, and recognising and appreciating so rare a treasure, I gave myself up to her beyond recall.'

No Piedmontese could then travel without a licence from the Government, which was grudgingly given; and the Piedmontese laws of the Press applied indiscriminately to the writings of any subject of Piedmont without reference to the place of publication. Alfieri wished to live entirely abroad, and was meditating works overflowing with denunciations of tyranny, which were sure to give offence. He therefore resolved to expatriate himself completely and permanently, which he practically effected by making over his property to a married sister, upon trust to pay him 1400 sequins

[1] 'Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold.'—*Milton's translation of the Ode to Pyrrha.* Alfieri's expression is *indole d' oro.*

(about half the actual value) per annum. He was now legally free to devote himself exclusively to literature and the lady. But, as regards the lady, a moral and social difficulty remained. Her husband had so much of the Englishman about him as to object to her unrestrained exercise of a privilege which the wedded dames of Italy then claimed and enjoyed as a right. The attendance of a *cavalier servente* or *cicisbeo* was denied to her, or allowed with so many drawbacks as to cause more pain than pleasure to the parties who are usually expected to benefit by the institution. After mentioning other works planned and partially executed up to the summer of 1778, Alfieri continues:

'In the August of this same year, at the suggestion and for the satisfaction of my beloved, I imaged forth "Maria Stuarda." In and from September I versified "Oreste," with which ended the excessively occupied year. My days passed in a kind of perfect calm; and it would have been unbroken if I had not frequently been pained to see my adored one teased by continual domestic annoyances brought about by her querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated old husband. Her sorrows were mine; and I have successively suffered the pangs of death from them. I could only see her in the evening and sometimes at dinner at her house; but with the spouse always present, or at best in the next room. Not, indeed, that he took umbrage at me more than at others, but such was his system; and in nine years and more that this pair lived together, never, oh! never has he gone out without her, nor she without him: a cohesion which would end by becoming wearisome to two people who were ever so much in love with each other.

'The whole day, then, I remained at home studying, after riding on a hired horse for a couple of hours for mere health. In the evening I had the solace of seeing her, but too much embittered by finding her almost always afflicted and oppressed. If I had not most tenaciously adhered to study, I should have been unable to submit to see her so little and in such a manner. But, on the other hand, if I had not had that solitary solace of her most charming aspect for counter-

poison to the bitterness of my solitude, I should never have been able to bear up against a study so continuous and so (I might say) phrenzied.'

In the course of the year 1780, he made rapid progress in some of his favourite works, versifying the 'Maria Stuarda,' the 'Rosmunda,' and great part of 'Ottavia,' reversifying the whole of the 'Filippo' for the third time, and developing 'Ottavia' and 'Timoleone;' the one inspired by a recent perusal of Plutarch, and the other by Tacitus, which he says he read and re-read with transport. A curious insight is given by these confessions into his mode of writing, which must have been painful and laborious in the extreme. It would seem that, with him, the process of versification, as well as that of first clothing his thoughts in words, was entirely distinct from that of conception, and that, stranger still, he had commonly five or six works on the stocks at once. Besides his dramas, he was in the habit of composing sonnets, commonly addressed to the Countess, more remarkable for depth of feeling and energy of expression than for fancy or grace.

In December 1780, his course of life was rudely interrupted by a sudden outburst of brutality on the part of Charles Edward, who in a fit of drunkenness behaved so grossly to the Countess as to justify her, in the opinion of the Florentine Court and even of his own brother the Cardinal, in throwing him off for ever. The transaction was fully reported to the British Government in a dispatch dated December 12th, 1780, by Sir Horace Mann, who says:

'Of late the intemperance of his (the Pretender's) behaviour, especially when he was heated with wine and stronger liquors, has been vented against his wife, whom he has for a long time treated in the most indecent and cruel manner. On St. Andrew's Day, which he always celebrated by indulging himself in drinking more than usual, he ill-treated her in the most outrageous manner by the most abusive lan-

guage, and beating her at night and in bed, and attempting to choke her.' Fresh instances of his cruelty inclining her to think herself in danger of her life, she meditated on the means of putting her resolution into effect; for which purpose she made her case privately known to the Grand Duke, and invited a lady of her acquaintance to breakfast with her husband, as she had often done before; after which he proposed to the ladies to take the air in his coach as usual, and they, under the pretence of visiting a sort of convent, not a strict cloister, which is immediately under the Grand Duchess's protection, induced him to go thither, having previously engaged a gentleman of her acquaintance to be there to hand her out of the coach, and to prevent any acts of violence, as the Pretender always carried pistols in his pocket.

'The ladies getting first into the convent, the door was immediately shut and barred to prevent the Pretender's getting in. He flew into a violent passion, demanding his wife. A lady of the court who has the direction of that place in the name of the Grand Duchess, came to the grate and told him that the Countess Albanie had put herself under the protection of the Grand Duke, and that, being in danger of her life, had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more. Upon which he returned home, where he committed the greatest extravagances, and has since declared that he will give a thousand zechins to anybody who will kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion.'

The gentleman was Alfieri, who, after a brief summary of the affair, states that he will not condescend to vindicate himself against the stupid imputations levelled at him for rescuing an innocent victim. 'Suffice it to say that I saved my lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly drunken master without her honour being in any way whatever compromised nor the proprieties in the least transgressed.' Considering the total want of opportunity, it requires no great stretch of charity to believe him, although, as in the affair of Bothwell and Queen Mary, their subsequent conduct has thrown a shade of doubt on the

purity of their intercourse from the commencement. We also learn from Sir Horace Mann that in 1783, when the Pretender supposed himself to be dying, he 'convinced his brother the Cardinal of many circumstances relating to his wife's conduct and her elopement from him, of which the Cardinal was not informed, and in which all those who took the part of the Countess had likewise been deceived, that the whole was a plot formed by Count Alfieri.' What is more, the Earl Stanhope, whose information is excellent and whose judgment always leans to mercy's side, compresses the story into one pithy and double-edged sentence: 'The Count and Countess of Albany (such was the title they bore) lived together during several years at Florence, a harsh husband and a faithless wife; until at length, in 1780, weary of constraint, she *eloped* with her lover Alfieri.'[1]

If the estrangement of the affections, unaccompanied by what is commonly understood by matrimonial infidelity, amounts to faithlessness, the Countess certainly was faithless; but surely her mode of leaving her husband's roof and taking refuge in a convent under the sanction of the Grand Duchess, cannot be fairly described as an elopement with her lover; and when she quitted it, the arrangements for her departure, her journey and her reception at her next abode, were made by her brother-in-law the Cardinal and the Papal Nuncio, who received especial directions from His Holiness to facilitate them. On the 13th December, the Cardinal writes to her: 'I have long foreseen what has happened, and your proceedings taken in concert with the Court are a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives.'

The Pope wrote her an autograph letter of the same date fully approving what she had done, and confirming

[1] History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, &c. By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), vol. iii. p. 528.

in every particular the promises of protection and countenance already conveyed through the Cardinal. On the 30th December, 1780, Sir Horace Mann reports that the Countess of Albany had just set out for Rome with all possible secrecy: 'Besides her own servants she was attended by one of the Nuncio's, and other steps were taken by order of the Grand Duke for her greater security against any molestation, in case the Pretender should have got notice of her departure, which even as yet does not appear.' M. de Reumont states that, besides a mounted escort, Alfieri and a Mr. Gahagan, disguised and well armed, occupied the box of the carriage till it had got a considerable distance from Florence. This incident is suppressed by Alfieri. On January 23, 1781, Sir Horace Mann reports that: 'The Countess is treated at Rome with the greatest respect. She has obtained leave to go abroad without the least restraint. She had a long audience of the Pope in the sacristy of the church. Cardinal York treats her with the greatest civility, and has made her the most generous offers, and she goes frequently to dine with him at Frascati, where he commonly resides.'

Alfieri's conduct at this trying epoch corresponded in all outward seeming with his professions of elevated and disinterested attachment. Respect for appearances prevented him from following her to Rome, and Florence had grown intolerable. After a month of utter prostration, he resolved on going to Naples: 'choosing it expressly, as every one may see, because the way lies through Rome.' In one of Crabbe's poems ('The Lover's Journey'), a young lover, full of hope, is on his way to the home of his beloved; and the road, through a barren and fenny district, seems a succession of sunlit landscapes or smiling valleys. He is out of humour at not finding her, and although his way now lies through a beautiful country, all seems ugly,

gloomy, and desolate. Alfieri was affected much in the same manner.

'As I travelled towards Rome, the approximation to *her* made my heart beat. So different from all others is the lover's eye, that a barren noisome region, which three years before appeared to me what it was, presented itself as the most delicious place of sojourn in the world. I arrived; I saw her—(oh, God! the thought of it still cleaves my heart in twain)—I saw her prisoner behind a grating, less vexed, however, than I had seen her in Florence; but, for other reasons, I did not find her less unhappy. We were completely separated; and who could say for how long we were so?'

He goes on to say that he remained only a few days in Rome, and during that time love, he owns, made him resort to an infinity of humiliating expedients, to which he would not have resorted to obtain the empire of the universe: 'expedients to which I furiously refused to resort afterwards, when, presenting myself at the threshold of the Temple of Glory, still very doubtful whether I should ever obtain admission, I would neither humour nor flatter those who were, or deemed themselves, its guardians. . . . . I did everything, I resorted to everything, and I remained in Rome, tolerated by those charlatans and even aided by those petty priests, who had or assumed any influence in the affairs of my lady.'

When he had thus fairly or unfairly earned a temporary domicile in the Eternal City, he managed to regulate his life as nearly as possible after the plan which (barring sundry drawbacks) had succeeded so well at Florence. His place of residence was the Villa Strozzi, near the Baths of Dioclesian; 'a dwelling,' he says, 'in entire harmony with my temperament, my character, my occupations. So long as I live, I shall think of it with regretful longing.' His literary pursuits and his usual two hours' ride filled the morning and forenoon, and part of every evening was passed

with the Countess, from whom he professed to draw inspiration for the resumption of his labours on the morrow. It would seem that the Countess sometimes accompanied him in his rides, for speaking subsequently (1784) of his horses, fourteen of which he had bought in England, he says: 'The fifteenth was my beautiful roan, Fido, the same that in Rome had often carried the pleasing burthen of my lady, and for that reason was dearer to me than all the rest of my stud.' He ranks his fondness for horses as third, for intensity, amongst his passions: the Countess being No. 1 and the Tragic Muse No. 2. There are passages in his 'Life' which anticipate the sentiment of a graceful French poet:

> 'A ses moindres discours suspendre tout son être,
> Emu d'un doux espoir,
> Et mourir tout le jour, hélas! à se promettre
> Un sourire le soir.'

But although Alfieri may have succeeded in deceiving himself, he will not deceive others. He was rather an example of the Byronic theory: 'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart.' When the excitement of positive prohibition or interference was over, he subsided into a regular punctual, habitual lover of the *où passerai-je mes soirées?* school, and versified his tragedies with the steadiness of taskwork. He had resolved to complete a certain number, enough to commence an epoch in Italian dramatic literature, before publishing any. His original plan was not to exceed twelve; but, prior to the end of 1782, he had well-nigh put the finishing hand to fourteen; the sudden temptation to write 'Merope' and 'Saul' having proved irresistible. 'Saul' was his favourite work, and (what rarely happens in the case of favourite works) it has been generally esteemed his best. In the course of a private interview, during which the Pope had highly complimented him on his 'Antigone,' he proposed to dedicate 'Saul'

to His Holiness, who adroitly declined the honour, on the plea that he could not accept the dedication of any theatrical compositions, be they what they might. Alfieri was deeply mortified, first, at having invited what he considered an affront: secondly, at having had 'the meanness, the weakness, the duplicity to wish to pay the tribute, in token of respect and esteem, of one of my works, to a man whom I deemed inferior enough to myself in true merit.' Knowing what we do of the estimate he had of himself as a poet and the intensity of his self-consciousness, we suspect that what he goes on to name as his primary motive was at least a secondary one:

'This reason then was, that I, having for some time become aware of rumours proceeding from the house of the relative of my lady, through which I learnt his discontent, and that of all his circle, at my being too much at her house; and this discontent being constantly on the increase, I sought, by flattering the Sovereign of Rome, to create in him a support against all persecutions, of which I already seemed to have a presentiment in my heart, and which in fact about a month afterwards were let loose against me.'

His presentiments did not deceive him; for the Pretender's assurances, when he thought himself dying, impressed the Cardinal strongly, or, more correctly speaking, opened his eyes to what was already palpable to the commonest observer. It hardly required the solemnity of a death-bed to give weight to the convictions of the deserted husband, the soundness of which may be contested without questioning their good faith; and the permitted intimacy of the suspected lover with the fugitive wife was utterly indefensible in any point of view or on any construction of the facts. Alfieri fairly admits as much:

'And here I certainly shall not make the apology of the usual life of Rome and all Italy as regards almost all married women. I will say, however, that the conduct of this lady

in Rome towards me was much more on the safe side than on the other, of the customs most tolerated in this city. But I will end all this, for the love of truth and right, by saying that the husband, and the brother, and their respective priests, had every reason not to approve my great intimacy, although it did not exceed the bounds of honour. I regret at the same time that, as to the priests (who were the sole movers of the whole machine), their zeal in the matter was neither evangelical nor pure from secondary ends; since not a few of them, by their sad examples, pronounced at once the eulogy of my conduct and the satire on their own. The affair was the daughter, not of true religion and virtue, but of revenge and intrigue.'

Sir Horace Mann states that the Cardinal, on his return from hearing his brother's statement, laid the whole before the Pope, and obtained an order to Alfieri to leave Rome within fifteen days. This he denies, and says that, on hearing of the plot brewing against him, he intimated to the Sardinian Minister his readiness to save the lady's honour and peace of mind by a voluntary departure; a course which he preferred to the utterly unendurable one of remaining in the same place without seeing her. Accordingly, on the 4th March, 1783, he started for Sienna; 'like one stupid and deprived of sense, leaving my only love, books, town, peace, my very self, in Rome.' Of his four or five separations, this was the saddest, because the future was more uncertain, and he declares that he as good as lost two years by reason of it, so great were the disturbance of his mind and the interruption of his pursuits. The effect must have been terrible indeed if, as he states, it made him utterly insensible to the harshest criticism levelled at the style of his published writings, sprinkled over with *durissimo*, *oscurissimo*, *stravagantissimo*. He managed to get through a good deal of work notwithstanding, listened *incognito* with some complacency to a reading of his 'Virginia' in

Turin, and undertook an expedition to England to buy horses. The praises lavished on them by connoisseurs pleased him, he admits, little if at all less than those accorded to his verses.

During the whole period of separation he kept up a voluminous correspondence with the Countess, who repaid him in kind; and it would seem that the electric chain of inspiration was not broken by the chilling medium of the post. In one of her letters she spoke of having been highly gratified by the 'Brutus' of Voltaire. On reading this he exclaims: 'I who had heard it recited ten years before, and had no recollection whatever of it,—being instantaneously filled with a wild and disdainful emulation of both mind and heart,—said to myself: What Brutuses? What Brutuses? I will make Brutuses: I will make them in duplicate: time shall show then if such subjects for tragedy were better addressed to me, or to a Frenchman born a plebeian, and subscribing himself for seventy years and more *Voltaire Gentilhomme Ordinaire du Roi.*' No sooner said than done. Under the feverish excitement of jealous rivalry, he dashed off the plan of 'Il Bruto Primo' and 'Il Bruto Secondo.' But we are anticipating. This occurred in 1786, during another compelled absence; and the prolonged separation beginning with his banishment from Rome, terminated in the summer of 1784, when the Countess, through the mediation of the King of Sweden, came to an arrangement with her husband. A formal instrument was signed by her, Charles Edward, and the Cardinal, and duly ratified by the Pope, by which, in return for the sacrifice of her pin-money, she obtained an amicable divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, with liberty to reside where she pleased. At least such was the contract as stated by Sir Horace Mann; but it would seem from subsequent occurrences that the Pope retained the power of regulating her movements or directing her place of residence.

The first use the Countess made of her partially recovered freedom was to give Alfieri a meeting at Colmar, where they spent two months together. The bond under which she lay to pass part of her time in the papal territory, obliged them to separate again at the approach of winter, which she passed at Bologna. His place of residence till the following summer was Pisa. They then met again at Colmar, which she soon afterwards quitted for Paris; whither, she having returned to Colmar after a few months' stay, he accompanied her in the autumn of 1786. The papal restriction being apparently taken off or relaxed by this time, she thought of taking up her permanent abode there, and he, much as he disliked both the country and the people, had the strongest inducements to do the same; as, besides wishing to be near her, he was carefully revising a French impression of his works.

Whilst they had been thus occupied, Charles Edward had taken a step which is supposed to have excited in the heart and mind of the Countess a feeling of compunction or remorse which she had never experienced from his accusations or reproaches. In July 1784, he formally acknowledged his natural daughter by Miss Walkingshaw, and sent for her from the convent, where she was residing with her mother, to live with him as mistress of his family. Not content with calling her Lady Charlotte Stuart, he insisted on her bearing the title of Duchesse d'Albany, and on St. Andrew's Day, as if determined to celebrate it by some new extravagance, he performed the ceremony of investing her with the Order of St. Andrew, the badge of which she had already assumed.

Wraxall says: 'In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle.' On the margin of her copy, Mrs. Piozzi wrote:

'Still more so at Florence in 1786. Count Alfieri had

taken away his consort, and he was under the dominion and care of a natural daughter, who wore the Garter, and was called Duchess of Albany. She checked him when he drank too much or when he talked too much. Poor soul! Though one evening he called Mr. Greathead up to him, and said in good English, and in a loud though cracked voice: "I will speak to my own subjects in my own way, *Sare*. Ay, and I will soon speak to you, Sir, in Westminster Hall." The Duchess shrugged her shoulders.'

A still more curious anecdote is recorded of a conversation with Mr. Greathead, who, being left alone with Charles Edward, gradually led him to talk of 1745. At first he shrank from the topic: the reminiscence was evidently sad. But, as the visitor persevered, he seemed as it were to cast off a load; his eye lighted up, his demeanour became animated, and he began the narrative of his campaign with youthlike energy, spoke of his marches, his battles, his victories, his escape, and the dangers that surrounded him, of the self-sacrificing fidelity of his Scotch companions, of the dreadful fate that had befallen so many amongst them. The impression that, after forty years, the recollection of their sufferings made upon him was so strong that his strength gave way, his voice failed, and he sank senseless on the ground. On hearing the bustle his daughter hurried in. 'What means this, Sir?' she exclaimed. 'You have certainly been talking of Scotland and the Highlanders to my father. No one should touch on these things in his presence.' He has been known to burst into tears on hearing the tune of 'Lochaber no more,' which the condemned Jacobites were reported to have sung in prison.

Another striking illustration of his native spirit and sensibility has been preserved. The Comte de Vaudreuil, son of the officer who arrested Charles Edward at Paris in 1748 and a speaking likeness of his father, came to Rome in 1787 with the Duchesse de Polignac,

and thoughtlessly requested to be presented to Charles Edward, who was merely informed that a foreigner of distinction desired to pay his respects. The name was not announced by the servant, the Duchess herself having undertaken the introduction; but the moment Vaudreuil entered the room, the degrading scene with which his features were indelibly associated came back upon the unhappy exile like a flash. He dropped down in a fainting fit, and Vaudreuil was hurried from the room.

On August 8th, 1786, Sir Horace Mann reports that 'he (the Pretender) has lately assumed the folly practised by his father and grandfather, to touch people who are afflicted with scrofulous disorders: many old women and children have been presented to him for that purpose, to whom, after some ceremony, he gives a small silver medal, which they wear about their necks.' This was Sir Horace Mann's last letter on the subject. He died in November 1786, having been British Minister at Florence since 1740, 'perhaps (remarks Lord Stanhope) the longest diplomatic service of the same post that is anywhere recorded.'[1] He was succeeded by Lord Hervey, who on the 29th January, 1788, informs the Secretary of State that some days before the Pretender had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of his body. Two days later (January 31st) Lord Hervey writes: 'This morning, between the hours of nine and ten, the Pretender departed this life.' Cardinal Caccia-Piatti informed Earl Stanhope, on the authority of some members of Count Albany's household, that he had in truth expired on the evening of the 30th January, but that the date was altered in the public announcement, on account of the evil omen which, notwithstanding the difference of the Old and New Style, was supposed to attend the anniversary of King Charles's execution.

[1] Mann and Walpole had not met for forty-two years.

Surely a century of home truths might have enabled this fated family to dispense with omens. After lying in state, his remains were buried at Frascati, and the Cardinal assumed the title of Henry the Ninth. He seems to have been an honest and well-intentioned man, although his bigotry and asceticism rendered him unpopular with the lower classes, whose amusements he curtailed, whilst his dulness wearied his accomplished and pleasure-loving colleagues of the Conclave. At the end of a long conference with him, Pius VI. laughingly remarked that he no longer wondered at the eagerness of the English to get rid of so tiresome a race.

The Duchess of Albany did not long survive her father. She died at Bologna in 1789, of the effects of an operation which she was compelled to undergo. An original miniature (formerly belonging to the Cardinal, and now in the possession of the Countess of Seafield) gives a highly favourable impression of her. The features are good and the expression animated. Mann says 'she is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made, but the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome.'

The news of the Pretender's death reached the Countess in Paris in February 1788, and she was much affected by it. 'Her grief,' says Alfieri, 'was neither factitious nor forced, for every untruth was alien to this upright, incomparable soul; and notwithstanding the great disparity of years, her husband would have found in her an excellent companion and a friend, if not a loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constantly 'unfriendly, rough, unaccountable behaviour. I owe pure truth this testimony.' M. Saint René Tail landier says that her grief was rendered intensely poignant by the reflection that the duty from which she had shrunk and fled had been readily undertaken and effectively performed by another:

'The Duchess Charlotte entering the house of Charles Edward, the deserted child coming to the rescue of the deserted spouse, the natural child replacing the lawful wife and exercising her pious and salutary influence over the old man, these were contrasts which could not but painfully affect the proud Countess. We are making no idle conjectures; Madame D'Albany had too elevated a soul not to feel the painfulness of the situation. It was still worse when the Duchess Charlotte, after having rekindled a spark in the extinct heart of the hero, so gently closed his eyes and followed him to the tomb.'[1]

It is difficult to believe that she viewed her successor in this light. The natural daughter, taken from a convent to preside at a so-called royal table and receive homage as a *quasi* princess, underwent no sacrifice and was subjected to none of the restraints or insults which revolted the wife. The relation in which the two ladies respectively stood to Charles Edward were entirely different; and as to the intense grief of the Countess, nothing is more common than to feel deeply the death of those with whose lives our own have once been closely and cordially blended, however rudely and widely rent asunder at a subsequent period. The softened fancy recalls past hours of tenderness and refuses to dwell on past causes of complaint: we forgive the wrongs we have suffered and weep bitter tears to think that we can no longer ask pardon or atone for the wrongs we may have done.

The relations of Alfieri and the Countess were not changed by this event. It is now a recognised fact that the tie which bound them to each other was never consecrated by matrimony. Whether they were married or not has been vehemently debated, and the presumptive evidence on the affirmative side was strong. The ceremony was alleged to have taken place at Paris, after the removal of difficulties raised by the Cardinal. In March 1792 Alfieri's mother

[1] 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for Feb. 15, 1861, being the last of three excellent papers principally based on M. de Reumont's work.

wrote to him: 'I do not believe that the lady whom you announce as coming with you can feel any liking for me, since I have not the happiness to be acquainted with her. But if this is so, I would fain flatter myself that it is the effect of a tie which I hope may be of a nature to forward your earthly happiness as well as the salvation of your soul. This would be my greatest comfort, as it is my only longing desire.' He calls her in his 'Life,' *la mia donna* and *la dolce metà di me stesso:* she speaks of him as *cet ami incomparable.* During the latter part of their stay at Paris they occupied the same house: they travelled together: they were together in 1791, and subsequently whilst living with the connections of the Countess. Wherever they went—whether in France, England, or Italy—they were received in the best society, as if there was nothing conventionally wrong in their connexion. The belief in a private marriage may have had something to do with this indulgence; and theirs was by no means an exceptional case at a period when morals and manners, as well as dynasties and forms of government, were more or less shaken by revolutionary notions.

Why they did not marry, is still a problem. M. Saint René Taillandier says that she could not make up her mind to abdicate her royalty; whilst Alfieri, independently of a poetic dislike to a prosaic termination of his romance, preferred remaining the lover of a queen. The tenacity with which she clung to her assumed state, struck all who had an opportunity of observing it. Wraxhall, who visited her at Paris, says that in one of the rooms there was a throne emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain: that all the plate, including the spoons, was engraved with the same arms; that her servants always addressed her as 'Your Majesty;' and that royal honours were paid to her by the nuns of the convents which she was wont to visit on Sundays and feast-days. The friends who wished to gratify

her made no scruple of humouring her in this particular. Thus we find Madame de Staël constantly writing to her as *Chère Souveraine*, and in letters of introduction requesting permission to add to the number of her subjects. The Duchess of Devonshire adopts the same tone; and the flattery which the writers probably regarded as polite *badinage* was accepted as rightful homage by the Countess.

Like Byron and many other liberal or democratic poets, Alfieri was a genuine aristocrat at heart, and neither he nor the Countess could so regulate their society in Paris as to avoid hearing language which disgusted them. It was at their own table, on the day after the forced and terrible procession of the King and Queen from Versailles to Paris, that the painter David broke out: 'It is a great misfortune that this Megæra (Marie Antoinette) was not torn to pieces or had not her throat cut by the women, for there will be no peace during her life.'

In the autumn of 1790, they quitted Paris for Normandy, and in the following spring they visited England. They remained there some months, partly in London and partly in the country. The Countess kept a journal of her impressions, especially of those made on her by the picture galleries and objects of art which fell under her observation during the tour. Those relating to society were far from favourable:

'Although I knew that the English were melancholy (*tristes*), I could not imagine that their capital was so, to the point at which I found it. No kind of society, plenty of crowds. . . . . The only good which England enjoys, and which is inappreciable, is political liberty. . . . . If England had an oppressive government, this country, together with its people, would be the last in the universe; bad climate, bad soil, and consequently tasteless productions. It is only the excellence of its government that makes it habitable. The English are fond of women, but know not the

necessity of living in society with them. They are severe and exacting husbands, and the women are generally better behaved than in other countries, because they have more to risk. The arrangement of the houses prevents them from receiving at home without the privity of the husband and the servants. They are in general good mothers and good wives: but they are fond of play, and the great ladies are very fond of dissipation. Intimate society, and the charm of this society, are unknown in London. One lives with one's family, that is, with one's husband and one's children, for one makes no account of one's father or mother, at least in the class I visited. The English are incapable of feeling any of the fine arts, and still less of executing them; they buy a great many pictures and know nothing about them.'

The strangest of her adventures in London is narrated by Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry of May 19th, 1791:

'The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James; not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed at supper at Lady Mount Edgecumbe's, by that topsy-turvihood that characterises the present age. Within these two days the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London (Boydell); and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain. She is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Aylesbury. That curiosity should bring her here, I don't quite wonder, still less that she abhorred her husband; but methinks it is not very well-bred to his family nor very sensible, but a new way of *passing eldest*.'

In a postscript dated the night of the 19th May, he adds:

'Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well-dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the Queen in the same way, but less. Then she

stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses; nor did I hear of the Prince, but he was there and probably spoke to her. The Queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it is the Queen's birthday. Another odd accident: at the opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the King's box and sat there. It is not of a piece with her going to Court that she seals with the royal arms.'

Another incident of the journey, mentioned by Walpole, is thus described by Hannah More, in her 'Memoirs':

'The Bishop of London carried me to hear the King make his speech in the House of Lords. As it was quite new to me, I was very well entertained; but the thing that was most amusing was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the tenth of June, the Pretender's birthday. I have the honour to be very much like her; and this opinion was confirmed yesterday when we met again.'

We collect from a letter from Lord Camelford, of Dec. 14th, 1792, to Mr. Pitt, that one of her objects in visiting England was more fatal to her dignity than being seen at Court, namely, to procure pecuniary relief from the House of Hanover. 'It does not appear,' remarks Lord Stanhope, 'that any present aid was afforded to her. But when, in 1806, Cardinal York, in consequence of the French invasion, had found it requisite to leave Rome, and to forego his ecclesiastical revenues, the King, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt, granted a yearly pension of 4,000*l.* to the last of the Stuarts. The Cardinal died in 1807. Then Lord Hawkesbury wrote, announcing that a part of this

pension, 1,600*l.* a year, would be continued by His Majesty to the Countess of Albany!'[1]

Alfieri is silent as to this episode, and both M. de Reumont and M. Saint René Taillandier revert to it with an expression of regret, as wanting in self-respect and derogatory to the widow of the rival claimant of the crown. It appears from her journal, that the pair meditated an expedition to Scotland, where she wished to see the spots consecrated by the heroism or misfortunes of the Stuarts and their adherents, and that the intention was abandoned in consequence of the bad weather. Alfieri attributes the abridgment of their tour to pecuniary difficulties. Two-thirds of their revenue was derived from French investments, paid in *assignats*, the current value of which was rapidly dropping down to zero. 'In August, therefore, before quitting England, we made a tour to Bath, Bristol, and Oxford, and returning to London a few days afterwards, we re-embarked at Dover.' Wherever they went, the Countess made a point of seeing the picture galleries, statues, monuments, and remarkable objects of all sorts; and her recorded impressions of these show that she was endowed with a genuine love of art and a highly cultivated taste.

This was Alfieri's fourth visit to England. During the third he made diligent inquiries for the heroine of the second, but could learn nothing of her. As he was on the point of quitting the country for the last time, accident brought about what he had long desired and sought in vain. The first object that met his eye on the strand at Dover was this very woman, 'still most beautiful.' On arriving at Calais, he wrote to her to express the sentiments of regard he still entertained, and his regret to hear that her way of life was not in accordance with her birth and connexions, deepened by

[1] 'Life of Pitt,' vol. ii. p. 182.

the fear that he had been in some respect the cause. Her answer reached him in Brussels, and he prints it to give an idea of her 'original, and obstinate, evilly-inclined character, rare enough in that class, especially in the fair sex. But everything contributes to the grand study of the bizarre species of mankind.' The letter, which is in French, comforts him by the avowal that the writer is not unhappy, and feels rather grateful to him than the contrary for delivering her from a world which never suited her. She says she is happy with her books, her drawings, her music, and the affection of the best of brothers. She concludes thus:

'I have often, during the last two years, been pleased to hear you spoken of both at London and Paris, where your writings, which I have not yet been able to procure, are admired and esteemed. It is said you are attached to the Princess with whom you travel, who, judging from her ingenuous and intellectual physiognomy, seems well fitted to make the happiness of a soul as sensitive and delicate as yours. It is also said that she is afraid of you (I clearly recognise you in that): without desiring it, or perhaps without being aware of it, you have irresistibly this ascendant over all who love you. I wish you, from the bottom of my heart, the continuation of the blessings and real pleasures of this world; and if chance should bring about another meeting, I shall always have the greatest satisfaction in learning thus much from yourself. Adieu! PENELOPE.'

The quondam lover must have been in an unforgiving and uncongenial mood when he discovered traces of original ineradicable sin in this epistle.

After the 10th of August, 1792, Paris became an unsafe as well as a disagreeable place of abode; but it was no easy matter to escape from it. Armed with passports from the Venetian and Danish ministers, the only remaining foreign ministers about the phantom of a court, as well as from the sectional authorities, Alfieri and the Countess made the attempt on the 18th of

August. On arriving at the barrier they found four or five soldiers of the national guard with an official who were about to let them pass, when, from a neighbouring pot-house, thirty or forty of the lowest populace rushed out, shirtless, drunk and furious,—

'These, at sight of two carriages loaded with trunks and imperials, and a suite of two woman-servants and three men, cried out that all the rich wanted to fly from Paris and carry off their treasures, leaving the poor to starve. Then began an altercation between the few and wretched guards, and the many and wretched ragamuffins: those to let us out, these to keep us in. I sprang from the carriage into the crowd, armed with all the seven passports, and set about squabbling, shouting, and gesticulating more than they,—a method by which one always gets the better of the French. Angry and excited to the highest pitch, I three times over took back my passport, and repeated at the pitch of my voice: "Look! hear! my name is Alfieri. Italian, not French. Tall, lean, pale, red-haired. I am he! look at me: we have our passports, we have them in full from those who have a right to give them; we demand to pass, and pass we will, *per Dio*."'

The row lasted half an hour, at the end of which they got clear, and made the best of their way beyond the frontier. After a month at Brussels, they went by Germany and Switzerland to Florence, where they permanently established themselves, except during three months when the French occupation of the city caused them to abandon their town house for a neighbouring villa. This did not lessen Alfieri's hatred of the French, so vehemently expressed in his 'Misogallo.' Cornelia Knight relates, that when an order arrived for a stated number of Tuscan youths to be sent to Paris to be educated there with a view to the French service, civil or military, and various expedients for evading the order were discussed, Alfieri suddenly cried out: '*Ammazzarli* (kill them).' A fruitless attempt made by the French Commander-

in-Chief gave occasion for another burst of Misogallicism; and the poet's unsociability increased daily. Over the entrance of his house, for days together, hung a tablet, inscribed: 'Count Alfieri is not at home,'—a mode of preventing interruption not uncommon in Germany. Maturin (the author of 'Bertram,' &c.) was in the habit of sticking a black wafer on his forehead as a warning to his household not to disturb his meditations; but Alfieri's brow, it is said, intimated clearly enough without the wafer when he was not to be crossed or brought down from his poetic heaven with impunity. A ludicrous instance of his irritability is given by Melchior Delfico, the historian of the Republic of San Marino. In the winter of 1795, he was on his way to be introduced to Alfieri by Pindemonte, when they suddenly fell in with the far-famed dramatist and haughty noble on the quay of the Arno, in the act of hotly pursuing and boxing the ears of a boy who had splashed his stockings by throwing a stone into a puddle. Delfico thanked Pindemonte, and said that the personal knowledge thus obtained of his illustrious friend was enough.

The provocation may have been greater than appeared, for he was commonly busied with composition during his wanderings, and many of his longer poems were composed piecemeal whilst he was walking or riding. Unlike Dr. Johnson,—who ridiculed the notion that the intellectual powers depended on weather or the direction of the wind,—Alfieri, when he committed his verses to paper, made a note of the state of the atmosphere and the precise tone of mind in which they were produced. In 1795, being then in the forty-sixth year of his age and the twentieth of his literary life, he began studying Greek with his characteristic energy; and read through successively, with the aid of Latin translations, Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Anacreon. He gave up

Pindar in despair, disgusted with the literal prose versions of the lyrics from which he had anticipated so much. The 'Alcestes' of Euripides fastened on his imagination to such an extent that, although he had resolved to write no more dramas, he could not resist the temptation of borrowing the plot for a tragedy. He was particularly proud of having mastered Homer. 'It came into my head that, as every labourer is worthy of his hire, I should bestow a reward on myself, and this ought to be a decoration and an honour, not a gain.' Accordingly, he dubbed himself Knight of Homer, and adopted as his badge a golden collar to be set with jewels engraved with the names of twenty poets ancient and modern, and a cameo representing Homer hanging from it.

In 1794 he took it into his head to come out as an actor, and, with the aid of some new acquaintances, got up a respectable representation of three or four of his plays. His favourite part was 'Saul,' and his pride in the performance recalls that of Voltaire in the part of the Sultan in 'Zaire.' The rarest of all things is a poet who can read or declaim his own verses without undue or misplaced emphasis, and no man had greater need of Hamlet's advice to the players, to 'use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and I may say whirlwind, of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.' We find, as we expected, that overcharged expression was his fault. Goldsmith envied the puppets for attracting attention from himself: Alfieri coveted the admiration bestowed on an improvisatrice, Teresa Bandettini, called the Etruscan Amaryllis.

His passion for horses remained undiminished. Till confined by the gout, he drove a kind of tilbury, dressed in black with a scarlet cloak, his red hair parted from the forehead and falling on his neck. His tone and humour for the day are said to have depended

on the neigh or whimper of the favourite horse which he fed every morning with his own hand.

M. de Reumont acknowledges, with marked reluctance, that all the pastimes of this eccentric genius were not equally innocent or excusable. The stretch of his faculties required them to be occasionally unbent in a manner the most opposite to his habitual tastes and studies. Strange to say, we find him seeking relaxation in a club of both sexes of a not very elevated class where one of the amusements was to make burlesque verses. He actually did duty as secretary of this 'nameless, and worthy to remain nameless, Academy,' as it is called on the title-page of a collection of their 'thoroughly bad poetry.' In one of his own contributions to it, he compares himself, whilst so employed, to Hercules at the distaff. The comparison was true in a double sense. There was an Omphale, perhaps more than one, in the case.

In his verses on 'A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warens,' Moore breaks into a tone of sorrowing indignation to think how ill the practice of poets, moralists and sentimentalists is sometimes found to correspond with their theory:

> 'How, with the pencil hardly dry
> From colouring up such scenes of love
> And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
> And dream, and think through heav'n they rove,
>
> They who can thus describe and move,
> The very workers of these charms,
> Nor seek, nor know, a joy above
> Some Maman's or Theresa's arms.

Alfieri was one of these. The lofty idealism of his passion for his *carissima donna* did not prevent him from indulging in caprices of a less ecstatic and more sublunary kind both at Sienna and Florence; and it is difficult to place implicit evidence in his assurance that no crimination or recrimination ever arose between the

Countess and himself. She may, indeed, have been kept silent, by the fear to which his friend Penelope alludes; or, like Queen Caroline tolerating 'my good Howard,' she may have come to the philosophical conclusion that masculine infidelity neither implies the loss of influence, nor is necessarily influenced by the imagination or the heart. To risk a less favourable hypothesis, she may have had a lurking consciousness that her own conduct would hardly justify her in calling on her lover for a strict and literal account of his. She was always given to coquetry. In 1774, the third year of her marriage, Walpole writes: 'The young Mr. Coke is returned from his Travels in love with the Pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture.' Certain it is that, considerably before Alfieri's death, his successor had been designated, although the notion that his image could be displaced or replaced in his adored and adoring Princess's heart never crossed his mind for a moment. That there, if anywhere, he and he only should be enshrined, was the proudest of his living boasts and the dearest of his dying wishes.

He died on October the 7th 1803, without spiritual aid; and it is insinuated as a reproach to the Countess that she did not encourage or take advantage of sundry religious yearnings which he, a professed freethinker, is reported to have felt. But she herself was an *esprit fort* of the eighteenth century, and their prior relations were not of a nature to qualify her for the austere monitress of his death-bed. Before his remains were committed to the earth, he received a homage which, could he have looked forward a few years, he would have appreciated highly: Chateaubriand, who was passing through Florence, saw and hung over him in his coffin.

By his last will he left everything, 'moveables and immoveables,' gold and silver, books and manuscripts,

to the Countess Louise D'Albany; and by a separate testamentary paper he confided to her exclusively the printing of his literary remains and the guardianship of his literary fame. She fully answered his expectations in these respects, by publishing a carefully corrected edition of his posthumous works, and by procuring him a grave in the Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Bigotry is of no clime, and the Tuscan clergy started objections almost identical with those which were raised by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster against the claim of Byron to a niche in Poets' Corner. The Italian man of genius was more fortunate than our illustrious countryman. The priestly interference, which proved paramount in Protestant England, was summarily set aside in Roman Catholic Tuscany. Alfieri was buried alongside of Machiavelli, and Canova was engaged to construct a monument, which Lord Broughton has pronounced to be one of the heaviest productions of his chisel. On one side of the base is the inscription: 'Victorio Alferio Astensi Aloisia e Principibus Stolbergis Albonię Comitissa M. P. C., An. MD. CCCX.'

On the 24th November, 1803, the Countess writes thus to Count Baldelli:

'You may judge, my dear Baldelli, of my grief, by the manner in which I lived with the incomparable friend I have lost. It will be seven weeks next Saturday, and it is as if this misfortune had befallen me yesterday. You who have lost an adored wife may conceive what I feel. I have lost all consolation, support, society, all, all? I am alone in this world, which has become a desert for me.'

We should be loth to suppose that much of this alleged grief was simulated; for the human heart is strangely given to self-deceit in such matters, and prone to pronounce itself inconsolable when the means of consolation are in actual use or immediately at hand. 'There are certain tears which often deceive ourselves

after having deceived others.' It would not be learned from M. de Reumont's polished and over-charitable pages, but the fact is no less plain, says M. St. René Taillandier, that she loved Fabre before Alfieri had descended to the tomb. It is clear also that the constantly increasing misanthropy of the poet had condemned her to a solitude uncongenial to her tastes.

One of the worst consequences of an illicit passion is the habit of self-indulgence engendered by it. The hallowed charm of authorised affection, necessarily wanting to the tie, is supplied rather than compensated by gallantry and flattery, by a constant succession of excitements which resemble opium-eating or dram-drinking in their ultimate effects. Their sudden cessation leaves a feeling of exhaustion which must be relieved, an aching void which must be filled up in some manner, adequately or inadequately; and the dear deceased is simply paying the posthumous penalty for his own transgression when his pedestal is occupied by the image of another:

> In her first passion woman loves her lover,
> In all the others what she loves is love.
> It grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
> And fits her loosely, like an easy glove.

A few months after Alfieri's death, Fabre was installed in his place in the hotel of the Lung' Arno, the *Casa di Alfieri*, as it is still called. He was a painter of some reputation in his profession, an exquisite judge of art, a man of sense and honour, with a highly cultivated mind; but there was nothing poetic in his appearance or character, nothing to catch the imagination, to fascinate, to charm. He was thirty-seven in 1803, and the Countess fifty-one; a disparity which helps to explain, without excusing, her attachment. '*On ne compte d'ordinaire la première galanterie des femmes que lorsqu'elles en ont une seconde.*' If the second ought ever to bear the accumulating responsibility of the first,

it is when a Fabre succeeds an Alfieri; but there was no social protest, no outward and visible sign of even conventional repugnance to the change.

When great ladies, separated from their natural protectors by death or exile, were flying from country to country, and constantly on the move, a still wider licence was tacitly accorded to them. At all events, they claimed it, and conceded it to one another, and in too many instances the Countess of Albany would have been prepared with a telling retort, had her female friends ventured to fling her pet painter in her teeth. Far from thinking of such a thing, they made a point of paying him, through her, the prettiest attentions. The Duchess of Devonshire sends him an engraving by way of *souvenir*, or asks anxiously about his gout; and Madame de Staël writes: 'I request you to speak of me to M. Fabre, who inspired me with a great desire to be made intimately acquainted with him.' Indeed, the society at the *Casa Alfieri* was never so brilliant as when, to modern apprehension, it had become unworthy of its name. The most eminent of the Italian nobility were its *habitués*; and all travellers who had any claim to the distinction hastened to inscribe their names on her visiting list. Several have recorded their impressions of her. Lamartine, speaking of her in 1810, says that nothing at this period recalled either the queen of an empire or the queen of hearts:

'She was a little woman whose figure had lost all lightness and all elegance. The features of her face, too rounded and too obtuse, also preserved no pure lines of ideal beauty. But her eyes had a light, her fair hair a tint, her mouth an attraction, all her physiognomy an intelligence and a grace of expression which made you remember if they no longer made you admire. Her soft manner of speaking, her easy manner, her reassuring familiarity, raised at once those who approached her to her level. You did not know whether she descended to yours or elevated you to hers, there was so much nature in her bearing.'

In Paul Louis Courier's 'Works' is a note of a *Conversation chez la Comtesse d'Albany* in 1812. The subject is the relative superiority of the warrior and the artist, the interlocutors being the Countess, Fabre, and Courier. The controversy is supported with great spirit, but internal evidence justifies a suspicion that much of the conversation is imaginary. Still it proves the estimate formed by the reporter of their respective powers. In this year, 1812, began her acquaintance with Ugo Foscolo, which soon ripened into warm friendship, and would have formed a conspicuous epoch in her biography had it not been thrown into the shade by the more glorious memory of Alfieri. It was, notwithstanding, more to her lasting honour in one respect. The highly beneficial influence which she exercised, for the second time, over an eccentric genius, was acquired without any unbecoming sacrifice on her part. No feminine weakness obliging her to humour his self-love, her advice is uniformly sound:

'You are too much occupied with what is said, and with what is written in the journals. If you make good books, no one will make them bad. Have not people taken it into their heads to write against Racine, who cannot be dethroned? He is more solidly established than the kings of the earth.'

All who knew her are agreed that her conversational powers were of the highest order; and her admirers claim for her the credit of having done more than any woman of her time to centralise and generalise the art and literature of the most enlightened nations, and confer a cosmopolitan character on European thought. It was to the change operated in great measure through her instrumentality that Sismondi alludes when writing to her from Geneva shortly before her death:—'Your Florentines are beginning to return the visits we formerly paid them; without doubt the mass still slumbers and lives from day to day, society lacks interest,

but there is, notwithstanding, a perceptible progress in men's minds; this mingling of nations, this reciprocal sympathy with which they mutually watch each other, will end by introducing amongst all what is good, by destroying in all what is bad, so far at least as enlightenment can triumph in the long run over petty passions and petty interests.'

The importance attached to her *salon* is sufficiently established by the flattering persecution it entailed upon her. In May, 1809, she received an imperial order to repair to Paris without delay. She came, accompanied by Fabre, and at her first audience with the Emperor was thus addressed: 'I know your influence over the society of Florence. I know also that you employ it in a sense adverse to my policy: you are an obstacle to my projects of fusion between the Tuscans and the French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for fine arts.' She was not allowed to return to Florence till November, 1810.

She died there on the 29th January, 1824. By her will, after leaving, as remembrances, some object or other to each of her relatives and principal friends,—a service of china to one, a cameo to a second, a portrait to a third, and so on,—she constitutes Fabre her universal legatee, as fully and completely as she had been constituted the universal legatee of Alfieri. The result was that all the books, manuscripts, statues, paintings, medals, curiosities, and rarities of all sorts, that had been collected by Charles Edward and Alfieri, became the property of the French painter. After raising a monument to the Countess, he resolved to return to his native country; and after presenting the poet's manuscripts to the city of Florence, he obtained leave from the Grand Duke to carry off the rest of his treasures, the whole of which he subsequently made over to his native city of Montpelier. The municipality

caused a building to be constructed for their reception and that of the donor, who resided in it till his death in 1837. He is described as cold, discreet, disdainful, tormented by the gout, angry at the revolution of July, and though always respectful towards the Countess, avoiding all mention of her name. Such was the foundation of the *Musée Fabre*, from which the most valuable of the materials for M. de Reumont's work and M. Saint René Taillandier's articles have been derived.

We are not aware that we can add any reflection that will not spontaneously occur to the majority of readers. The Countess's life, with all its crosses and alternations of fortune, is deficient in romantic interest, as well as in moral weight; for her character was essentially prosaic: she preferred the real to the ideal; and we nowhere find that she sacrificed for a passion, or a sentiment, any one solid comfort or advantage that she could command or retain. If she had been endowed with much fancy or imagination, delicacy or sensibility, the notion (carried out by her last will) of making the French painter the personal representative of the royal husband and the poet-lover, would have been rejected with a shudder if suggested to her. Yet she had as much heart and soul as many women who have filled a larger space in history. She was the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. She inspired Alfieri: she controlled Foscolo: she thwarted Napoleon: she gave Italian thought a standing-point: she strengthened it by a rich infusion of foreign elements, and she mingled minds on an admitted footing of equality with the very first spirits of her day.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND'S RECOLLECTIONS.

(From the QUARTERLY REVIEW, Jan. 1872.)

Recollections of Past Life. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., &c. &c., President of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. London, 1872.

'WE stand'—exclaimed Burke, addressing the House of Commons in 1782—'we stand where we have an immense view of what is and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of its progress. He was in 1704 of an age, at least, to be made to comprehend such things.' . . . 'Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day.'

Change Lord Bathurst for Sir Henry Holland: take the seventy-one years of the present century instead of the sixty-eight dating from 1704, and you have a longer and more momentous period brought vividly within the memory of one man. In 1800, Sir Henry Holland was in his twelfth year, with a mind actively awake to the rush, stir and tumult of the times. It has since been his lot to watch the shifting fortunes, the alternating decline and progress, of mighty nations

and communities in every quarter of the globe—to find the political and social aspect of the civilised world transformed three or four times over—to see thrones rocking and dynasties overthrown—the rise and fall of two empires, two monarchies, and three or four republics, in France—the prostration, division, revival, union, and triumph of Germany—confusion worse confounded, the normal state of things, in Spain—the prolonged struggle of nationality and civil liberty against foreign and spiritual domination in Italy—the fairest provinces of America desolated in the names of freedom and humanity—Europe in arms to decide a fantastic point of military honour—the clearest principles of international law deliberately violated or cynically set aside—the lust of conquest let loose; and no sound constitutional government discoverable from one end of the Continent to the other, except in two or three small States, whose individual existence would not be worth a week's purchase if the struggle for warlike supremacy or territorial aggrandisement should recommence.

True, he has seen England weather storm after storm: the cotton famine causing no perceptible diminution of her wealth: the Indian mutiny restoring and confirming the prestige of her arms and the conviction of her power: the ease with which Fenianism has been kept under, showing that it might be stamped out, like the cattle-plague, if England should get angry and rise in her might. He sees her now, proudly (we trust, not vainly) secure in her island independence, enjoying a greater amount of prosperity and rational freedom than ever fell to the lot of any other people, ancient or modern. But the political barometer points to 'stormy;' there is a fearful chasm between the very rich and the very poor which widens as we gaze upon it: the war between capital and labour may at any moment become internecine: English Socialism

bears an awkward resemblance to French Communism: the republican spirit stalks abroad unabashed: we have contracted the dangerous habit of estimating institutions, the most time-honoured, the most suited to our habits, by their cost: opinions, especially destructive opinions, ripen with startling rapidity; and considering the green old age of the reminiscent, he may be apostrophised in the very words of Burke: 'Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect or cloud the setting of his day.'

If unparalleled opportunities for observation, if the widest possible experience of human nature under every imaginable variety of form and influence, could qualify a man to penetrate to the occult causes and probable results of the scenes he has witnessed, of the events that have come to pass in his time, Sir Henry Holland should be exceptionally endowed with that 'mystical lore' which the sunset of life gave to the Scottish seer, should be able to forecast the future whilst throwing a flood of fresh light on the present and the past. He has been everywhere: he has seen everything: he has known everybody. 'Survey mankind from China to Peru!' Why, he has surveyed mankind from the North Pole to the South, in both hemispheres, in all climes, in all degrees of latitude. He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times; travelled over more than 26,000 miles of the American continent; made four expeditions to the East, including Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem; three tours in Algeria, two in Russia, two in Iceland, several in Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, and voyages without end to the Canary Isles, the West Indies, Madeira, Dalmatia, &c., with (to use his own words) 'other excursions which it would be useless to enumerate.' He has visited, he tells us, and most of them repeatedly, every capital in Europe; and in every

capital he has been drawn, as by a kind of natural fitness or affinity, into the circle most eminent for rank, birth, genius, learning, accomplishment, and fame.

Candide was somewhat surprised at Venice to find that he had been supping with six ex-royalties. Sir Henry Holland would think nothing of it. He has seen so much of august and illustrious personages—of kings and emperors, ex or actual—that it would require an effort of charity or philosophy on his part not to hold them cheap. At Rome in 1814 he was in daily intercourse with Charles IV. of Spain, his Queen, the Infante, and Godoy—the Queen of Etruria, a Princess of Sardinia, a Prince of Saxe-Gotha, the ex-King of Holland, Lucien Bonaparte and his wife, Cardinal Fesch, Prince Poniatowski. He was professionally consulted by the Queen of Spain and Godoy, and was presented with a rosary as a mark of favour by the Pope. In 1818, he fell in at Spa with the Emperor Alexander, the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, the Duc de Richelieu, Hardenberg, and Talleyrand. He made the acquaintance of Leopold I. of Belgium beside the couch of the Princess Charlotte. In the spring of 1831 he was hastily summoned to a house in Holles Street, and found there a young man labouring under gastric fever, and a lady hanging over his bed. They turned out to be Prince Louis Napoleon (now ex-Emperor) and his mother, Queen Hortense. Besides royal and princely patients, he can boast of six Prime Ministers of England, with a host of continental statesmen, including Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Guizot, Palmella, Bulow, and Drouyn de Lhuys:

'Such practice cannot occur without a certain knowledge of political events, and occasional anticipation of changes not yet obvious to the public eye. Several instances of this kind come to my memory, connected chiefly with changes

of Ministry at the time. I refrain from mentioning details; nor would they now in truth have any value, save in showing how largely bodily temperament has its share with mental in the government of the world; and how many anomalous incidents of history may find possible or probable solution in the fluctuating health of the actors concerned in them. When reading the histories of the great revolutions of the world, as well as the biographies of eminent men, such suggestions have often occurred to me.'

This is a tantalising, provoking passage; intimating that information of the most interesting kind has been withheld from (we cannot say false) notions of delicacy. We know full well how largely and powerfully bodily temperament acts upon the mind; how often fears of the brave and follies of the wise may be resolved into gout, indigestion, or catarrh. 'Our happiness,' remarked a Turkish lady to Boswell, 'depends on the way in which our blood circulates.' And so may our courage, our virtue, our imagination, or our intellect. Undeniably true is the materialist doctrine (not necessarily leading to materialism) that a single grain of matter in the sensorium, might have made a coward of Bayard and a raving idiot of Pascal. The irresolution of Napoleon at Borodino was notoriously owing to stomach. According to Hoffman, who was close to the scene of action, the Emperor's *coup d'œil* on the third day at Dresden was perceptibly impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions; and the nature of the complaint which reduced him to comparative inactivity at Waterloo is the subject of a curious note by M. Thiers. The collapse of the Chatham Administration of 1766 was caused by suppressed gout. During the delivery of the speech to which he made his famous reply in the debate on the Coalition in 1783, Pitt was vomiting behind the Speaker's chair. It immeasurably enhances our estimate of Nelson's heroism to know that he was a frequent sufferer from sea-sickness. Mr. Croker

plausibly maintained that it was impossible to be a great man without being a good sleeper; his favourite examples being Napoleon, Pitt, and Wellington.

Instance upon instance, throwing light upon what Sir Henry terms the anomalous incidents of history, must be included amongst his recollections of the six premiers. He could probably account, in the simplest manner, for what has hitherto seemed unaccountable; why one of them (Lord Russell) wrote that imprudent letter which fell amongst his party like a bomb-shell, or another (Lord Palmerston) made that angry speech which precipitated his fall. It was simply because their guide, philosopher, and doctor was not called in an hour sooner, because the blue pill or colchicum was administered too late.

But he rightly, if unluckily, deems that a physician's lips should be sealed like a confessor's. Recollections and reminiscences are commonly entertaining in proportion to their indiscretion; and he is never indiscreet. He carries reticence almost to a fault, rarely indulging in even a stray anecdote; and although his impressions of celebrated persons are freely and fairly given, his conversations with them are carefully kept back. He might take to himself, without the change of a word, the imitative self-commendation of Pope:

> 'Envy must own I live among the great,
> No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of State,
> With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
> Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats:
> To help who want, to forward who excel;
> This all who know me know, who love me, tell.' [1]

To live among the great as Sir Henry Holland has lived, to hold the social and intellectual position which he has held for sixty years, requires tact, temper, sound and varied knowledge, a wide range of sympathies, liberality of thought and feeling, independence of tone and bearing,—in short, the very combination of

[1] Imitated from Horace. *Serm. Lib.* 2.

qualities reflected in his Recollections; and it will be found both curious and instructive to trace the growth and formation of his character. We shall also endeavour to compensate for his reserve by bringing together from other sources, oral and printed, some scattered traits and desultory notices of his contemporaries, which might otherwise pass gradually into oblivion or obscurity.

He was born at Knutsford, on the 27th of October, 1788, of respectable parentage, as we collect from the incidental mention of the old family house of Sandlebridge, and sent to school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he remained four years, making apparently good use of his time; for on being transferred to Dr. Estlin's school at Bristol, he was named head-boy at once, in succession to John Cam Hobhouse, the late Lord Broughton. This position required to be maintained, like the championship of England, by the fist; and he settled the difficulty by challenging two boys to fight at once. The combat never came off, but the bravado served his purpose, and *tam Marte quam Mercurio* might have been his well-earned motto at starting. Besides a smattering of the classics, which he afterwards improved into scholarship, he received his introduction to physical science in his school days, and the first chemical experiment that interested him was the effect of laughing-gas.

The choice of a profession is too frequently a matter of caprice or accident. The popular and successful physician was within an ace of becoming a trader, being actually under articles to a mercantile firm at Liverpool, when his better genius interposed, and sent him to study medicine at Edinburgh, where he graduated in the autumn of 1811. Three years were yet wanting of the age required for admission to the College of Physicians, and he resolved to employ the interval in

indulging that love of travel which may be well called the master-passion of his life; for at a subsequent period, when he was rising into practice, he came to the bold resolution of taking two months out of every year for a trip. He began with Iceland, and we must do him the justice to say that he was no holiday excursionist, no idler by the way. He broke away from the beaten tracks into comparatively unknown regions at a time when the beaten tracks presented difficulties enough to give scope for the full spirit of enterprise.

There is a well-authenticated anecdote that, no longer ago than 1829, the late Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, having occasion for a man of proved energy, gave the preference to a barrister (Mayne) on hearing that he had made the grand tour during the long vacation. The grand tour might now be completed, without extraordinary exertion, in a month; but the stock of impressions which the hurried tourist by rail and steam brings back with him, will be found meagre in the extreme, his main object being to be able to say that he has seen certain places which (according to a well-known suggestion of Sheridan's) he might as well say without seeing them. The charm of the old mode of travelling by malleposte, eilwagen, diligence, or vetturino, was in lingering by the road, in getting acquainted with the intervening country, in being shaken up with strange companions, in seeing something of the manners and customs of the people; and we rather wonder that the monotony of the present mode did not pall on Sir Henry when he had gone the full length of his tether in the same direction three or four times over.

There are 'The Art of Travel' of Mr. Galton, and the 'How to Observe' of Miss Martineau, both abounding in valuable hints; but we were not the less eager to learn what Sir Henry Holland had to say upon the same subject, and how far his experience

confirms their suggestions or advice. At the same time, large allowances must be made for the differences of physical strength; since one man might be prostrated by an amount of privation and fatigue of which another would make light. Some fifteen years since we happened to encounter at Cologne an eminent member of the Bar, afterwards a distinguished ornament of the Bench (Willes), who had come from England by a night boat, *en route* for Copenhagen with Sir Henry Holland. They were to proceed without stopping to their destination, and our learned friend was so dead-beat already that (as he privately confided to us) his most fervent prayer was that there would be a hitch about the passports, which his companion had gone to look after. They unluckily turned out all right, and he was dragged off, looking more like a condemned convict than a pleasure-seeker.

'There are few people,' says Lord Macaulay, when accounting for the intimacy of Warren Hastings with the Baroness Imhoff, 'who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony—a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are quarrelling and flirting.' Sir Henry was driven to none of them: he did not over-eat himself; he did not flirt or quarrel; he was never weary of the waves. A voyage was to him 'a life of open space, pleasantly passed in walking, reading, gazing on the sea and skies, and *sleeping*—a word I put into italics, as emphasising what I have felt as the most genial of the many forms of sleep.' He had also the invaluable resource of writing articles for Reviews; which have largely benefited by the gift (as it may well be termed) of concentrating the thoughts under such circumstances: of giving definite shape in the cabin to

the preparatory reading of the road.[1] Carrying few books, he touchingly records the loss of one which he prized as Parson Adams prized his Æschylus. 'A little volume of Burns, cherished from long familiarity, was swept overboard by a huge Atlantic wave, during a run from Teneriffe to another of the Canary Isles in a half-decked boat. A good daughter replaced it by another copy for my next voyage; but I would rather have lost many things of greater nominal value than this little fellow-traveller of former times.' When sleep is the object, he gives it as the result of his experience that the sonnet is the most effective soporific, in whatever language it may be written. We should have given the preference to the epic in blank verse. He is silent as to the rest of his equipment, leaving us in doubt whether he travelled *impeditus*, like a Sybarite, with a portable bath, or *expeditus*, like Sir Charles Napier (the General), who required nothing but what might be contained in a knapsack, and when, on his arrival at Calcutta, Lord Dalhousie intimated that there was time for a bath before dinner, replied that he had undergone a good wash at Alexandria.

It was said of one travelled physician that he was wont to start for a two months' trip with a clean shirt in one pocket and a box of pills in the other, frequently forgetting the shirt. This could never apply to Sir Henry Holland, who, meet him when and where you would—in New York or Norway, the prairie or the desert, on the mountain or the main—was invariably attired with the same neatness and trimness, and in identically the same costume in which he may be seen at all seasons on his way down Brook-street or at his club.

In 'Evenings at Home,' that pearl of books composed for the instruction of the young, is a story entitled

[1] See 'Essays on Scientific and other subjects contributed to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews.' By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., etc. etc. London, 1862.

'Eyes and No Eyes; or, The Art of Seeing.' Two boys take the same walk, over the heath and through the meadows, by the river-side. The one, on being interrogated, has nothing to say but that he thought it very dull, and had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road. The other has passed a delightful evening, finding objects of interest in every aspect of nature that met his view. He had traced the remains of a Roman camp, and brought back his handkerchief full of curiosities. 'And so it is,' moralises the tutor; 'one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different parts, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind.'

Unfortunately minds of the Franklin cast are rare. On a division between *Eyes* and *No Eyes*, the *No Eyes* would have it hollow. 'How little,' remarked Johnson, 'does travel supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled; how little to Beauclerk!' *Boswell*—'What say you to Lord Charlemont?' *Johnson*—'I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and *that* was of a large serpent in one of the Pyramids of Egypt.' The reason why the great majority of travellers bring back nothing, is that they take out nothing. There is a Spanish proverb, that he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him; meaning that he must have capital to trade with. Just so, a traveller perfectly qualified for a wide range would go far towards realising Imlac's conception of a poet, which Rasselas pronounced an impossibility. He should at least be a good modern linguist, a classical

scholar, a geographer, and a geologist; he should possess a smattering of chemistry, a cultivated taste for art, and a fair stock of historical reading. In short, he should be a man of letters and a man of science, or his journey may prove both objectively and subjectively barren: he will see nothing in external nature beyond the surface, and no associations will be awakened by the genius of the place.

In looking for the site of Dodona, Sir Henry Holland came upon that of the oracle of Nymphæum, near Apollonia, similarly described by the ancients as a fountain of fire. His attention was attracted by an extensive and thick deposit of asphaltum (mineral pitch) and, close at hand, a small circular pool of water, which seemed almost as if boiling from the volumes of gas escaping:

'Knowing well the nature of this gas, I struck a light and applied it to some of the bubbles, kindling a flame which speedily spread itself over the pool, to the great admiration of my Albanian guards;—a flame which disclosed immediately the secret as well as the site of the oracle of Nymphæum. It is in some sort an offence against classical lore to reduce these mysteries to the vulgar level of coal-gas, even expressed under the learned name of hydro-carbon. But science is harsh in its demands for reality, and ministers very little to the poetry of human life, still less to its superstitions. Julius Cæsar must have passed close to Nymphæum, on his march from Apollonia to the passes of Pindus. But the great Dictator was not a man to halt on his way for the responses of an oracle.'

Here was a discovery requiring a combination of classical, geographical, and scientific knowledge.

'Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
* * * *
And hence the charm historic scenes impart,
Hence Tiber awes and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale,
In wild Vaucluse, with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.'

'Far from me, and from my friends,' exclaims the great moralist, 'be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue.' The self-same indifference which he deprecates, may be caused by ignorance. How many will use the new route by Brindisi, without once thinking of Horace's journey to Brundusium! How many have stopped at Corfu, or coasted the Isles of Greece, without referring to the Odyssey! How numerous are those whose patriotism would *not* gain force upon the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would *not* grow warmer among the ruins of Iona! As for the fine arts, nineteen out of twenty of the well-dressed mob who lounge through the Louvre, the Pitti Palace and the Vatican, would own, if they were frank, that they were performing a piece of task-work; and that, for want of artistic education or cultivated taste, they agreed at bottom with Lord Byron, when he writes: 'You must recollect that I know nothing of painting and detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen or think it possible to see.'

Endowed with most of the qualifications principally in request, there was one which Sir Henry found it convenient to keep back. Except when humanity required him to act in that capacity, he discreetly suppressed the doctor, especially in the East, where, he says, the professional demands made upon him by pashas and their subordinates were an absurd mockery of practice, to which the term ludicrous is the lightest that can be applied. 'Conversation on poisons with Ali Pasha, designedly but warily brought on, ended by his asking me whether I knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. The instant and short answer I gave that, "as a physician I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it," was probably,

as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it.'

Law is proverbially a jealous mistress, and we have been wont to fancy Medicine equally strict in requiring the exclusive and unremitting attentions of her votaries. We should have thought that, if a physician were in the habit of going away for months together at stated intervals, his patients would call in another, or take an unfair advantage of his absence to get well. But Sir Henry experienced no diminution of fees from the bold scheme of life he had laid down; nay, he was speedily in a condition to assign a limit to his practice: to say, thus far shall it go, and no farther; to declare that it should never exceed five thousand pounds a year; and to feel that he could easily have exceeded that very respectable maximum if he thought fit. He attributes this exceptional privilege of combining profit with pleasure to the degree in life of his patients, mostly denizens of May Fair, who migrated with the season; but we think he may fairly take credit for the confidence he inspired, and the comfort they derived from consulting one who cheered and soothed instead of frightening or depressing them.

We collect from another passage, what indeed was tolerably well-known already, that he visited the statesmen, the orators, the celebrities, the fine ladies, the stars of all sorts that glitter on his page, not merely as a medical adviser, but as a friend. 'The practice of a West-end physician in London (he frankly admits) abounds in cases which give little occasion for thought or solicitude, and are best relieved by a frequent half-hour of genial conversation.' This will go far towards explaining the prosperous result of the experiment which he thus exultingly records:

'My early resolution as to this matter of travel, steadily

persevered in, has proved a gain to me through all succeeding life. I have come back each year refreshed in health of body and mind, and ready for the ten months of busy practice which lay before me. On the day, or even hour, of reaching home from long and distant journeys, I have generally resumed my wonted professional work. The new methods of intercommunication since steam and electricity have held empire on the earth, often enabled me to make engagements for the very moment of my return. I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights—not more than 200 miles from the frontiers of Persia—where the 10,000 Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge, to take me to a consultation in Sussex-square; the communication in each case being made from points on my homeward journey. More than once in returning from America, I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station.'

Of moving accidents by flood and field,—he once narrowly escaped shipwreck in a Greek brig, which, two days afterwards, was nearly captured by a pirate. In crossing a crevasse in Iceland, on a bridge of congealed snow, one of his legs went through, and he was saved by the adroit use of their snow-poles by his guides. He was robbed of his portmanteau, containing journals, sketches, and plans, at the instigation of Ali Pasha, who had reasons of his own for wishing to become acquainted with the contents. He was occasionally arrested on suspicion; and he had two fair chances of being swallowed up by earthquakes. An eager inspector of battle-fields, he was never present at an action; and he says: 'I can even affirm (although without boasting of it) that I have never fired gun or pistol in my life, either as sportsman or in any other capacity.' He therefore could not have been the physician who, complaining to Sydney Smith that

he had failed in killing some pheasants that had confidently alighted in the little wood at Combe Florey, was reproachfully reminded that he might have prescribed for them.

Chronological arrangement has been altogether disregarded in these reminiscences, and any attempt to weave them into a regular narrative would be embarrassing from their desultory character and their multiplicity. Sir Henry's Travels in Portugal, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, and Greece were published in 1815, when we find Mrs. Piozzi writing to a Welsh baronet from Bath:

'We have had a fine Dr. Holland here. He has seen and written about the Ionian Islands, and means now to practise as a physician, exchanging the Cyclades, say we wits and wags, for the sick ladies. We made quite a lion of the man. I was invited to every house he visited at for the last three days. So I got the *queue du lion*, despairing of *le cœur*.'

His reputation had preceded the publication of this book. On his return to England, in 1814, he formed the acquaintance, which speedily ripened into friendship, of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, at whose houses he fell in with a brilliant and unbroken succession of notabilities. Madame de Staël was the novelty who, next to Byron, attracted the largest amount of homage; so much so that to be publicly associated with her was a recommendation in itself.

'I first met her at a great dinner at Bridgewater House; whence the party adjourned in the evening to the opening of the British Gallery, of which our host the Marquis of Stafford was then President. The accident of her taking my arm during our stay in the crowded Gallery made me a witness of the curious eagerness to see and hear her which prevailed at the time. It also brought me immediately several invitations to meet her in society, from persons whom I had not known before. These things are characteristic, it must be owned, of what may be called foibles, as well as

features, of London life. Time has done little since to alter them.'

Her taking his arm may not have been an accident. Rogers used to tell how she took *his* at a crowded reception at Lansdowne House, and made him stand with her half the evening at the exact spot where she could be best seen and approached. Sir Henry was dining with her at Sir Samuel Romilly's when the news arrived of the entry of the Allied Armies into Paris. 'Her emotion was great, and ardently expressed, though leaving it somewhat doubtful whether pleasure or pain predominated.' Her life had borne this mixed character throughout. In a single passage she thus denotes her mental temperament: 'Calme et animé; ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.' It should be added that she was speaking of Richmond Park.

Coleridge said of ghosts that he had seen too many to believe in them: Madame de Staël, that she feared without believing in them. '*Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains.*' In her case, the ingrained superstition of the nursery was too strong to be overcome by philosophy; in *his*, the consciousness of a morbid condition of mind and body had taught him to distrust the most vivid impressions of the senses as unreal and visionary. Surpassed by many of her sex in fancy, imagination, and delicacy of touch, she may fairly be named as the woman who, by masculine vigour of understanding, in cultivation, comprehensiveness, and power, has done most to rival the boasted superiority of man. Her work on Germany, and her political writings, although M. Thiers terms them the perfection of mediocrity, have never been approached by any female writer in the same line; and it is therefore curious to mark how the feminine love of personal admiration clung to her in the height of her literary fame.

'From my own observation, as well as that of others, I was

led to believe that she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty. She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration. A slip of paper often in her hand, and sedulously twisted during her eager conversation, might be a casual trick of habit, though there were some who gave it a more malicious interpretation. Even admitting this, however, and other foibles, Madame de Staël cannot be otherwise described than as a woman of extraordinary endowments.'

She is reported to have said that she would give all her fame (or her genius) for the power of fascinating; in which she was sadly deficient, as what woman who aims eternally at shining or convincing is not? Speaking of one of the dinner-parties at which he met her, Lord Byron writes: 'We got up too soon after the women, and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner, that we wish her—in the drawing-room.

The heroines of her two celebrated novels, *Corinne* and *Delphine*, were more or less intended for herself. Talleyrand was also represented in *Delphine* under the disguise of a scheming old countess, and on being asked by the authoress whether he had read the book, he replied, '*Non, Madame, mais on m'a dit que nous y sommes tous les deux, déguisés en femmes.*' As Sir Henry Holland must have been familiar with her practice in this respect, we are surprised to find him giving even cursory sanction to a foolish report connecting another person with *Corinne*. Speaking of the parties at Edinburgh during his student days, he says:

'Those of Mrs. Apreece gained for a time a mastery over all others. Coming suddenly to the Scotch capital as a young and wealthy widow—with the reputation and fashions of a continental traveller, at a time when few had travelled at all—acquainted with Madame de Staël, and vaguely reported to be the original of Corinne, then fresh in fame—this lady made herself immediately a circle of her own, and vivified it with certain usages new to the habits of Edin-

burgh life. A stranger to local politics, her parties were largely frequented by the fashion as well as learning of the city, and admission to them eagerly coveted even by the graver departments of science. The story was current of a venerable Professor seen stooping down in the street to adjust the lacing of her boot. My relations of intimacy with her, begun here, were continued after her marriage with Sir H. Davy—a union productive of little happiness—and ended only with her death.'

Before reading this passage, we should have thought it impossible for any one who knew Lady Davy to entertain the notion of her having been the original of *Corinne*. She was a clever, active-minded woman, with popular manners, very vain, and very demonstrative. Foreign literature was certainly not her forte, and some of her comical mistakes in French and Italian are current still. Despite her estimable qualities, therefore, a touch of ridicule clung to her. On hearing that she had been nearly upset from a boat into a lake, Sydney Smith said she was so brown and so dry that she would have turned it all into toast-and-water. On her complaining to Rogers that he had been abusing her, he replied, 'Lady Davy, I pass my life in defending you.' Playfair was the venerable Professor who knelt down in the street to adjust the lacing of her boot; and her Edinburgh experience seems to have inspired her with a notion that she was a constant object of pursuit. Lord Holland had a story of her turning short upon an Italian soldier, who was unconsciously following her at Rome, with '*Infame soldato, que volete?*' She called to a French postilion: *Allez avec votre ventre sur la terre;* and nearly took away a foreign friend's character by the unlucky application of the term *meretrice.*[1]

[1] I heard her, at Mrs. Damer's in Tilney Street, tell a story of her riding on a donkey near Naples, when the wind blew so hard as to carry off garment after garment till, she said, 'I had nothing left but my *seat*'—which was not much.

The story of her second marriage is told in Dr. Bence Jones's history of 'The Royal Institution,' a book abounding in curious and valuable information, to which we shall presently have occasion to recur. In an undated letter to his mother (which Dr. Bence Jones conjectures to have been written about the end of 1811), Davy writes:

'My dear Mother,—You possibly may have heard reports of my intended marriage. Till within the last few days it was mere report. It is, I trust, now a settled arrangement. I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talent, and accomplishments.

. . . . . .

'You, I am sure, will sympathise in my happiness. I believe I should never have married but for this charming woman, whose views and whose tastes coincide with my own, and who is eminently qualified to promote my best efforts and objects in life.'

Early in 1812 Sir Joseph Banks writes to Sir George Staunton in China:

'We are going on here as usual, but I think the taste for science is on the increase. The Royal Society has been well supplied with papers, and continues to be so. Davy, our secretary, is said to be on the point of marrying a rich and handsome widow, who has fallen in love with science, and marries him in order to obtain a footing in the academic groves; her name is Apreece, the daughter of Mr. Carr, who made a fortune in India, and the niece of Dr. Carr, of Northampton. If this takes place, it will give to science a kind of new éclat; we want nothing so much as the countenance of the ladies to increase our popularity.'

The Royal Institution, at all events, has been eagerly countenanced by the ladies, who would be equally ready to attend the meetings of the Royal Society, if any opening were afforded—if the smallest amount of temptation were held out: in the shape, for example,

of a lecture on the Darwinian system, by Owen or Huxley; on heat, by Tyndall; electricity, by Wheatstone; or astronomy, by the President.

On the 9th of April, 1812, Davy was knighted: on the 10th he delivered his last lecture (on the metals) at the Royal Institution; on the 11th he was married. He mentions the knighthood and the marriage with apparent unconsciousness of any necessary connection between the two events; but it was no secret at the time that the powerful friends of the lady had procured the title to smooth away her objections to what she was weak enough to consider a *mésalliance*:

Friday, April 10, 1812.

'My dear Brother,—You will have excused me for not writing to you on subjects of science. I have been absorbed by arrangements on which the happiness of my future life depends. Before you receive this these arrangements will, I trust, be settled, and in a few weeks I shall be able to return to my habits of study and scientific research. I am going to be married to-morrow, and I have a fair prospect of happiness with the most amiable and intellectual woman I have ever known.

'The Prince Regent, unsolicited by me or by any of my intimate friends, was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on me at the last levée. This distinction has not often been bestowed on scientific men; but I am proud of it, as the greatest of human geniuses bore it, and it is at least a proof that the world has not overlooked my humble efforts in the cause of science.'

Two months afterwards, June 12th, he dedicated his 'Elements of Chemical Philosophy' to Lady Davy, 'as a pledge that he shall continue to pursue science with unabated ardour'—an equivocal compliment, even more susceptible of a mischievous interpretation than the well-known and well-meant dedication (Milman's) to a wife, as 'one who has made the poetry of life reality,' *i.e.* converted it into prose. Sir Humphry's pledge, we all know, was religiously kept; and if, in his case, the pursuit of

science was interrupted or impeded by matrimony, the result was undoubtedly not produced by uxoriousness. Domestic harmony is rare when both man and wife have high intellectual pretensions, and neither is disposed to concede the palm of conversational superiority to the other. Not content with differing at home, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy would wrangle in mixed company across a dinner-table. There is not so much as a passing allusion to her in the touching letters to his brother and sister during his last illness.

The ample tribute to the Berry sisterhood from the graceful pen of Lady Theresa Lewis has secured them their full meed of fame. Passing over Sir Henry's notice of them and their *salon*, we turn to his short account of another lady who filled an analogous position, Lydia White, the Lydia of Horace (Twiss). The Berrys came out under the patronage of Walpole. Lady Davy had her own fortune and connections, with (latterly) her second husband's fame, to trade upon. How Lydia White won her position, remains unexplained. It is not everyone, however ready to give dinners to the *élite* of the literary or fashionable world, that can get the *élite* of the literary or fashionable world to dine with them.

'This lively and kind-hearted woman, with no pretence to learning of any kind, and suffering under a disease of which she well knew the certain and fatal issue, yet almost to the last made her house in Park Street the open and welcome resort of the best literary society of the day. Dinner parties elsewhere sent their most approved guests to "look in at Lydia's" in the evening, where all who came were sure of a genial reception, of good society, and thorough freedom from constraint. The whimsical licence of her own speech gave some sanction to it in her guests. Many circles of society have gained fame in memoirs of the time, though less deserving it than the pleasant, open-hearted evenings at Lydia White's.'

The *bon mot* by which she would be remembered

had she never made another, shows that she had some tincture of classical acquirement as well as wit. When the prospects of the Whigs were at the lowest, a party of them were dining at her house, she herself being a decided Tory: 'We are certainly in a bad way,' said Sydney Smith, 'and must do something. We could not do better than sacrifice a Tory virgin.' Intuitively seizing the allusion to Iphigenia, she replied, 'Well I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do *to raise the wind*.'

Lady Holland may be appropriately introduced here; for we agree with Sir Henry that the organisation of dinners, and what may be called the police of the dinner-table, were never brought to greater efficiency than by her:

'The London Season, as it is called, abounds in good dinners and good company; and these dinners take high rank among our social usages. But at Holland House (itself a classical spot) there met almost daily, during a series of years, round a luxurious table, guests, eminent in such various ways that their mere conjunction stamped its character on the society. English and Foreign Ministers and Diplomatists, men of learning and of science, historians, poets, artists, and wits, were so skilfully commingled as to make it sure that none but a master-hand could have accomplished the result.

'The master-hand here was that of the mistress, Lady Holland—a remarkable woman in every way, well-remembered by all who knew her—difficult to describe to those who did not. Supreme in her own mansion and family, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny even over guests of the highest rank and position. Capricious it seemed, but there was in reality *intention* in all she did; and this intention was the maintenance of power, which she gained and strenuously used, though not without discretion in fixing its limits. No one knew better when to change her mood, and to soothe by kind and flattering words the provocation she had just given, and was very apt to give. In this latter case, indeed, she was aided by a native gene-

rosity of mind which never failed to show itself in kindness where kindness was wanted. In my long and intimate knowledge of Lady Holland, I never knew her desert an old friend, whatever his condition might be.

. . . . . .

'Her management of conversation at the dinner table—sometimes arbitrary and in rude arrest of others, sometimes courteously inviting the subject—furnished a study in itself. Every guest felt her presence, and generally more or less succumbed to it.'

This is admirably written, with the finest discrimination of character; but Sir Henry should have added that it often required all the prestige of the company and the place, all the charm of Lord Holland's manner and conversation, to overcome the prevalent feeling of apprehension and restraint. When Lord Dudley was asked his reason for persistently refusing to dine at Holland House, he replied, he 'did not choose to be tyrannised over while he was eating his dinner.' Very many did not like it, though they bore with it; there being always one consolation, that highest and lowest were subject to the same tyranny. She once sent her page round the table to Macaulay, to tell him to stop talking as she wanted to hear Lord Aberdeen. She told Rogers, 'Your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose.' At a dinner in South-street she fidgetted Lord Melbourne so much by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking, that he rose exclaiming, 'I'll be d——d if I dine with you at all;' and walked off to his own house, fortunately at hand. In telling the story he added, 'I was d—d sorry though when I cooled, for she had a good dinner and I had none.'

She requested a celebrated dandy to move a little farther off, on the ground that her olfactory nerves were offended by his blacking; the blacking which he vowed was diluted with champagne. Her

sneer at the Belgians for being so designated, and the prompt retort of M. Van de Weyer, are well known.[1] She never bore malice against those who rebelled against her despotism: indeed, they rather rose in her good graces by a timely exhibition of self-respect; thus fully confirming what Sir Henry Holland says of her native generosity of mind. Rogers distinctly stated (as reported in his 'Table Talk,') that, instead of sending him to put the crucial question to Sir Philip Francis, she put it herself in his (Rogers') presence, and elicited a reply beginning, 'Madam, do you mean to insult me?' She died in 1845; and we wish somebody gifted with her nerve would ascertain the truth of her reported threat, that, if the reminiscent (who was plain Dr. Holland till 1853) by accepting a baronetcy brought another Lady Holland into the field, he should never cross the threshold of Holland House again.[2]

The current of his London life is again suspended in 1814. In the summer of that year he accepted an engagement to attend Caroline, Princess of Wales, as physician during the first year of her intended residence on the Continent. The time was a most exciting one, and the most tempting opportunities were presented to him for observing what was passing behind the scenes. It is disappointing, therefore, to find this episode introduced with the remark: 'I have never been a practised relater of anecdotes, and do not pretend thus late in life to take up that character.' The Princess travelled as became her rank, and was

[1] See vol. i. p. 290.

[2] It would be impossible to form such a society as used to meet in the library at Holland House. The elements are wanting. But a more brilliant company was never assembled than has frequently been grouped about the grounds within the last ten or twelve years; and the liberal hospitality of that classic abode was never more gracefully dispensed than by its present mistress, assisted by the charming aide-de-camp who is about to become its historian.

everywhere received with the honours due to unblemished royalty. Their chosen course towards Italy was by Germany and Switzerland. During a fortnight at Brunswick, he conversed a good deal with the Duke, and remarked in him 'a grave simplicity, tinged with a shade of melancholy, which might almost, by a superstitious observer, have been interpreted as a foreboding of evil at hand.' This realises the picture in 'Childe Harold':

> 'Within a window'd niche of that high hall
> Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
> That sound the first amidst the festival,
> And caught it's tone with Death's prophetic ear.'

The halt of a day at Göttingen enabled Sir Henry to visit the veteran Blumenbach, and to spend some time with him in his museum. 'My visit, hurried as it was, showed me the energy and clearness of his mind, little impaired by years.' Seventeen years afterwards he found him unchanged. 'Pointing to skull after skull of known persons, he said it was impossible to doubt the dependence of mental power and the moral sense on the distribution and quantity of the brain, but he contemptuously disclaimed all belief in "bumps" or in the alleged capability of the professors of phrenology to map out a skull into sections indicative of the minutest shades of character. On coming to the skull of Robert Bruce, he said that, on receiving it by the kindness of a Scotch nobleman, he was puzzled what to make of it, and wrote a hasty note to the librarian requesting that all books relating to the hero might be forwarded without delay. "Judge," he naïvely added, "of my astonishment when informed that a wheelbarrow-full, a first instalment, was on the way."'

One of the many questions in history touching which the contemporary evidence is hopelessly irreconcilable is, when, and from whom, the Congress of Vienna received the first intelligence of the escape of Napoleon

from Elba.[1] Sir Henry Holland has set down the occasion on which the news reached Naples, and would probably have no difficulty in fixing the date. The scene was a Court ball. 'Among the guests was the Countess Walewski, very recently arrived from Elba with her young son; and attracting much attention from her known relation to the great prisoner there, as well as from the graces of her own person and manner. Her sudden presence at Naples, and certain other collateral incidents, excited suspicions without defining them. It was that vague whisper which often precedes some event close at hand.' The arrival of this lady from Elba is a fact bearing on another curious point of history, on the romantic story told by Lamartine of her reception at Fontainebleau, in April 1814:

'Adversity made her lapse from virtue almost sacred and her love more dear. She wrote to Napoleon to ask to see him again and to offer to follow him wherever he might be led by misfortune. He consented to this interview. The night but one before his departure from Fontainebleau, the young woman was introduced by a secret staircase into the saloon adjoining the bedchamber of her lover. The confidential servant announced to his master the presence of her whom he had consented to see again. Napoleon was plunged in the kind of dreamy stupor which absorbed him since his fall. He replied that he would soon in person summon her who braved shame and adversity for his sake. She waited vainly and in tears a long half of the night. He did not summon her. He was heard walking up and down in his room. The servant entered and reminded him of who was waiting. "Let her wait," said the Emperor. Finally, the entire night being spent and the day beginning to threaten to reveal the secret of the assignation, the young woman, repelled, lost in grief, and wounded to the quick, was led back to her carriage by the confidant of her last adieux.'

[1] See vol. i. p. 67.

She must have been of a most forgiving disposition if she afterwards followed her imperial lover to Elba.

Apropos of Monti and Pindemonti, with whom he fell in at Milan, Sir Henry states that, when Lord Byron finally left England, he gave his illustrious countryman a letter to Pindemonti. 'Some months afterwards I received an answer from the latter, affording curious proof how much he had been perplexed by the *perfervidum ingenium* and wayward character of the English poet. No two men could be more diverse in their qualities. I presume that any intercourse between them must speedily have come to an end.' There was no room for presumption. In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated Venice, June 4th, 1817, Lord Byron writes: 'To-day, Pindemonti, the celebrated poet of Verona, called on me. He is a little thin man, with acute and pleasing features; his address good and gentle, his appearance altogether very philosophical, his age about sixty or more. . . . . After having been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to keep off the devil; but, for all that, he is a very nice old gentleman."

Sir Henry's professional connection with Queen Caroline led to his being called as a witness for the defence at the Trial of 1821. He positively stated that he had seen nothing improper or derogatory in her demeanour towards Bergaini or any other person at any time, and stood the cross-examination well. What (he says) struck him most in the great lawyers who conducted the case, was their ignorance of foreign usages and the mistakes into which they were consequently led. He was in unremitting attendance on the Queen during her fatal illness till her death; and he mentions, as one of the strange coincidences of medical life in London, that he was called in to see Mrs. Fitzherbert as a patient not long after he had left

the Princess of Wales, and that he continued to attend her for many successive years.

On his arrival in England, after leaving the Princess, he found a pressing invitation from Lord Amherst to join the embassy to China as physician. This he declined at once; but before regularly beginning his professional career in London, he made a trip to Belgium, Holland, and France, reaching Paris at the most interesting period of the occupation:

'The day after my arrival I witnessed a magnificent military show in the review of more than 30,000 English and Hanoverian troops on the plains of St. Denys, where were repeated certain of the manœuvres of the battle of Salamanca—the Duke of Wellington commanding in person; the Emperors of Russia and Austria, Blucher, Schwartzenberg, Platoff, and many other officers of fame present on the field. Lord Palmerston, then in the early stage of his political life, was among the English spectators of the scene.'

The scene is more fully and rather differently described by Lord Palmerston in one of the journals discovered by Mr. Cowper Temple too late to be incorporated by Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) in the 'Life.' According to Lord Palmerston, the army reviewed by the Duke amounted to 60,000 men, double the number at which it is computed by Sir Henry Holland:

'The Duke of Wellington told me afterwards that he had not even looked at the ground; that he had intended to have done so, but never could find time, and had only a sketch of it made by one of his officers, whom he sent to reconnoitre it. The Duke had given no orders but to appear upon the ground, and there was not a general of division who knew what was to be done. The first thing the Duke did was to change the position of the whole line, advancing it some little distance forward from the ground they had originally taken up. He then gave a sort of representation of his manœuvres at the battle of Salamanca.'

The review was a complete success. There was another, in the October following, with a smaller army (about 28,000), composed of Danes, British, Hanoverians, Saxons, and Prussians. It was a sham fight, and on seeing the red-coats advancing in three lines to the front attack, 'it was not,' says Lord Palmerston, 'national prejudice or mistaken vanity that made us at once exclaim, "How beautiful!"' This review was followed by a dinner:

'When dinner was announced, the Emperor took Lady William Russell, the King (of Prussia) took Lady Worcester. Alexander beckoned to the King to go first. The King refused. The Emperor insisted. The King was obstinate. The ladies looked foolish. The company expected a battle *royal*; when at last Alexander gave a vehement stamp with his foot, and the King, probably recollecting that his own cudgellers were at Sedan, a long day's journey off, consented to take the post of honour and go first. The second day the King said that, as he had given way before, he hoped Alexander would do him *la grace* to take his proper place, which was graciously assented to.'

There were only four ladies present at this dinner, all Englishwomen and wives of English aides-de-camp: Lady William Russell, Lady Worcester, Lady Frances Cole, and Lady Harvey. One of these,[1] remarkable, amongst her numerous gifts and accomplishments, for quick perception and accurate memory, has retained a different impression of the scene. She says that, the dinner being at the Russian head-quarters, the Czar considered himself at home, and therefore requested the King to go first: that the contest was one of smiling courtesy on both sides: that there was no display of temper, no stamping of feet; and that the ladies did not look foolish, which most assuredly one of them never did.

'In January 1816 (continues the reminiscent) I entered on my professional life in London, at the age

[1] Lady William Russell, the 'accomplished lady of rank' mentioned vol i. p. 382.

of twenty-seven, with a fair augury of success, speedily and completely fulfilled.' His success, he adds, was materially aided by visits for four successive years to Spa, at the close of the London season. Spa then nearly monopolised the society which may now be found distributed between Hombourg, Baden Baden, Carlsbad, and a host of other watering-places; and his list of distinguished visitors contains most of the first-rate celebrities of the period.

The prevalent belief in Spiritualism is not more discreditable to the understanding than the belief in luck; i.e. the belief that runs of luck at games, more or less dependent upon chance, may be influenced, modified, or foreseen and turned to account. The majority of practised whist-players believe in packs and seats, namely, that they have a better chance of winning in particular seats or with particular packs; and every continental gambling-table is haunted by speculators who confidently rely on some infallible contrivance for breaking the bank. Benjamin Constant was reduced to this state of mental and moral degradation when Sir Henry Holland saw him at Spa:

'It was melancholy to see a man of his ability passing the total day at the rouge-et-noir table; defrauding himself by those follies of calculation which bring ruin upon so many weaker minds. He was manifestly ashamed of being thus seen, but the seduction was too strong for his will to overcome. There was indeed in Constant a certain moral feebleness and fastidiousness which prevented his ever retaining long together the position to which his intellect and acquirements entitled him. He reasoned and speculated about events eloquently and ingeniously; but had little faculty either of action upon or resistance to them.'

Benjamin Constant may have had recourse to the gambling-table for self-forgetfulness. He had been the devoted friend, more than the friend, of Madame de Staël. They vowed a common hatred to Napoleon,

who had expelled him from the Tribunat with expressions of contempt. Yet at the commencement of the Hundred Days, he submitted to a private interview with the imperial despot, and came forth a confirmed Bonapartist and salaried Counsellor of State.

'In 1818, returning by Paris, I was one of the guests at a dinner there which I have every reason to remember. It was at the house of the Countess Rumford, the widow of Lavoisier, a reminiscence in itself. At the table were seated Laplace, Cuvier, Berthollet, Gay Lussac, and Prony; Madame Laplace, Madame Berthollet, and Mrs. Marcet. Berzelius, whose acquaintance I had made the same day at the Institute, came in the evening.'

In the preface to the work already mentioned, Dr. Bence Jones says of Rumford: 'Not the least strange fact in the history of this original man is that during his life he received no thanks for all that he did for the Royal Institution. Moreover at the present time he is scarcely known as the finder of Davy, and the founder of that place where very many of the greatest scientific discoveries of this century have been made.' It is stranger still that the actual President of the Institution, Sir Henry Holland, should describe Rumford's widow as if her sole title to distinction was derived from her first husband. The life of Rumford, in the clear and terse narrative of Dr. Bence Jones, has all the interest of a romance; and no more striking example of *Self-help* is to be found in the animating, hope-inspiring pages of Mr. Smiles.

The Count, Benjamin Thompson by birth and baptism, born in 1753, the son of an American farmer, was apprenticed, in his thirteenth year, to a general dealer at Salem. He neglected the shop or store, drew caricatures, dabbled in science, kept a school, and was altogether in an unpromising way, when (in his twentieth year) a woman of fortune married him and gave him a position. At the commencement of the War

of Independence he held a major's commission in the insurgent army, but his loyalist opinions led to his proscription; he changed sides, came to England, and was taken into the Secretary of State's office by Lord George Germain, who, in September 1780, made him Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department. The year following he is in command of a regiment of dragoons in Carolina; then Commander-in-Chief of the cavalry under Sir Henry Clinton; and in 1783 his rank and half-pay as colonel in the British Service were confirmed to him for life. He had been simultaneously pursuing his scientific researches, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1778. In the autumn of 1783 he was on his way to Vienna, with the view of taking part in the war between Austria and Turkey, when he attracted the attention of Prince Maximilian, nephew and heir-presumptive of the Elector of Bavaria, and was induced to spend some days at Munich. These he turned to such account that in less than a year the uncontrolled administration of Bavarian affairs, civil and military, was practically confided to him.

The reforms he effected in every department of the State changed its entire aspect. He built barracks and warehouses on plans of his own: he established an excellent police: he suppressed mendicity: he set the finances in order: he put the army on an entirely new footing; and his multiplied adaptations of science to the arts of life were no less remarkable for their utility than their originality.[1] Well-earned honours showered upon him: he was knighted by George III.: he was de-

[1] A highly honourable tribute to the memory of Rumford has been recently paid by Professor Tyndall, who in his valuable work on 'Heat as a Mode of Motion,' says of Rumford's Essay on the Source of Heat, printed in 1798: 'Hardly anything more powerful against the materiality of heat has been since adduced, hardly anything more conclusive in the way of establishing that heat is what Rumford considered it to be, Motion' (p. 581).

corated by several foreign sovereigns: he was made honorary member of several academies, and, after being formally named Chief of the War Department and Lieutenant-General of the royal armies in Bavaria, he received the crowning honour of Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1791. During the next six or seven years he was constantly on the move, and, in the autumn of 1798, having resolved to return to England for the restoration of his health, the Elector appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James'. Lord Grenville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, refused to ratify the appointment of an English subject to this post, and, the Elector dying soon afterwards, nothing more was heard of it.

The Count, after wavering between the United States and England, resolved on settling here, and, along with two or three other schemes of mixed science and philanthropy, set about the foundation of the Royal Institution. The most auspicious event in its annals—the engagement of Davy—is announced by him as just effected through his instrumentality, in a letter dated February 16, 1801. Congeniality of pursuit and aim was not the only point in common between these men. Their domestic destinies were strikingly alike. The relations in which the Countess Rumford and Lady Davy stood to their respective lords, before and during marriage, were almost identically the same. The same self-delusion, the same high hopes, the same bitter disappointment. Alas for science and philosophy! On January 22, 1804, Rumford, who had been eleven years a widower, writes to his daughter from Paris:

'I shall withhold this information from you no longer. I really do think of marrying, though I am not yet absolutely determined on matrimony. I made the acquaintance of this very amiable woman in Paris, who, I believe, would have no objection to having me for a husband, and who in all respects would be a proper match for me. She is a

widow, without children, never having had any, is about my own age, enjoys good health, is very pleasant in society, has a handsome fortune at her own disposal, enjoys a most respectable reputation, keeps a good house, which is frequented by all the first philosophers and men of eminence in the science and literature of the age, or rather of Paris, *and, what is more than all the rest, is goodness itself.*'

His amatory style is colder than Davy's, but allowance must be made for former experience of matrimony and difference of age. It grows a little warmer in the next letter:

'She is fond of travelling, and wishes to make the tour 'of Italy with me. She appears to be most sincerely attached to me, and I esteem and love her very much.'

The marriage did not take place until the 24th October, 1805, and in less than three months (January 15, 1806), he writes:

'Between you and myself, as a family secret, I am not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken, in their marriage, as to each other's characters. Time will show. But, two months barely expired, I forbode difficulties. Already I am obliged to send my good Germans home—a great discomfort to me and wrong to them.'

On the first anniversary of the marriage, he writes to announce the utter failure of the experiment:

'Very likely she is as much disaffected towards me as I am towards her. Little it matters with me, but I call her a female dragon—*simply by that gentle name!* We have got to the pitch of my insisting on one thing and she on another.'

On the second (October 24, 1807), to say that he was literally in hot water:

'I am almost afraid to tell you the story, my good child, lest in future you should not be good; lest what I am about relating should set you a bad example, make you passionate, and so on. But I had been made very angry. A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and

invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house being in the centre of the garden, walled round, with iron gates, I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let anyone in. Besides, I took away the keys. Madame went down, and when the company arrived she talked with them, she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. *After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers.*'

They came to what is called an amicable separation in June 1809, when he utters a wild shriek of liberty: 'I find myself relieved from an almost insupportable burden; and, above all, that eternal contradiction! Oh! happy, thrice happy, am I to be my own man again!'

Amongst Sir Henry Holland's recollections of events or sketches of character critical attention is naturally attracted to those which surprise by novelty or invite comment. In February 1827, he was sent for to Brighton to attend Mr. Canning. On his return he hastened to Lord Liverpool:

'Having satisfied his inquiries as to Mr. Canning, he begged me to feel his own pulse—the first time I had ever done so. Without giving details, I may say that I found it such as to lead me to suggest an immediate appeal to his medical advisers for careful watch over him. The very next morning Lord Liverpool underwent the paralytic stroke which closed his political life. His pulse alone had given me cause for alarm; but there were one or two passages in our half-hour's conversation so forcibly expressing the harassing anxieties of his position, that I could hardly dissociate them from the event which thus instantly followed.'

In the August following he was in attendance on the death-bed of Canning, when the dying statesman said to him, 'I have struggled against this long, but it has conquered me at last.'

'Moi,' exclaimed the lively Frenchman, 'je fais des châteaux en Espagne.' 'Et moi,' replied the

melancholy one, 'j'y fais des *cachots*.' According to Sir Henry Holland the same contrast in temperament existed between Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen:

'The inborn vivacity and optimism of the former (Lord Palmerston) pervaded his life both public and private; rescuing him in great degree from many of those anxieties which press, more or less, upon every step of a minister's career. . . . Lord Aberdeen habitually looked at objects and events through a more gloomy atmosphere. He was wanting in that elasticity of body and spirit so influential in a public career. I recollect, on one occasion, to have seen them as patients in immediate succession for several days together, when this contrast was presented under those strongly marked colours which illness more especially discloses.'

He also bears testimony to Lord Palmerston's extraordinary power of conquering pain, or rather the disabling effects of pain, by dint of volition. 'I have seen him, under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room.'

Of Sydney Smith he says:

'He never looked over again what he had once written; and, as I know, could hardly ever be persuaded to correct the errors of a proof sheet. He revelled in his own manner of handling a subject, and was comparatively careless of its effect on others.'

That Sydney Smith was indifferent to the effect of his writings, is a statement which we should be loth to receive on inferior authority; and Sir Henry surely goes a little too far in naming Robert (the elder brother of Sydney), popularly called Bobus, 'the most accomplished scholar and profound thinker he has

ever known,' which is tantamount to calling him the most accomplished scholar and profound thinker of the nineteenth century. He was personally unknown beyond a select circle; and we cannot consent to place the man who shrank fastidiously from the open arena above the one who (like Sydney Smith) was ready for all comers at all times, although he occasionally got a fall. Yet Mr. Robert Smith's wit, learning, and fine qualities of understanding are beyond dispute. His Latin poems lead Lord Dudley to rank him with Lucretius and Catullus; and we know few things better in sarcastic humour than his well-known description of Joseph Hume and Vansittart (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) as 'Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.' He was a lawyer, an ex-advocate-general, and happened to be engaged in argument with an excellent physician touching the merits of their respective professions. 'You must admit,' urged Dr. ——, 'that your profession does not make angels of men.' 'No,' was the retort; 'there you have the best of it; *yours* certainly gives them the first chance.'

James Smith is mentioned as *the* author of 'The Rejected Addresses.' It was the joint composition of James and his brother Horatio; and their respective shares have been published on authority.[1] Two of the best, the parodies of Scott and Byron, were by Horatio, with the exception of a few lines.

Amongst the Spa reminiscences is one of a man who is still imperfectly understood:

'Those—and there are yet many—who recollect the genial temperament and masculine, though eccentric, intellect of Henry Drummond, will appreciate the pleasure of a fortnight's travel with him through a country new to both. He had eyes and understanding peculiar to himself for all he saw, and language and manner as original as his thoughts. He was a man who could not tread along the highway of common opinion either in religion or politics; but his

[1] In the First Series of these Essays, vol. i. p. 137.

aberrant path was always pursued with honesty as well as vigour.'

If Drummond had heard his path called 'aberrant,' he would have objected that, although error is multiform and truth is one, it would be as well to say 'discursive' or 'digressive,' till the right path in politics and religion shall have been satisfactorily defined. Quitting the highway to enjoy a prospect is not erring. His mind was constantly putting out feelers. His opinions were not so much formed or fixed as tentative. His intellectual appetite needed variety. His mental constitution required change. Thomson, the author of 'The Castle of Indolence' (the story has been told of Gay), was seen strolling round Lord Burlington's garden, with his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, biting off the sunny sides of the peaches. It was somewhat in this fashion that Drummond dealt with subjects, books, and men. He contented himself with the choicest mouthful of each.

To judge him by consistency, was to misjudge him. He never pretended to it. He thought it the mark of a fettered and contracted mind. At Albury Park —which had much in common with Bowood—the society was as miscellaneous and as well chosen for his purpose as the library, and there were few representative men, few men of mark, be their politics what they might, who did not consciously or unconsciously contribute to his store of facts and theories. His conversation, always rich, animated, sparkling, suggestive, and desultory, resembled a kaleidoscope in the brilliancy and heterogeneous character of the materials; whilst his perfect breeding and exquisite refinement of tone, gave the last finish to its charm. His speeches were comparatively ineffective for want of sustained argument and continuity, although he never rose without commanding the attention of the House, did capitally for the first ten minutes, and rarely sat down

without giving utterance to a telling sarcasm, a pointed paradox, or a condensed truth. Under what category should we range his favourite doctrine, that there are only two effective modes of governing mankind—by force or corruption, by grapeshot or French cookery?[1]

It enhances the value and interest of Sir Henry Holland's impressions that they are given as originally stamped upon his mind by personal observation, without any attempt to confirm or correct them by authority. We shall not complain, therefore, of his taking no notice whatever of our recent account of Talleyrand's *bonmots*—especially of the *Quoi, déjà?* which (if applied by Talleyrand to Montrond, which we doubt) was made two hundred years ago.[2] But an historical parallel like the following seems to challenge comment:

'In studying Talleyrand—and it was a curious study—a comparison often suggested itself to me in Cardinal de Retz. Their intellectual and moral qualities were of the same general stamp, and attested much in the same way, though on a very diffent scale of action. Their epigrammatic maxims have the same peculiar flavour, and their ecclesiastical positions the same relation to the actual religion of the two men. The Cardinal, however, doubtless stands lowest in the comparison. The petty incidents and passions of the "Guerre de la Fronde" were little fitted to dignify a public career.'

We should be puzzled to name two characters more diametrically opposed. Talleyrand was a man of intrigue, a closet statesman, cautious, circumspect, and prudent to timidity. De Retz was a man of action, ready at the shortest warning to lay down the crosier

[1] A succinct and clear account of his opinions and distinctive qualities has been given by his noble son-in-law. See the Preface to 'Speeches in Parliament and some Miscellaneous Pamphlets,' edited by Lord Lovaine (now Duke of Northumberland), 1860.

[2] 'The Quarterly Review,' Bulwer's (Lord Dalling's) 'Historical Characters,' vol. cxxiii. pp. 401-402.

for the sword, bold, stirring, and rash to recklessness. Talleyrand always kept in the background, watching the signs of the times, regulated his course accordingly, and influenced events through instruments which he moved, as a wire-puller moves puppets, from behind the scenes. The share he had in bringing the Allies to Paris in 1814, and again in helping Louis Philippe to the throne in 1830, was so managed as to enable him to claim or disclaim the credit or discredit of complicity, as it suited him. De Retz courted responsibility instead of shrinking from it. When his plots were ripe, he came prominently to the front to execute them. In the course of a single day, towards the commencement of the Fronde, he preached a seditious sermon in full canonicals at Notre Dame, and appeared armed to the teeth on the barricades. Compare Talleyrand dodging to evade 'the frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear' or quailing beneath the pitiless contempt of Napoleon, with De Retz confronting Anne of Austria and Mazarin in her privy-chamber, his hand on the hilt of a concealed dagger, his resolute glance crossing her angry frown as sword crosses sword, and her haughty spirit effectually subdued by his. With regard to their maxims or sayings, there is this essential difference: Talleyrand's were polished and prepared, often borrowed, witticisms; De Retz's were either maxims of state, broad and practical in scope and application, or signal proofs of never-failing presence of mind and rare readiness—as, when knocked down in the tumult, with an arquebuss levelled at his head, he apostrophised the assailant, an apothecary's lad, who was about to fire, '*Ah, malheureux, si ton père te voyait!*'

Talleyrand respected the decencies and conventionalities: De Retz laughed at them. Talleyrand took the earliest opportunity of flinging off the ecclesiastical character; De Retz stuck to it, made it a stepping-stone, and complacently narrates his duels and amours with an

archbishopric at hand and a cardinal's hat in prospect.[1] Allowing that the arena on which Talleyrand figured was better fitted to dignify a public career, his was certainly not a dignified one. But the passions of the Fronde were like other passions in troubled times, with a strong infusion of romance: the passion of Rochefoucauld for Madame de Longueville, epitomised in his 'Maxims' and immortalised by his couplet,[2] was one of them: the armies of the Fronde were led by Condé and Turenne; nor can the rising of a great capital, the civil commotions which convulse a great nation, be deemed 'petty incidents,' in which it is degrading to be mixed up. In morals and religion these mundane priests were about upon a par—*Arcades ambo* (which Byron translates 'blackguards both')—and in assigning the highest place to De Retz, we are simply proceeding on the same principle as Colonel Mannering, when he preferred Dirk Hatteraick to Glossin as the bolder scoundrel of the two.

'If (continues the reminiscent) I were to seek a strongly marked contrast to the character, figure, and speech of Talleyrand, I might name Lord Sidmouth, a patient of mine at the same period.' The contrast is so strong that the bare juxtaposition looks strange. Canning's parodies and epigrams had not prepared us to find 'the Doctor' taking the lead in conversation. Yet so it was: the scene Lord Stowell's house in Grafton-street, the doorplate of which was the subject of Jekyll's joke.

'Lord Sidmouth was the talker of the party; but the whimsical roll of Lord Stowell's massive shoulder, when uttering some interlocutory phrase of dry humour, was worth more to the eye than any amount of speech to the ear. Lord Alvanley's description of him, as "a conceited Mus-

[1] Late in life he applied to the Pope to *un*cardinalise him. The Pope refused, and Madame de Sévigne describes him as '*re*cardanilisé.'

[2] 'Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux.'

covy duck," had an amusing personal reality about it, felt even by those who knew his high merits as a Judge and master of international law. His house curiously illustrated the habits of the man, in its utter destitution of all the appliances of luxury or comfort. The furniture was never either changed or cleaned. Year after year I wrote prescriptions there with the same solitary pen—the single one, I believe, in his possession, and rarely used by himself after his retirement from public business. *He had corresponded with Dr. Johnson early in life.* Latterly he rarely wrote a letter. Of society, even legal, he had little or none, and he did not covet it.'

Lord Stowell (then Dr. Scott) was Johnson's travelling companion from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and was accidentally prevented from accompanying Johnson and Boswell in the tour to the Hebrides. They frequently dined together at the Mitre, besides meeting at the Club. He won the Doctor's heart by giving Boswell, who was teasing all his acquaintances for a definition of taste, the following: 'That faculty of the mind which leads a Scotchman to prefer England to his own country.' Speaking of investments, he avowed a marked predilection for 'the beautiful simplicity of the Three per Cents.' He defended dinners for public or local purposes, on the ground that a dinner *lubricates* business. In penuriousness and fondness for port, Lord Stowell and his brother Lord Eldon were alike. It is a moot point which of them said of the other, in answer to the inquiry how much wine he could drink at a sitting, 'any *given* quantity.'

An entire chapter of the 'Recollections' is devoted to the question, 'which, indeed, every existing generation has motive and right to ask, as to its relations of *better* or *worse*—morally, intellectually, and socially—to the generation going before it.' Sir Henry has supplied materials for an answer, rather than a complete answer in itself, and done so in a manner to ward off, at all events, the imputation commonly levelled at elderly

moralists—that, by the very law of their being, they are eulogists of the past. There would be ample apology for him, if he was. It is undeniable that there are eras or cycles of intellectual excellence, as the Augustan age, the Elizabethan age, the age of Louis Quatorze, the age of Queen Anne. If any one who had lived in, and outlived, one of these eras were to say, during a blank interval, that he discerned symptoms of decline, the odds are that he would be expressing not a prejudice, but the fact.

There was a period in Sir Henry Holland's past life when England could boast a constellation of celebrities:—Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Crabbe, Moore, Rogers, Proctor, Campbell, in poetry; Grey, Grenville, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Castlereagh, Plunkett, Grattan, Tierney, Peel, in oratory and statesmanship; Hallam, Milman, Southey, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Gifford, in history and criticism; the Kembles, Kean, Mathews, Farren, Young, Liston, Miss O'Neil (Lady Becher), Miss Stephens (Lady Essex), on the stage; Jekyll, Frere, the four Smiths (Bobus, Sydney, James, Horatio), Theodore Hook, Alvanley, Luttrell, Lady Morley, Lady Aldborough, in wit; Ellenborough, Stowell, Sir William Grant, on the Bench; Scarlett, Romilly, Copley, at the Bar; Sir Thomas Lawrence, Constable, Wilkie, Turner, Flaxman, Chantrey, representing art; and the Iron Duke, the centre of a gallant band, personifying war.

Then came another not altogether disconnected nor yet wholly extinct period, when the reminiscent might have gazed round a circle luminous with the names of Melbourne, Palmerston, Aberdeen, Russell, Clarendon, Derby, Grote, Macaulay, Froude, Buckle, Mahon (Stanhope), Lockhart, Herschel, Whewell, Babbage, Murchison, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Lytton Bulwer, Tennyson, Browning, Monckton Milnes, Hood, Kinglake, George Eliot, Caroline Norton, Mrs. Somerville,

Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Eastlake, Maclise, Watts, Millais, Macready, Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, Wigan, O'Connell, Shiel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lewis, Wilberforce, Cobden, Bright. Reverting to such periods, seeing nothing coming on to replace what is dying out, no rising genius, nothing first-rate under forty, an octogenarian might be excused for assuming and speculating on an undeniable decline.

It will be understood, of course, that we make a broad exception for the physical sciences, which (under a cluster of bright lights) are advancing with such rapidity that 'what yesterday was an invisible point is our goal to-day, and may be our starting-point to-morrow.' Travellers like Speke, Grant, and Livingstone,—explorers like Rawlinson, Layard, and Strzelecki, have simultaneously extended and elevated geography.

But this is far from implying a corresponding improvement in mind and morals, or in the tone, habits, and constitution of society. Sir Henry Holland has drawn up a kind of debtor and creditor account without declaring the balance. His first item of charge is 'the *over-crowding* of the London world: a phrase which will be appreciated by all who have lived in its midst.' The dinner-parties and evening parties, the gatherings of all sorts (he contends) are too large for rational enjoyment. The upper ten thousand (swelled to thirty) are formed by centripetal attraction into crowds resembling mobs, in which the finer elements get mingled with the coarser, to the inevitable deterioration of the best. There is no set or circle to impose laws or pass sentences. Fashion, for want of an autocrat, resembles the lower empire. The black sheep of one quarter may be the milk-white lamb of another. Expelled from Belgravia, she has only to pitch her tent in Tyburnia or May Fair. Intrusive vulgarity, backed by wealth, has gained by this state of things, and to it we are indebted for the acclimatisation

on English soil of the *demi-monde*, on the discovery of which M. Dumas the younger, the new Academician, prides himself as on the discovery of a star. But, on the other hand, let it be remembered that Fashion, in its heyday, was a crushing and degrading, if a refining, tyranny; that its benefits were confined to the privileged few, and that we are well rid of it, if the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be the test.

Sir Henry says that he was once called in to prescribe for a fair patient whose illness was occasioned by the refusal of a subscription to Almack's. A non-medical friend of ours was recently called in to advise on a similar case,—that of a young lady who was fretting herself into a fever because she had not been invited to a ball given to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Strawberry Hill. As she happened to be very pretty, Lady Waldegrave proved less obdurate than the patronesses, and the fitting remedy was applied. But the material difference between the two cases was this: our friend's patient would have missed a pleasant evening; Sir Henry's was exposed to a downright loss of caste. To be free of the exclusive *coterie*, to have the *entrée* of certain houses, in her time, was like belonging to the *noblesse* under the ancient regime in France. There are now plenty of pleasant houses, with parties of all sorts and sizes, small and select as well as large and indiscriminate: cultivated men and women abound in every quarter; and lines of demarcation are not wanting, although not very rigidly drawn nor very strongly guarded. What we miss are the great houses which were discriminating without being exclusive.

Although rank and wealth still command their fair share of weight and influence, the tendency of recent changes has been towards a mingling of ranks—towards placing the middle class more on a level with the higher. Clubs and railroads have powerfully co-ope-

rated in this direction. Men of moderate means now dine and travel like the millionaire: they need not envy the richest noble his post-horses, his library, his drawing-room, or his cook. The notion that men are lured away from the family circle is a mistake, for the percentage who pass their evenings at clubs is not enough to produce the smallest difference in domesticity; and that club-life is an improvement on tavern-life, it would be paradoxical to dispute.

An important step towards the assimilation of classes was forced upon the aristocracy by the overcrowded state of what used to be considered the only gentleman-like callings and professions:

'She (the Duchess in "Lothair") frets herself too much about her boys; she does not know what to do with them. They will not go into the Church, and they have not fortune for the Guards.

'"I understood that Lord Plantagenet was to be a civil engineer," said Lady Corisande.

'"And Lord Albert Victor to have a sheep-walk in Australia," continued Lady St. Jerome.'

There are Lords in trade and Honourables on the Stock Exchange. Levelling doctrines and pseudo-liberality apart, is this precisely as it should be? *Noblesse oblige.* There was a time-honoured custom in Bretagny for a noble, about to engage in trade, to lay down his titles and armorial bearings, not to be resumed until the derogatory occupation had been definitively abandoned.[1] There was good sense and far-sighted policy in this custom, although modern manners may not admit of its revival. Commerce has not gained in public estimation of late years, notwithstanding this accession of rank and title. 'It is gone, that chastity of (mercantile) honour, which felt a stain like a wound.'

[1] The required formality, as witnessed at Rennes by Yorick (in the 'Sentimental Journey'), was for the noble publicly to deposit his sword in the hands of the president during a meeting of the States.

To rig the market, to circulate a delusive prospectus, involves no loss of credit, unless there come a crash; and then the judicious speculator, who has sold his shares at a premium, can safely laugh at the dupes.

'Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.'

We cordially go along with Sir Henry Holland in deprecating the neglect of English Classics, the want of familiarity with Milton, Pope, Dryden, Swift, Addison, and even Shakspeare (now that he has nearly dropped out of the acting drama) which is hourly betrayed by cultivated people in society, and most especially by writers for the periodical press. And yet, we equally agree with him, the vast amount of talent, knowledge, and wit expended in journalism is one of the most notable characteristics of the times. The English newspapers have well-nigh realised Benjamin Constant's axiom: 'The Press is the tribune enlarged: speech is the vehicle of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world.' As vehicles of intelligence, as workshops of opinion, as mirrors of passing events, as the arena in which conflicting notions and theories are fought out, they supply the best possible materials for self-government, if (as may be plausibly contended) they do not practically and substantially constitute it. Chatham protested in his loftiest strain against calling the Lords and Commons of England together to register the decrees of 'one too powerful subject.' He would protest in vain against their being called together to register the decrees of the Press. But it is the Press distilling the essence of books, speeches, and reviews—the Press, to which we all of us contribute in some shape—the Press, representing the enlightened majority of the nation, the provincial equally with the metropolitan press, that holds this sovereignty and dictates its conclusions or its will.

Admirably as many of the local newspapers are

written and conducted, they are mainly indebted for their elevation to the electric telegraph, which places them, in point of information, on a footing of equality, and gives them the start in time. At Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin—at all the great towns and cities except London—the merchant relies perforce on the local paper for his news, and takes the London paper (when he takes it) as a luxury.

Sir Henry avoids the nice question of social morality, but he is severe on modern dress, male and female. Men, dress carelessly, and negligently, whilst women are guilty of excesses which are both inexcusable and unaccountable: such, for example, as the unhealthy and unbecoming practice of heaping masses of artificial hair upon their heads. We speak within compass when we say that the dress of a woman of fashion costs three times what it did thirty years since: and the problem where some of them find the means of payment is one which, although frequently raised, it might be deemed indelicate to discuss. This extravagance, being carried farthest by 'fast' people, may be connected with that 'increased *fastness* of living' which has grown up in all classes and occupations.

'Looking especially at home, we find that the augmented speed and hurry of locomotion (and I can affirm that people walk *faster* in the London streets than they did when I first knew these great thoroughfares) is carried into every other department of life; politics, commerce, literature, science, professional and social existence. The loiterers in life are fewer, and the charm of a tranquil leisure is less appreciated and sought after. The country life of England has also undergone various alterations. Country-houses, if not left vacant for the year, are peopled for a shorter time than heretofore.'

When Fox was expatiating on the pleasure of lying on the lawn at St. Anne's Hill, with a book in his hand,

Sheridan objected —'And why the book?' He used to say that he would not give a farthing for a man who could not be agreeably occupied by his own ideas or notions as they spontaneously arose. He would find few sympathisers amongst the rising race of any class. Young Rapid is their model, and their motto, 'move on.' At the same time we do not think that country-house life has deteriorated, although shortened by the habit of passing the early autumn abroad. Even here, however, there is too much movement; too much hurrying from house to house. The late General Phipps made it a rule never to accept an invitation for a less period than would cover the expense of posting at the rate of a day for every ten miles. A tariff on the same principle, adapted to railroad travelling, might be laid down.

To turn to graver topics, our attention is invited to the influence of physical science in promoting a more general and more earnest call for proof in matters which peculiarly belong to faith. We are also told to mark the altered tone and direction of religious controversy, which, no longer content to deal with forms or abstruse doctrines, roughly grapples with the Scriptures, their history, their inspiration, and their truth:

'Declining, as I must, all speculation as to the causes and future results of the changes just described, I am bound to notice one present good arising out of them, in the increased zeal and activity of the Clergy at large—an effect made known to me professionally as well as by general observation. These qualities would be still more beneficial in their influence were they less alloyed by those sectarian struggles and hatreds which dishonour religion now, as they have done at every preceding period of ecclesiastical history.'

If ecclesiastical history leaves an unfavourable impression by recording the intestine divisions of Churches, it bears strong evidence to the innate

strength of revealed religion, by showing how often it has recovered and righted itself, when, like a tempest-tossed ship, it seemed on the point of sinking. Its alternating fortunes have been clearly traced, and the logical conclusion (whether quite satisfactory or not) ingeniously deduced, by Canon Liddon, in the series of lectures which he has recently delivered in St. Paul's. But if durability or irrepressible vitality implied divine origin, it equally follows that the Roman Catholic Church is founded on the rock of truth. 'She was the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we find no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them.'[1]

Arguing *à priori*, it might be inferred that the growing demand for positive proof would be fatal to imposture and quackery. But the contrary is the fact. 'It is curious to note how periodical these epidemic visitations of miracle have become. Mesmeric visions and prophecies, clairvoyance, spirit-rappings, table-turnings and liftings, succeed one another in popular fashion, with certain intervals between, to allow prior detections to be forgotten, and to catch the credulous of a new generation.' The last visitation of Spiritualism has been both virulent and widespread; exposure has proved powerless as an antidote, and the epidemic has recently broken out, with aggravated symptoms, in the very stronghold of science, the Royal Society itself.

'In all superstitions,' says Lord Bacon, 'wise men follow fools.' Learned men, who are not necessarily wise men, occasionally do: they also occasionally follow rogues; and there is consequently little cause for wonder when a combination of folly and roguery, like Spiritualism, counts distinguished proselytes by the score. It is the eternal ineradicable liability to such delusions that renders the human mind essentially the

[1] Macaulay's Essays.

same in all ages; we fear we must say nearly the same of the heart. What reliance can be placed on education for thoroughly purifying or perfecting either, when we so frequently see the most highly educated men setting the worst example to the rest? Knowledge may prove a panacea for the social errors or abuses which proceed from ignorance, and their name is legion; but, assuming its universal diffusion, it will hardly endow the people at large with the qualities which have been found wanting in the wisest, brightest: in a Bacon, a Brougham, a Voltaire, a Pope. It will not render them proof against vanity, cupidity, or caprice; it will not confer honour or integrity. They will not perforce become provident and self-sacrificing; habitually foregoing immediate personal gratification for general and lasting good. Knowledge may clear the surface without penetrating to the core. As for legislation—

> 'How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.'

Or, to adopt Mr. Gladstone's words in his Greenwich speech: 'The social problems which confront us are many and formidable. Let the Government labour to its uttermost, let the Legislature spend days and nights in your service; but after the very best has been achieved, the question whether the English father is to be the father of a happy family, and the centre of a united home, is a question which must depend mainly upon himself.' The grand hour of trial for society will be when all bad laws shall have been abolished, when all material obstructions to progress shall have been removed, when the baffled demagogue, vainly looking round for a public grievance, shall be brought face to face with the invaluable adage: 'Let every man's reform, like his charity, begin at home, and society, like Thames water, will purify itself.' Public or

political virtue reposes on a different foundation from private or domestic virtue: the one must grow spontaneously, the other may be promoted or enforced; and the problem started by Sir Henry Holland's retrospect, the problem to be solved by the England of the future, is neither more nor less than whether the highest civilisation can overcome the vices and weaknesses which we have been taught to believe inherent in mankind.

LADY PALMERSTON.

(From the Times of September 15, 1869.)

Among the pictures at Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper in Hertfordshire, is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of more than common excellence, representing two boys seated or half-reclining on the trunk of a felled tree, and a girl of more tender years with a basket of flowers in her hand. This picture possesses an interest far beyond what it may derive from being one of the last great works of the master; for the figures are portraits of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, Frederic Lamb, third Lord Melbourne, and Amelia Lamb, Viscountess Palmerston, who died on Saturday last.

The eldest of those boys grew up to be one of the most remarkable men of the age, and the girl one of the most remarkable women: the superiority in each instance being rather gradually and unconsciously reached than asserted, rather conceded than compelled. The brother rose to be Prime Minister of England, without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition, lazily and loungingly as it were, by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities, by frankness, manliness, thorough knowledge of his countrymen, and good sense. The sister became the undisputed leader of English society, equally without apparent effort: without aiming at the fame of a wit like Madame de Staël, or that of a beauty like Madame de Recamier, or that of a party idol like Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire: without once overstepping by a hair's-breadth the proper province of her sex: by the unforced development of the most exquisitely feminine qualities, by grace, refinement, sweetness of disposition,

womanly sympathies, instinctive insight into character, tact, temper, and—wonderful to relate—heart.

Lady Palmerston, born in 1787, was the daughter of Peniston, first Lord Melbourne. Her mother was the sister of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the father of Lady Noel Byron; and Lady Palmerston was a striking illustration of the maxim that personal, especially mental, gifts and qualities are usually inherited through the mother. Lady Melbourne exercised a marked influence over a large circle of distinguished acquaintance. Lord Byron alludes to her in 1813 as 'the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest woman.' In 1818 he writes: 'The time is past when I could feel for the dead, or I should feel for the death of Lady Melbourne, the best, the kindest, the ablest female I ever knew, old or young.'

Lady Palmerston's childhood and girlhood passed like those of other young ladies of her rank, and her education, except what must have accrued imperceptibly from maternal influences, was the same. Female education did not then aim at crowding the memory with what is called useful knowledge: its chief objects were grace and accomplishment, and the results were seen in individuality and variety of character, in the freer development of the natural faculties, in greater ease, freshness, and elasticity. Women of quality differed like their handwriting, which is now uniform and generic, instead of personal and peculiar. Such, at least, is the broad inference we should draw from the many bright illustrations that have survived to our day, beginning with the one who has given occasion for these remarks.

The first event in her life requiring notice was her marriage with Earl Cowper in 1805. She immediately took her place in the brilliant galaxy of beautiful and accomplished women of rank, who continued to form the chief ornament of the British Court during successive

reigns, till they were gradually replaced, not outshone, by a younger, not fairer or more fascinating race. It was about the period of the imperial and royal visits to London, in 1814–15, that these ladies, as if by a common understanding, concentrated their attractions; and it was during these two eventful years, when the metropolis glittered with stars, ribands, and bright eyes, that, conspicuous in her own despite among the gay and dazzling throng, was the charming Lady Cowper, like 'grace put in action,' whose softness was as seductive as her joyousness—

> 'Whose laugh, full of mirth, without any control,
> But the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from her soul.'

Yet that throng comprised Sarah, Countess of Jersey, Corisande, Countess of Tankerville, Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and a long array of formidable competitors. One result or product of this period was the institution of Almack's. On the introduction of quadrilles and waltzes after the Peace, grown-up people had to learn their dancing over again, and a high-born party met daily at Devonshire House, where it was agreed to establish a series of subscription balls on the cheapest and most restricted plan. Lady Cowper was one of the first six patronesses, and during her long tenure of power (for it was power) in that capacity, her influence was uniformly exerted to modify the exclusiveness of her colleagues.

Her fond admiration for her brother William, and the jealous watch which she kept over his reputation to the last, leave little doubt that she was no indifferent or unappreciating observer of the adventures, or misadventures, of her political friends before or after their accession to office in 1830. But what may be called her public life dates from 1839, when she married Lord Palmerston, Lord Cowper having died in 1837; although no one would have been more surprised than

herself if, at that time, she had been told that she was about to begin a career which, in any sense, could be called public.

A celebrated writer (the Countess Hahn Hahn) has declared her sex incapable of the sustained pursuit of an elevated object for its own sake. 'When a woman's heart is touched, when it is moved by love, then the electric spark is communicated and the fire of inspiration flares up; but even then she desires no more than to suffer or die for what she loves. That woman remains to be born who is capable of interesting herself for an abstract idea.' Lady Palmerston formed no exception to this theory. The motive power in her case was love of Lord Palmerston: it was her intense interest in him, and in his political fortunes, that made her a politician: her source of inspiration was not an abstract idea or principle, but the man. To place him and keep him in what she thought his proper position, to make people see him as she saw him, to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated adversaries within the genial atmosphere of his conversation, to tone down opposition and concilitate support—this was thenceforth the fixed purpose and master passion of her life.

If she had deliberately set about the formation of a *salon* for an interested end, the probability is that she would have failed, as so many equally qualified by birth and fortune have failed both before and since, from not understanding the delicate structure of our society, which will neither be led nor forced, professedly and ostensibly. The grand attraction of Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Devonshire House in the olden time, was the conviction that these princely residences were open to merit of every sort, that the noble owners had a genuine relish for intellectual eminence, and cordially sympathised with the artists, men of letters, and others of purely personal distinction, who were their guests. The attraction of

Lady Palmerston's *salon* at its commencement was the mixed, yet select and refined, character of the assemblage, the result of that exquisite tact and high breeding which secured her the full benefits of exclusiveness without its drawbacks. Among the *habitués* of Panshanger, from the time she became its mistress, had been men and women of European celebrity, such as Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, the Princess Lieven, the Duchess di Dino. The diplomatic corps eagerly congregated at the house of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. So did the politicians: the leading members of the fine world were her habitual associates; and the chief difficulty of her self-appointed task lay in recruiting from among the rising celebrities of public life, fashion, or literature.

From the time Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister, she grew less particular and discriminating, and although the current story of her 'gilded cards' (which never were gilded) was grossly exaggerated, a limited number of invitations were occasionally distributed with direct reference to votes. But so many were simultaneously distributed from higher motives that the tone and complexion of the company remained substantially unchanged. She had a marked predilection for youth and beauty, along with an equally marked dislike to vulgarity and ungainliness. She *would* have 'those two pretty girls;' and she would *not* have 'that fat woman with her ugly daughters,' although the fat woman was the wife of a county member, and the two pretty girls had neither father nor brother in either House. The *élite* of the London world were invariably asked without regard to politics, and the most liberal hospitality was extended to all foreigners of note.

Few things admitting of order can be thoroughly well done without it. Her visiting book was kept as regularly as a merchant's ledger. So long as her health allowed,

she made a point of filling up her cards with her own hand, and she knew exactly whom she had invited for each of her alternate nights. She used to say that she rarely gave a large party without its being attended by three or four persons not invited for the night or not invited at all. But not a shade of manner on her part betrayed her recollection of the fact. 'If,' she would say, 'it amused them to come, they were quite welcome.' Indeed, her good nature was inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness. The quintessence of high breeding is never to ruffle, offend, or mortify—never to cause an unpleasant feeling by a tone, a gesture, or a word; and, instead of interrupting or abruptly quitting wearisome or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord, or were superseded and went away.

There is a prevalent notion that sensibility and impressibility are destroyed or blunted by advancing years. But, on a calm analysis of the alleged instances, it will be found that, where fancy and feeling are supposed to have decayed or died but, they never, in point of fact, existed. The flash and exuberance of youthful spirits were mistaken for them. Lady Palmerston never lost her wonderful freshness. Her impressions were as lively, her sympathies as warm, her affections as expansive, when she had passed eighty, as when, in opening womanhood, she was pelting flowers or rowing on the lake at Brocket, or playfully proposing to bound over the billiard-table at Petworth. Familiar topics did not weary her, nor strange repel. She felt the same vivid interest in things and people, old and young, as if she was just entering life; and this enviable faculty—be it remembered to her immortal honour—was retained through sixty years of pomps and vanities, of luxury and flattery, of social and political scheming, of alternate elation and de-

spondency, of all that is factitious, most illusion-destroying, most demoralising in what serious people shun, denounce, and deprecate as 'the world.'

Is it a boon or a penance to be exempt from the operation of that kindly law of nature, which makes those whose pilgrimage through life has been prolonged beyond the common span, comparatively insensible to the gradual dropping off of their early companions on the way? Lady Palmerston was saddened and depressed by the death of the late Countess of Tankerville, followed by that of another cherished friend, Lady Willoughby, to an extent that caused serious apprehension for her health. The morning of a grand dinner to the Italian Princes at Cambridge House, Lady Tankerville was taken ill and unable to be present. The moment the party broke up, Lady Palmerston, without waiting for her carriage, got into a hack cab and hurried off to the bedside of the invalid in Hertford Street.

Whoever was fortunate enough to be once received on a cordial footing of intimacy might count securely on her enduring regard and her generous advocacy if required. She was thoroughly, enthusiastically loyal, and would tolerate no doubt, suspicion, or depreciation of a friend. She was also placable in the extreme towards *un*-friends, provided they had not been guilty of the unpardonable sin of caballing against Lord Palmerston, or transgressed the limits of fair party warfare in assailing him. Then a change came over her: the *patte de velours* shot out its claws: the dove seemed armed with the beak and talons of the hawk. One of the most cutting letters of reproach ever written was addressed by her to the late Charles Greville, whom she valued and esteemed, on hearing that he had taken an active and hostile part in the Pacifico affair. Her anger was short-lived. She might have taken for her motto, 'Benefits in marble, injuries in

dust.' She never forsook a friend, and always forgave a foe.

Englishwomen cannot talk politics, properly so called, whatever may be the case with Frenchwomen, whose alleged superiority is open to doubt. The reason has been already indicated. Their views are purely personal; 'men, not measures,' is their maxim: their thoughts are running on whether a husband, a brother, or a lover is to achieve distinction or get a place. Lady Palmerston seldom attempted or pretended to understand the bearings of a complicated question. 'You must write that down,' she would say if a communication struck her, 'and I will show it to Lord Palmerston when he comes in; or stay, perhaps he is not gone out.' The bell was rung, the servant was sent with a scrap of paper or a simple message, and the summons was immediately obeyed. Long experience had taught him that her tact, her intuition, were infallible in such matters, and these were similarly displayed in her choice of correspondents as well as in the selection from their letters which she laid before him.

The services of the great lady to the great statesman extended far beyond the creation of a *salon*. What superficial observers mistook for indiscretion, was eminently useful to him. She always understood full well what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, when and where it would be repeated, and whether the repetition would do harm or good. Instead of the secret that was betrayed, it was the feeler that was put forth; and no one ever knew from or through Lady Palmerston what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known. His death was a terrible shock, from which she slowly recovered. She afterwards expressed her belief that it had actually prolonged her life. She was haunted by the fear that his strength and faculties would break down without his being conscious of the decline. She sat up for him every night when he attended the House of

Commons, and she was wearing herself away with anxiety.

Subsequently to Lord Palmerston's death, her domestic circle was almost exclusively confined to her family and connections; and a most agreeable society it was, comprising a more than ordinary amount of accomplishment and charm. She rightly counted her children and grand-children among the choicest blessings that Providence had bestowed upon her: her heart was large enough for all: she had no favourites among them: the presence of each inspired the same pure, unselfish pleasure; and it was by being constantly surrounded by objects of interest and affection, that she was enabled to bear up against a bereavement which must have proved fatal had it condemned her to solitary grief.

She undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property; personally inspecting the accounts, and leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants but what fell strictly within their respective departments. The consequence was, that she was admirably served, and that an air of ease and comfort pervaded each of her establishments. She kept a journal, which, some time or other, may furnish valuable aids to history.

She had read a good deal in a desultory way, and, when roused to the exertion, could talk on a wide range of subjects with a vigour and accuracy which would have astonished those who had only seen her trifling gracefully with the Cynthia of the minute, the floating rumour or gossip of the hour. She possessed a keen insight into character, and was singularly happy in conveying a trait by an epithet or a graphic sketch by a phrase; letting fall her felicitous touches with an ease and spontaneity that showed her unconscious of the gift.

She was rigidly just in her fixed estimates of character: chary, with rare exception, of her preferences: mild, yet firm, in her disapproval: warm, but not extravagant, in her praise. Above all, she never indulged in that false enthusiasm for books, pictures, or persons which so often tries to pass current for the cream of amiability and taste. Her name will live, her memory will endure, indissolubly blended with one of the most brilliant episodes of the social life of England, with many a sweet scene of domestic happiness, with many a glowing image of conjugal and maternal love, with many a delightful hour of 'social pleasure, ill exchanged for power'—with all that is winning, high-minded, warm-hearted—with nothing that is petty, ungenerous, ungraceful, uncharitable, or false. It has been confidently predicted that the days of the *grande dame* of France, the great lady of England, have passed away as out of keeping with the age. It is certainly only by a happy accident that the loss we are now lamenting will be replaced. But should an attempt be made to ascend the vacant throne by any duly qualified aspirant, she will hit upon no surer mode of advancing her pretensions than by treading in the footsteps of her admired, beloved, and universally regretted predecessor.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

(From the Saturday Review, February 7, 1863.)

The death of Lord Lansdowne is one of those events which, although long anticipated with their consequences, are never thoroughly appreciated till they occur. On the morning of Sunday last, all men more or less connected with the world of politics, fashion, science, literature, or art, felt that they had lost something more than a sagacious counsellor, a courteous and liberal host, a valued friend, a cultivated companion, or a munificent patron. A link was simultaneously broken in the chain which binds men of intellectual mark together for high and useful purposes, and in that which connects the leading minds of the present generation with the past.

Placed by birth from boyhood in the position which others, destitute of that advantage, spend years in struggling for, Lord Lansdowne eagerly profited by his opportunities. He could relate how he had listened to Burke in one of his most excited moods at Beaconsfield, and how he had strolled in the garden or turnip-field at St. Anne's Hill—

> When in retreat Fox lays his thunders by,
> And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply.

Having encountered Pitt in actual debate, he could repeat, with the emphasis of conviction—

> Stetimus tela aspera contra,
> Contulimusque manus. Experto credite, quantus
> In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.

He was showing only the other day at Bowood a copy of Boswell's Johnson presented to him 'from

the Author;' and one of the most valuable contributions to 'the Johnsonian Urn' is his letter describing his visit to Mrs. Piozzi whilst she was busy with 'Retrospection' in 1799.[1] His manhood and old age were passed, like his youth, among all that was gifted or famous, learned, accomplished, refined, or elevating—attracted round him far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial habits than by his rank. He did not extend a haughty or condescending patronage to men of talent or genius. He claimed brotherhood with them: he sought them out as his natural associates; and his value as their common centre is the measure of their loss. There is no longer a house at which the celebrities of all nations may be sure of meeting, as on tableland of which D'Alembert holds out a prospect in some future state; and the richest store of varied and instructive reminiscences existing in our time is gone with the deceased nobleman to the grave.

Although his fortune came from Sir William Petty through a female, he was lineally descended in the male line from the Fitzmaurices, Earls of Kerry. He was the second son of the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, whose ambition, justified by his abilities, was balked by the suspicion, justly or unjustly entertained, of his sincerity. When Gainsborough painted his portrait, his lordship complained that it was not like. The painter said *he* did not approve it either, and begged to try again. Failing a second time, he flung down his pencil, saying, 'D—— it, I never could see through varnish, and there's an end.' We commend this story to those who believe in hereditary qualities, for the late Marquis was frankness and truth personified. In allusion to the Earl's nickname of Malagrida (a Portuguese Jesuit), Goldsmith once naïvely remarked to

[1] Addressed to me and printed in *Autobiography, Letters, &c., of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. i. p. 345, 2d. ed.

him, 'Do you know, I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man.' To console him for missing the Premiership, he was made a Marquis, and he busied himself during the remainder of his life with the adornment of Lansdowne House and the formation of the fine collection of pictures, statues, books, and manuscripts which was reluctantly dispersed by his eldest son and immediate successor.

Henry, the third Marquis, first known to fame as Lord Henry Petty, was born on July 2, 1780. He was educated at Westminster, where, according to tradition, just before leaving school at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he was unjustly and improperly flogged. He was next sent to Edinburgh under the care of a tutor, Mr. Debarry, where, at the table of Dugald Stewart and in the Speculative Society, he associated with a set of young men who were destined to work a revolution in literature and (some of them) to play a conspicuous and important part on the political arena,—with (among others) Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Lord Palmerston, Horner, Lord Brougham, and Sir Walter Scott. He was wont to say that the preparation of his essays and speeches for their debating club was the most useful mental training he underwent at any period.

Before he left Scotland he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1801. The impression left by him on his late associates at Edinburgh, and the expectations formed of him, may be learned from one of Horner's letters to his friend, Murray (the late Lord Murray), dated April 10, 1801:

'Pray remember me to Petty. I am surprised he is not yet gone abroad, but you must deem it a very fortunate circumstance for yourself, as there cannot be a more agreeable companion. If Lord Henry has continued to improve that very strong understanding, and to augment that store of

valuable information which he appeared to possess when I had the pleasure of knowing him, his society must be equally instructive and pleasing. Partiality aside, would you still distinguish him by a cool, clear-thinking head, a plain, firm, manly judgment?'

When the Peace of Amiens re-opened the Continent to English enterprise or curiosity, Lord Henry Petty started for what was called the Grand Tour, attended by Dumont, the translator and exponent of Bentham, taking Lausanne and Geneva on his way. 'Coxe's Travels in Switzerland' was still fresh in Swiss recollection, and it was at one of these places, as he used to narrate, that the landlord boasted of having lodged the two most celebrated of his countrymen, *Monsieur Fox et Monsieur Coxe.* The renewal of the war speedily drove back the travellers, and Lord Henry took his seat for Calne, the borough which, under his control or counsel, certainly contributed more than its full share to the eloquence, knowledge, and ability of the Legislature. His maiden speech was on the Bank Restriction Act, but his first decided parliamentary hit was a speech against Lord Melville, of which Horner (April 19, 1805), writes thus to Mackintosh:

'Lord Henry Petty has gained immense reputation by his speech on the 8th instant. I have heard several persons say that Fox's compliment was seriously deserved when he called it the best speech that had been made that night. Lord Henry is moving very steadily on to a high station both in the public opinion and in office. His discretion, his good sense, his pains in acquiring knowledge, and the improvement of his power as well as taste in speaking, make such a prophecy with regard to his future destiny very safe.'

Tierney said, 'It is a matter of pride to any man to be able to call himself the friend of such rising talents and eloquence.' 'Let me here,' says Earl Stanhope, in his 'Life of Pitt,' 'interrupt my narrative to notice that such signs of success in Lord Henry must have

cheered the closing hours of his father;' who died within a month of this time. So high was then the estimate of the young orator's capacity that he was supposed equal to a repetition of the part played by Pitt in 1784, had he been ready to throw off the party ties that bound him to Fox; of which, however, none of his friends so much as suspected him. His fealty had been already tried; for we learn from Earl Stanhope that, when Pitt was forming his Government in 1804, 'he proposed an office (not in the Cabinet) to the second son of his old chief, Shelburne. This was Lord Henry Petty, a young man of rare promise. The offer was sent him through Mr. Long, but was declined by Lord Henry, who adhered to the party of Fox. It was a refusal of which the consequences extended far beyond the time in question. How greatly, in after years, would the party of Pitt have gained could they have reckoned amongst their leaders the present Marquis of Lansdowne!'

He was to have moved the Amendment to the Address on the opening of the Session of 1806, when party warfare was suspended by the alarming illness of Pitt; on whose death he was rewarded for his exertions and straightforwardness by a place in the Cabinet of All the Talents. That, as their Chancellor of the Exchequer, he did not lose ground with the public, is clear from the manner in which Horner continues to speak of him:

'I talk of him as if he were already a Minister; almost all the world talk of him as on the high road to it, and Mr. Fox regards him as his successor in the only station *he* has ever held, or may, perhaps, ever hold. I should hardly write with so little reserve about our friend, Lord Henry, to any other person, and, at present, he is in everybody's mouth.'

On vacating his seat by acceptance of office, he stood for the University of Cambridge with Lord

Palmerston as a competitor; and it is striking proof of the gradual breaking down of political differences by the sheer force of events, that these two statesmen, the one starting as a Tory and the other as a Whig, should, during several years, without an imputation of inconsistency on that account, have been co-operating more cordially than, perhaps, any two other English statesmen of equal eminence. They seem to have reached from opposite sides the same commanding heights, from which the same broad views of government and policy were opened to them. Their electoral contest is immortalised by 'Hours of Idleness:'

'Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey,
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next election day.

'One on his power and place depends—
The other on—the Lord knows what;
Each to some eloquence pretends,
Though neither will convince by that.'

The same question, Catholic Emancipation, lost Lord Henry both his place and his seat for the University. He held the seat only a year, and was succeeded by Sir Vicary Gibbs, to whom an equally short tenure was promised in the punning quotation:

'Nec cultura placet longior annua;
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.'

Lord Henry was re-elected for Calne, which he represented till his accession to the Marquisate, by the death of his brother, in November 1809. In March 1808, he had married Lady Louisa Strangways, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester; and on the 27th October, 1808, Horner writes to Murray:

'I passed a few days lately with Petty in the beautiful country where he has taken an old house in the midst of old

trees, and I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Lady Louisa. I believe you saw her; so I need say nothing of her beauty. The gentleness of her manner has a degree of shyness joined with it, but not the least reserve; so that you soon discover a good and well-informed understanding. I could not fancy a wife better suited to him.'

Her fine taste became of incalculable use to him in completing, fitting up, and adorning his two principal residences, especially Bowood, which for felicitous arrangement, refined luxury, harmonising objects of art, pictures, and furniture, gradually grew into the most finished or (to borrow the French expression) best-mounted house in Europe. 'When,' says Mrs. Jamieson, 'the Marquess succeeded to the title, there was not, I believe, a single picture in the family mansion, except, perhaps, a few family portraits. Without setting forth any of the pretensions of connoisseurship—without apparently making it a matter of ambition or ostentation to add a gallery of pictures to the other appendages of his rank—guided simply by the love of art, and a wish to possess what is beautiful in itself, for its own sake—Lord Lansdowne has gradually collected together about 160 pictures, all of more or less merit, honourable to the taste which selected them, and not a few of rare interest and value.' Lady Lansdowne used to say that, when she first came to Bowood, she had to borrow a rush-chair from the lodge to sit down upon. He trusted to his own judgment or feeling, and the result is, that his pictures please no less by the subject than by the execution: a recommendation of which collectors for vanity's sake never think at all.

The Lansdowne collection is particularly rich in Reynoldses, including Mrs. Sheridan, 'the beautiful mother of a beautiful race,' as St. Cæcilia, and Laurence Sterne, a much admired and most remarkable portrait. Many of the pictures are the early works of

painters little known till Lord Lansdowne brought them forward. Many are associated with noteworthy incidents or remarks. Newton's 'Olivia brought back to her Home' (a scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield'), is represented with her face hidden in her father's bosom. 'It is not very difficult,' remarked a carping critic, 'to paint a figure without the face.' 'But it *is* very difficult,' retorted Constable, 'to paint a sob.' What Lord Lansdowne bought was the sob.

Almost the last (if not the very last) purchase he made was Mr. Rankley's picture of 'The Prodigal's Return.' When told that it had passed into a dealer's hands, having left the walls of the Academy unsold, he exclaimed, with much warmth, 'Unsold! where were people's eyes? Where were their hearts?' The 'Teacher of Music,' by Mr. Milllais, was another of his latest favourites.

The fitness of each picture for its allotted place, and its harmony with the room and the accompaniments, were carefully subjected to experiment; and when vividly impressed with a favourite specimen or a new purchase, he would take it with him from town to country, or country to town, as if for the uninterrupted enjoyment of its society. With the exception, perhaps, of the Canaletti room at Woburn, there is nothing in England more happily conceived than the dining-room at Bowood, panelled with views by Stansfield in his finest manner.

In 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' Lord Henry is accused of being deep in the counsels of the bard's presumed enemies—

> 'Holland with Henry Petty at his back,
> The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.'

During many years he had ample leisure for both literature and art; for a long and (to his political friends) tedious interval was to elapse before he was

to take part again in the practical administration of affairs—

> 'Nought's permanent amongst the human race,
> Except the Whigs not getting into place.'

Lord Lansdowne, however, was thoroughly imbued with the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and never missed an opportunity of advancing them by opportune advocacy. They gradually won their way forward; till the ground occupied by the Eldon school of Tories became untenable, and the Canning ministry was formed; from which Lord Grey held haughtily and insultingly aloof, whilst Lord Lansdowne eagerly and cordially supported it. He used to relate, with evident relish of the absurdity, the objection started by William IV. to his joining the Cabinet in 1830. His father had proposed or suggested the cession of Gibraltar; and His Majesty required a written promise that the proposal or suggestion should never be renewed by the son.

It is unnecessary for the purposes of this sketch to enumerate the offices he filled, or the measures he passed or promoted, from 1827 to 1852, when he formally seceded from the leadership of the House of Lords. Suffice it to say that once at least during the intervening period, and once again prior to the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, he refused the Premiership.[1]

He also refused a dukedom. His acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet without office was a purely unselfish act, dictated by a sense of duty and a wish to gratify the Queen. After the death of the Duke of Welling-

[1] In February 1855, after the resignation of Lord Aberdeen, and prior to Lord Palmerston's becoming Premier, Lord Lansdowne was again empowered to form a Ministry, and applied to Mr. Gladstone to retain the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which Mr. Gladstone declined. I have heard Mr. Gladstone declare that, without pretending to say to what extent the course of events was influenced by his refusal, there was no act of his political life which he regretted more.

ton, Lord Lansdowne filled the vacated place of constitutional adviser and referee about the throne; and perhaps no one man ever intervened so often and so successfully to reconcile political adversaries or competitors for power. As for coalitions, it would seem as if the *mitis sapientia Lœli* formed an essential and inevitable part of them.

We must not omit to state that, as Home Secretary, in 1828, he introduced an important Act for the consolidation of the Criminal Law, and another for rendering the affirmation of Quakers admissible in criminal cases. But, limited as we are for space, we prefer dwelling on his social position and influence; which were personal and peculiar, resulting more from taste and temper than design. Consciously or unconsciously, he acted on Goethe's rule, never to pass a day without reading some good poetry, hearing some good music, and seeing some fine picture. 'He looks,' writes Sydney Smith, 'for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst Stars and Garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces.' He looked also for brilliancy and attractiveness among women; and the renown of more than one celebrated beauty dates from her *début* at Lansdowne House—

> 'In early days, when I, of gifts made proud,
> That could the notice of such men beguile,
> Stood listening to thee in the brilliant crowd,
> With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.'[1]

Brillat-Savarin lays down that, to make a pleasant dinner party, the guests should be so selected 'that their occupations should be varied, their tastes

[1] Mrs. Norton. Dedication to Lord Lansdowne of 'The Lady of Garaye.'

analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentation.' The guests at Lansdowne House were so selected; the host took care that all should share in the conversation; and when they were re-assembled in the drawing-room, he would adroitly coax them into groups, or devote himself for a minute or two, carelessly and without effort, to the most retiring or least known. He was emphatically described as a right-divine gentleman by one (Talfourd) whom he had just been putting at his ease in this manner. He talked delightfully, and he listened as well as he talked.

To be gathered together, received, and fused, as it were, in this fashion, is a widely different thing from being lionised or invited for an obviously political end; yet it is not the less true that the Whig party benefited largely by his refined and discriminating, although uncalculating and cosmopolitan, hospitality:

'Many a time has the successful debutant in Parliament or the author just rising into note, repaired to Holland or Lansdowne House, with unsettled views and wavering expectations, fixed in nothing but to attach himself for a time to no party. He is received with that cordial welcome which warms more than dinner and wine; he is presented to a host of literary, social, and political celebrities, with whom it has been for years his fondest ambition to be associated; it is gently insinuated that he may become an actual member of that brilliant circle by willing it, or his acquiescence is tacitly and imperceptibly assumed; till, thrown off his guard in the intoxication of the moment, he finds, or thinks himself, irrecoverably committed, and, suppressing any lurking inclination towards Toryism, becomes deeply and definitely Whig.'[1]

There is a passage in Lord Macaulay's Essays, in which, after sketching the interior of Holland House, he suggests how the surviving members of its

[1] 'The Art of Dining.'

circle might revert to it: 'They will remember how the last débate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's 'Baretti;' whilst Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; whilst Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz.' The awakened fancy might roam in like manner through some well-remembered scenes at Lansdowne House.

There is the dinner-table at which Rogers, placed between Hallam and Macaulay, complained that they wrangled and fought over him, 'as if I was a dead body:' at which, in precisely similar circumstances, the great French historian and statesman (Thiers) fell asleep. There are the grim, gray statues, looking down from their niches on the recumbent figure (by Canova) in white marble that gave rise to the somewhat hazardous joke of Payne Knight, which the Marquis did not repeat till the ladies had withdrawn. It was in the doorway of that concert-room that the brilliant and fastidious Frenchman uttered his now celebrated saying: 'You English cling to your established beauties as you stand by your old institutions;'[1] and it was in the adjoining saloon that Madame de Staël, after a consultation with her host as to the best position for attracting notice, took her premeditated stand.

A descent to the subterranean portion of the building might possibly lead to the room in which (according to a plan of the second Marquis) thirty fiddlers were to have been hermetically sealed up, so as to form a reservoir of music for every quarter of the house under the control of stopcocks; when an insuperable difficulty arose in supplying the fiddlers with air without an escape and waste of sound.

[1] Said to be by Montalembert.

Lord Lansdowne had an exquisite sense of humour, and told his stories with inimitable zest and *à propos*. One afternoon at Bowood, when waiting for the ladies to take a walk, he manifested some impatience at their delay, which he explained by saying that the water from the lake was set on for the waterfall, and that he feared it would not last till they came. He then told the story of his poetic neighbour, Bowles, being overheard, on the announcement of visitors, ordering his gardener to set the fountain playing and carry the hermit his beard.

One of the raciest of his latest stories was of a distinguished diplomatist who had a country residence near the Thames, and was out fishing when he called. On repairing to the scene of action, he found the Minister in a dubious contest with a monster pike, anxiously watched by an attaché, who, whenever the pike seemed to be getting the upper hand, instinctively clutched his chief's coat-tail and held him tight. The fish was landed after a protracted struggle, and has been stuffed and preserved as a trophy of the piscatorial prowess of His Excellency.

Lord Lansdowne's commerce with picture-dealers and artists supplied him with some comic incidents. Looking at the portrait of Sir Thomas More in the National Portrait Gallery, he identified it by a crack which was pointed out to him many years before by a vendor, as greatly enhancing the value, being relied on as a proof that this was the identical portrait flung out of the window by Henry VIII., when Sir Thomas first set up his conscience against the royal will.

Lord Lansdowne used to relate that when, after Turner's death, he went to the artist's house, on a foggy afternoon, in the hope of getting a sight of his reserved works, the old woman in charge, looking up through the area railings, took him for the cat's-meat man, and told him he needn't come again, since some rascal had

stolen her cat. The best stories recorded by Moore are Lord Lansdowne's; but Moore was an unsafe carrier of a joke. In his Diary, edited by Lord Russell, Canning is made to say that the Post Office refused to convey Sir John Cox Hippisley's pamphlet in an official frank, because it was so *bulky*. Canning said *heavy*.

'It is wonderful,' said Johnson, 'to think how men of very large estates not only spend their yearly incomes, but are often actually in want of money. It is clear they have not value for what they spend. Lord Shelburne told me that a man of high rank, who looks into his own affairs, may have all he ought to have, all that can be of any use, or appear with advantage, for 5000*l.* a year.' The son's ordinary expenditure, although he was an excellent manager, probably more than quadrupled the sum set down by the father (in 1778) as enough.

The manner in which princely fortunes are muddled away, without doing good or giving pleasure to anybody, is both strange and melancholy; but, to our minds, it is still more wonderful to think that it never crosses the mind of a man with from fifty to a hundred thousand a year, or a million in the funds, that he may add ineffably to the happiness or comfort of half the people with whom he lives in intimacy, or of a dozen families taken at random, without the smallest deduction from his own or his heir's superfluities. The thought frequently occurred to Lord Lansdowne, who also knew and felt that the haunts of squalid poverty are not the places where objects of benevolence must exclusively be sought; and that, among the severest sufferers from pecuniary embarrassment, are persons in a higher walk of life, painfully struggling to keep up appearances. We know of three instances in which, with a graceful reference to the privileges of age, he placed large sums (two of 1000*l.* each) at the disposal of ladies

of condition, who had no sort of claim upon him besides sudden and unmerited distress. The affectionate gratitude inspired by him in one to whom (wholly apart from money matters) he had been 'patient and kind through many a wild appeal,' is beautifully expressed in the Dedication of 'The Lady of Garaye.' The morning after Rogers' bank was robbed, Lord Lansdowne wrote to say that his entire balance at his banker's was at the service of the aged poet. The considerate kindness and generosity shown to Moore, and continued to his widow, by the lord and lady of Bowood, form part of the literary annals of the country.

Lord Lansdowne's literary acquirements were precisely of the kind required by his position and society. He was well versed in the Latin, English, French, and Italian classics; and he knew enough of most subjects to lead the conversation upon them till it was taken up by those who had made them an especial study. He was thoroughly at home in constitutional history, strong and sound in political economy. He had no particular liking for science, although he delighted in the society of such men as Lyell, Owen, Brewster, Wheatstone, and Murchison; and he was extremely amused with the matter-of-fact earnestness of one of them (Murchison) who—when a very eminent statesman (Lord Palmerston) laughingly remarked that, according to Darwin's theory, a star-fish might become an Archbishop of Canterbury, passing through the intermediate stage of a Bishop of Oxford—gravely assured his Lordship that no such transmutation could take place.

When some one was mentioned as a 'fine' old man to Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. 'If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago.' Yet surely the term is fairly

applicable to an old man like Lord Lansdowne, who, without deep passions, high imagination, or wearing intensity of thought, retains his flow of mind, his taste, his memory, his sensibility, his attachments, his rational pleasures, his eagerness to give pleasure and confer benefits, at eighty-two. Any deduction to be made on the score of deafness was more than counterbalanced by his mode of bearing up against this infirmity. On a summer's evening, soon after the appearance of the 'Idylls of the King,' he was seated on a lawn not far from Kensington between two handsome sisters, one of whom read 'Vivien' with that sweet clear voice which Shakespeare calls 'an excellent thing in woman.' Nor did the group strike any one as incongruous. No one understood better the art of growing old; and if there be any truth in Rochefoucauld's maxim—*on est plus heureux par le sentiment qu'on a que par le sentiment qu'on inspire*—most assuredly (fatuity apart) those that can admire, adore, love,—longest, have the best of it.

The week before the accident which caused his death, he was slowly wending his way to Jeff's, in Burlington Arcade, to order M. Van de Weyer's sparkling *brochure*, 'Cobden, Roi des Belges.' Three days before he died, he was reading and discussing Kinglake's History. He sank gradually without pain, and when he breathed his last, seemed rather to fall into a deep sleep than to die.

Johnson, following in the wake of the Roman satirist, indignantly proclaims—

> 'See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
> To buried Merit raise the tardy bust.'

Lord Lansdowne's contemporaries are not open to this reproach. On his retirement from public life, a subscription (limited to a guinea each, in order to

comprise the greatest number of subscribers) was set on foot, to present him with a bust of himself. It was executed by Marochetti, and, with a Latin inscription from the pen of Hallam, now stands in the inner hall at Bowood. Fortunate in all things, he enjoyed in his lifetime what is commonly a posthumous tribute; and he read in marble the chosen words, more lasting than marble, in which his name and memory will live for ages to come.

LORD DALLING AND BULWER.

(From the Times, June 3, 1872.)

Literary and political aspirants of forty-five years ago may remember three competitors, constantly together, who attracted attention by their social position, their personal gifts, and their easy, careless, unmistakeable air of latent superiority. They had hitherto done little or nothing to distinguish them from other young men of promise, although they looked and talked as if they could do anything or everything when they chose to set about it. But they had turned aside from College honours: they would hardly take the trouble of getting up a subject for a debating club; and the most admiring of their contemporaries would have been startled to be told that this sauntering, pleasure-loving, *pococuranti* trio were to become, one, Lord Chief Justice of England, the mainstay and ornament of the Judicial Bench: another, an eminent statesman and one of the first writers of the age: the third, the representative of Great Britain as chief of some half-dozen Embassies in succession ending with Constantinople, and a successful author to boot.

We need hardly say that we are speaking of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Lytton, and his elder brother, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, familiarly known as Henry Bulwer, whose character has just been brought within the recognised domain of biography by death. If not the most distinguished, it was certainly not the least remarkable of the three careers; and proves, perhaps, more strikingly than either of the others what volition and energy can effect, when ambition or the love of

fame has become the master passion and a well-defined object is in view.

His birth and parentage are well known. His paternal ancestry has been traced to a Danish rover or sea-king, named Bolver, and his maternal to a Welsh prince of the ninth century. Although a second son, he inherited a considerable fortune from a grandmother. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, but left the University without taking a degree, and became a cornet in the Life Guards. Nature never meant him for the military profession, and, finding the regimental duties very little to his taste, he speedily sold out, and, after an expedition which produced his *Autumn in Greece*, became a diplomatist. He was attached to the Berlin Embassy in 1827, and taking Paris in his way, won there between six and seven thousand pounds at play. This curiously enough became the starting-point of his diplomatic fortunes. There was then a whist-playing set at Berlin, mustering principally at Prince Wittgenstein's, and including the leading personages of the Court. The high stakes (500 louis the rubber was not uncommon) kept the members of the English Embassy aloof, with the exception of Bulwer, who fearlessly risked his recently acquired capital. Although by no means a first-rate whist-player, he eventually came off a winner, and through the incidental intimacy with Princes and Ambassadors begun at the card-table, he learnt a great deal about important matters from which his official superiors were shut out: he also formed connections of permanent value. High play was then common in the highest continental circles, and he occasionally joined in it at other places, without having a decided turn for it at any time.

He was transferred from Berlin to Vienna, and from Vienna to the Hague, from which, in 1830, when the

Belgian Revolution broke out, he was dispatched by Lord Aberdeen to watch its progress and report on the probability of its success. 'The insurrection (he wrote) broke out at Ghent when I was in the *Grande Place*, and the Commissaire of the Hotel was shot by my side.' In the performance of this duty he attended a public meeting, at which a well-known English Radical (Bowring) presented himself, and told the assembled Belgians that, come what might, they might reckon on the support of his countrymen. Bulwer rose directly afterwards to say that he himself, the member of an Embassy, was no great things (*peu de chose*); that his friend was nothing and nobody; and that the patriots whom he had the honour to address had better rely on their own patriotic efforts than on the promises of English co-operation, made without the semblance of authority by this gentleman.

In his *Life of Lord Palmerston* he states that he obtained a full and complete knowledge not only of all that was actually doing by the Belgian party throughout Belgium at that moment, but of all that was to be done during the next few days. He was informed of the officers who were gained, the regiments that would revolt, the fortresses on which the Belgian flag would be hoisted. 'As my information came to me in a way that imposed no secrecy, I returned home and communicated it. But my reports were not—and this was very natural—in conformity with Sir Charles Bagot's, who was in Holland, and they were received coldly and with no small degree of disbelief.' They were so speedily and satisfactorily verified by events that, in little more than a week, Lord Aberdeen summoned him to London, complimented him, and sent him back to Brussels, to reside there and continue his reports. When Belgium became a kingdom, he was made Secretary of Legation at Brussels, where he subsequently acted as *Chargé d'Affaires*.

While the settlement of Belgium was still pending, he made an arrangement with the late Lord Pembroke for a seat in Parliament for the borough of Wilton, which he helped to disfranchise by his vote on the second reading of the first Reform Bill in 1831. This act of self-sacrifice was not approved by the electors, who would have nothing more to say to him at the ensuing election, whereupon he got chosen for Coventry, which he represented till the dissolution of 1832. He sat for Marylebone from 1833 to 1837, and made two or three speeches, especially one on Spanish affairs in 1836, which rescued his irregular and intermittent parliamentary career from the imputation of having been mute or commonplace.

Book XII. of his *Life of Lord Palmerston* is headed:

'I go to Constantinople as Secretary of Embassy—State of Things there—Characters of Khosrew and Reschid Pachas—Position of Mehemet Ali in Egypt.'

This Book might pass for a chapter of his autobiography—a characteristic and most amusing one. Nothing can be better than his account of the way in which he contrived to get a Commercial Treaty from the Porte, or the sketch of that pre-occupation of the ambassadorial mind which left the field free for the operations of the Secretary:

'A new rumour was every day in circulation. The French and English ambassadorial residences were then fixed within a stone's throw of each other, at Therchia, a small village fronting the entrance into the Black Sea; and the two ambassadors, Admiral Poussin and Lord Ponsonby, each went to his window on getting out of bed, the one at 6 in the morning, the other at 6 in the afternoon, prepared to see without surprise the Russian fleet anchored under their eyes. It was, perhaps, the only point on which these representatives of the two countries agreed.'

The Treaty was quietly settled and signed before

the French Embassy, who had been long manœuvring for a similar one, were aware that it was in progress; and Bulwer had the gratification of announcing it to the French Secretary, 'a charming man, who sang beautifully, was very gallant, and excelled in *calembourgs*,' and had declared the Treaty an impossibility:

'*French Secretary.*—Is it possible, my friend, that you have played us such a trick?

'*Bulwer.*—What trick? We have only found possible what you believed impossible.

'*French Secretary.*—But what is to be done?

'*Bulwer.*—Nothing more easy, my dear fellow; here is a copy of our Treaty, do you get another copy made and signed to-day, and then let the journal at Smyrna (a journal in the French pay) say that this happy result was entirely brought about by Admiral Poussin's influence and your great knowledge of commercial affairs.'

The best of the joke was that the French Secretary followed this advice to the letter, and got the entire credit of both Treaties with his countrymen.

In May 1839 Bulwer was transferred from Constantinople to the more important place of Secretary of Embassy at Paris. Our Ambassadors have, or had, a knack of being absent from their posts at critical moments, and it so happened that he was Chargé d'Affaires during the Eastern complication of 1840-1841, which threatened at one time to end in a European war. His correspondence with Lord Palmerston (given in the Life) is full of interest. His instructions were to discover if possible the real intentions of the French Government. 'You say (writes Lord Palmerston), Thiers is a warm friend, but a dangerous enemy: it may be so, but we are too strong to be swayed by such considerations. I doubt, however, that Thiers is much to be relied on as a friend, and knowing myself to be in the right, do not fear him as

an enemy. The way to take anything he may say, is to consider the matter as a *fait accompli*, as an irrevocable decision, and a step taken that cannot be revoked.'

This is just what M. Thiers objected to. His game was to avoid committing himself to anything that could be construed into an *ultimatum*, and Bulwer used to relate a curious illustration of his method of evading responsibility. The scene is a long room or gallery, in a château at Auteuil, in which the English Secretary and the French Premier are walking up and down in grave and animated converse. 'Well, then,' said Bulwer, by way of arriving at a result, 'I am to tell my Government that your intentions are hostile if the four Powers adhere to their policy.' '*Non, mon ami, pas précisément; vous direz seulement, que vous l'avez lu sur ma figure.*'

What we suppose to be the same interview is somewhat differently related in the Life; where it is stated that the conference broke off upon an understanding that, to avoid mistakes, Bulwer was to state what he deemed the upshot of the conversation in a despatch to Lord Palmerston. He did so, and began by saying that M. Thiers would probably find some moment at which he might force the King (Louis Philippe), to follow him even to war if he (M. Thiers) thought proper. On showing this to M. Thiers, he exclaimed, '*Mon cher Bulwer, comment pouvez vous vous tromper ainsi? Vous gâtez une belle carrière; le roi est bien plus belliqueux que moi.* But do not let us compromise the future more than we can help. Don't send this despatch. Let Lord Palmerston know what you think of our conversation.' When M. Thiers resigned, the King said to Bulwer: 'M. Thiers is furious against me because I have not been willing to go to war. He says that I have spoken of making war. But speaking of making war, and making war, Mr. Bulwer, are two widely different things.'

Some years before (1834), Bulwer had published his *France; Social, Literary, Political*, which was followed

in 1836 by his *Monarchy of the Middle Classes*—books which, besides being replete with acute observation and fine criticism, may still be consulted with advantage for the valuable information which they convey. By the time he had lived another year in France he had completed his knowledge of the country and the people; and few Englishmen knew them better, for he had not limited his intercourse to the upper or the political class. He knew both the *grand monde* and the *demi monde:* he was on intimate terms with all the authors and journalists of note; and one of the most celebrated of Georges Sand's novels (*Mauprat*) was currently reported to have been suggested or inspired by him. Alluding to the influence of successive male friends on this lady's writings, Madame Emile Girardin (*née* Delphine Gay) remarked that she was an illustration of Buffon's maxim, '*Le style, c'est l'homme.*'

Lord Aberdeen, who had replaced Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office in September 1841, was so pleased with Bulwer's reports from Paris that he requested their continuance during the presence on duty, as well as during the absence, of his chief—a somewhat irregular proceeding, which caused just offence to the Ambassador—and in November 1843 his Lordship gave the best proof of appreciation and approval by naming Bulwer Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid. Here he did good service by arbitrating between Spain and Morocco, and had his counsels been followed, it is quite conceivable that the famous Spanish marriages might never have come off; for, acting on an erroneous estimate of the situation, Lord Palmerston (who had returned to office in 1846) backed the wrong candidate and forwarded M. Guizot's views instead of counteracting them. '*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ.*' Who would have thought that these marriages, which threatened to set the world in arms, would turn out of no historical importance whatever, or that the dynasty

they were to make all-powerful by the union of the two Crowns, would be uncrowned and in exile within two years![1]

Bulwer's Spanish mission came to an untimely and disagreeable end in 1848, when Narvaez sent him his passports at a moment's notice on a charge of complicity with the insurgent Liberals; and his summary dismissal was first made known by his arrival to report himself at the Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston was not the man to throw over a subordinate whose real transgression consisted in carrying out his instructions with spirit by remonstrating against the high-handed and arbitrary courses of the reactionary faction at Madrid. The cause of the expelled Plenipotentiary was made the cause of the country; and England remained unrepresented at the Spanish capital till the mutual exasperation had cooled down. In the course of the diplomatic correspondence caused by this affair, the Duc de Sotomayer (the Spanish Secretary for Foreign Affairs), who had lived on terms of intimacy with Bulwer, thought proper to allude to a delicate matter, of a strictly private character, in a way which Bulwer deemed personally offensive, and, under the advice of Count d'Orsay, he had written a letter for the express purpose of provoking a challenge, when two English friends (the late Charles Greville being one), who fortunately became aware of his intention, intervened and saved him from what might have proved a grave and (for an English public man) very damaging indiscretion. Only just before, however, two foreign Ministers, with two colleagues for seconds, had fought a duel at Madrid.

In December 1848, Bulwer married Georgiana Charlotte Mary, daughter of Lord Cowley. In December 1849 he was named Minister Plenipotentiary at Wash-

[1] A full account of the diplomatic transactions regarding the Spanish marriages, was given by Bulwer in his review of the eighth volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1868.

ington, where he raised an enduring monument to his diplomatic ability by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. We have now before us one of his last letters, dated 'Rhoda-on-the-Nile, February 17, 1872,' in which he writes:

'I do regret indeed not being in England. The prophecy I made in withdrawing my motion about America has been too closely fulfilled. Of course the time to settle the question was when every sensible man in the United States was disgusted by Sumner's speech. By allowing it to lie on the public mind, it sank into it and has become now a semi-national theory. How, when our only inducement to make a treaty was to set this claim for indirect damages at rest, we could frame one which opened it, is to me miraculous. How they could introduce into such a document the term 'growing out of,' which would hardly occur to any one but a market gardener, is also a marvel. As to the confidence displayed in American statesmen—when I had to make a treaty with them, I took the trouble of going over all their old treaties, and in important passages I only used such words as they had used in the sense in which they had used them. Then, when they began their usual disputes about interpretation, I quoted their own authority.'

He was Minister at Florence for about three years, beginning with 1852. In 1855 he was employed on a mission for the settlement of the Danubian Principalities; and in 1857 he was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople in succession to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who exercised an amount of influence to which no representative of a European power has attained since, or is likely to attain again, mainly owing to force of character, and in some degree to the state of things then, differing as it did so greatly from the present. Turkey is now practically, if not formally, placed under the guardianship or tutelage of the Five Powers (Austria, Prussia, Russia, France, and England), and no one of them could dictate or sway the counsels of the Sublime Porte, as England repre-

sented by the great Elchee, occasionally did prior to the Crimean War. The position of Bulwer is correctly described in the *Conversations-Lexicon*, where he is termed 'the prop and pillar of the Palmerstonian policy in the East.'

When matured by experience, no man represented his country better in a negotiation or a conference. His views were broad and statesmanlike; and he had a certain loftiness of sentiment in all that regarded the greatness or dignity of England which is rarely found in combination with so much adroitness and finesse. A distinguished Frenchman told his nephew, Robert Lytton, *qui chasse de race*—the lineal and collateral heir to genius and capacity: '*De tous vos compatriotes, c'est celui qui a l'esprit le plus français, tout en ayant le cœur le plus anglais.*'

He was not so well fitted for the daily details of social representation at a permanent mission. His habits and his health caused him to be thought odd and uncongenial by the ordinary run of English travellers, who expected to be entertained at the embassy; and his taking a house at Scutari (under the impression that the air was milder on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus), was currently attributed at Pera to an inhospitable desire to isolate himself. In extreme sensibility to cold he resembled a sensitive plant; and an amusing story is told of a contest, nearly ending in an open rupture, between him and the French Ambassador touching an open window at his back, which he insisted on having shut. It is a pity they did not think of the expedient adopted by Archdeacon Paley, who called out at a dinner of the clergy; 'Shut the window at my back, and open one behind the curates at the lower end of the table.' The attachés would have been as enduring as the curates.

He was thoroughly genial and hospitable; and his notions of expenditure resembled those of a *Grand*

Seigneur of the olden time,—of that Condé, for example, who, when a son returning from college exultingly produced the savings of his pocket-money, flung the purse contemptuously amongst the lackeys of the ante-chamber. Bulwer could never endure the custom (till recently confined to England) of scrupulously dividing the reckoning at a restaurant; still less of permitting the ladies to pay their share. Yet he was never guilty of profuseness: he was entirely free from the littleness of ostentation; he never spent money, nor indeed did anything, for show. His only expensive superfluities were his personal attendants: including at one time (after he had retired on his pension) a Greek doctor, a private secretary, a French valet (an excellent servant), and a supernumerary or two who helped each other in doing nothing. A friend once found two of his suite (Greeks or Turks) separated from their master, and bewailing their hard fate, at a railway station in Germany; and we well remember his arriving in London without so much as a change of linen or a dressing-case: his servants having contrived between them to leave all his luggage scattered between Paris and London. This condition of his establishment was more owing to kindness of heart than carelessness. It was the story over again of the cross old woman at Byron's lodgings, of whom (as Moore relates) his friends thought themselves well rid when he married. But no; there she was ready to do the honours of his new abode in a new silk gown. 'The poor old devil,' he said, in excuse for retaining her, 'was so fond of me!' Bulwer would have urged a similar plea for his hangers-on.

The climate of Constantinople during more than half the year was his constant subject of complaint, and his resignation in 1866 was principally owing to an intimation that the public service might suffer from the prolonged periods of absence which he required.

Those who saw him for the first time during the last ten or fifteen years would have wondered how any sustained intellectual or physical exertion was possible with such a frame. But the projects he conceived, the literary works he executed, the journeys he undertook in his decline, might have tasked a strong man in his maturity. He vividly recalled Dryden's lines on Shaftesbury:

> A fiery soul, which working out its way,
> Fretted the puny body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

But Bulwer's soul was more restless than fiery; he could not exist without movement and agitation; fix him to a spot, forbid excitement, and he would have passed away like the little Dutch Governor (mentioned by Washington Irving) who pined away so imperceptibly that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury. Yet the puny invalid, who may have been seen shivering in a warm autumn on the Bosphorus, spent a cold winter month in canvassing Tamworth, and came back the better for it, proving that, frail as he was, he had more of the *malade imaginaire* about him than he would allow. His ordinary preparation for dinner was the production of two or three boxes of pills, which he ranged beside his plate with his bread. The Greek doctor who long formed part of his establishment, on being asked why he prescribed such a variety of mixtures, openly protested,—'*Moi, Monsieur, lui faire de telles ordonnances! ma tâche journalière c'est de l'empêcher de prendre de la médecine.*' Richelieu signing death warrants with one foot in the grave, Pitt vomiting behind the Speaker's chair by way of preparation for the greatest of his speeches, Scott dictating romances with the cramp in the stomach which made him roll about in agony—these were trifles to Henry Bulwer going down to the House of Commons, with a hectic suffocating cough, to make a

speech on the Irish Church, which there was no imaginable necessity for his making, and which was inaudible to more than the ten or dozen members who closed up to him. These heard enough to convince them that, given the physical requisites, the speech would have proved an undeniable success.[1]

Our high estimate of his writings has been expressed from time to time on the successive appearance of his works. They are incomplete in many respects, particularly as regards style and artistic finish, but most of them, especially the *Historical Characters*, and *The Life of Lord Palmerston*, derive a marked value and attraction from the circumstance that the author had been practically conversant with affairs: that he had been mixed up with the event he described: that he had made, or assisted in making, as well as written, history.

He was a most agreeable letter-writer, and his correspondence, could it be collected, would form the truest reflex of the distinctive qualities of his mind,—of his versatility, playfulness, refinement, earnestness and good sense. Several of his most characteristic letters have been placed at our disposal by one of his most valued female correspondents,—Marie Princess of Lichtenstein, the Marie Fox of Holland House, one of those finely-organised rarely-gifted women who, from early girlhood, bind young and old in the same electric chain of sympathy, and irresistibly attract the communion of superior minds by the charm of being understood. She was under eighteen when this correspondence began.[2]

Torquay: December 25, 1870.

No lady should send photographs, and I will tell you why. An absent admirer, if he recalls anything, recalls the most

[1] Judging only from the corrected report in Hansard, it belonged to a high order of oratorical composition.

[2] She has had nothing to do with the selection of passages for publication, which was left unreservedly to me.

bewitching glance, the most charming smile, the happiest expression of the countenance of which he dreams. His imagination does the work of the most skilful artist: the photographer undoes it. Mind, feeling, disappear from the portrait. The triumph of the painter is to give your best aspect, the necessity of the photographer to give your worst. Photographs, I believe, are now carefully arranged; still I would not trust them. I suspect, moreover, that most gentlemen get photographs to show them. They take out a photograph, and say to some fellow; 'What do you think of this, eh?' Well, every man likes to mortify the vanity of another, and if he can say anything disagreeable, he does.

. . . . . .

In regard to first love, it has undoubtedly the charm which the imagination has over the real. What we love is our idea of what should be loved. It is ourselves, that is to say, our own thoughts, turned inside out. We love, too, with all trustfulness; but we love, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a delusion. I know I have been shocked at meeting, ten or fifteen years afterwards, the ladies I loved in my youth. No; the age of man ought to be at least 120. Sixty years he might give to learning what should be loved, sixty to loving, and sixty more to forgetting he had loved. But you have a philosophy, or, rather, what is better than a philosophy —a religion, that arms you at all points; and I am convinced that any one who believes that what is best is best, will find it so. Now, with regard to Holland House.[1] Your conception of the work seems to me perfect, and, I assure you, your mode of explaining that conception is perfect also. I have rarely found anyone who can say so clearly what he wants to say as you can.

Torquay: 29th.

I have read through the two chapters. It is as I supposed. The work broadens out as it continues, and must be finally judged *en masse*. These chapters, especially the one on the Library, are excessively interesting, and the anecdotes artistically interspersed.

I admire your answer to my suggestion; I mean the spirit of it, 'Truth and not fiction.' But it is in the spirit of the lady, not of the writer. For myself, I would welcome any fiction that could carry me out of this wretched little place,

[1] Her forthcoming 'History of Holland House.'

which gives itself the airs of a world, and is a hole. Did you ever read the commencement of the 'Strange Story'? It describes such a place, and is admirable.

An ex-French Ambassador, who has got his house and horses at Paris, comes to me and sits hours at a time expressing his hopes that the capital will surrender before his stud is eaten and his furniture pillaged. The spirit of contradiction has urged me to promise him that the siege will last six months—but, it is over. Is one to regret or rejoice? Houghton must be already on the road to breakfast with Jules Favre, and dine with Bismarck. The Emperor and the Empress come again upon the stage. The whole affair is a drama for Astley's. King William walking 'majestically,' as the special correspondent says, to his coronation: Gambetta flying in his balloon to his defeated armies: the Emperor, hobbling up with his fire-baptized child in a Prussian uniform, preceded by the Empress waltzing with Moltke. These great surprises in affairs are not lasting; but that is all one can predicate about them.

I am hesitating as to whether I shall go up to town or not, for the opening of Parliament. A little will depend on the state of affairs and a little on the state of the weather. I have just been reading Wilberforce's Life, which ought, I think, to be more interesting. But I am forced back again upon old friends. It is really startling to find the tone of modern novelists. Their heroes and heroines are the lowest types of society. There is not a gentleman above a Life-Guardsman, or a lady that a gentleman could love and respect, in the list of them.

I don't know where we are going to, publicly or privately; but when society does not perish, there is always a degree of bad which produces a reaction to good. In the meantime, one's admiration for the delicate, the talented, the noble-minded, and the beautiful is increased by its contrast with surrounding objects.—Thus, I am ever yours,

H. L. B.

I have been busy for these four days revising a third edition of Palmerston. I suppose you got the books at last, since the publisher vows he sent them.

My time otherwise has passed in looking through books and on the waves. The latter feed meditation most. Still,

I caught hold of two books which, though bad as books, have interested me from their subject.

The one was a very ordinary Life of Gibson, the sculptor. What charmed me was, the idea it brought out of a man of talent and imagination living amongst the most beautiful forms, and solely occupied with the study of beauty for the purpose of creating it. Waking and sleeping, there was beauty before his eyes, occupying his thoughts, guiding his hand, dictating his dreams. He at one time thinks his ideal has embodied itself in a work (I should like to see it) for Mrs. Preston. It was a Venus, and he had painted her, and sat for five years worshipping her, and thinking if he could improve her—unwilling to let this Egeria of marble out of his grotto. In thinking of all this, I remembered that on early coins the Greek face has not its magnificent type, but a mere Egyptian one—forehead sloping back, eyes long and full, cheek-bones more visible. Is it not possible that the constant study which the Greeks made of the beautiful *gave them beauty*? Greek beauty always is, we must remember, beauty *expressing thought*, the sort of beauty that might grow out of and harmonise with thinking of that style of beauty. Every Venus has her *inward* expression, as well as her *outward*.

And if it were so, if the thought of beauty could by degrees mould the features of a race into beauty, how much more naturally would good and noble thoughts form their character and fit it for good and noble deeds?

We, in our ignorance, talk of education and spreading education. What is the education of a people—to read and write?—Stupidity. It is the directing and elevating their minds to great virtues and great things. Our education now turns on one subject, making money; our politics, on one subject, making money—that is, buying and selling. I will not say that any pursuit *need* debase the mind; but if there is one more calculated than another to do so, it is making money. Our ancestors prohibited gentlemen from making money. We call this a prejudice, but it was not. A man by making money *might* become a gentleman, but when he *was* become a gentleman, his thoughts were to live in a higher sphere, and he was no more to be thinking how a penny might be saved or a pound got. The people under-

stood this, and had an idea of a gentleman as above a trader, thinking his ideas would be above those of bargaining. Now the gentleman is gone, and therefore the respect for gentlemen is gone, and gentlemen hardly respect themselves.

You will think me an antediluvian. No. I only think we are on a wrong road: we are progressing in our cultivation of all material things about man, but not in our cultivation of man. It is possible that I read too much in my youth of Plutarch's Lives, the Roman history, and Don Quixote's library of books of chivalry. But I confess to a hankering after the heroic.

It is apropos of *that* that the other book I allude to interested me. It is Chatterton's Life. He died, poor boy! before he was 18, and he had thought, suffered, and written enough for a long life. Finding or fancying his genius unappreciated, he burns his writings, takes to his bed, and dies. Nothing can be more tragic than this end.

You will see the religious debates on Gladstone's innocent letter about the Pope. There seems by fatality a general silence when he does anything wrong, and an ungenerous outcry when he does anything right. It is strange that people should not see that, if the Government of Great Britain and Ireland can take no interest in the fate of the Head of the Catholic Church, the Catholic people of Ireland will wish to have a separate Irish Government that can. Nothing shows the inherent savageness of man's nature more than the fact that, if you actually give him a religion which preaches peace and charity, he will find the means of making it a cause for contention.

Never allow your faith in religion to be shaken, nor listen to those who would talk to you about what is reasonable or is not reasonable in religion. The religious feeling is not arrived at by argument: it is an instinct in the human breast, which the glorious gift of the imagination renders our nature capable of adopting. The various and even absurd divinities which men have at times worshipped prove the necessity they have felt for some divinity. I am disposed to think that the religion any one feels satisfied with, and which gives him the satisfaction of confidence in prayer, is for him the best, though the vanity of men has made every sect believe that its peculiar tenets are the only ones agreeable to God.

But, at all events, though the Roman Catholic priesthood adopt this dogma, as most priesthoods do, there is certainly no religion more capable of creating a sublime enthusiasm than that of the Roman Catholic Church; and if it does this to you, God speaks to you through it, and your soul should rest satisfied, and not allow itself to be disturbed.

. . . . . .

Do you know ———— well, or Mdlle. ———— well?

It would seem that one is not tired of marriage, and the other very anxious to try it; but the union, though it strikes one as odd at a first glance, is rational enough when one considers. People change their situation when they are not satisfied with that which they have, without considering attentively the advantages and disadvantages of the one they propose to enter. Mdlle.———— wants a comfortable home, and ———— an agreeable house.

. . . . . .

Love, in its passionate meaning, is not required. I will give you a simile which I gathered from a water establishment. Apply a cold, not icy, piece of wet linen to your chest, and cover it nicely over, it gets warmer and warmer, and at last produces perspiration. Put on a hot one, and it gets colder and colder, until it gives you the rheumatism. Passion decreases after passing too often through the madness of jealousy. Liking and affection increase—increase constantly, even in despite of bad temper, which is the greatest enemy to happy association. But never be tempted, by any consideration, to marry any one against whom you feel a repulsion. It is, I believe, the most horrible of all sensations, and one which nothing abates or compensates for.[1]

. . . . . .

The disadvantages to which a young lady in our way of

[1] He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quickened—calmly cold,
And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
—*The Corsair.*

The feeling of repulsion is still more forcibly, though less poetically expressed by Honor, when sympathising with Sophia's antipathy to Blifil.

making marriage is exposed are monstrous. I believe the French way the best; but, at all events, ours is the worst, and puts me in mind of the combat in which one man had a net and the other a javelin or a sword: unless you cast your net skilfully, you are pierced to the heart.

The two following letters are addressed to an object of his especial interest, his accomplished god-daughter, the Comtesse de Puliga (*née* Henriette Sansom) author of 'Madame de Sévigné: Her Correspondents and Contemporaries.' They are in reply to her girlish and unaffected delight at the social successes she had unexpectedly, but most deservedly, achieved, particularly by her amateur performance in one of Alfred de Musset's best pieces, *Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, at Lady Molesworth's, before a distinguished audience comprising both French and English royalty.

[No date; written in the summer of 1865.]

'My dearest Hetty,—Your letter, like yourself, is charming. You do well to tell me of your triumphs—I share them. You are quite right: it is not external objects that are reflected in our mind, it is our mind that is reflected in them. Brightness within one makes all bright without.

'London is the same this year as the last, but you feel differently and see it different. Don't, however, build too much on the world's favour, nor on anything which goes and comes like the wind. One of the absurdities of the English character at the present day is that no one has an estimate of his own intrinsic value. You see the greatest people raised or debased in their own opinion by being invited or not to a ball. Rely on yourself for what you are yourself: take a modest estimate, but never let anyone have it in their power to make you think more or less of yourself than you deserve. If you make a habit of this in early life, you will be almost independent of the accidents of fortune till the day of your death.

'Accustom yourself, also, to do good things from good motives. Two people may act just alike, and one man be a villain and the other a saint. If you give in charity, let it be from the kindly feeling of helping a human creature,

and not from any motive which holds out to yourself any advantage.

'If you are kind and courteous, let it be not from a selfish desire to be popular, but from a genial desire to give pleasure and not pain. All this much depends on the habit one trains one's mind to when young.

'God bless you, 'Hy.'

'My dear Hetty,—Many thanks for your letters: you have had many triumphs: they are the most difficult trials. Don't let them turn your head. A woman has to marry. It's a great bore, and there is nothing perfect in the institution; but it is like being born and buried—a necessity.

'The qualities for a husband, remember, are to be lasting. They are to tell in every hour of the day. For this, good temper is the main thing to look to. Good sense, if possible, providing there is not too much of it. Don't marry a man whom physically you dislike, but it is not necessary that you should adore him. Scanty means create a constant struggle: great wealth is not necessary, but it is quite as easy to marry a rich man as a poor one.

'Men will not marry a woman so much because they admire her as because they think she admires them. If you wish to keep well with your husband, and if you wish to get a husband, the happy individual must think you consider no man equal to him. All men will believe this, and think it quite natural. Better marry a man from ten to fifteen years older than yourself. It is like buying a riding horse that has been broken, instead of a colt. You save yourself fifteen years during which the adorable creature would be committing absurdities. A ridiculous man is a nuisance: a man much admired is a nuisance also. There is a lecture for you.

'Try and pass the winter in some fine climate where I shall be. It will be a comfort to me and I shall be a counsellor to you. God bless you, 'Hy.'

Among his many personal gifts was one which almost exceptionally distinguished him. His temper was perfect, and it was not a temper painfully formed by habits of self-restraint. It arose from genuine sweetness of disposition, from unaffected amiability, from a

kind, gentle, affectionate nature. His judgment was never disturbed by irritability; he weighed motives and conduct in exquisitely poised scales; and his estimates of character were seldom equalled for sagacity and truth. When he mingled in the polemics of diplomacy or literature, he wielded the weapon of controversy like a small-sword, and 'never carried a heart-stain away on the blade.' His grace, his tact, his high-bred manner, made him a general favourite in society; and what Scott says of Rashleigh Osbaldistone's conversation may be said of Bulwer's:

'He was never loud, never overbearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts as to outrun either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeeded each other with the gentle but unremitting flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbid gush from the sluice of a millpond, as hurried and as easily exhausted.'

Bulwer always talked his best, and always took up by preference the topics on which mind could meet mind and glowing thoughts or sparkling fancies might be struck out. He was past sixty-eight when he died, but his vivacity was unabated, his vitality seemed unimpaired, and those who knew him best were so accustomed to see him overcoming matter by mind, that they were no less startled than saddened by the announcement that the most delightful of companions, the truest and most sympathising of friends, was taken from them.

MORE ABOUT JUNIUS.[1]

(From Fraser's Magazine, November 1867.)

'But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.'

There is a familiar fable of a man who bequeathed with his land a buried treasure to his sons without indicating the spot. They dug up the whole of the land without finding it; and the treasure (this is the moral) turns out to be the increased fertility of the soil. The Junius secret is a treasure of the same sort. The value lies in the search, in the industry it stimulates, in the discriminating spirit of inquiry it promotes, in the biographical and historical harvest for which it prepares the ground. Crowning the long line of learned and ingenious essays comes the latest and most important contribution to the 'Junian' literature, in the shape of *Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis*, begun by the late Mr. Joseph Parkes, completed and edited by Mr. Herman Merivale. Purporting to demonstrate that Francis was Junius, this book raises, in our opinion, the strongest presumption that he was not.

Mr. Joseph Parkes is creditably known in authorship by his History of the Court of Chancery: he played a considerable though subordinate part in politics: he was largely conversant with public affairs: he was sufficiently behind the scenes to mark the working of the springs: he was in his element amongst obscure or neglected manuscripts, and his professional habits may be supposed to have taught him how to

[1] *Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B., with Correspondence and Journals.* Commenced by the late Joseph Parkes, Esq., completed and edited by Herman Merivale, M.A. In two volumes. London: Longmans, 1867.

collate and weigh evidence. On first hearing, some years ago, therefore, that he had undertaken such a work, we cordially wished him long life to finish it; but with our present knowledge of his mode of execution and his plan—much as we may regret the cause of the suspension—we cannot but rejoice that his labours were suspended, and that the pen which dropped from his hand was caught as it fell by Mr. Merivale.

'Had Mr. Parkes continued his researches on the Junian portion of the memoir with the same minuteness with which he has treated what preceded it,' says Mr. Merivale, 'the whole biography must have cost him ten or twenty years of a life already far advanced, and would have occupied many volumes. I felt myself unequal to continuing it on this scale; I doubted whether the public would encourage me had I attempted it.' This is a mild mode of stating the dilemma. Mr. Parkes had evidently never heard or had forgotten the great truth, so repeatedly impressed by Sydney Smith, that we no longer live in the age of Methuselah, when people could afford to lounge over an essay or pamphlet for six or seven years. We undertake to say that, continued as begun, the work would never have been completed within the compass of a generation, and would never have been fairly read through by any one if it had been so completed.

When the Italian convict was given the choice of the galleys or reading through Guicciardini (the story is told by Macaulay, he chose Guicciardini, but stuck fast in the wars of Pisa, thought better of it, and took to the oar. Any English convict who should have been shown such a work as Mr. Parkes contemplated, would have taken to the oar at once. The fact is, this most estimable person was Junius-mad. He saw Junius in every anonymous writer of the period, who rose, or was thought to rise, above the common level, and in some

who certainly fell beneath it. Wherever he saw Junius he saw Francis too:

> Afra was present when he named her name,
> And when he named another, Afra came.

Turn where he would, he was haunted by the same name and image, like Fitzjames:

> Can I not mountain maiden spy,
> But she must bear the Douglas' eye?
> Can I not view a Highland brand,
> But it must match the Douglas' hand?
> Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
> But still the Douglas is the theme?

He conceived himself to have identified them under from twenty-five to thirty signatures between August 2, 1764, and January 21, 1769 (the date of the first letter signed Junius). The process of each identification is minutely and scrupulously described.

Mr. Parkes' share of the memoir ends abruptly in the middle of the year 1768, half a year before the appearance of the first letter under the signature of Junius, and occupies less than half of the first volume. All the rest is composed and compiled by Mr. Merivale, who, under the obvious difficulties of such a succession, has produced (quite independently of its bearing on the grand controversy) a very valuable and very interesting book. The lovers of anecdote will find it excellent gleaning ground, and future historians like Earl Stanhope and Mr. Massey, as well as future writers on British India, will eagerly and profitably repair to it. On the present occasion we shall confine ourselves to those portions which concern the Junian mystery, and recapitulate no more of the biographical details than are absolutely essential to the argument.

Philip Francis was born in Dublin, October 22, 1740. His father was Philip Francis, D.D., the translator of Horace, Demosthenes, and Æschines, who (in 1751–2) kept a school, at which Philip the son

received his first education. In November 1753, he was removed to St. Paul's School, where he remained till 1756, under the tuition of Mr. George Thicknesse, who declared him and his friend, Philip Rosenhagen (to whom Junius has also been attributed), the cleverest boys and the best scholars of his entire term of mastership. Another schoolfellow was Woodfall. On leaving school (1786), Francis was appointed to a junior clerkship in the Secretary of State's office through the interest of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, with whom his father was much connected, being at one time almost domiciled at Holland House. In 1758 he obtained through Wood, the Secretary of the Treasury, the temporary appointment of secretary to General Bligh during the expedition to the coast of France, at the termination of which he resumed his clerkship. In January 1760 he was appointed, on Wood's recommendation, secretary to Lord Kinnoul's special embassy to Lisbon, where he passed some months, and then returned to his old place, which had been kept open for him.

The ensuing period of comparative leisure was devoted to a course of classical and constitutional reading. Introduced by the same steady friend, Wood, he acted as occasional amanuensis to the Great Commoner between January 7, 1761, and the advent of Lord Bute's ministry in May 1762. This is stated to be the only personal connection of Francis at any period with Lord Chatham, and it led to nothing in the way of promotion or preferment. In 1761 he fell in love with, and in the spring of 1762 married, contrary to the wishes of his father, Miss Macrabie, a young lady without fortune, the daughter of a retired merchant of small means. Wood, still his friend, got him, about December 1762, the appointment of first clerk in the War Office, the Secretary of War being

Mr. Welbore Ellis, who was succeeded in July 1765 by Lord Barrington.

Francis, alias Junius, is represented as having broken ground politically under the pseudonym of *Candor* in a letter to the *Public Advertiser* of August 2, 1764; which so frightened Woodfall that he declined the rest of the intended series. It was consequently transferred to Almon, and printed as a pamphlet. 'This publication,' says Mr. Parkes, 'was the first of a series of political pamphlets on the liberty of the press, doubtlessly, from the same pen, continued to the termination of the Junius Letters, now designated as the *Candor Pamphlets*. The authorship has continued as great a mystery as that of Junius.' *Ignotum per ignotius.*

They were continued till 1774, and showed sufficient learning and research to be attributed by turns to great lawyers and statesmen; but far from occupying all the spare time of our young clerk (which Francis then was), they must have been flung off as easily as a rattling letter to his wife about (as will presently be seen) his unremitting dinners and amusements *en garçon.*

No less than twenty-seven signatures were, we are assured, employed by Francis-Junius in the course of the next two or three years; many of them being respectively attached to a series, or used several times over. During the pre-Junian period, he addressed three letters to Mr. George Grenville and one to Lord Chatham (January 2, 1768), which, unluckily, is at utter variance with several letters confidently assigned to Junius.[1] During the entire eight or nine years Francis was doing all the heavy work of the War Office. 'The great majority of the drafts of letters in answer to those received are still extant in the handwriting of

[1] *Chatham Correspondence.* vol. iii. p. 305, *note.*

Francis,[1] rarely altered by the Secretary at War, and never by Deputy D'Oyly.' How he found time for such multifarious labours, or how he averted suspicion, is not explained.

There is no direct evidence of his being the writer of any one of the pamphlets or letters. There is nothing that can be called proof of his having written for the newspapers at all prior to his departure for India, beyond an apocryphal statement of his second wife and copies of two insignificant communications preserved by him, which naturally suggest the query why he did not preserve more. There is not a hint, a trace, a sign, a token of such a thing in his confidential correspondence with his father, his wife, his brother-in-law, or his chums, Tilman and Baggs; nor (stranger still) in his autobiography, in which he sets down many things far more compromising than any revelations touching the Candor pamphlets or the Anti-Sejanus letters could have proved. He must have resembled the wearer of the invisible coat. Considering his convivial habits, he must have led a life like Sydney Smith's voter by ballot; who talked with the wrong people, advocated the wrong side, subscribed to the wrong club, huzzaed at the wrong dinner, broke the wrong head, led a long life of lies; 'and he must have done this, not only in his calm and prudential state, but warmed with wine and expanded with alcohol.'

These difficulties never once occur to Mr. Parkes, nor in their full force to the far more acute and discriminating mind of Mr. Merivale, although he is occasionally staggered by an incongruity. We have seen how confidently Mr. Parkes speaks of the Anti-Sejanus letters. This manuscript note was found among the original Woodfall papers, addressed to the *Public Advertiser*:

'Sir,—I am alarmed to see in yours of yesterday, the ac-

[1] They are no longer extant in the War Office.

knowledgment of the receipt of a letter signed "A Friend of Anti-Sejanus," of which neither myself nor *any of my friends* are acquainted with the writer. As it is one of *our signatures*, I hope your candour will suppress it, if there is anything in it that may discredit any of the party.—I am very sincerely, your friend and most humble servant,

'ANTI-SEJANUS.'

This letter, the sole specimen of the handwriting of Anti-Sejanus, is pronounced to be, in the opinion of Mr. Parkes himself, 'certainly not that of Francis;' and Mr. Merivale states it as 'a probable conclusion, to be drawn from this and other portions of the evidence, first, that, in much of the correspondence previous to the letters signed Junius, Francis had colleagues; secondly, that the Woodfalls, or H. S. Woodfall, at least, were not wholly unacquainted with the combination of clever party writers to whom they owed so much of their continued reputation and success.'

Then what becomes of the theory that Francis, the reserved, uncommunicative, inscrutable Francis, was writing the whole or the greater part of the most remarkable letters in Woodfall's paper for a series of years, unaided and unknown? The motive is equally unintelligible. In reference to this (the Anti-Sejanus period), we are told that, 'notwithstanding an excitable, sensitive, and occasionally a morbid temperament, his (Francis') severe industry and dominant resolution to labour *for his proper place in life*, never failed. . . . He has thus far been traced as an active, voluntary, and unpaid contributor to the London press, on political and other subjects, from 1763 to 1766, and never in any instance under his proper name.' A clerk in a public office labours for his proper place in life by unpaid anonymous contributions to the newspapers, which he dared not avow to his dearest friend—which he could not publicly avow without ruin and disgrace! This is a specimen of the reasoning into which an

experienced man of the world may be hurried by a hobby or a creed.

The Junius letters of the pre-Junian period form indispensable links in the chain. But Lord Stanhope, always fair, well-informed, and accurate, speaks of them as beginning at the latest in April 1767,[1] and the Woodfall account fixes the 28th April, 1767, as the day on which 'the first public address of this celebrated writer was received.'

We pause to observe that all the pamphlets and letters attributed to Francis were in acrimonious opposition to the proceedings and policy of his benefactors and friends. This is stated with surprising simplicity in the Memoirs:

'Lord Egremont had been only lately his chief, and had only lately promised him preferment had he continued in the Secretary of State's office. Mr. Wood, the under-secretary of the Treasury, the secondary but principal instrument of the seizure of Wilkes, was his early and constant patron, to whom he was indebted for his new position in the War Office. Mr. Welbore Ellis, the Secretary at War, was the member of the Administration by whom the clerkship was nominally given him. His own father was a leading partisan writer, in the interest of Lord Bute and the existing ministry. *The clerk of the War Office had therefore every conceivable motive to keep his opinions to himself.*'

Instead of doing so, he put them forward in the shape best adapted to damage his patrons and deprive them, with their places, of the power of assisting him. It is difficult to conceive a greater amount of treachery and fatuity than such conduct would imply. It is taking a

[1] *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.* By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), vol. v. chap xlvii. This (including the appendix in the last edition) is the clearest and most satisfactory statement of the case for Francis, as it stood prior to the revelations of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale. Dr. Mason Goode, the principal editor of the Woodfall edition, is charged, not without reason, in the *Athenæum*, with admitting many spurious letters on insufficient grounds, besides tampering with the dates of genuine letters.

favourable view of his proceedings to compare him to the Irishman in Hogarth's print, sawing away at the beam on which he is astride, and reckless of the break-neck tumble he may get.

His private life was dispiriting enough. In June 1768 he writes to his brother-in-law in India:

'Domestic news is as insipid as usual. Children bawling, servants fighting, my wife scolding, your father and mother weeping, and Patty raving mad. These, with the addition of a preternatural appearance, and some unaccountable noises which have been repeatedly in my house in Duke Street at the dead of night, make up the perpetual history of my family.'

It is clear from other passages, however, that he took every opportunity of amusing himself; that he was often engaged in convivial parties, ending (like most convivial parties of that day) in a close approximation to drunkenness; that he was in the habit of betting, and that he occasionally gambled in the funds. One specific loss of 500*l.* is recorded. On January 4, 1769, he writes:

'I am just returned from spending a riotous fortnight at Bath. Gravier and two others filled a post coach, which was dragged with no small velocity by four horses. We travelled like gentlemen, and lived like rakes. All our news here is that Wilkes is elected Alderman of Farringdon Without. At this rate I see no reason why he may not be Sheriff and Lord Mayor in regular succession: and why not Prime Minister before he dies. *In short, nothing can be more ridiculous than everything that happens about this gentleman.* Every attempt that has been made to injure or oppress him, has in reality done him service; yet, after all, I apprehend he will infallibly be expelled the House of Commons. The election for Middlesex has raised such a ferment, that even America has been lain aside, and Corsica not once thought of. The ministry are supposed to be in a strange state of confusion, and many changes are actually talked of. So much for news and politics.

'The domestic history of Duke Street is pretty much the same as in my last. My son—that is your nephew and Gravier's grandson—thrives admirably, though God knows the weather is bad enough to kill a horse. While I lived at Bath in every species of *débauche* my health was unimpaired, but the moment I return to this *cursed regularity* of drinking nothing, and going to bed and getting up early, *me voici enrhumé comme un tigre.* I can hardly see, breathe, or speak; therefore I see no reason why I should write any more.—Sick or well, drunk or sober, yours I remain, 'P. Fr.'

This letter was written exactly one fortnight before the first Junius; and amongst the miscellaneous letters under other signatures by the same writer are one of the 14th November, one of the 21st November, and one (very important, addressed to Mr. Grenville) of 15th December, 1768. Was the riotous fortnight at Bath a preparation for the grand effort, a relaxation from past labours, or both? Was Francis-Junius sick or well, drunk or sober, when he composed the first of the series which forms the copestone of his fame, or the letter to Horne Tooke, to which we shall presently have occasion to refer? Whatever difference may exist as to the merit of Junius, there can be none as to the amount of severe attention—the *limæ labor*—required for such a style. The private letters show that he was fastidious and sensitive in the extreme. 'For *material* affection, for God's sake, read *maternal*,' is the beginning of one. It is difficult to picture him polishing his balanced periods, or meditating his indignant appeals to a rapt public, in the intervals of a debauch, surrounded by noisy companions at an inn.

The letters to the brother-in-law and Major Baggs indicate the average tone of his correspondence at this epoch, so far as we are permitted to learn from selections carefully made by Mr. Merivale and Mr. Parkes. If the one just quoted had immediately preceded a

Junius letter about Wilkes, we should have been told to mark the coincidence, and if a blank had been left, or a passage cut out to suppress a personality or a ribald jest, it would have been announced that in that teasing blank, or in that provoking excision, lay the whole clue to the mystery.

In one instance, when Francis, in a private letter, mentions the three principal topics of public interest in the same order in which they had recently been treated by Junius, we are requested to note down this unerring indication of identity. By a parity of reasoning, we could prove half of our acquaintance to be frequent contributors to the *Times*.

The Junius on the affair of the Falkland Islands appeared on January 30, 1771; and on the 6th February, Philo-Junius writes, 'I hope your correspondent Junius is better employed than in answering or reading the criticisms of a newspaper.' It would seem he was, if Francis were Junius, for Francis writes to his brother-in-law on the 12th:

'Tilman dined with me yesterday, and swallowed a moiety of two bottles of claret. . . . . We lead a jolly kind of life. This night to a concert, on Thursday to a ridotto, on Saturday the opera—and on Tuesday following a grand private ball at the London Tavern. We desire nothing but that you were here to partake with us.'

On June 25, 1771, to Major Baggs:

'Dear Phil,—You will hardly believe that the hint I threw out about the East Indies related to myself. The idea was carried pretty far, but circumstances being altered with respect to the plan of government in India, that affair is over, and must never be mentioned. *For the next three years I am likely enough to remain in my present state of uninteresting indolence.*[1] But I am secure of a —— in the next ——.

[1] This was written in the very thick of the Junius correspondence, and must consequently be interpreted by the rule of opposites or in the non-natural sense.

'The Duke of Grafton, since his appointment to the Privy Seal, has had *a peppering letter* from Junius, who promises a continuance of his correspondence as long as he is in office. I will send you newspapers whenever an opportunity offers. Of changes I see no prospect. Wilkes may perhaps have the pleasure of being hanged before his shrievalty is expired. . . . .

'Fitzpatrick, Tilman, Gravier, and I dined yesterday at the Queen's Arms. *They drank immoderately, and even I, who drank nothing but thimblefuls, grew intoxicated at last.*'

This peppering letter appeared three days before, June 22. On July 26 (in the middle of the Horne Tooke controversy) to Major Baggs:

'To-morrow Godfrey, Tilman, another gent, and I set out upon a tour through Derbyshire, and propose to reach Manchester. I wish you were of the party.'

On July 31 (the day on which Horne's letter appeared) he writes from Derby to his wife:

'Our journey has been as prosperous as we could expect, though we have seen nothing yet but the bare face of the country. The Duchess of Bedford, and be d——d to her, would not let us see Woburn Abbey, which we all greatly regret.'

Hinc illæ lachrymæ. Hence of course the renewed virulence with which the Duke of Bedford was assailed; or had the Duchess an instinctive consciousness that she was excluding the calumniator?

He enjoys his trip in true gentish fashion, and does not return till Monday the 13th—the day on which appeared the answer to Horne containing the dignified panegyric on Chatham. On the 20th, Francis to us:

'Junius and Wilkes seem to make common cause. Poor Horne is drubbed till he screeches for mercy. Never was there such a letter as Junius has flattered him with. *All*

mankind agree that it is his masterpiece, and now I hope we shall never hear any more of them. We have no alterations of any kind. I send you newspapers as often as I can,' and hope to-morrow to send you a great bundle. Of Stephen I hear nothing. Godfrey, Tilman, and I returned *last Monday* from our grand tour.'

They were absent eighteen days. In a letter from Oxford, August 10, to his wife at Fulham, he 'proposes to have the happiness of seeing her on Sunday night' (the 12th). He did not arrive in London till Monday the 13th, but Mr. Merivale, taking for granted that he arrived on the 12th, writes:

'A somewhat minute, but special instance of chronological correspondence between the performances of Junius and contemporary events in the life of Francis, requires now to be noted. On July 31, 1771, Horne addresses Junius in an elaborate "reply," intended to be a complete summary of the controversy. Junius does not answer this until August 13—rather a long interval for so prompt a combatant. So, at least, Horne thought; for in his rejoinder, on August 16, he says, "I congratulate you, sir, on the recovery of your wonted style, *though it has cost you a fortnight.*" If Francis was Junius, the occurrence of this interval of a fortnight is exactly accounted for by the dates of the following letters [those already quoted], addressed to his wife at Fulham, where she was no doubt staying with her father, Mr. Macrabie.'

A great stress is laid on this 'chronological correspondence' by Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale, their grand point being that the silence or delay of Junius corresponds with the absence of Francis, who (it is to be implied) could not acquire his information or compose such letters out of London, and dared not trust them to the post. Well, then, where did he compose, and how did he transmit, this answer to Horne, which (according to Francis) all mankind agreed to be his masterpiece? or how, if he could transmit it from the country, is the exact interval of a fortnight to be

accounted for by the letters to his wife? He might surely have transmitted it at any period of his tour. That Junius occasionally used the post, is proved by an original letter now before us stamped *post-paid.*

The private correspondence shows that letters were frequently delayed by Woodfall, proofs being sometimes required by Junius;[1] and the date of any published letter is commonly anterior to the day of publication. A letter to the *Times* rarely corresponds in date with the *Times* in which it appears. If the letters to the *Public Advertiser* are always dated the day of their appearance, the dates must have been inserted by the printer.[2] Then what becomes of the chronological argument? The cautious Junius would most likely have taken care that the dates of his letters, and the indications of his movements contained in them, should *not* correspond with the facts. The answer to Horne's letter of July 31, however, must have been both written and sent whilst Francis was on his tour.

On August 22, 1771, Francis writes to Baggs:

'Dear Phil,—I wrote to you last Tuesday very fully by the common post, as I have done several times, though you continue to reproach me with neglect. I now take the opportunity of Lieutenant Hoy of the 39th to send you newspapers. You will find the famous Junius among them, but you ought to read Horne's letter first.'

The first allusion to Junius in the family correspondence occurs in letters from Dr. Francis to his son:

Bath, January 28, 1769.

'Give all my love to Mr. Calcraft. Tell him he is to

[1] See private letter, Jan. 6, 1772 (when Francis was at Bath), from which it appears that the last letter to Lord Mansfield, then ready, was to reach Woodfall on the 8th or 9th; that he was to send proofs immediately, and not publish it before the 21st. What did it signify where Junius was on the 21st?

[2] It appears from the proofs in the British Museum, that the dates were added on the proofs.

expect a very spirited and exceeding honourable defence of L. G—y (Granby) against the virulent Junius, by our friend Sir W. D—r. I truly honour him for it.'

Bath, January 5, 1769.

'I really honour Sir W. D—r. I know the motives of his writing. *Qui non defendit, alio culpante.* I wish his letter had been shorter: perhaps you think so too of this epistle.'

Bath, February 11, 1769.

'Poor Sir William! I am glad he is gone to Clifton, where he may eat his own heart in peace. So sensible to friendship, what must he suffer in his feelings for his own Reputation? When he repeated to me some passages of his letter, I bid him prepare his best philosophy for an Answer. But who is this Devil Junius, or rather Legion of Devils? Is it not B—k's (Burke's) pen dipped in the Gall of Sa—lle's (Sackville's) heart? Poor Sir William! . . . .'

The editor has printed in the appendix a curious document, which is thus described:

'The following paper of Remarks on Junius is printed from one contained in a letter-book of Sir Philip Francis, written in his best clerical hand, and indorsed, "Copied from a very loose incorrect paper of Dr. Francis," probably written in the year 1772. Bound up with it is a foul draft in the hand of Dr. Francis himself. (See p. 320.)

'It is plain from the last paragraphs that the Doctor's suspicions pointed to Edmund Burke as the author of Junius; and various passages in his son's correspondence show that he endeavoured to create this belief in the minds of his acquaintances. (See pp. 220, 243.)'

This is one way of putting it. Another is that the son shared the suspicions of the father, adopted a common opinion, and speculated on Junius like the rest of his cultivated acquaintance or contemporaries. But the Franciscan theory absolutely requires that Francis shall never be supposed to write or act naturally.

In answer to a question from Macrabie, Francis wrote on June 12, 1770:

'Junius is not known, and that circumstance is perhaps as curious as any of his writings. I have always suspected Burke; but, whoever he is, it is impossible he can ever discover himself. The offence he has given to his Majesty and —— is more than any private man could support; he would soon be crushed. Almon has been found guilty of republishing the letter to the King, and Woodfall, who was the original publisher, is to be tried to-morrow. If he be found guilty, I fancy he will have reason to remember it. I have been a tour through Wiltshire, as far as Bath, on horseback, and in company with Tilman. The more I know this youth, the better I like him.'

These frequent references to Junius preclude the notion that the excised passages in the letters would (as Mr. Merivale thinks) have 'led into the heart of the mystery'—unless we are to suppose that Francis was cautious and careless, reserved and frank, at the same time to the same correspondents. This remark equally applies to the autobiography. If he was merely playing a part, it must be admitted that he played it to admiration. Indifference in the midst of anxiety, idleness and dissipation in the midst of severe mental toil, could not have been more naturally assumed. We have seen that more than his fair share of official work devolved upon him. On February 7, 1770, he writes: 'The present condition of politics is enough to agitate the mind of a calmer person than I am; and with official business, I promise you, I am almost overwhelmed.' The famous letter to the Duke of Grafton appeared on the 14th.

'No man but he who with a thorough knowledge of our author's style undertakes to examine all the numbers of the *Public Advertiser* for the three years in question can have any idea of the immense fatigue and trouble he (Junius) submitted to by the composition of other letters, under other signatures, in order to support the pre-eminent pretensions and character of Junius.'

. . 'Junius had no time for remote excursions, nor

often for relaxation, even in the vicinity of the metropolis itself.'[1]

When accused by Horne of writing under a variety of signatures, Junius admits the fact, and asks: 'Is there no merit in dedicating my life to the information of my fellow-subjects? What public question have I declined? What villain have I spared? Is there no labour in the composition of these letters? Mr. Horne, I fear, is partial to me; and measures the facility of my writings by the fluency of his own.' The letter to Lord Mansfield fills thirty-seven pages in Almon's edition: the address to the King twenty-eight pages. They were all carefully copied; probably by an amanuensis; for occasionally there were corrections or interlineations in a different hand.

On December 11, 1770, Francis writes to his brother-in-law: 'My life is one continued scene of fermentation. The approach of a war loads me with business, as, by-and-by, I hope it will with money.' 'The pecuniary value of his War Office appointment (observes Mr. Parkes) is unascertainable. The salary was no doubt trifling, but the secretary, the deputy secretary, and chief clerk, had fees and perquisites—considerable in time of war.' How Francis found money for his style of life is not explained. He states that the loss of the 500*l.* (early in 1771) had cured him of stock-jobbing. In after life he was remarkable for his penuriousness, which was observed on his arrival in India, and cannot therefore be set down as a 'good old gentlemanly vice.' The profits of the collected letters promised to be large, and Woodfall's offer was a strong temptation to such a man. On December 17, 1771, he writes: 'I have strange projects in my head. I have got five children, you may remember, and in a few months shall have a sixth. This makes a man look

[1] Woodfall's edition. Preliminary Essay.

serious, *bon gré mal gré.*' These strange projects fluctuated between India and America.

Woodfall assumes it to be unquestionable that Junius was in easy, if not affluent, circumstances. To an offer of half the profits of the first collected edition he replied: 'What you say about the profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. *As for myself, be assured, I am far above all pecuniary views;* and no other person, I think, has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate, independence: without it, no man can be happy, nor even honest.'

In another private letter to Woodfall, April 12, 1769: 'You, I think, sir, may be satisfied that my rank and fortune place me above a common bribe.'

In his first letter to Sir William Draper, he says:

'I should have hoped that even my name might carry some authority with it, if I had not seen how very little weight or consideration a printed paper receives from the respectable signature of Sir William Draper.'

On November 27, 1771, in a private letter to Woodfall:

'Though we may not be deficient in capacity, it is possible that neither of us may be cunning enough for Mr. Garrick. But with a sound heart, be assured you are better gifted, even for worldly happiness, than if you had been cursed with the abilities of a Mansfield. *After long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.*'

In another, December 17, 1771:

'When the book is finished, let me have a sett bound in vellum, gilt, and lettered Junius i. ii. as handsomely as you can—the edges gilt: let the sheets be well dried before binding. I must also have two setts in blue paper covers. *This is all the fee I shall ever require of you.*'

These 'setts' were sent, and have never been traced.

In the last letter Woodfall ever received from him, January 19, 1773, after a complete silence of nine months, he says:

'I meant well by the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honour of this country, when I see there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike vile and contemptible. You have never flinched that I know of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.'

This was six months before Francis was appointed to the India commissionership, and a year after he had left the War Office.

All the letters of Junius, especially the private letters, are distinguished by the same high, proud, lofty, disinterested, and independent tone,—no more capable of sustained imitation or assumption during a series of years than the *air noble* or the look and bearing of a gentleman. It is curious to mark how Wilkes, who had lived familiarly with the great, is caught by the grand manner of Junius.[1] Francis, arrogant enough in after life, was associating at this time with an inferior set of people; and the most dignified of his political occupations was helping Calcraft in a humble and subordinate way:

'From 1769 to 1771 [says Mr. Merivale] they were fellow-

[1] Mr. Charles Butler states, in his Reminiscences, that he and Mr. Wilkes were convinced that Junius must be a man of high rank from the tone of equality which he seemed to use, quite naturally, in his addresses to persons of rank, and in his expressions respecting them. 'How difficult it is for a person of inferior rank to do this, appears from Swift's letters, and the anecdotes of him, in which his consciousness of inferiority, notwithstanding his assumption of equality, pierces through every disguise.' During the Junius period the distinction of ranks was far more rigidly observed than at present. In *Humphrey Clinker* the peer refuses what is called the satisfaction of a gentleman to the squire, on the ground of inequality of rank. Junius speaks of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, Lord Mansfield, and the King, in the very tone in which Lord George Sackville or Lord Temple would have spoken of them.

conspirators in a great scheme, that of overturning the Grafton government and subsequently that of Lord North, and persuading or forcing Lord Chatham into power. Such was the general outline of the purpose of their combination. Calcraft's part in executing it the "Chatham Correspondence" fully shows. It will be seen that he was in constant communication with Chatham, urging, encouraging, advising, and informing him. And the correspondence of Francis, together with what we know from other sources, equally demonstrates his share in the business. He—unknown to the proud and recluse Lord Chatham, except as his young amanuensis of a short time—only approached the great man through Calcraft. His business was to collect materials for Calcraft: to stimulate him by use of the plentiful resources of his own wit, courage, and information; *to act, in short, as the jackal's provider, who was himself providing for the lion.*'

Francis never had wit; and neither wit nor courage was displayed in collecting the materials for Calcraft, which were scanty and commonplace. When describing Francis, Mr. Merivale, as usual, had Junius in his mind. In allusion to his connection with Calcraft, Francis says in his autobiography:

'In the course of the above debates in the House of Lords, a circumstance happened, which I think deserves to be remembered, that it may appear how much the greatest men may be and often are indebted to little ones. Woodfall the printer had been tried before Lord Mansfield at Nisi Prius, for printing a libel,—*I think* it was Junius' letter to the King, and found guilty of printing and publishing only. Lord Mansfield accepted the verdict . . .'

So Junius was in doubt whether Woodfall was or was not tried for printing Junius' letter to the King. But to proceed:

'The Attorney-General moved the Court of Queen's Bench that the verdict might be entered up according to the legal sense of the words. *Woodfall's counsel petitioned for a new trial. According to the established proceedings of the*

Court, the grounds for granting or refusing a new trial must arise from some defect in the verdict itself, and must appear on the face of the record. Lord Mansfield, in making his report to the Court, stated the charge which he had given to the jury, and went into all the proceedings at *nisi prius*. All this discourse was calculated to serve other purposes. With respect to the question before the Court, it was extrajudicial and improper—as the lawyers call it, he travelled out of the record. I caught a hint of this irregularity from Bearcroft one night at a tavern, and immediately drew up an argument upon it in proper form, and sent it to Calcraft, *desiring him to transmit it to his friend.* Within three days after, I heard the great Earl of Chatham repeat my letter verbatim in the House of Lords, not only following the argument exactly, but dressing it in the same expressions that I had done. *His speech the next day flamed in the newspapers, and ran through the kingdom.*'[1]

Granting that Francis affected not to know whether the point arose at Woodfall's trial for publishing the letter to the king, it will hardly be urged that he feigned such utter ignorance of the point itself as he betrays, considering that the incident is narrated by way of self-glorification, and that he assumes the entire credit of Lord Chatham's argument. Now, the trial of Woodfall most especially excited the indignation of Junius, who stated the point with technical accuracy whenever he had occasion to recur to it. He emphatically recurs to it, for the third or fourth time, in the preface to the collected edition of 1772, quoting that very argument of Lord Chatham's which Francis pretends to have supplied. As quoted by Junius, Lord Chatham said:

'The noble judge, when he delivered the opinion of the Court upon the verdict, went regularly through the whole

[1] This is a specimen of Francis' utter disregard of truth. One paper, *The Evening Post*, published a meagre report of the speech. The rest, including *The Public Advertiser*, took no notice of it. Parliamentary reporting was then prohibited by both Houses.

of the proceedings at *nisi prius*, as well as the evidence that had been given as his own charge to the jury. *This proceeding would have been very proper had a motion been made of either side for a new trial*, because either a verdict given contrary to evidence, or an improper charge by the judge at *nisi prius*, is held to be a sufficient ground for granting a new trial. But when a motion is made in arrest of judgment, or for establishing the verdict by entering it up according to the legal import of the words, it must be on the ground of something appearing on the face of the record: and the Court, in considering whether the verdict shall be established or not, are so confined to the record, that they cannot take notice of anything that does not appear on the face of it; in the legal phrase, they cannot *travel out of the record*.'

This is the exact contrary of the statement in the autobiography. Francis, acting on a sudden hint and having no occasion to recur to the point, may have confused or forgotten it, even after the lapse of three or four years. Not so Junius, on whose mind it must have been (so to speak) stereotyped by the sustained earnestness with which he returns to and dwells upon it.

The letter, dated December 1, 1770, from Francis to Calcraft, which is published in the appendix and (in the editor's opinion) 'appears to be that mentioned in the Autobiographical Fragment,' is a loose and wandering attack on Lord Mansfield, and contains not a single allusion to the point so repeatedly and energetically urged by Junius.

Another curious thing in connection with this matter is that Junius, whose letters were really flaming in the newspapers, and running through the kingdom, should be proud of having a letter repeated in the House of Lords; and such a letter, if it be really the one printed in the appendix.[1]

[1] Since this was written, we have found a key to the enigma in *The Grenville Papers*, vol. iii. p. cxiv., and *The Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 444; vol. iv. pp. 48 and 128. The letter used by Lord Chatham

What Mr. Parkes calls 'A Fragment of Autobiography,' is simply a rude outline or sketch of the career and views of Francis during the four years preceding his departure for India. It occupies only fifteen pages, is supposed to have been written at Calcutta not later than 1776, and was found by Mr. Parkes in a large parcel of unsorted papers, chiefly on Indian finance. The breaks with dots represent passages cut out with scissors in the original. In no single instance does the context justify a presumption that the excised passages touched upon the great secret; and the argument from the bare fact of excision resembles that addressed by Curran to an Irish jury, when he claimed a verdict on the ground that his only witness had been spirited away by the attorney for the defence. Besides, as already intimated, the mode of referring to Junius precludes the presumption that the writer was off his guard, or disposed to be communicative, on this topic. There is another argument, a sort of argument *ad verecundiam*, which sounds strange:

'And the editor can only add, as an assertion to which he hopes credit will be given, that all his examination of the mass of papers submitted to his eye, and from which the work now offered to the public contains only a trifling selection, has tended towards the same result. *He has not discovered a single record or a single passage which raises*

was not written or sent by Francis. The two letters from him, forwarded by Calcraft to Lord Chatham, are in his handwriting and purport to be from him. This particular letter is not in his handwriting, nor in his usual tone; and it is endorsed by Calcraft—'*Anonymous: received December 9, well worth attention.*' It begins: 'Should anything more be said in Parliament concerning the administration of justice, the following fact may be worth attending to.' This refers to a recent discussion in the House of Commons, of which Calcraft was a member; and he is not requested to transmit the paper to his friend. Francis evidently heard from Calcraft how Lord Chatham got the argument; and subsequently, probably after Calcraft's death, assumed the credit of it; having only a vague notion of it at any time. We suspect that the assumption was not reserved for the Autobiography; and it will appear that this was by no means his sole assumption of the kind.

(*by comparison of dates, sentiments, or other circumstances*) *the slightest improbability against the current supposition.*

'On the contrary, he can subscribe literally to the conclusion of Mr. Taylor, in his "Junius Identified," arrived at fifty years ago, from far less copious materials for judgment: "In all his researches, the writer has never met with *one thought, one fact, one word, which in the slightest degree impeded the course of his demonstration.* This is a negative criterion of the truth, but is of no small value after so extensive a survey, and it properly crowns the whole pile of evidence."'

Three years before (1813) Mr. Taylor, who is pleased to term his argument a demonstration, had come to a widely varying conclusion from the same premisses in his *Discovery*; and we should have thought that Mr. Merivale, who adopts his words in all their extravagance, must have seen or read enough of the fallibility of literary judgment to inspire some inkling of distrust. Without the least questioning his good faith, we must be pardoned for declining to abide by his authority in this matter, and for wishing that the selection had been made by some one less confident in a foregone conclusion than himself or Mr. Parkes. If they have failed to see how the new evidence affects the case, they may have unwittingly thrown aside other evidence from an equally mistaken estimate of its worth. To say nothing of the modes of thought and ways of life revealed by the familiar letters, or the fatal discrepancy on the law point betrayed by the autobiography, let us see, for example, how the new evidence affects the very pivot of the controversy: what fresh light is thrown on the circumstances under which Francis left the War Office, and the terms on which, on quitting it, he stood with Lord Barrington.

To show how much depends on this evidence, we have merely to call attention to the time and manner in which general suspicion was first directed to Francis, whose name was never publicly mentioned in connec-

tion with the authorship of Junius till 1812. It is not mentioned by Almon, who, in the preface to his edition of the Letters in 1806, passes seventeen claimants or candidates in review. It only occurs incidentally in Woodfall's edition of 1812—in the fourth letter of *Veteran:*

'*To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.*

March 23, 1772.

'Sir,—I desire you will inform the public that the worthy Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyly out of the War Office, has at last contrived to *expel* Mr. Francis. . . . I think the public have a right to call upon Mr. D'Oyly and Mr. Francis to declare their reasons for quitting the War Office. Men of their unblemished character do not resign lucrative employments without some sufficient reasons. . . . When the public loses the services of two able and honest servants, it is but reasonable that the wretch who *drives* such men out of a public office should be compelled to give some account of himself and his proceedings.'

Francis formally gave up his place about this time, having virtually vacated it two months before, and *Veteran*, in his three former letters, obviously proceeds upon the notorious fact that D'Oyly had been superseded by Chamier. He does not write like one who had been behind the scenes, or who knew more than was known to the public. The intention of Junius to write the *Veteran* letters, and his motive in writing them, were announced in a private letter to Woodfall, dated Jan. 25, 1772:

'*Having nothing better to do*, I propose to entertain myself and the public with torturing that bloody wretch Barrington. He has just appointed a French broker his deputy, for no reason but his relation to Bradshaw. *I hear from all quarters that it is looked upon as a most impudent insult to the army.* Be careful not to have it known to come from me. Such an insignificant creature is not

worth the *generous rage* of Junius. I am impatient for the book (the collected letters).'

In another private letter to Woodfall, about February 22, 1772:

'The appointment of this broker, I am told, gives universal disgust. That * * * would never have taken a step apparently so absurd, if there were not some wicked design in it *more than we are aware of*. At any rate, the broker should be run down. That, at least, is due to his master.'

'Sunday, May 3, 1772.

'The proceedings of this wretch are unaccountable. *There must be some mystery in it, which I hope will soon be discovered to his confusion.* Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the kingdom belongs to Lord Barrington.'

Francis knew perfectly well that there was no mystery, beyond that in which he himself thought fit to involve his resignation so far as the public were concerned. Nor can it be said that he waited till he had formally left the office before he began venting his generous (or ungenerous) rage against his chief; and we collect from the correspondence that he would have been the last man to announce that he had been expelled, or to court public inquiry into the circumstances. It is also clear that Lord Barrington, with far better means of tracing the libeller at the time than persons writing forty years afterwards, never suspected Francis. No sooner, however, did the *Veteran* letter appear with the other private letters in 1812, than suspicion was directed to Francis, and at length culminated in 'A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius: printed for Taylor and Hessey, 1813.' The author (Mr. Taylor) claims the merit of novelty on the distinct ground that neither of the two persons he brings forward had been surmised for the authorship, and says that he was led to his discovery by the later (meaning

the *Veteran*) letters. The two persons are Sir Philip and Dr. Francis: the supposed War Office grievance suggested the son, and the son suggested the father.

The advantage of this theory is, that much of the discrepancy between different letters under the Junius signatures is accounted for, by supposing them to be the composition of two persons of different ages, habits, and pursuits; and Mr. Taylor advanced so far towards the establishment of the Doctor's tenancy-in-common, as to be seriously embarrassed when it became necessary to draw back. The proofs and presumptions, deduced by him from the similarity of the father's style and peculiarities of expression, were unluckily stronger and more numerous than the corresponding proofs and presumptions relating to the son.[1] The double theory, however, was found not to hold water; and the *Discovery* was superseded by *Junius Identified* in 1816; in which, with unabated confidence, Sir Philip is pronounced to be the man. Alone he did what three years before had been 'demonstrated' to be the work of two.

In the Preface it is distinctly stated that the *Veteran* letter of March 23rd gave the clue. Before printing the Essay 'the publishers called on Sir Philip and informed him that, if he had the slightest objection to have his name connected with the investigation, he might rely on the suppression of the work.' He replied, 'You are quite at liberty to print whatever you think proper, provided nothing scandalous be said regarding my private character.' Mr. Taylor's impression was that Francis was rather pleased than displeased by the intimation, and shrewd suspicions were abroad that the surmise of identity emanated from himself.

It is curious that the *Discovery* is not so much as mentioned by Mr. Merivale. Why has it been passed

[1] 'There is scarcely one peculiar expression in the whole of his (Dr. Francis') Demosthenes and Horace of which an example cannot be found in the last edition of the works of Junius.'—*A Discovery, &c.*

over or kept back? But our immediate object is to show how much the Franciscan theory depends on connecting Junius with the War Office, and on proving that Francis was turned out or left on bad terms with Lord Barrington.

In a letter to his wife, Bath, December 23, 1771, Francis writes: 'Mr. D'Oyly has resigned, but of this say nothing.' To the same, Bath, December 24, 1771: 'I am very impatient to hear what Lord Barrington has determined about the War Office. *I neither desire nor expect any alteration in my own situation.* Very likely Mr. Bradshaw may succeed.' On January 24, 1772, to Baggs:

'You will have heard that Mr. D'Oyly has resigned his employment. He did it while I was at Bath. *Immediately upon my return, my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me the offer, with many obliging and friendly expressions.* I had, however, solid reasons for declining the offer, and Mr. Anthony Chamier is appointed. All this I should be glad you would communicate to anybody that is willing to hear it.'

The next document is a letter from Lord Barrington to Francis, dated February 26, 1772:

Cavendish Square, February 26, 1772.

'Dear Sir,—Mr. Marsh has desired to remain where he is: it will therefore be necessary that I should look out for a first clerk now a stranger to the office. I came late to-day thither, which prevented my telling you my present plan, *which Mr. Chamier will communicate. The matter will soon be known to so many persons that it cannot remain a secret;* I must therefore remind you of the letter I mentioned to you at my house. I hope you will be able to compose it so as to answer my wish without any inconvenience or detriment to yourself. I have no objection to your mentioning any of those things which have given you uneasiness heretofore, if you add [what I hope you may add with sincerity] *that I have since made you easy as to those points.* It will be absolutely necessary that I should tell some few

persons the occasion of my losing you, and I had much rather do it in your words than mine.—I am ever, dear sir, most faithfully yours, 'BARRINGTON.'

Lord Barrington was thus prepared with an explanation if required; and Francis could gain nothing (and might lose everything) by publicly demanding one. The *Veteran* letters were at direct variance with his known wishes and interests.

It is clear from Lord Barrington's letter that the clerkship was then virtually vacated; but Francis continued to do the duties till (at least) the 20th March following, as is proved by an official letter from the War Office, signed by him. That he left it on friendly terms with Lord Barrington is undeniable, and this is a fact (as will presently be seen) bearing with overwhelming weight on the question of identity. What is also important to mark, he speaks without resentment or contempt of Mr. Chamier and Mr. Bradshaw, and in reference to the failure of his political speculations in the spring of 1771, he states in the autobiography:

'The prospect on every side was gloomy and dispiriting. *From that time I never ceased to form projects for quitting the War Office.* India was the only quarter where it was possible to make a fortune, and this way all my thoughts were directed.'

The probabilities are that Francis came to a frank explanation with Lord Barrington as to his views and projects, and left the office upon an understanding that Lord Barrington would forward them should an opportunity occur. Two paragraphs in the *Public Advertiser* favour this supposition:

'Jan. 10, 1772. D'Oyly has resigned. The Deputy-Secretary's place, being a mere clerkship of 400*l.* a year, could neither in advantage nor honour be worth holding by a man in the station and circumstances of a gentleman.

'Feb. 2, 1774. In justice to Mr. Francis, whose name

was mentioned in our paper of yesterday, it ought to be observed that he resigned his place of First Clerk in the War Office a year and a half before he was appointed by Parliament to be one of the council of Bengal; consequently he was not taken out of the War Office to be sent to India. He at the same time declined the place of Deputy-Secretary at War, *which was offered to him in the handsomest and most friendly manner;* and it is well known that his conduct, in both instances, was founded upon honourable and disinterested motives.'

Junius, long before the break-up at the War Office, had been in the habit of treating Bradshaw and Chamier, brothers-in-law, *de haut en bas*, as low creatures of the Duke of Grafton. But they were really nothing of the sort, as Francis well knew; nor is there the slightest proof that Francis nourished any private ill-will to either of them. Chamier, although he had been for a short time on the Stock Exchange, was an educated and accomplished gentleman. That he was so esteemed, is proved by the fact that eight years before his appointment to the deputy-secretaryship, he had been elected an original member of the Literary Club—*the* Club founded by Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, &c., in 1764. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and represented Tamworth for many years.

Nothing whatever has been made known of the private life of Francis, from the period of his quitting the War Office in March 1772, till the July following, when he left England on a continental tour with a friend. They returned on December 14, having passed the greater part of the time in Italy—

'The hopes of employment were yet distant and uncertain. The interval was to be amused, *and if possible with credit.* Mons. de Pinto's "Essay on Circulation" had fallen into my hands abroad. I thought I might reap some benefit from giving a translation of it, with notes, to the public.[1] I went

[1] Junius, at a loss for literary employment, can think of nothing but the translation of a commonplace and long-forgotten book!

over to the Hague in May to consult the author, who received me with transports of joy. He was a perfect Atheist, with a most benevolent heart. He was vain of his book, but had no notion of fame, except that which he could enjoy in his lifetime. I had a letter of introduction from Lord Suffolk to Sir Joseph Yorke, the prince of coxcombs. It was the time of the fair, so I passed a week tolerably well between . . . Jews and Gentiles. The work was nearly finished, when I was called upon to act. . . . Upon accepting my present appointment, I surrendered all my papers to Stephen Baggs, in whose name the translation has been published.

'But neither this nor any other occupation was sufficient to defend me from fits of despondence. It was in vain to shut my eyes to my situation. Wherever I went or whatever I did, the spectre haunted and pursued me. Mr. Alexander Mackrabie was lately returned from America. He had purchased a thousand acres for me in Pennsylvania, where I meant to secure a retreat for myself or my family, if ever England should cease to be the seat of freedom. The question now seriously agitated in my mind, was whether I ought not to transplant myself at once, and take possession of this establishment *before my little capital was exhausted.*[1] This was actually the subject of a dismal conversation between Mackrabie and me, on the fourth of June, *when we accidentally met a gentleman in the park*, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India, had declined the nomination. I immediately went to D'Oyly, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the King's birthday, and Barrington was gone to Court. I saw him the next morning; as soon as I had explained my views to him, *he wrote the handsomest and strongest letter imaginable in my favour to Lord North. Other interests contributed, but I owe my success to Lord Barrington.* It was remarkably fortunate for me that Cholwell had deferred his resignation to so late a day. The Regulation Bill had been some days before the House of Commons. *If the Minister had had more time to look about him, I should probably have been defeated by some superior interest.* He sent for me on Tuesday the 8th of June, and with a multitude of flattering

[1] Calcraft had just before left him a legacy of 1,000*l.*

expressions desired my leave to recommend me to Parliament to be one of the Council General at Bengal, in addition to Mr. Hastings, General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Barwell.'

Ten months (he adds) elapsed between the passing of the Regulation Bill and his departure for India. 'A great part of this interval was lost in mere inactivity. The rest was employed in debates and intrigues at the India House.' He did not embark for India till the 30th of March, 1774, two years and ten weeks after the virtual cessation of the Junius letters. All chronological correspondence consequently between the cessation or suspension of the letters and the appointment or departure for India, is at end. The manner in which the appointment came about completely negatives the popular belief that it was the stipulated hush money or (as Lord Campbell calls it) 'the little provender thrown to "the great boar of the forest."'

When it suits the purpose of the biographers, Francis is a man of influence and reputation, capable of sustaining the elevated tone of Junius. When it no longer suits their purpose, he sinks into the position of 'a young and obscure retired clerk in the War Office,' on whom it was absurd to suppose that the appointment just declined by a Mr. Cholwell would be conferred without some hidden motive. The truth lies between. If Francis had done all the chief work of the War Office for seven years, he must have been known at the Treasury as precisely the sort of man to co-operate with Monson and Clavering, who were deficient in habits of business and little conversant with forms. We have seen how he was received by Lord North, to whom George III. writes (June 8, 1773): 'As to the other gentlemen who have applied to you, I don't know anything of their personal qualifications, except Mr. Francis, who is allowed to be a man of talents (*sic*).' It may be doubted whether His Majesty

and Lord North would have corresponded in this easy open fashion about Junius; and we are quite sure that the secret would have never been kept long if they had. Wraxall tells a story of the king saying in 1773, after Junius had long done writing: 'We know who Junius is; he will write no more.' But this may pair off with William IV.'s story (related to Lord Braybrooke), of his royal father's saying: 'I am convinced that it (Junius) cannot be the work of one person, and that several were concerned.'[1]

Lord Barrington, too, must have been a party to the arrangement; a circumstance which it is difficult to reconcile with the terms on which he and Francis continued to correspond and associate till his lordship's death in 1793. Lord Barrington, on this hypothesis, may not have known that Junius was *Veteran*; but he must have known and remembered the notices which the *eo-nomine* Junius had vouchsafed to him. We cite two amongst many. The person interrogated in the following passage is the king:

'Is it *bonâ fide* your interest or your honour to sacrifice your domestic tranquillity, and to live in a perpetual disagreement with your people, merely to preserve such a chain of beings as North, Barrington, Weymouth, Gower, Ellis, Onslow, Rigby, Jerry Dyson, and Sandwich? Their very names are a satire upon all government, and I defy the gravest of your chaplains to read the catalogue without laughing.' (April 3, 1770.)

Ellis, who appointed Francis to his clerkship, as well as Lord Barrington under whom he was then serving, figures in the list by way of rounding the imputed treachery and folly. Again:

[1] *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, second edition, p. 282. 'Lord Sidmouth informed his son-in-law, on Lord Grenville's death, that George the Third and Lord Grenville had both separately told him that they knew who was the author of Junius, and that he thought it probable some discovery would be made.'—(*Life and Correspondence of Henry Viscount Sidmouth*, vol. iii. p. 449.)

'When the Guards are called forth to murder their fellow-subjects, it is not by the ostensible advice of Lord Mansfield: that odious office his prudence tells him is better left to such men as Gower and Weymouth, as Barrington and Grafton.' (October 3, 1771.)

Lord Barrington is repeatedly twitted by Junius with employing Bradshaw as a pimp.

After mentioning an exchange of notes between Francis and his ex-chief after the appointment, Mr. Merivale proceeds:

'On whatever terms Francis may have quitted the War Office, it is clear that no ostensible quarrel remained between the two, and that Lord Barrington must have been wholly unaware of any rancour lingering in the heart of his subordinate. For several years after his arrival in India, Francis addresses to Lord Barrington long and confidential reports of matters there—seeks to inoculate his lordship with all his own personal views and enmities—invokes him as his mediator with Lord North—terms him and Welbore Ellis his only two real friends in the government. "To Lord Barrington," he says, to another correspondent, "I have at all times laid open my heart with unlimited freedom." Lord Barrington's answers, though few, are very friendly, and often familiar and gossiping: and *it is strange enough to "Junian" readers* to find these two exchanging complimentary inquiries and answers about Chamier and condolences on the death (by his own hand) of poor "cream-coloured" Bradshaw; "an irreparable loss to me and others," says Lord Barrington (March, 1775). After Francis's return from India, we shall find him visiting at Lord Barrington's house in the country.'

Strange enough certainly, if Junius was Francis; not strange at all, if he was not. Everything depends on proving that Francis wrote the abusive letters against Lord Barrington under the signature of *Veteran* (undoubtedly written by Junius) in February, March, and May, 1772, and for this some semblance of a motive must be shown. Lord Stanhope, speaking of

Francis's clerkship in the War Office, says: 'This post he held until March, 1772, when he resigned, or was removed, *full of ire* against Lord Barrington, who had promoted Mr. Chamier over his head to be Deputy Secretary at War.' The noble writer was not aware of the fresh evidence supplied by the family letters and the autobiography, but Mr. Merivale was aware of it, and he writes thus:

'The story is simply told in the note to Bohn's "Junius," ii. 392, that "Chamier was successor in the War Office to Mr. D'Oyly, who was *discarded* to make room for him." D'Oyly was the personal friend of Francis. But whether the *indignation* of Francis was really occasioned by any slight to D'Oyly, or by the slight to himself in not being appointed D'Oyly's successor, remains, as far as I can trace the details, uncertain. The *intense fury* into which Junius (not by that name, of which he carefully avoided the use in this part of his performances) lashed himself as to this matter is well known to his readers. All his dignity, all his power of keen anatomising sarcasm, all his caustic elegance of language, all the qualities which make him a classical author, desert him on this occasion. Mere brutal abuse becomes the substistute. The letters of *Veteran* to Lord Barrington ["Miscellaneous," January 28 to March 10, 1772, and the private letters to Woodfall, Nos. 52 and 53] are specimens of vulgar ferocity, as discreditable to the writer's intellectual power as to his self-respect and manliness of character.'

What have we to do now with the the old story in Bohn's Junius? D'Oyly writes on the 21st December that he had resigned that morning, and that Smith was mentioned as his probable successor. Francis had the offer 'with many obliging and friendly expressions,' before the place was given to Chamier. Far from there being any 'ostensible quarrel,' there was the best possible understanding. Yet the indignation of Francis is taken for granted, and the reader is led on to connect it with 'the intense fury into which Junius lashed himself,' as by the easiest and most natural transition. We

are expected to believe, in the teeth of all evidence and probability, that Francis was not only constantly writing against his patron and chief during the whole period covered by the letters signed Junius, but that he went on assailing him with 'vulgar ferocity' for three months after the cessation of these letters.

All this time his main dependence is on Lord Barrington. It is to Lord Barrington that he repairs when the Indian appointment is in view; it is to Lord Barrington 'I owe my success;' and it is Lord Barrington with whom he maintains the most amicable relations during the remaining twenty years of their joint lives. In 1777, Lord Barrington writes to express his gratification at hearing of the good understanding between Francis and Clavering: 'I love you both so much that I cannot wish you to continue long in a situation so painful though so creditable to you.'

The question is not merely whether Francis was a man without honour, honesty, truth, feeling, or sensibility; but whether he was guilty of the extremity of human baseness, indefinitely multiplying the chances of detection, with the attendant ruin and disgrace, without the semblance of a reason which the most perverted ingenuity can suggest.

We have too high an opinion of Junius, based on the tone and tenor of his writings, to suppose him so unmitigated, gratuitous and indiscreet a scoundrel as those who confound him with Francis would make out. We should be sorry to think so ill of Francis either. Take either of them apart, and you have a character in which the good qualities may be fairly set against the bad. Roll the two into one, and the product is a prodigy of falsehoood, meanness, ingratitude, treachery, folly, and malignity unrelieved; the *faulty* monster that the world ne'er saw. We are far from believing that men are always guided by their interest. We make full allowance for caprice, envy, vanity, vin-

dictiveness, or malignity. But no selfish, ambitious, or money-loving man, who had his fortune to make, and was struggling to make it, ever persevered in gratifying his worst passions for seven or eight years without once listening to the dictates of prudence. It is the imputed folly, not the imputed rascality, of Francis that startles us. He is represented systematically writing against every friend, benefactor, and patron in succession, without a rational motive or an intelligible cause.

On the Franciscan hypothesis, the relations been Calcraft and Francis (as described by Mr. Merivale) afforded another instance of unintelligible baseness. Calcraft died on the 23rd of August, 1772. By his will, dated January 23, 1772, he directs his executors to use their interest to procure the election of Francis for his borough of Wareham. By a codicil, dated March 24, 1772, he leaves 'my much respected friend,' Philip Francis, 1,000*l.*, and a contingent provision of 200*l.* a year for his widow. Now in one of the most studied letters of Junius, dated October 5, 1771, we find:

'I willingly accept of a sarcasm from Colonel Barré, or a simile from Mr. Burke. Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he riots in the plunder of the army, and has only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer.'

We unequivocally admit that, if Francis was Junius, he was blackguard enough for anything; and he speaks of his generous friend in the most injurious terms in the autobiography, which he probably never intended to see the light. But why should he *publicly* depreciate his friend and coadjutor at a time when he had every imaginable motive for exalting him? Mr. Merivale thinks that Calcraft must have been aware that Francis was Junius. Was it, then, to promote their common interest, and by Calcraft's consent, that he was thus branded by a satirist who scorched to blackness what-

ever he touched? Was it sufficient compensation to have his silent vote classed with a sarcasm from Barré or a simile from Burke? Having to choose a bitter thing, did he elect for an allusion to the peculation of which he was suspected, and to his vain struggle for a peerage, the chief disappointment of his life?

No reader of Junius can have forgotten the terms on which he and Sir William Draper parted after their second encounter—the burning resentment on the one side, the withering contempt on the other. In the letter of 14th February, 1770, Junius describes Sir John Burgoyne as 'sitting down for the remainder of his life, infamous and contented.' Well, on December 11, 1787, when Francis had to repel the charge of having allowed himself to be included in the list of managers of the impeachment of Hastings, his personal enemy, to whom did he appeal? He stated that the two gentlemen whom he had consulted as the best judges of points of honour were Sir William Draper and Sir John Burgoyne. Draper was dead, but Burgoyne rose and handsomely responded to the appeal; which, if Francis was Junius, is the strongest example of gratuitous folly and brazen impudence on record. Why aggravate the consequences of a discovery which was always on the cards?

There is another topic connected with Draper which we may as well dispose of in this place. In a letter to him, February 21, 1769, Junius asks: 'When you receive your half-pay, do you, or do you not, take a solemn oath, *or* sign a declaration upon honour, to the following effect: That you do not actually hold any place of profit, civil or military, under his majesty?' Draper replied immediately: 'I have a very short answer for Junius' important question: I do not either take an oath, or declare upon honour, that I have no place of profit, civil or military, when I receive the half-pay of an Irish colonel. My most gracious

sovereign gave it me *as a pension*. He was pleased to think I deserved it.' On this a writer in the Quarterly Review (January, 1852) remarked: 'Had Junius been Francis, he must have known, as first clerk in the War Office, *the exact facts* of Sir William's position; and of course would not have made an attack which could be so easily repelled.' Lord Macaulay's attention having been called to this inference, he writes:

'I talked that matter over more than ten years ago, when I was Secretary at War, with two of the oldest and best informed gentlemen in the department; and we all three came to a conclusion the very opposite of that at which the reviewer has arrived. *Everybody* who drew half-pay through that office made the *declaration* which Junius mentions. But Draper's half-pay was on the Irish establishment; and of him the declaration was not required. Now, to me and to those whom I consulted, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Francis, relying on his official knowledge, and not considering that there might be a difference between the practice at Dublin and the practice at Westminster, should put that unlucky question which gave Draper so great an advantage. I have repeatedly pointed out this circumstance to men who are excellent judges of evidence, and I never found one who did not agree with me.'[1]

The reviewer's point is that, if Junius had been first clerk in the War Office, he must have known *the exact facts* of Sir William's position, namely that he was in receipt of a pension, not (technically speaking) half-pay. We do not see much in this point, but instead of being met by Lord Macaulay, it is rather strengthened when he says that '*everybody* who drew half-pay through the office made the *declaration* which Junius mentions.' Then everybody who drew half-pay knew the practice as well as the clerks; and the clerks, along

[1] Letter to John Murray, Esq. Appendix to the fifth volume of Lord Mahon's (Earl Stanhope's) *History of England, since the Peace of Utrecht, last edition.*

with all half-pay officers, must have known, what Junius did not know, that the form required was a declaration, not an oath. Junius, evidently from imperfect knowledge, puts the question alternatively: Do you, or do you not, take a solemn oath, *or* sign a declaration upon honour? If, again, there had been a difference between the practice at Dublin and the practice at Westminster, there would have been no necessity for converting the half-pay into a pension for the purpose of avoiding the declaration.

As to the positive assertion that War Office paper was used by Junius, it always seemed unaccountable that Woodfall, Wilkes, and others, who saw the original letters, should never have thought of Woodfall's old school-fellow in connection with the secret. To satisfy ourselves as to the paper, we repaired to the War Office with an original Junius, kindly lent to us (by Mr. Merivale) as a specimen; and we were favoured with an inspection of the letter-books. The paper differs in form from that on which copies of letters *sent* had been preserved, but agrees in form, quality, colour, and water-mark with the majority of letters *received*. It is obviously the paper in common use at the period. We also ascertained that there was then no War Office paper; *i. e.* no paper with a peculiar stamp or mark of any kind.[1]

The editor of the *Grenville Papers* states that the paper on which one of the letters from Junius to Mr. Grenville was written is identically the same as that which Lord Temple was using at the time. One of the interesting letters addressed to me by the late Chief Baron Pollock bears on this point:

'Jan. 7, 1868. My dear H.—I have just finished your *More About*, and I must say I do not believe that Francis

[1] It was by the kindness of Captain Douglas Galton, then Under-Secretary of War, that I was enabled to institute this comparison, in which he assisted.

was the author of Junius. 'One great point made by Parkes was that every letter was written on paper used in the War Office. Junius was most anxious not to be discovered and took all pains to avoid it. It is, therefore, very unlikely that he would use War Office paper, if he was a clerk in the War Office. Junius might studiously do so to put inquirers on a wrong scent.'

In an immediately preceding letter my distinguished correspondent writes:

'Joe Parkes came here shortly before his death with a bag full of papers, and he satisfied me then that Francis *was* the author; but the joint work of Parkes and Merivale does not contain a syllable of the evidence that satisfied me. Parkes professed to trace the seals (copies of which are given in Woodfall's edition) to two members of Francis's family: there is nothing of this in the publication or of other similar matters.'

'That Junius moved in the immediate circle of the court, and was intimately and confidentially connected, either directly or indirectly, with *all* the public offices of Government, is, if possible, still clearer than that he was a man of independent property; for the feature that peculiarly characterised him, at the time of his writing, and that cannot even now be contemplated without surprise, was the facility with which he became acquainted with every ministerial manœuvre, whether public or private, from almost the very instant of its conception.'[1]

It was the extent and variety of his sources of information that baffled the most eager and persevering attempts to unearth him. No sooner was he thought to be traced to one department, than he was showing up some alleged abuse in another; but his information (as in the foregoing instance) was general, and sub-

[1] Woodfall's Junius, Preliminary Essay, where a number of illustrations are given. It appears from the private letters that a great many communications were forwarded to him.

stantially rather than technically correct; and in another case (Vaughan's) we find him making the *amende honorable* for its inaccuracy.[1] If, we repeat, it had been of a nature to prove his connection with any particular department, he would have been traced. The officials of all ranks were constantly on the alert to discover him. His choice of subjects, again, was obviously regulated by their fitness for popular effect, not by private pique; and one capital error of recent commentators has been to forget that subjects which, dwarfed by distance, appear petty to us, may not have appeared petty to his contemporaries. In their eyes, for example, City matters were of the highest interest.

We also think that a great deal too much importance has been attached to supposed leanings towards statesmen so prominently before the public as Lord Chatham, Lord Holland, and Mr. George Grenville; even if Francis and Junius agreed in each instance, which they do not. Indeed they differ decidedly on all three. As to supposed antipathies, again, nothing is more common than for a public writer to work himself into a generous or ungenerous rage on a subject in which he has no individual interest. No attempt has been made to trace to personal enmity the diatribes of Junius against the King, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Mansfield, and many others which are hardly to be surpassed in virulence.

It cannot have failed to strike everyone who has attentively followed the controversy, that evidence is weighed in different scales when it shakes instead of strengthening the hypothesis. A genuine Franciscan is eternally straining at gnats or swallowing camels: 'craning' at low fences or dashing wildly at stone walls

[1] The facts of General Gansell's affair were of a nature to be publicly known, and in a private letter Junius says, 'The only thing that hinders my pushing the subject, is really the fear of ruining that poor devil Gansell, and those other blockheads.'

or through quickset hedges with his eyes shut. When a letter contains anything which Francis is not likely to have written, or something at utter variance with his position, circumstances or personality, the invariable answer is that it was inserted as a blind. Junius intimates that he attended the debates in the House of Lords on one or two remarkable occasions. So did Francis: so did Boyd (another candidate); so probably did many others.[1] But Junius also states that he remembered the 'great Walpolean battles,' the last of which was fought before Francis was breeched. Junius appeals to his 'long experience,' and in a private letter to Wilkes, who offers a ticket for the Lord Mayor's ball and his daughter for a partner, writes simply and good-humouredly: 'Many thanks for your obliging offer; but, alas, my age and figure would do but little credit to my partner. I acknowledge the relation between Cato and Portia; but in truth I see no connection between Junius and a minuet.'

In his dedication he says: 'I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.' In a private letter to Woodfall, September 10, 1769, we find: 'The last letter you printed was idle and improper, and, I assure you, printed against my own opinion. The truth is, there are people about me whom I would wish not to contradict, and who had rather see Junius in the papers ever so improperly than not at all.' In a private letter (Aug. 6, 1769) to Woodfall three lines are written in a different hand from the rest and (judging from the facsimiles in Woodfall's edition) resembling the handwriting of Boyd. Junius (in a private letter to Woodfall) says, 'The gentleman who

[1] At the request of Junius, Woodfall announced in his paper an intended Motion by the Ministry, that no gentleman may be refused admittance into either House on the day of the Debate on the Falkland Islands. Both Houses were consequently crammed. This was one occasion on which Junius was probably present.

'does the conveyancing part of our business, tells me there was much difficulty last night.' This gentleman, therefore, must have understood the nature of the business.

Wonder has been expressed at the manner in which the secret has been kept. But has it been so closely kept? May not an accurate guess, or a genuine betrayal, have been too hastily disregarded. Burke told Reynolds that he knew Junius. Boyd, according to Almon, as good as let out the secret to him. Dr. Parr stood out for Lloyd. Rosenhagen and Kent claimed the authorship. Lord Grenville and Mr. Thomas Grenville knew, or believed that they knew, Junius, and declared that he was neither of the persons to whom the letters have been popularly ascribed. Fox, according to Mr. Charles Butler, used to say that, 'though he would not take single-speech Hamilton against the field, he would bet him against any single horse.' 'Might not the same bet,' asks Mr. Butler, 'with a greater chance of success, be laid upon Lord George Sackville?' Sir William Draper's suspicions wavered between Lord George and Burke, until Burke's unequivocal denial, when they permanently fixed on Lord George. The case made out by Mr. Coventry for Lord George would be the strongest of any, if the required cultivation could be proved.[1] M. Charles de Remusat, the statesman and academician, wavered between Francis, Earl Temple, and Lord George.

Dr. Johnson who had broken a lance with Junius, told Boswell, 'I should have believed Burke to be Junius, *because I know no man but Burke who is capable of writing these letters*; but Burke spontaneously

[1] It seemed unlikely that Lord George could have had the classical knowledge (not very deep) displayed by Junius. But I find that, during the Lord-Lieutenancy of his father, the Duke of Dorset, Lord George was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and had the reputation of a good classical scholar.

denied it to me.' Junius (unwilling, it is surmised, to annoy a valued friend) made no reply to Johnson's attack in his pamphlet on the Falkland Islands. We have heard the late Mr. O'Connell, who had given particular attention to the inquiry, confidently assert the authorship of Burke; whose power of disguising or imitating style is proved by the 'Vindication of Natural Society,' which the best judges, including Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Warburton, believed for many years to be the genuine production of Bolingbroke. Mr. Prior, who gives fourteen reasons or arguments for believing Burke to be Junius, says: 'It was the universal belief at the time with both his own and the other party, that he was Junius: and contemporary opinion, *as formed from a variety of minor circumstances, which do not come within the knowledge of future inquirers*, is perhaps, on such occasions, the truest.' Why, we repeat, did contemporary opinion altogether overlook, or dismiss as untenable, the coincidences on which so much stress has recently been laid as bringing the authorship home to Francis?

The credit of first bringing the Franciscan theory before the public is certainly due to Mr. Taylor, but its general acceptance has been principally owing to its unhesitating adoption and eager advocacy by Earl Stanhope and Lord Macaulay, who agreed in resting their case on similarity of handwriting, on the internal evidence of style, and on five points which are thus summarily stated by Lord Macaulay:

'Was he (Francis) the author of the Letters of Junius? Our own firm belief is that he was. The evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding.[1] *The handwriting of Junius is the*

[1] 'I think the case cannot be compared to a criminal inquiry founded on circumstantial evidence. There (in general) all the evidence is required that the case is capable of, or the absence of any must be accounted for.'—(*The late Chief Baron Pollock, private letter.*)

very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved:—first, that he was acquainted with the *technical* forms of the Secretary of State's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War Office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly *resented* the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy Secretary-at-War; fifthly, that he was bound by *some strong tie to* the first Lord Holland.

'Now, Francis passed some years in the Secretary of State's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the War Office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham, and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the War Office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.'[1]

Postponing the question of handwriting for a moment, we beg to observe that the first, second, and fourth of these five important facts (assuming them to be facts) resolve themselves into one. The Secretary at War having no power to sign commissions, &c., the business of the War Office was then carried on in concert with the Secretary of State's office and the Treasury. This being so, the clerk in the War Office who resented the appointment of Chamier must have been acquainted with the business of the War Office and the technical forms of the Secretary of State's office. But Francis did not resign his clerkship from resentment at the

[1] *Essay on Warren Hastings*, first published in the *Edinburgh Review*.

appointment of Chamier. Junius did not bitterly *resent* that appointment, although he bitterly censured it as an abuse of patronage which had given great offence to the army; he shows no peculiar acquaintance with technical forms; and all attempts to connect him with the War Office have broken down.

As to the fifth, there is no proof or sign that Junius was bound by some strong tie to Lord Holland. In a private letter to Woodfall, July 21, 1769, he merely says: 'I wish Lord Holland may acquit himself with honour. If his cause be good, he should at once have published that account, to which he refers in his letter to the Mayor.' In a published letter, signed *Anti-Fox* (attributed to Junius), he says: 'I know nothing of Junius, but I see plainly that he has designedly spared Lord Holland and his family.' This letter was in reply to one from Charles Fox, complaining of having been wantonly attacked. But granting the strong tie between Lord Holland and Junius, how is the strong tie between Lord Holland and Francis to be made out? Long before the commencement of the Junius Letters, the tie, such as it was, had been irreparably broken. Amongst other passages in the autobiography absolutely railing at Lord Holland, we take the following, and leave readers to make what they can out of the blanks:

'When Lord Holland went to Italy in 1763, he left my father as unprovided for as when he found him, except that he bequeathed him as a legacy to Lord Bute, who transferred him to George Grenville. Through this recommendation, he afterwards obtained a pension out of the privy purse of three hundred pounds a year. In the meantime, however, he felt the distress of his situation, *and was stung with the idea of so long having been the dupe of a scoundrel.* His resentment burst into a flame. He wrote to Lord Holland in violent terms, which . . . where, for want of better employment, he busied himself in laying schemes. In these . . . *I concurred with him heartily.*'

There goes mark the fifth.' Mark the third, when reduced to its proper dimensions, is hardly a mark at all. Both Junius and Francis attended debates in the House of Lords in 1770. We are not aware that more than two occasions (if so many) can be specified; on each of which the House was notoriously crowded to excess. There is no sort of proof that Junius took notes, although most probably he did. There is nothing we can accept as proof that Francis took notes on more than one occasion. His notes of Lord Chatham's speech or speeches on February 2, 1770, and the short report (one page) based on them, are printed in the Appendix. These leave by no means a favourable impression of his skill; and, being the only specimen preserved by him, justify a doubt whether he was tempted to try his hand again. It is also a curious circumstance that he was not named or known as a reporter until the suspicious process of identification had commenced.

Mr. Taylor 'was accidentally turning over the pages of Almon's Anecdotes,[1] when his eye was caught by several passages so much in the style of Junius, as to lead him to observe that either Lord Chatham was the author of the Letters, or Junius had reported Lord Chatham's speeches.' On closer inspection it appeared that 'the pages which contained the spirit of Junius' were very limited in number, containing only the reports of two debates, January 9th and 22nd, 1770. Almon describes the first as accurately taken by a gentleman of strong memory, now (1791) a member of the House of Commons. Another debate was copied into the Parliamentary History, in 1813, with an acknowledgment:

'This very important debate was taken by a gentleman who afterwards made a distinguished figure in the House of

[1] *Anecdotes of the Life of Lord Chatham, with his Speeches*, first published in 1791.

Commons, and by him it has been obligingly revised for this work.'

'Application' (adds Mr. Taylor) 'was made by my publishers to ascertain, if it was no secret, whether Sir Philip Francis was the gentleman described in the above note, and an answer being received in the affirmative, the case, as far as concerns Sir Philip, appears to be sufficiently made out.' If Sir Philip was a party to this use of his name, the case is sufficiently made out that he was a plagiarist or an impostor, for all the reports he pretended to have supplied from private notes in 1791, have been discovered in the newspapers or periodical publications of 1770: they were all of them published prior to the Letters of Junius, in which the so-called parallel passages occur; and the debate (about forty pages), so 'obligingly revised,' turns out to have been copied verbatim from Almon, with the occasional change of an *upon* into *on*.[1] So much for mark the third.

Not more than two of these five marks (if so many) can be proved to exist in Junius. Whether more than two can be found in any person whatever besides Francis, is consequently immaterial. But the assertion partakes strongly of the 'cocksure.' No case of circumstantial evidence is complete if the proved or admitted facts can be reconciled with a different (however improbable) hypothesis. Is there anything so very improbable in the existence of a second man conversant with official forms, occasionally taking notes of a debate, partial to Lord Holland, and vehemently assailing an abuse of patronage? The five marks (if they existed) would simply amount to this.

[1] The claims of Francis to these reports are fully examined and disproved in the concluding paper of an admirable series of articles on Junius in *The Athenæum* of September 7th, 14th, and 21st, 1850. There is no reason why Junius should not have noted down peculiar expressions of Lord Chatham for his own use; but in point of fact those used by him had already appeared in print.

'The hand-writing of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis slightly disguised.' The facsimiles published by Mr. Twisleton have enabled all who care to examine them to form an opinion on this matter.[1] But there are circumstances which might have induced even Lord Macaulay to hesitate before making such an assertion. Francis had acted as amanuensis to Lord Chatham for more than a year, and Lord Chatham's recollection of his handwriting had been refreshed by letters transmitted through Calcraft shortly before the receipt of a private letter from Junius in the Junian hand (dated January 14, 1772), being the second private letter to Lord Chatham. All the world were then speculating on the identity, and the handwriting was minutely scrutinised by Lord Chatham and his friends. How came they not to recognize it? Stranger still, how came Francis to run the risk of sending Junian letters to his old patron in his own 'very peculiar handwriting slightly disguised.'

There is no peculiarity of the Junian hand more striking than its variety; and there are strong grounds for believing that more than one person was engaged in the penmanship, if not in the composition, of the Letters.[2] This variety has greatly aided the experts:

[1] I stated in the pamphlet that I had shown specimens of the handwriting of Junius and Francis to at least thirty persons, including eminent lawyers and men of letters, and that they were all but unanimous that there was no similarity. Mr. Twisleton having strongly insinuated a doubt whether these were fair specimens, it may be as well to add that they consisted of original letters of Junius and Francis lent me by Mr. Merivale for the purpose, and the facsimiles in the appendix of his book, which I cut out.

[2] A private secretary finds no difficulty in imitating the handwriting of his chief; and two or three persons might agree on a feigned hand, which would vary according to their powers of penmanship. The first letter to Mr. Grenville (dated February 16, 1768), was clumsily written by a person to whom the feigned hand was evidently new. The size and slope waver, and change in the third line. The first letter to Lord Chatham in the *preceding* month (January 2, 1768), is marked by a degree of freedom, regularity and fineness of touch that is altogether wanting in the other. 'I observe' (says Mr. Chabot) 'that the letters written

who have contrived between them to fix the authorship on claimant after claimant as they turned up. Three of four experts were 'disposed' to fix it on General Lee. A famous expert, Imbert, gave a written certificate in favour of Horne Tooke. Mr. Nethercliffe, the younger, was certain that two letters of Mrs. Dayrolles (the supposed amanuensis of Lord Chesterfield), bore a striking resemblance to the Junian writing; and Mr. Nethercliffe, the elder, declared his deliberate opinion that, in a few lines of Mrs. Dayrolles' writing there was more of the genuine character of Junius' hand than in any other specimen of writing submitted to him as a possible performance by Junius.[1]

The handwriting of Francis, also, varied with his mood; and he was remarkably capricious in the formation of letters; so as occasionally to exhaust every conceivable mode of forming them. Thus, in the short 'My dearest, dearest Betsy' facsimile (in Mr. Merivale's Appendix) the three capital T's are wholly unlike each other: half the *h's* are looped with loops of different sizes, and half are not looped at all: some *t's* are crossed and others not: and there are three varieties of the *r*. It would be passing strange, therefore, if a diligent expert could not discover similarities between the Junian and the Franciscan penmanship; and, in

by Junius subsequently to December 17, 1771, are remarkable for the uniformity of the size and style of the hand in which they are written, wherein they all very nearly agree with the first Junian Letter extant, viz. Junius to Lord Chatham, dated January 2, 1768, more guardedly written, in my opinion, than any other letter in the Junian MSS.' The feigned hand, then, was at its best in that letter. It was at its worst—in its tentative stage, in the subsequent letter to Mr. Grenville of February 6, 1768. This completely reverses the natural order of things if we assume both to have been written by the same person.

[1] *The Athenæum*, May 6, 1871. In this and the following paper (May 13), the subject of identification by handwriting is discussed with complete knowledge of the subject and striking acuteness. The similarity of Mrs. Dayrolles' writing to that of the Anonymous Note is most remarkable.

point of fact, almost all the similarities paraded by Mr. Chabot as coincidences of fixed habits or personal peculiarities, are the casual concurrence of irregularities, or of forms in ordinary use. We will give a specimen—*Ex uno disce omnes.*

At p. 215 of the Report, he says: 'The second of these disguises, viz. the italic manner of writing the letter *f*, which Junius *specially devoted* to the writing the word "of," connects both of these letters (the second letter to Lord Chatham and the last private letter to Woodfall), with Junius' second letter and essay sent to Mr. Grenville. See the letter *f* in the word "of," Plate 3, lines 9, 11, 14 and 15; also in Plate 9, line 8.' We turn to these Plates and find abounding proof that Junius did *not* specially devote the italic manner, nor any other manner, to the writing the word 'of': that perfectly different manners are employed in Plate 9, line 8; and perfectly different manners in Plate 3; in which the italic manner is only used in five instances out of eleven. So that, in the same page, nay in the same line, the disguise is alternately abandoned and assumed.

Nor is this all. At p. 30: 'other formations of the letter *f* were so much more convenient to the hand of Junius, that only five pages of his writing exhibit more than a solitary instance of the italic formation of that letter.' Then, after mentioning nineteen instances in other pages; 'all these instances are again in the same word "of." It is clear, *therefore*, that the writing the word "of" *occasionally gave an impulse to the mind of Junius* which influenced him *for the moment* in the formation of the letter *f* in that word.' This bit of metaphysics is unluckily in flat contradiction to the statement that he specially devoted the italic manner to the word. To complete the confusion and absurdity, it nowhere appears that the writing of this little word even occasionally gave a similar impulse to the mind of Francis, for not a single instance of his having used the italic

manner for the *f* in 'of' has been (or can be) adduced. *Therefore*, Francis is Junius. 'Have you a strawberry mark on your left shoulder.' 'No.' '*Then* you are my long lost brother.'

It is intelligible how experts can be found to supply two or three hundred quarto pages of rubbish; but it is hardly intelligible how they find rational people to pay them for it.

The private letters have no date but the day of the week. There are only five Junius Letters extant with complete dates, and only two of these are alike as regards points or stops; yet the occasional similarity of Francis' mode of dating to these two, is pronounced an infallible proof of identity, although his modes of dating vary and were the modes in ordinary use.

An expert must be taken upon trust by all who are not prepared to track him step by step, and he cannot be refuted in detail without numerous facsimiles. We have tracked Mr. Chabot step by step; we have repeatedly found him tripping or at fault; and we have met with nothing which can be accepted as an improvement of the handwriting argument as it was left by Mr. Taylor in 1816. But no clairvoyant or spiritualist ever excelled Mr. Chabot in seeing what the uninitiated cannot see, or ever made a bolder appeal to faith than when he declares that he can read clearly and distinctly seven complete dates (month, day of the month, and year) under seven blotted erasures in the Junius proofs:

'I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me *astray*.'

The originals in the British Museum have been examined with the aid of glasses by persons conversant with such matters, and they can see nothing that is not equally discernible in the photographed facsimiles: *i. e.* two or three letters or figures under two of the erasures, and nothing whatever under the other five. Of course, no reliance could be placed on the fac-

similes in other branches of the controversy, if, as Mr. Chabot contends, they are worthless in this. This alleged discovery of his is mentioned as a criterion of his fallibility, but that the dates he has reproduced are in the natural handwriting of Francis, we deny. They are in a smaller, neater, and more upright hand; and the stops, said to be distinctive of Francis, are wanting. The argument based on the similarity of paper is at once met by the fact that there were then only two or three sorts of letter-paper in ordinary use.[1]

Lawyers, the class who have most experience of experts and their ways, have formed a very low estimate of them, which is not confined to this country. It was Berryer who, in the La Roncière case, compared them to the Roman augurs, who could not look each other in the face without laughing.* During the trial of this case, however, the leading French experts concurred in stating that 'it is impossible for a man, in order to disguise his writing, to do better than he does habitually.' Upon the same principle, the able writer in the 'Athenæum' remarks: 'It is very hard to believe that Francis, whose writing was a thorough official hand, deficient in elegance, fineness and subtlety, could have produced the delicate, fine, flexible, nervous handwriting of Junius.' The question is not which writing would carry off most marks in a competitive examination for the Civil Service, or which would be deemed best in an amanuensis or a clerk; but whether the Junian hand is not more delicate, more refined, more gentlemanlike (or ladylike) than that of Francis; whether it does not display qualities which were unattainable by a coarser penman.

Mr. Chabot ranks Francis' handwriting even below that of Tilghman, which is utterly devoid of refinement

[1] *Ante*, p. 380.

or grace. In a Report on the 'Anonymous Verses,' pronouncing them to be in the handwriting of Tilghman, after mentioning individual traits of resemblance to that of Francis, Mr. Chabot says: 'The *general* character of the writing of the "Anonymous Verses", is, in my opinion, essentially different from that of the writing of Sir Philip Francis, and I doubt the capacity of his hand to assume, even after much practice, the particular handwriting of the Verses.' Is it not equally open to others to rely on general character, and to doubt the capacity of his hand to assume the particular handwriting of the letter to Garrick, or several of the private letters to Woodfall? Of course, generals include particulars; and whenever the general character is essentially different, it will be found that the points of similarity are insignificant or few.

Facsimiles of these Anonymous Verses and the Anonymous Note accompanying them were circulated some fifty years ago. They were mentioned by Lord Brougham in his 'Historical Sketches,' in 1839; but had dropped out of the category so completely that neither Lord Stanhope nor Lord Macaulay alludes to them. So long as they were under discussion, it was assumed that both were in the same handwriting—the handwriting of Francis. The entire point (such as it was) turned upon this assumption, which (if we are not misinformed) was confirmed by at least one expert. Mr. Twisleton states that 'even now there are persons familiar from childhood with Francis' handwriting, whom Mr. Chabot's reports have failed to convince that the Verses were hand-written, not by Francis, but by Tilghman.'

If the question were brought before any competent tribunal, the evidence of these persons would undoubtedly prevail. In the case of Orton *v.* Smith, Mr. Chabot gave 'a clear and positive opinion' that the signature could not have been written by the testator; three witnesses

having sworn that they saw him write it. The Judge, Sir J. Hannen, said: 'The evidence of Mr. Chabot has entirely failed to satisfy me that the signature was not the signature of the testator. I have compared the signature with the signatures to the other documents, and acting upon the evidence of my own eyes, I am of opinion that it *is* genuine.'[1] It will be observed that his Lordship takes the liberty of acting on the evidence of his own eyes, and does not rely on the direct evidence of the witnesses. An expert may be useful in pointing out similarities and dissimilarities, but he goes beyond his province when he insists on thrusting his conclusions down our throats.

Whether the Verses were hand-written by Francis, or Tilghman, or by neither of the two, seems to matter nothing when a favourite theory is to be upheld.[2]

A passage in Mr. Charles Butler's 'Reminiscences' bears on this question of hand-writing:

'Our conversation on Junius' Letters began from a whimsical circumstance. Business having carried me to Ireland in 1776, I wrote to Mr. Wilkes from Holyhead; on my return he informed me that my letter had been stopped at the post-office, from the similarity in the handwriting to that of Junius. This made me wish to see the originals of Junius' Letters, and he produced them to me. We more than once examined them together, with great attention. All of them, except the letter to the king, are, if I remember rightly, in

[1] *Times*, December 19, 1872.

[2] In accounting for his possession of the verses, Mr. Twistleton (p. 223) says: 'This anecdote led to my venturing to institute some enquiries on the subject through the late Lord Clarendon, who was then at Rome. The result was that, *through his kind intermediation*, the present Earl of Essex made search, and in February, 1868, eventually discovered, in his library at Cassiobury, not, indeed, the Verses, which were no longer there, but an engraved facsimile of the above-mentioned Anonymous Note.' It was through *my* intermediation that Lord Essex made search, and his note to me, communicating the result, is now before me. I do not see why the fact that I aided in procuring evidence against my own conclusions was suppressed. I wrote to Mr. Twistleton calling his attention to this and two other statements of which I thought I had reason to complain, and received no answer.

the same handwriting. It is like that which well-educated ladies wrote about the beginning of the century; a large open hand, regular, approaching to the Italian. Mr. Wilkes had a card of invitation to dinner from old Lady Temple, written in her own hand; on comparing it with Junius' Letters, we thought there was some resemblance between them.[1] *The letter to the king was in a handwriting perfectly different;* a very regular, staid hand, no difference between the fair stroke and the body of the letters; when I see you I will show you some writing very similar to it. As to my own handwriting, it has not now the slightest resemblance to it, nor do I think it ever had any.'

If the paper on which the Letters were written had any peculiar mark, it would certainly have attracted the attention of Mr. Butler and Wilkes, and aided them in the discovery of what Wilkes terms 'the most important secret of our time.' He had better means of fathoming it than most others. Besides carrying on a long correspondence of a confidential character with him, Junius writes to Mr. Woodfall, November 8, 1771, 'Show the Dedication and Preface to Mr. Wilkes, and if he has any material objection, let me know.' On February 29, 1772: 'When you see Mr. Wilkes, pray return him my thanks for the trouble he has taken. I wish he had taken more.' On March 5, 1772: 'If I saw any prospect of uniting the city once more, I would readily continue to labour in the vineyard. Whenever Mr. Wilkes can tell me that such an union is in prospect, he shall hear of me.' There is another letter in which Junius says he likes not only the cause but the man. All readers of Junius are aware how steadily he supported Wilkes in his public letters under that signature, particularly in the summer of 1771.

We invite attention to this for two reasons: 1. To show the value of Wilkes's authority. 2. To contrast

[1] Lady Temple's writing comes far the nearest to that of Junius of any that have been compared with it. See the facsimiles in the *Grenville Correspondence*, vol. iii.

the language in which Francis uniformly speaks of him. We have given some specimens. Here is one more :— May 30, 1771, Francis to Baggs, at Gibraltar :

'Wilkes and Horne are at open war in the newspapers. *Nothing can be more contemptible, in my own opinion, nor less interesting, than the whole of their correspondence.* Horne's dislike and rancour are wretched beyond all description. *The other rogue* stands his ground.'

This was about the time when Junius was so strongly advocating the cause of 'the other rogue,' as to make Horne cry out, 'Farce, comedy, and tragedy (Wilkes, Foote, and Junius) united at the same time against one poor parson, are fearful odds.' Junius was taking the warmest interest in the correspondence, than which, according to Francis, nothing could be more contemptible nor less interesting. But, writing familiarly to his military friend at Gibraltar, or to his brother-in-law in America, he of course said the precise opposite of what he thought of all the notorious characters and events of the day. All we have to add is that, in the case of other candidates, a less material discrepancy has been repeatedly held vital.

To come to style, we could heap instance upon instance of astute and practised critics failing to discover authorship from internal evidence of the most decided character, until they were put upon the scent. When they were put upon the scent, they immediately opened in full cry. How happens it that this alleged coincidence of style never struck any human being for more than thirty years, and most forcibly impresses a generation that never knew Francis? This is accounted for by Sir Fortunatus Dwarris, who broadly states that no one who knew, heard, or read Francis thought him capable of producing Junius. We have heard Lord Broughton say the same. Tierney said: 'I know no better reason for believing the fellow to be Junius than that he was

always confoundedly proud of something, and no one could ever guess what it could be.' D'Oyly writes to Francis in 1778 that the public of Leadenhall Street allowed both Francis and Hastings to be good writers: 'but, in their opinion, he (Hastings) takes the lead so decidedly as to admit of no comparison.'

Junius raised such a host of imitators, that mere similarity of manner in anything written after he became the rage proves little or nothing. Forgetting this, Mr. Taylor produced pages of parallel passages, which are rather instances of plagiarism than proofs of identity. It strikes us, moreover, that the comparison should be instituted between Junius and the War Office clerk getting drunk with Tilghman, or playing jackal to Calcraft: not between Junius and the member of the House of Commons and Brookes's, the trained writer and speaker, the associate of Burke and Fox. The letter to Calcraft, of which Francis was so proud, is a studied exposition of the demerits of Lord Mansfield. It is dated December 1, 1770, exactly one fortnight after the appearance of Junius' first letter to Lord Mansfield, which Francis had evidently read. Is it likely that, after publishing a masterpiece, the same person should set to work to produce a commonplace confused epistle on the same subject, and feel proud of it?

Other known writings of the same period might surely be selected; or materials for comparison might be sought in the Hastings' controversy, for which Francis's utmost powers of argument and sarcasm were evoked. If Burke (all whose geese were swans), with any show of reason, called him the prince of pamphleteers, why do not his admirers produce and abide by his pamphlets—viz., pamphlets of which the authorship can be proved? We say proved, because he was prone to take credit for what was done by others. Instead of following either of these obvious courses, Lord Stanhope and Mr. Merivale have selected their

purpurei panni from his parliamentary speeches, following the example set by the Edinburgh reviewer in 1817, whom we take to be Lord Brougham.[1] The extracts convince us that Francis assiduously read, and did not write, Junius. He has caught, like many others, some of the sententiousness and antithesis—*vitiis imitabile*—but we miss 'the glow and loftiness,' the rhythmical flow, 'the poised and graceful structure of the sentences,' 'the elaborate polish of the sarcasms,' the wit and (above all) the ever-abounding and appropriate imagery.

For imagery in Junius take:

'Private credit is wealth. Public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.'

For insight into character and felicitous expression:

'Examine your own breast, Sir William, and you will discover that reproaches and injuries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable: the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonourable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

. . . . . .

Injuries may be atoned for and forgotten: insults never. They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge.'

For sarcastic wit,—the concluding query to the Duke of Grafton, as to the source of his influence:

'Or is it only that wonderful sympathy of manners which subsists between your grace and *one* of your superiors, and does so much honour to you both? Is the union of *Blifil* and *Black George* no longer a romance?'

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, for November 1817. A single extract is given from a paper drawn up by Francis in 1811. His speeches, being revised and published by himself, have certainly much of the character of written compositions.

Or the passage on Lord Weymouth, whose indulgence in wine was notorious:

'Will your grace (the Duke of Grafton) forgive me if I venture to express some anxiety for a man whom I know you do not love? My Lord Weymouth has cowardice to plead, and a desertion of a later date than your own. You know the privy seal was intended for him; and if you consider the dignity of the post he deserted, you will hardly think it decent to quarter him on Mr. Rigby. Yet he must have bread, my lord; or rather, he must have wine. If you deny him the cup, there will be no keeping him within the pale of the ministry.'

Francis had no variety in his sword-play, no blow but his swashing blow. He could not trifle with his victims: as Junius trifled with the Duke of Grafton, referring to his marriage with a niece of the Duchess of Bedford and the marriage of his divorced wife to Lord Upper Ossory, the nephew of the Duke of Bedford:

'Marriage is the point at which every rake is stationary at last; and to-day, my lord, you may well be weary of the circuit you have taken, for you have now fairly travelled through every sign in the political zodiac, from the Scorpion in which you stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury. One would think that you had had sufficient experience of the frailty of nuptial engagements, or at least that such a friendship as the Duke of Bedford's might have been secured to you by the auspicious marriage of your late duchess with his nephew. But ties of this tender nature cannot be drawn too close; and it may possibly be a part of the Duke of Bedford's ambition, after making *her* an honest woman, to work a miracle of the same sort upon your grace. This wealthy nobleman has long dealt in virtue. There has been a large consumption of it in his own family; and in the way of traffic, I dare say he has bought and sold more than half the representative integrity of the nation.

Every one conversant with the literature and epistolary correspondence of that day must be aware that

they were too often stained by profanity and indelicacy. The Voltairean spirit was widely diffused; and there are many anecdotes in the original letters of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill (carefully copied in his best hand for posterity) which could not be read aloud before a modest woman or a bishop, except the Bishop of ——. That Francis used coarse language, therefore, will not go far towards the completion of the parallel.

Francis's attempts in wit, fancy, or light sportive raillery, recall Madame de Staël's German baron jumping over the chairs and tables *pour se faire vif*. Mr. Merivale, consciously or unconsciously, admits as much:

'Francis's printed speeches (which he was very much in the habit of publishing in the form of pamphlets) give a pretty accurate idea of the reason why, with all their merit, they failed to captivate the House of Commons. They were no doubt singularly masculine and "sinewy" in their fabric; "there was no gummy flesh about them," says one of his panegyrists. But when they were not strictly and closely business-like, they were generally didactic. He laid down proposition after proposition with the air of a professor accumulating a sorites.'

The specimen selected by Mr. Merivale in this place is a speech of Francis in 1787 on Pitt's commercial treaty with France. A few sentences will suffice:

'The judgment of a nation appears in its proverbs; the virtues and probably the vices of a nation appear in its prejudices. To cure a whole people of their prejudices is to efface their distinct character. There is no such thing in existence as a moral or immortal nation. *The national mind is formed by circumstances external to it, not upon the internal principles.* The French and English, we say, are natural enemies: not because there is any natural antipathy between them; on the contrary, no people agree better in private life. It is their relative position, their vicinity to each other that furnish a perpetual source of dispute, that make them rivals in peace as well as enemies in war.

Nations which border on each other never can thoroughly agree: for this single reason, because they are neighbours.'

Mr. Merivale thinks this speech 'exhibits as much of the true vein of epigrammatic generalisation as any of his (Junius') performances.' It sounds to us like a series of commonplaces, pretentiously and clumsily expressed. It recalls—

'Barney Bodkin broke his nose;
Want of money makes us sad:
Without feet we can't have toes;
Crazy folks are always mad.

These, however, are intelligible and indisputable propositions. But what is the meaning of the national mind not being formed upon the internal principles?—unless, indeed, the orator simply wished to notify his agreement with Locke.

A little further on Mr. Merivale returns to the topic:

'It has been a favourite pursuit with *some critics* to trace resemblances to the Junian style in the speeches of Francis's best parliamentary period. *Generally speaking, the attempt has been attended with little success.* Our styles change in the course of advancing life, as our bodies and minds change. Francis had worn away by this time much of the eloquent *verve* of early youth. And, *as we have seen*, he was by no means as powerful with the voice as with the pen.'

When and where (unless Francis be Junius) have we seen this? This is the very thing we want to see, and request Mr. Merivale to show us. 'Francis had worn away by this time much of the eloquent *verve* of early youth.' Then why do 'some critics' so carefully eschew the productions of his youth, instead of illustrating its *verve?* There was a farce in which Liston joins a party, saying that he had put on his best coat for the occasion, but, finding the company not much impressed by it, declares that he has got a better at home. Mr. Merivale, in spite of our call for early

productions, exhibits Francis's later ones as his best; but, finding they won't go down, declares that he did better in his youth. Then why not treat us to a specimen or two from the letter to the Duke of Richmond, or 'the large and able paper' drawn up for his Grace in 1766?

Lord Stanhope enters the lists with an air of more confidence in the goodness of his cause than Mr. Merivale. After quoting some passages about lawyers, and some about Lord Chatham, he thinks that 'the most cursory reader cannot peruse them without feeling in the strongest manner their complete family likeness, both in sentiment and in style, with parallel passages of Junius.' These passages having been composed long subsequently to Junius, the likeness, if it existed, might prove only happy imitation. But let us see if it does exist. Francis, as quoted by Lord Stanhope, spoke thus of Lord Chatham in 1784:

'I hope it will not appear improper in me to say that in the early part of my life I had the good fortune to hold a place very inconsiderable in itself, but immediately under the late Earl of Chatham. He descended from his station to take notice of mine; and he honoured me with repeated marks of his favour and protection. How warmly in return I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, those who know me know.[1] I admired him as a great, illustrious, faulty, human being, whose character, like all the noblest works of human composition, should be determined by its excellencies, not by its defects.'

Junius, challenged by Horne Tooke, wrote thus on (the date is important) August 13, 1771:

'It seems I am a partisan of the great leader of the opposition. If the charge had been a reproach, it should have been better supported. I did not intend to make a public

[1] Some of the letters attributed (we think, wrongfully) to Francis in the Memoirs are at variance with this profession. In one, the writer sneeringly alludes to Lord Chatham's physical infirmities.

declaration of the respect I bear Lord Chatham: I well knew what unworthy conclusions would be drawn from it. But I am called upon to deliver my opinion; and surely it is not in the little censure of Mr. Horne to deter me from doing signal justice to a man who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem. As for the common sordid views of avarice, or any purpose of vulgar ambition, I question whether the applause of Junius would be of any service to Lord Chatham. *My* vote will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the Cabinet. But if his ambition be on a level with his understanding; if he judges of what is truly honourable for himself with the same superior genius which animates and directs him to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision; even the pen of *Junius* shall contribute to reward him. Recorded honours shall gather round his monument and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it. I am not conversant in the language of panegyric. Those praises are extorted from me; but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned.'

We see no likeness here. But likeness or no likeness, was this the language of a clerk in the War Office, returning from a rollicking expedition with *gents* (after d——g the Duchess of Bedford) to play jackal to the jackal of Lord Chatham?

Lord Macaulay employs some ingenious sophistry to bridge over the chasm in the argument which a direct admission of the inferiority of Francis's known compositions would create:

'The style of Francis bears a strong resemblance to that of Junius; nor are we disposed to admit, what is generally taken for granted, that the acknowledged compositions of Francis are *very decidedly* inferior to the anonymous letters.

'The argument from inferiority, at all events, is one which may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke; and it would be a waste of time to prove that Burke was not Junius. And what conclusion, after all,

can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work; and the interval between his best work and his second best work may be very wide indeed.

'Nobody will say that the best letters of Junius are more decidedly superior to the acknowledged works of Francis, than three or four of Corneille's tragedies to the rest, than three or four of Ben Jonson's comedies to the rest, than the Pilgrim's Progress to the other works of Bunyan, than Don Quixote to the other works of Cervantes. Nay, it is certain that Junius, whoever he may have been, was a most unequal writer. To go no further than the letters which bear the signature of Junius; the letter to the king, and the letters to Horne Tooke, have little in common, except the asperity; and asperity was an ingredient seldom wanting either in the writings or speeches of Francis.'

The concluding sentence is a *non sequitur*. One ingredient common to the best and worst writings of Junius was seldom wanting in the writings or speeches of Francis; therefore, he was capable of writing the best! The argument, that 'every writer must produce his best work,' &c., might have been advanced with equal force if the authorship of the Waverley Novels, prior to the discovery of the Great Unknown, had been claimed for the author of 'Bramblétye House' or Mr. James. This argument would have been a godsend for Swift's cousin, Theophilus, when he claimed the authorship of the 'Tale of a Tub.' Indeed it precludes the argument from inferiority altogether; and as that argument not only may be, but has been, urged against every claimant except Burke, we do not see why it should not be urged against Francis.

There are many instances of authors producing one or two masterly compositions in prose or verse, and never rising to the same height or striking into the same rich vein again. Gray's fame rests on the 'Elegy' and the 'Ode to Eton College.' The 'Vicar of Wakefield' is immeasurably above all the rest of Goldsmith's prose works. But we know no example

of a prolonged series of letters or newspaper articles, differing so widely in power and genius from a parallel series by the same writer.

The letters ascribed to Junius extend over five years at least; Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale would say eight or nine. The known compositions of Francis extend over full forty years, including the five years covered by Junius. Francis went to India in the ripeness of his powers: both in India and on his return he had every stimulant to their exertion that ambition, vanity, and personal interest could create. The training he had undergone was of the very best kind; yet when there was every imaginable reason for expecting him to write best, he wrote worst. The entire forty years supply nothing which will stand comparison with the partly-contemporaneous productions of the five. By some peculiarity of mental organisation, then, he was able to produce in his own person, or in a responsible shape, the arrogance, the scorn, the asperity, which repel and irritate: he was unable so to produce the higher and finer qualities, the force of reasoning, the play of fancy, the richness of imagination, the grace and harmony of language, which compel admiration and confer fame. His cunning of fence deserted him in broad daylight: his charmed blade only glittered in the dark; and as no one saw the hand that wielded it, the world-wide glory of its performances is unjustly or unluckily denied to him.

But we are here wandering into the realms of pure fancy, and all argument from internal evidence is at an end. With all due deference to the brilliant historian and essayist, we maintain that the strongest argument in favour of any given candidate is, that (tested by his known writings) he alone was equal to the authorship; and the strongest argument against any given candidate, that (tested in the same manner) he was unequal to it.

Mr. Butler, after comparing Francis's attack on Lord

Thurlow with Junius' letter to Lord Mansfield, much to the disadvantage of Francis, remarks:

'Such, in our opinion, is the state of the question; all external evidence is in favour of Sir Philip, all internal evidence is against him. Thus the argument on each side neutralises the argument on the other, and the pretension of Sir Philip vanishes.'

When Mr. Butler wrote, the external evidence was strong. To what does it amount now? Thanks to the diligence of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale, the chain has been broken in a dozen places, and the links lie shattered and scattered on the ground. If any critic is still of a contrary opinion, let him pick them up, burnish them and re-form the chain. Instead of taking for granted the truth of the Franciscan theory, let him begin by assuming, if only for the purpose of the inquiry, that it is unsound. Let him, in the language of the courts, state and prove a *primâ facie* case before calling on the opposite counsel for an answer. Let him, also, bear in mind constantly that, whilst a single point of union proves nothing by itself, a single point of difference is fatal to identity.

Trifles light as air are to the theorist what they are to the jealous, 'confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ.' Witness the provincial antipathy which Lord Macaulay has digressed to fix on Francis, for lighter reasons than had led Prior to fasten it on Burke:[1] or the burning of the Jesuit books story, told by Mr. Merivale in his *Historical Studies*, which has suddenly collapsed.

Referring in his History to the traditional feeling caused by the treachery of Henry Luttrell in 1691, and recapitulating the strong expressions of Junius, Lord Macaulay says:

'It is certain that very few Englishmen can have sym-

[1] Macaulay's Works, vol. iii. p. 451. Prior's *Burke*, vol. i. p. 191.

pathised with Junius' abhorrence of the Luttrells, or can even have understood it. Why, then, did he use expressions which to the great majority of his readers must have been unintelligible? My answer is that Philip Francis was born and passed the first ten years of his life within a walk of Luttrellstown.'

The impression conveyed by this mode of statement to all who do not know the situation of Luttrellstown is, that Francis was placed in a position to contract a local prejudice. He was certainly born within a walk of Luttrellstown, for Luttrellstown is only seven miles from Dublin, where he was born; but he left Ireland in his fifth or sixth year, and never revisited the country of his birth. 'If a man were born in Piccadilly, and it were an object to make out that he was familiar from early childhood with a local tradition of Fulham, would it convey a correct impression to persons unacquainted with the locality to state that he was born within a walk of Fulham?' The great majority of Lord Macaulay's readers were certainly misled—ourselves amongst the rest, until we looked out Luttrellstown in the gazetteer.

Nor is this all. The prolonged contest for Middlesex had given ample notoriety to the name of Luttrell, and caused every sort of scandal associated with it to be raked up. Whether very few Englishmen sympathised with Junius' abhorrence of the Luttrells may be doubted, but most assuredly very many Englishmen must have understood it; for he himself has given his reasons for it in a remarkable note to the first collected edition of the Letters of 1772 (vol. ii. p. 305):

'There is a certain family *in this country* on which nature seems to have entailed an hereditary baseness of disposition. As far as their history has been known, the son has regularly improved upon the vices of his father, and has taken care to transmit them pure and undiminished into the bosom of his successor. . . . .

'The present Lord Irnham, who is now in the decline of life, lately cultivated the acquaintance of a younger brother of a family, with which he had lived in some degree of intimacy and friendship. The young man had long been the dupe of a most unhappy attachment to a common prostitute. His friends and relations foresaw the consequences of this connection, and did everything that depended upon them to save him from ruin. But he had a friend in Lord Irnham, whose advice rendered all their endeavours ineffectual. This hoary lecher, not contented with the enjoyment of his friend's mistress (the notorious Polly Davis, mentioned in the letter above), was base enough to take advantage of the passions and folly of a young man, and persuaded him to marry her. He descended even to perform the office of father to the prostitute. He gave her to his friend, who was on the point of leaving the kingdom, and the next night lay with her himself.

'Whether the depravity of the human heart can produce anything more base and detestable than this fact, must be left undetermined, until the son shall arrive at his father's age and experience.—AUTHOR.'

There was a story (true or false) current in English society, prior to the strong expressions of Junius, that Lord Irnham having sent a challenge to Colonel Luttrell, the exemplary son declined fighting his father on the ground, not that he was his father, but that he was not a gentleman. Lord Macaulay's ancillary argument, therefore, breaks down on every side; yet the effect of such a statement in so popular a book as his History must have been immense.

The Jesuit book story, again, which first appeared in a widely-circulated magazine (the *Cornhill*), did much to strengthen the received faith in Francis, till it was proved to demonstration that he was not in Paris when the Jesuitical books were burnt, and the identity of Bifrons with Francis was found to rest on what Mr. Merivale calls singular evidence, but which many will deem no evidence at all. Bifrons concludes a letter with 'C'est l'amphitryon *chez qui* l'on

dîne,' not a very recondite quotation, if correct. Mr. Merivale says:

'Singular evidence brings this *Bifrons* letter home to Francis. In one volume of his collection of pamphlets, bound next to a copy of the Duke of Portland's case, there is a copy also of the first edition of the Lowther case in reply to it; which latter was published the third week in April. *Moliere also was one of Francis's most favourite French writers, and he had the Paris* 1718 *edition of the Œuvres in his library.*

How, then, came Francis to misquote his favourite author to the extent of turning verse into prose? The correct reading is:

Je ne me trompais pas, messieurs, ce mot termine
Toute irrésolution:
Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.

As for the inference drawn from the case and counter case being bound up in Francis' collection of pamphlets, this is tantamount to assuming that possession of pamphlets is proof positive of having written any letters that may have appeared in the newspapers concerning them.

Although this Jesuit book argument is not likely to be re-produced, it is mentioned, along with Lord Macaulay's Luttrellstown argument, to show how the coincidences, flung in as make-weights, are made out. These, however, are at best but the failing props of the fabric, which must depend upon the solidity of the foundation; and the foundation has been rudely shaken, if not fatally undermined, by constantly accumulating evidence of the utter disagreement and disparity between Junius and Francis, in character, position, age, habits, opinions, interests, connections, tone, taste, language, genius, and capacity.

Conclusive affirmative evidence would have been produced long ago if the Franciscan theory were sound.

Francis' first wife died in 1806. He married his second, the daughter of a clergyman, towards the end of 1814, and (without expressly committing himself) he did his best to persuade her that he was Junius. The grand secret was eventually to be divulged through her; and she was no bad instrument for the purpose, for it was impossible to bring her to book on anything. Mr. Merivale calls her 'one of the most garrulous, credulous, inaccurate, and in every way perplexing, of reminiscents.' 'Some circumstances,' she says in a letter to Lord Campbell, 'he (Francis) always regretted. One was losing the fame of being known,' which he would fain have enjoyed without the attendant responsibility,—posthumous fame at all events. The story she repeats about his affronting 'poor' Rogers, whom he liked so much, to avoid an ensnaring question,' is apocryphal at best; but he managed, by a mixture of hints, allusions, and simulated indignation, to gain the mysterious importance, the *quod monstrer digito prætereuntium*, which he sought.

'His first gift (she writes) after marriage (prior to *Junius Identified*) was an edition of *Junius*, which he bid me take to my room, and not let it be seen, or speak upon the subject; and his posthumous present, which his son found in his bureau, was *Junius Identified*, sealed up and directed to me.' It would have been more to the purpose if he had given her the 'sett' bound in vellum, or one of the setts in blue paper, which Junius received from Woodfall.[1] Or the production of Woodfall's private letters would have placed the coveted title to the authorship beyond dispute. He left no

[1] After his death an edition of the Letters was published with, by way of frontispiece, an engraved portrait of him, wearing the star and riband of the Bath, with the upper part of the face veiled. A copy of this edition was presented by his son to the late (Maria) Marchioness of Downshire, with a letter (which I have seen) claiming the authorship for his father, and treating it as a source of pride to the family, so that no evidence in their possession would have been held back.

satisfactory proof because he had none to leave. We must be excused, after this, from attaching the smallest importance to the contents of his library, or the condition of his books and manuscripts.

'The marriage gift,' remarks Lord Stanhope, 'might pass on the score of vanity, but the posthumous present is not to be so lightly dismissed. To suppose that Sir Philip Francis bequeathed such a book under such circumstances, he not being in truth the author of *Junius*, is to heap a most heavy imputation on his memory. It is to accuse him of imparting a falsehood, as it were, from beyond the grave.' It is heaping a still heavier imputation on his memory to believe him. If he was Junius, he was steeped to the lips in falsehood. It may be difficult to assign the motive for a posthumous deceit or bad action. But Lord Stanhope will remember Dr. Johnson's comment on the posthumous publication of Lord Bolingbroke's works by Mallet: 'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.' Lady Francis was to draw the trigger of the blunderbuss which Sir Philip left charged to the muzzle with deceit.

Tenderness for character need scarcely influence the verdict of posterity in this case. It implies no lack of charity to fancy the shade or spirit of Junius, hovering over the grave of Francis with an appalling avowal, like the Moor's:

'HE'S LIKE A LIAR GONE TO BURNING HELL—
'TWAS I THAT DID IT.'

ADDENDUM.

In an article headed 'The Evidence of Handwriting' (based on Mr. Chabot's Reports) in the 'Times' of May 22, 1871, the Hon. Arthur Gordon, Governor of the Mauritius, was named as the authority for an important statement. Reference having consequently been made to him, he wrote the following letter to Sir John Shaw Lefevre, who kindly authorises the publication of it:—

'Reduit, November 17, 1871.

'My dear Sir John,—I have not once, but very often, heard my father say that Mr. Pitt told him that he knew the name of the author of the *Letters of Junius*, and that the author was not Francis. I have heard this so frequently that, with a single exception, I cannot recall the times or places where it has been said. I do, however, perfectly remember the first occasion on which the story was told in my presence. It was at Drayton, on January 13, 1848. The other guests there were Mr. Goulburn, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Buckland, Mr. Hallam, and Sir Charles Eastlake. Of these, the Bishop of Winchester is the only one now living. He may possibly remember something of the conversation which, after dinner, turned on Junius; Mr. Hallam, *more suo*, taking the lion's share of it. Some one spoke of Sir Philip Francis as Junius. My father said quickly, "No, I know *he* was not;" and then told us his authority for saying so was Mr. Pitt. The objection was raised, which I see Mr. Twistleton also makes, that the idea of Francis' authorship had not been started till after Mr. Pitt's death. My father replied: "*That's stuff:*" and went on to say that the notion was very generally current, and that Francis did everything he could to encourage the belief, without actually saying what was false; and that he himself had once dined in company with Francis, when proofs of his being Junius were adduced before him: that he had listened with evident pleasure; and at last exclaimed, in a stilted theatrical manner, "God! if men force laurels

on my head, I'll wear them?" But the arguments in favour of Francis (I do not mean those advanced at this dinner, but those current generally) had been mentioned by my father to Mr. Pitt, who had assured him that he knew who the author was, and that it certainly was not Francis.

'The conversation then drifted away to the literary merits of Junius (which Sir R. Peel, as well as my father, thought less highly of than most people) and the personal character of Sir Philip Francis.

'I was interested by what had been said (I was a boy at college at the time), and made a note of it the same evening, but I have very often heard its substance repeated. You are aware of the nature of the relations between Mr. Pitt and my father, but very few people are so, and you may therefore as well explain to Mr. Twisleton that Mr. Pitt was one of my father's guardians, and that, after his mother's death, my father lived alternately with him and Lord Melville until his majority in 1805, except when at college or abroad; and had consequently unusual opportunities of familiar intercourse with him. You may make any use you please of this letter.

'Yours affectionately, 'ARTHUR GORDON.'

The Bishop of Winchester has 'a general recollection of exactly what Arthur Gordon records.' The statement he records was one among several to the same effect. Lord Aberdeen was a scrupulously accurate and precise man. To suppose that he never talked over the Franciscan theory with Mr. Pitt, is to suppose him the victim of an utterly unaccountable delusion; and the objection that the idea of Francis' authorship had not been started till after Pitt's death, is no longer tenable against the direct evidence that has recently come to light. This idea certainly appears to have been first publicly started by Mr. Taylor, and Francis is not named in the list of candidates (fourteen in number) given in the Preliminary Essay to the Woodfall edition of 1812. Neither is Earl Temple. Yet Earl Temple's suspected identity or connexion with Junius was mentioned by the first Lord Camden in conversation with Hardinge, and had been a frequent and exciting topic at Stowe.

Francis' laboured imitations of Junius in his writings and speeches belong to the last century; and it would be

strange if the system of make-believe by which he endeavoured to attract suspicion had not begun till within four or five years before his death (in 1818). Lord Colborne told Sir Henry Bunbury that, early in life, being thrown into intimacy with Francis, he asked him whether he was the author of Junius, and received a point-blank denial 'on his honour.' This Sir Henry Bunbury mentioned to his son, Mr. E. H. Bunbury, who afterwards heard Lord Colborne refer to this denial and add, that he had been in the habit of placing implicit reliance on it until the appearance of 'Junius Identified,' which induced him to modify his conclusion. The strong impression of Mr. E. H. Bunbury, a clear-headed and highly-cultivated man, derived from conversations with his father, is, that Francis was suggested as the author long prior to Taylor's publication.

The statement of Lord Aberdeen, which brings the knowledge home to Mr. Pitt, must be weighed in connection with that which brings the same knowledge home to members of the Grenville family, especially to the Right Hon. T. Grenville and Lord Grenville. Mr. Grenville told his brother, the first Duke of Buckingham, who thought he had discovered the secret, that it was no news to him, but for family reasons the secret must be kept. He further stated to other members of the family, subsequently to 1816, that Junius was not one of the persons to whom the letters had been popularly ascribed. Lord Grenville told Lord Sidmouth that he (Lord Grenville) knew who Junius was. Lady Grenville told Sir Henry Holland that Lord Grenville knew who Junius was. She also stated to Dr. James Ferguson (to be repeated to me) that she had heard Lord Grenville say that he knew who wrote the Junius letters and state that it was not Francis.

Here is a body of evidence all pointing in an opposite direction from Francis—all pointing to Stowe, and raising a strong presumption that, if Lord Temple was not wholly or in part the author of the Letters, they were at least prompted or inspired by him.

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