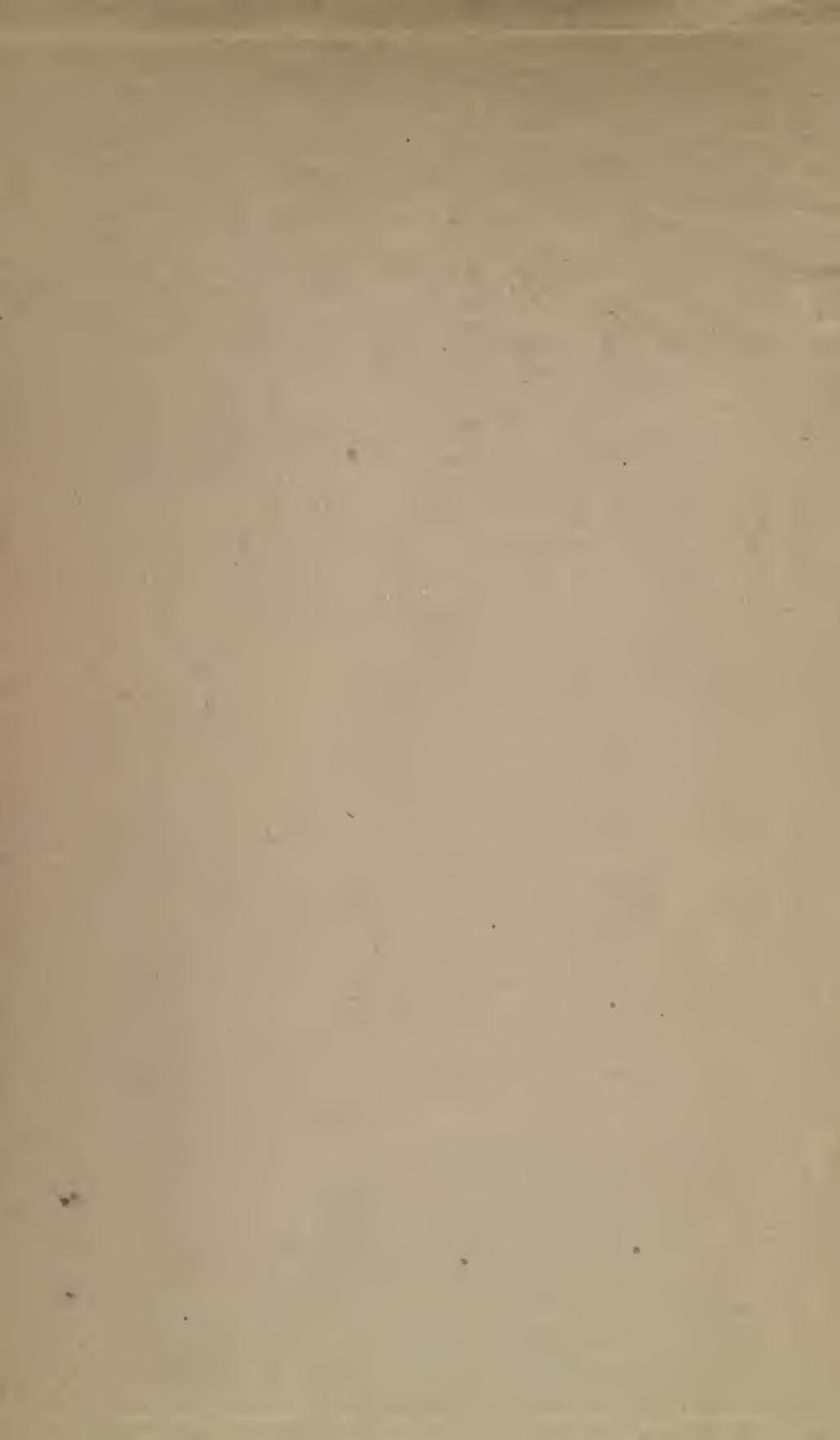


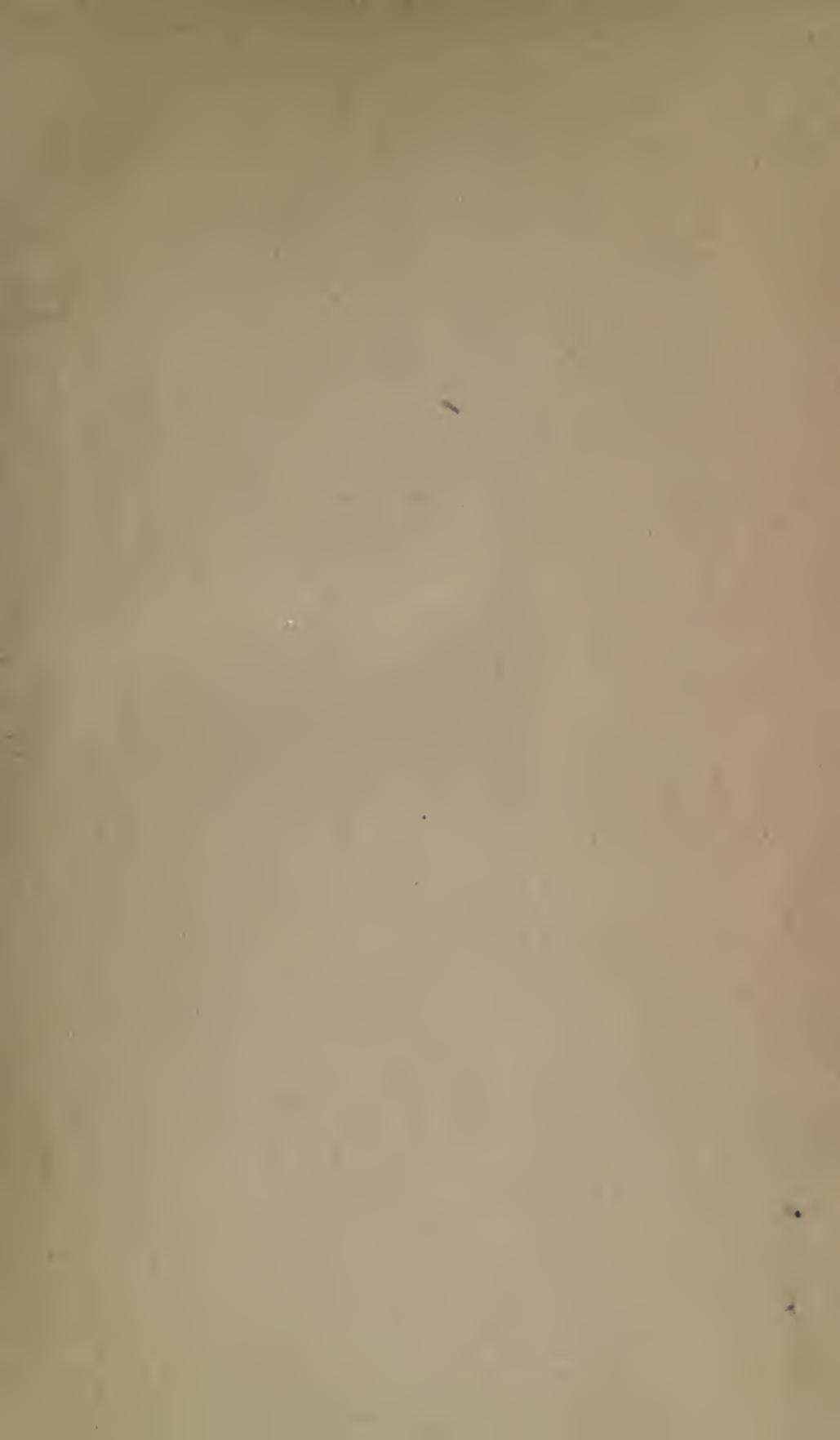
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OLD AND ODD
MEMORIES

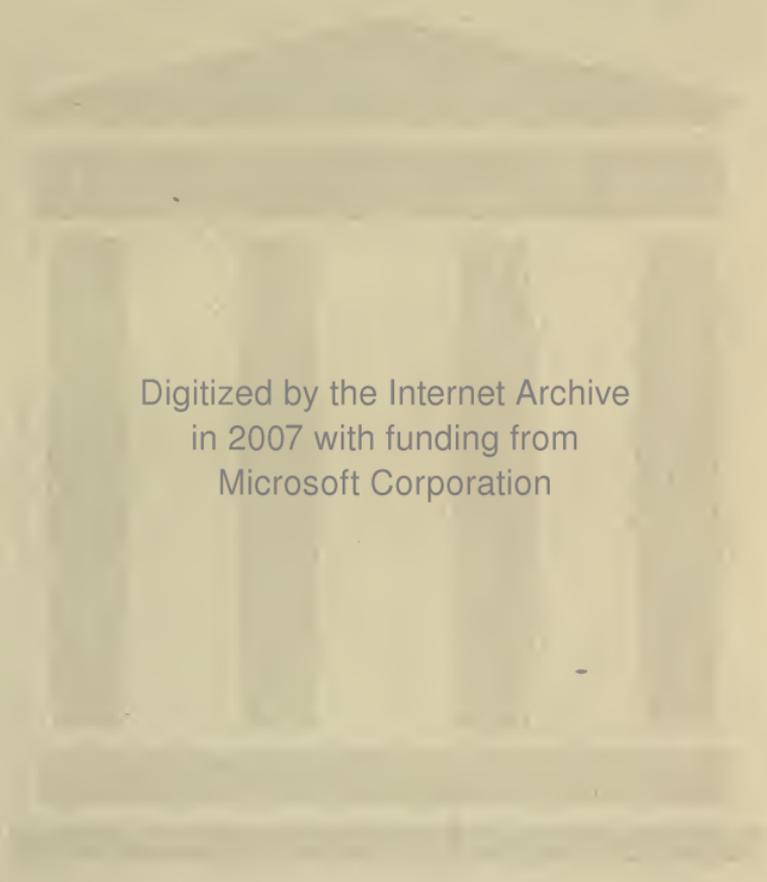


LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE





OLD AND ODD MEMORIES



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OLD AND ODD MEMORIES

BY

HON. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE

Προσθήκας γὰρ δὴ μοι ὁ λόγος ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἐδίζητο.

HERODOTUS.

'My story from the first has favoured digressions.'

SECOND IMPRESSION

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
1908

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PREFACE

THESE *Memories* are virtually new, though they embody some matter which has already appeared in various forms. To the Proprietors, Editors, and Publishers by whose kindness my old literary properties are restored to me, to make what use of them I like, I return my hearty thanks.

As far back as 1884, I spoke of my 'weak health and weaker eyesight'. Since then, the deterioration of my sight has disabled me from reading. It is hoped that, if misprints or other errors are found in these pages, the reader will ascribe them to this cause. Let me add that, in combating the effects direct and indirect of these drawbacks, I have had valuable help from my old friend and schoolfellow Mr. Francis Storr.

L. A. T.

Athenaeum Club.

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OLD AND ODD MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

TALES OF MY FOREFATHERS

‘O poco nostra nobiltà di sangue!

Ben se' tu manto che tosto raccorce,
Si che, se non s'appon di die in die,
Lo tempo va dintorno con le force.’—DANTE.

‘We fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence.’—GIBBON.

ON the manor house at Bentley, near Ipswich, is said to have been inscribed the couplet :

‘Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my seat and Tollemache was my name.’

As a matter of fact, the first mention of the Tollemaches or Talmaches occurs in the reign of Henry I, who is believed to have brought my forbears and other followers from the neighbourhood of Avranches. It appears that in a document dated 1120 my ancestor is mentioned in connexion with a certain Thomas de St. Jean-le-Thomas near Mont St. Michel. In 1130 the names of the two men are found in conjunction in England. The derivation of ‘Tollemache’ is uncertain. The old etymology from ‘Toll-mack’ (toll the bell) was rejected by Freeman; but he owned himself unable to suggest a substitute. A high living authority writes to me :

‘On consulting Godefroy’s great work on Old French, I have found that your name clearly originated in a sobriquet.

For "Talemache", which represents its original form as nearly as possible, is an Old French word corresponding to "besace", "sac" in modern French. There was also a word "Talemaxhier", corresponding to "souiller", "salir"; but the former derivation is clearly the right one. Even our Henry II was called "Curtmantel" from the cape he wore; and so your progenitor may have been conspicuous for some appendage, or simply (like Judas!) have *carried the bag.*¹

As the antiquities and curiosities of our family history are less interesting to my readers than to me, I will touch on them very briefly. One of my ancestors bore a part in the popular rising in the eastern counties which occurred in connexion with the rebellion of Wat Tyler; and a great-great-&c.-aunt of mine appears to have been Maid of Honour to the wife of Henry IV. At that time Peter was a favourite name in our family; but, towards the end of the Wars of the Roses, it was displaced by Lionel or Lyonel, which has since been passed on as a sort of family badge from generation to generation, like Aubrey among the de Veres and Anthony among the Ashleys, till, of late years, it has become inconveniently and confusingly common among us. About the same time there occurred another change of far greater moment. Helmingham Hall came to the Tollemaches by marriage; it was at once made their home, while thenceforward the interest taken in Bentley was little more than a sentiment. Yet, from a sentimental point of view, the woods of Bentley are still regarded as the antique gem of the family property. But why do I speak only of the woods of Bentley? The cause of the limitation is this. A spendthrift ancestor,

¹ Since writing the above, I have heard that other authorities say that my name occurs in Domesday Book as Toedmag.



HELMINGHAM HALL, SUFFOLK.

after impairing his fortune by gambling, sought to recoup himself by a big bet, in which he staked all that part of the Bentley property over which the plough could go. He lost; and the unploughable woods, which still belong to the family, are the sole territorial relic handed down from its early days.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the victory won over Bentley by Helmingham was well deserved. It was to Helmingham that I alluded when I once wrote of 'an ancestral home which has been known from childhood, which stirs every feeling of pride and affection, while yet it reposes in majestic dullness, and has the vault where those who have been loved lie buried'. Indeed, to those whose home it has been, Helmingham seems a place quite apart. The flavour of '*otium cum antiqua dignitate*' makes itself felt throughout. The park, 'spared and blessed by time,' has always presented itself to my imagination as in a pre-eminent degree a survival of Tudor stateliness, and almost, to use a topsy-turvy metaphor, as an Elizabethan patch stuck on Victorian England. The house is surrounded by a moat well supplied with water; and thus, when the two drawbridges are raised, it is literally on an island.

In a letter to John Allen (August 28, 1838) Edward FitzGerald writes :

'I wish you had been with me and Browne at an old seat of Lord Dysart's, Helmingham in Suffolk, the other day. There is a portrait there of the present Lady Dysart in the prime of her beauty, by Sir Joshua. She is now 95. . . It is much more English and aristocratic to my mind than Boughton or Woburn Abbey.'

The garden, too, has a moat of its own which, however, does not quite surround it. Can this horseshoe

moat have been designed for protection : or can the garden have ever needed such protection ? No doubt, in Catholic times, ponds were required to supply the family with fish on fast days. But there are plenty of *bona fide* fishponds in the park, which had no need of being supplemented by a garden moat. Should not this moat that is not a moat (as an old Greek might have phrased it) be considered as an elaborate ornament counterfeiting utility ? And what view should be taken of counterfeits of that sort and on that scale ? I own that such disproportionate and purposeless decorations make me think of the ring of the planet Saturn ; for, however beautiful they are in themselves, they are symptoms of a low or rudimentary development. But, after all, this is the only make-believe of the kind into which, so far as I can remember, my forefathers were betrayed ; and even this make-believe, as Horace would have said, has been hallowed by the Goddess of Death. Such a time-honoured blemish is transfigured into a charm.¹

But it may be objected that what is here said of the garden moat might to some extent be applied to the moat round the house. The present house is early Tudor in its style, and indeed it appears to have been

¹ I have left my strictures on the origin of the garden-moat at Helmingham in their original form, though I have since learnt that experts are doubtful as to the cause of the anomaly. One theory is that the two moats are much older than any of the buildings which now exist, or of which traces have been found ; that what is now the garden moat was originally meant for the defence of stables and other out-buildings ; and that it was specially designed for the protection of these against inroads of the Norsemen. In support of this theory it is remarked that twin moats, so to call them, of the Helmingham type are found to exist elsewhere in the Eastern counties, and I believe that no such twin moats have been discovered in any other part of England.

built not long before the estate came to our family. Would the moat have been of much use at that date? My reply to this is, that my father, who made some necessary restorations, came upon the remains of an earlier house on the site of the present house. He also remarked, in proof of the antiquity of the garden moat, that a very old tree grows on its steep bank. He was fond of pointing out the yet older trees which are to be found in the avenue, and in various parts of the park; a few of them, he was inclined to think, had approached, if not reached, their millennium. Be this as it may, it says a good deal for the Helmingham oaks that they are famous even in Suffolk, a county famed for its old timber. Of a secular oak near Bury St. Edmunds I will give the legend as I heard it from my father. St. Edmund was tracked by means of wolves, bound to this oak and shot with arrows, and by way of insult some wolves' bones were buried with his bones. It is a fact that not long ago, wolves' bones were discovered near the spot; and the decaying oak, having been afterwards blown down, was examined, and the barb of an arrow was found near its centre.

In Helmingham Park there are red as well as fallow deer. The stags, in particular, are appropriate in the old place. During the rutting season their belling seems to take one out of the tame safeness of latter-day Europe, and to transport one bodily into Tudor or mediaeval insecurity. I remember once feeling this strongly in my boyhood, when the menacing tones of a stag issued from the avenue between me and the house. A somewhat milder form of that pleasant illusion, the illusion of conjuring with time and of travelling up and down through the centuries, was brought home to me a few years ago at Lucerne, when

the moon was shining peacefully on the water and, in strong contrast, across an arm of the lake were heard the discordant sounds of wild beasts in a *ménagerie*; it was as if the wolves and bears were roaming at their own sweet will, as they roamed in the days of William Tell or of Anne of Geierstein.

It might be thought that the house, being surrounded by a moat, would be damp. But, on the contrary, it is proved to be dry by the fact that the old books and manuscripts in the library are well preserved. Some of these are of great value. Caxton's book entitled *The Game and Playe of the Chesse* was—on what authority I know not—labelled by my father as the first book printed in England. But the gem of the library is King Alfred's translation into Anglo-Saxon, with important additions, of the *Historiae adversus paganos*, by Orosius. This unique manuscript was discovered and edited by Dr. Bosworth, who was Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford in the fifties. He spoke enthusiastically on the subject in my presence. Indeed, as reported by my father, he maintained that the translation, including the additions, was entirely the work of King Alfred, and that the handwriting is probably that of one of the king's secretaries, and may in part be that of the king himself. How far this account finds acceptance with more recent scholars I cannot say.

Augustus Hare has given a quaint old-world picture of the social economy of a Shropshire parish :

'The curates always came to luncheon at the rectory on Sundays. They were always compelled to come in ignominiously at the back door, lest they should dirty the entrance: only Mr. Egerton was allowed to come in at the front door, because he was a "gentleman born".'

This comical state of things bears a sort of analogy to what occurred at Helmingham in my father's boyhood, and even in my own. I well remember when the country doctor used to come in at the back door, and sometimes (there being no steward's room) to take refreshment in the housekeeper's room. Nor, a decade or two earlier, did the Rector fare much better. My father told me that, when his uncle, Lord Dysart, was in authority, the Rector, Mr. Bellman, was on Sundays, indeed, allowed to dine with the family, but was received with ostentatious patronage. On week-days the physician of souls sank to the level of the apothecary: the housekeeper's room was thought good enough for him. Mr. Bellman lived on into what may be called our Evangelical era, his successor having been the Rev. J. C. Ryle, afterwards Bishop of Liverpool. I can just remember the aged Rector in his wonted resort, the housekeeper's room; and indeed I fear that I must have imbibed a drop or two of anti-clerical virus, for I am accused of having thrown the good old man's hat into the moat, nor do I seem to have been punished as severely as, child though I was, I deserved to be.

The vicinity of the moat was certainly tempting. In my *not* unspoilt childhood, a bedroom was found to be locked and the keyhole was empty. After a fruitless search for the key, some one asked me if I had seen it. At first I affected not to hear; but presently, thinking that the good game of hide and seek had lasted long enough, I called out: 'I've *drowned* it!' Another story of my childhood is characteristic. I am assured that, after a funeral, my parents and other bereaved kinsfolk sent for me, and that, not finding the party vivacious enough for my taste, I sought to

enliven it by a reference to what was then my favourite food, 'Let us talk about mushrooms!'

What I have related as to our treatment of Mr. Bellman is, no doubt, very shocking; but it is only fair to remember that, at that time, old Catholic families were equally careful that their sons of Levi should not socially take too much upon themselves. Indeed, a well-informed Catholic priest has told me that, on the occasion of the marriage in England of one of the Orleans princes, when the Catholic Bishop had performed the ceremony, and when, no doubt, the episcopal ring had been dutifully kissed by the bride and bridegroom, his lordship was left to partake of the wedding breakfast in the steward's room. Let us hope that this was an oversight.

At the confines of the Helmingham park stands the fine old square-towered church, after the pattern common in Suffolk. On the outside wall is the quaintly alliterative, not to say punning, inscription:

'Scandit ad aethera virgo puerpera, virgula Iesse.'

It is fortunate that my father had quite forgotten his Latin. Otherwise, though there is nothing in this rugged hexameter which he, as a strong Protestant, could have gainsaid, it has a Mariolatrous flavour which he would in no wise have relished. On his Cheshire estate there lingered a far more curious relic of Catholicism, of which also he was ignorant. In the part of the county where he lived, the children have (or had) a way of squalling on the second of November. Neither they nor their parents can give any explanation of the unmusical noise; all they can say of it is that it is called 'souling'. It is, therefore, clearly a survival from the observance of All Souls'

Day. If my father had known of this survival, we may be sure that such *priscae vestigia fraudis*, such a trail of the Babylonish serpent, would have been speedily and pitilessly effaced. Very different is the view of the philosopher or antiquary. It is at once pathetic and comic to think that from generation to generation this tradition of squalling should annually take effect at the appointed season, although the squallers have no notion what their squalls mean; and that it should have been kept secret from a succession of Protestant landlords, although the squallers had no notion that there was any secret to keep.

Reverting to the Helmingham church, I own that, to me at least, its chief interest lies, not in its square tower, nor yet in the monkish hexameter on the walls, but in the family memorials within. The most quaintly whimsical of these memorials are roughly painted kneeling effigies of four of my ancestors, effigies by gazing on which, some of us were fain, during a long sermon, to seek refuge either from the prosings of a dullard or from the Pandemonian foreshadowings of a Boanerges. The joint lives of those ancestors seem to have stretched from late Plantagenet well on into Tudor times. It appears that they retain in Elysium a cheering sense of their *ante mortem* honours and equipments; for they are represented as literally wearing their swords and metaphorically blowing their trumpets. The inscriptions are in such doggerel as:

‘Baptisèd Lyonel Tollemache my Name
Since Norman conquest of unsoylèd Fame.’

This specimen shows that the defunct had virtues less defective than his biographer’s syntax! Another

of my ancestors was 'free of his purse and port'. A third self-trumpeter was 'With Norfolk's great duke in no little trust.'

None, however, of these inscriptions is so quaint as the following, also found in East Anglia, which I give as it was given to me. Some generations back, a Sir John Trollope restored his family church, and flattered himself that such an ecclesiastical labourer was worthy of his heavenly hire. There is a superstition that the *post mortem* prospects of persons buried under a chancel are better than those of ordinary mortals. Accordingly this son of Zebedee, this claimant of posthumous precedence, had a statue of himself erected in the very centre of the chancel, with one hand pointing towards heaven and the other towards a hole before his feet; and over the anticipatory grave he inscribed this stanza, whose third line is redolent of that sort of beatific confidence which Bishop Ryle would have called 'assurance':

'I, Sir John Trollope,
Made these stones roll up;
When Heaven shall take my soul up,
My body shall fill this hole up.'

In *The Baronial Halls of England* it is said that:

'The Tollemaches—although classing amongst the most ancient families of the realm, and for centuries preserving an unbroken link—appear never to have been very emulous of distinction. The name scarcely appears upon the Roll of Fame: neither in the Senate nor at the Bar have they achieved for it high repute; nor does it occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of war of any period—from the Conquest down to the existing age.'

The uncomplimentary critic, however, has the fairness to record one exception to the sweeping

allegation of Tollemachian mediocrity. The exception is, of course, the General Tollemache, or Talmash, of the reign of William III. And it must be owned that, taking note of this exception and leaving the last and present generations out of sight, a comparer of small things with big things might be tempted to extend to our family the reproach cast by Macaulay on the Republic of Venice, namely, that it prospered for centuries without bequeathing to mankind 'the memory of one great name or one generous action'. But, in truth, such wholesale invectives are to be taken with a grain of salt; for, when they proceed from serious writers, those writers are nearly always pedants who expect too much from human nature. Had not Macaulay himself a touch of this noblest form of pedantry? And was it not partly on that account, or at least on account of his inclination to regard men generally as either sheep or goats, and hardly ever as alpacas, that Matthew Arnold dubbed him a Philistine? But, without pursuing this far-reaching digression, I will merely suggest (as a pedant of another kind might phrase it) that the river of Lethe does not issue in that of Cocytus: oblivion is not a special subject for lamentation or reproach (*Nec vixit male qui vivens moriensque fefellit*): 'A life unnoticed is not lived amiss.'

Nor is this all that may be said on behalf of my bucolic ancestors. Some of them were Justices of the Peace, and even High Sheriffs, at a time when those offices had far greater importance and responsibility than they now have. And thus it is that the posthumous boasters in Helmingham Church, so to call them, whom one is apt to deride as vainglorious weatherers of a storm in a teacup, should rather be

represented 'as sinews of the body politic, which, though weak individually, did their little something towards bringing about that rare capacity for safe and orderly progress which marked the England of Elizabeth.

It is hard for me to decide how much should be written about that distinguished kinsman of mine whose fame has the melancholy and invidious advantage of being

'Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky;'

for I cannot guess how far my readers are conversant with Macaulay's account of General Tollemache's tragic fate. Let me then, as briefly as possible, inform or remind them of the leading facts. Tollemache tried to execute a scheme of long standing for attacking Brest; but the plan had been betrayed to Louis XIV; Brest was securely fortified and garrisoned; the expedition was repulsed; and Tollemache, writes Macaulay, being mortally wounded, 'exclaimed with his last breath that he had been lured into a snare by treachery. The real criminal was not named; nor, till the archives of the House of Stuart were explored, was it known to the world that Talmash had perished by the basest of all the hundred villanies of Marlborough.' But what can have been the motives of this treason? The historian's reply is that Tollemache was second to Marlborough, not only in command, but also in professional skill; and Marlborough, being in disgrace at Court, wished to force his own services on William by getting rid of the only rival who could possibly have taken his place. Moreover, William was unpopular, and the Stuarts might be restored.

Marlborough wished to regain the favour of the exiled family, and, by betraying William, to make up for having deserted James. The atrocity of such motives ascribed to such a man is calculated to arouse suspicion ; but I am bound to add that the Duc d'Aumale, when visiting Helmingham, asked my father to show him the inside of the church : and, seeing that my father looked surprised, he explained that he wanted to see the monument of the General, and added that, having himself consulted the archives in Paris, he could vouch for the truth of Macaulay's narrative.¹

What, then, is the reply of Marlborough's apologists? They at once admit the substantial facts ; but they plead extenuating circumstances. The design on Brest, they say, had already been betrayed by Godolphin. Marlborough, being apprised of this treachery, knew that his own betrayal of the design

¹ That 'anecdote is nothing if not desultory' is an old thesis of mine. And, in particular, to blame discursiveness in a memoir would be worthy of the Scotchman who said of a dictionary : 'It is full o' learning and wad be an unco' guid book if it hadna so muckle toorning and tacking about.' So the above mention of the Duc d'Aumale tempts me to record a saying about him which was told me by my father-in-law, the first Lord Egerton of Tatton. When that most learned of princes and his son (who died young) were staying at Tatton, the latter gave his host an ingenuous account of the difference between his own tastes and those of his father : 'Mon père, milord, aime la chasse, et il aime beaucoup les livres ; moi, j'aime la chasse, mais les livres je ne les aime pas.' This frank schoolbuoyancy of the young Condé strikes me as not bad for a prince ! Here is another Egerton d'Aumale story. My mother-in-law used to say that the Duchess d'Aumale—having invited her, as the French now phrase it, *five o'clocker avec elle*—took up the teapot, gave it a good shake, and asked quite seriously, 'Is not this how you do make the tea in England?'

would inform Louis of nothing which Louis did not know before. Nor did he apprehend that the twofold betrayal would do much practical harm to the English ; for he never supposed that Tollemache would be so rash as to assault Brest without first making all possible inquiries. Let me add that, after reading Macaulay's narrative, I find it hard to doubt that he has unwittingly been led to extenuate Tollemache's rashness by his evident abhorrence of Marlborough.

This, then, is the plea set up by Marlborough's advocates, not certainly a satisfactory plea ; but, such as it is, let him by all means have the benefit of it. A modern Plutarch, by the way, might draw an instructive parallel between Marlborough and Themistocles. The facing-both-ways policy of Themistocles in telling Xerxes that the Peloponnesian captains meditated an escape from Salamis is, in some particulars, like the policy of Marlborough in telling Louis that the English meditated an attack on Brest. The fact was, that neither of these great commanders could foresee whether his countrymen or their enemies would prevail. Each of them showed a perverted ingenuity in propping his own fortunes at the cost of patriotism and honour. Likewise, as Greece triumphed over Persia, and England over Louis and James, the two disloyal generals were alike in this, that they tarnished their reputation to little or no purpose. In both cases, honesty might have been the best policy.

On the whole, my sense of the wrongs of my far-off great-uncle does not deter me from thinking, with Froude, that Macaulay has been too severe a censor on Marlborough. He does not make allowance either for the great commander's temptations or for the low

ethical standard which prevailed in his day. At all events, the victor of Blenheim should be regarded with indulgence by the descendants of those whom he so signally served. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate my own estimate of this villainous hero or heroic villain than by using a homely metaphor, and likening him to an apple which is just a little 'gone'. Being smooth and polished on the surface, he was somewhat rotten at the core; but there was in him much, very much, that was good and wholesome notwithstanding. Nor, indeed, can I doubt that my exaggerative and jocularly censorious friend, the late S. H. Reynolds of Brasenose, would have said of him, as he said of Bacon, and might with greater justice have said of Napoleon: 'He was a scoundrel, but a scoundrel of whom human nature ought to be proud!'

Whatever may be said in praise of the talents and the public virtue of General Tollemache, he was not exemplary in at least one domestic relation. He was, after a peculiar fashion, an undutiful son. A note in Bishop Burnet's *History* informs us 'It was commonly thought that he [Tollemache] was Oliver Cromwell's son, and that he had a very particular sort of vanity in desiring that it should be so understood'. Even if a strong case could be made out for the Cromwellian paternity, the complacent bastard would be fairly open to the reproach unjustly brought against Falconbridge:

'Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.'

But, in fact, is such an aspersion on the private character of our Puritan Protector warranted by

evidence antecedently probable? Personally, I could as soon believe that, as my father assured me, ensilage is known to have been practised in Egypt in the days of the Patriarch Joseph; that Julius Caesar, when in Gaul, immersed himself in the same mud baths, nay, in the *very same particles of mud*, which are now so importunately extolled by the uncleanly convalescents of Dax; or that, as some kinswomen of mine declare, a Verdant Green of a young curate, when dining with their uncle, inquired of his host quite innocently: 'Has your lordship ever suffered from *delirium tremens*?'¹ He must have taken it for a form of influenza.

Yet, after all, the General had no need to bring in Cromwell as a *deus* (or *diabolus*) *ex machina*, in order to account for his superiority to his Tollemache ancestors; for he may have inherited the intelligence of his mother, who was undoubtedly a woman of great parts. So remarkable was she, that she claims more than a passing notice. Her father, William Murray, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I, became the first Earl of Dysart, whose title she brought into our family. This last circumstance is recorded by Burnet in a passage which is worth quoting for two reasons. First, it alludes to the gossip about her and Cromwell without assigning to it any undue importance. Secondly, it is a good specimen of the com-

¹ I will add a trivial but authentic incident which the mention of that 'ungenteel' malady suggests. In Cranfordshire, *alias* Cheshire, a poor woman said of her little girl whose mind was wandering during a feverish attack, 'I think she has delirious trimmings.' A Malapropian patient lately said to her doctor, 'You see, sir, what it is. I've got a compilation of diseases. When the high strikes meets the dumb beagles [lumbago] then you gets the vipers' dance.'

ination of *suaviter in modo* with *fortissime in re* which was fashionable at that time. To speak more exactly, it well illustrates the preamble of compliment, analogous to the ceremonious bow of a duellist, with which it was then thought proper to approach a bad lady of quality before morally running her through the body. Even so the Gaekwar of Baroda, when trying to poison General Phayre, inserted diamond dust as well as arsenic in the beverage that was presented to him. Would not the arsenic of itself have sufficed to do the work? The reason for combining it with the costly adjunct seems to have been, not merely that diamonds are less wholesomely and agreeably placed inside than outside the human body, but also that it was thought that the queen's representative ought to be dispatched in a manner suitable to his rank.

After making an uncomplimentary reference to the first Lord Dysart, who, it appears, was 'pretty open' when sober and reserved when tipsy, Burnet goes on to say :

'His eldest daughter, to whom his honour, such as it was, descended, married Sir Lionel Tollemache, of Suffolk, a man of noble family. After her father's death, she took the title of Countess of Dysart. She was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts. She had a wonderful quickness of apprehension, and an amazing vivacity in conversation. She had studied not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about, a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy. She had a restless ambition, lived at a vast expense, and was ravenously covetous; and would have stuck at nothing by which she might compass her ends. She had blemishes of another kind, which she seemed to despise, and to take little care of the decencies of her sex. She had been early in a correspondence with Lord Lauderdale, that had given occasion to censure.

When he was a prisoner after Worcester fight, she had made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell, which was not a little taken notice of. Cromwell was certainly fond of her, and she took care to entertain him in it, till he, finding what was said upon it, broke it off. . . . All applications were made to her : she took upon her to determine everything. She sold all places, and was wanting in no methods that could bring her money, which she lavished out in a most profuse vanity. As the conceit took her, she made him (Lauderdale) fall out with all his friends, one after another, including a certain Sir Robert Murray, whose unswerving fidelity both to Lauderdale and herself she requited with the most heartless treachery.'

After reading this scathing indictment, one's first impulse is to exclaim *Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives* ('A wealthy woman is the worst of plagues'). But presently follows the inclination to wonder or smile at the moral vagary which prompts a man to exonerate his own ancestress by laying the responsibility of her misdeeds on the alleged feminine incapacity to bear the trials of wealth, and, in a word, on feminine weakness in general. One had said in one's haste that the typical woman (*das Ewig-Weibliche*) needs the admonition :

'Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first;'

and that the disordering of Adam's ribs was at once a symbol and a cause of the disordering of the world. There would, no doubt, be great exaggeration in such an uncompromising verdict; but, for all that, the biblical allusion in the last sentence draws me on to make a not irrelevant reflection. The late Duke of Westminster once said in conversation that he was especially attracted by the Epistle of St. James. Yet that any millionaire ever really believed in the plenary

inspiration of the injunction, 'Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl,' seems to me about as likely as that any woman ever really believed in that of the sweeping generalization of Ecclesiastes, 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.'

With the earldom of Dysart, Ham House came into our family; and, when Lady Dysart married Lauderdale, it acquired a great importance, which, however, as time went on, it gradually lost. Long ago I described Ham House as

'that enchanted palace of desolation where the bounty of Lauderdale and others has amassed treasures of all sorts, which now lie buried and forgotten, like the "unvalued jewels" which, in Clarence's dream, lay at the bottom of the sea. . . . Macaulay ascribes "the more than Italian luxury of Ham, with its busts, fountains, and aviaries," to Lauderdale, who held Ham House in right of his wife. The room is still shown where the Cabal Ministry used to meet. It was to Ham that James II was first told to retire on the arrival of William. One is tempted to say "*Fuit Ilium et ingens Gloria*," when one recalls Evelyn's and Walpole's accounts of this "hall of my father that's gone to decay".'

On reading these sentences over after the lapse of years, I feel that, when I wrote them, I hardly did justice to the interest which Ham then possessed as a buried city of the past, safe from the innovator and restorer, and subject to no ravages but those of time. The melancholy charm which belonged to it differed rather in degree than in kind from that which affected Byron when he exclaimed, 'The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,' or which prompted Shelley to apostrophize degenerate Italy as a shrine

'Where desolation clothed with loveliness
Worships the thing thou wert'.

Of late the old place has been furbished up with great skill and success. It therefore seems ungracious to remark that such restorations are at best necessary evils.

Of the rooms in Ham House the one that struck me most, as showing the difference between past and present, contained two stiff and big armchairs, in which, according to tradition, the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale sat face to face, and seem to have contemplated one another with a leisurely stare. Did they like the process? There is a story that a Scotch minister, wishing to impress on his congregation the self-sufficing grandeur of the Deity, exclaimed that throughout the pre-Adamite eternity 'He was alone, alone, alone, without even a throne to sit upon'. The Lauderales with their armchairs were not so badly off as that. But their *solitude à deux* reminds me that Paley, when told of a married couple who had never quarrelled, said in his north country accent, 'Varry dool;' and are we not made to feel that there was method in the folly of the schoolboy who said in an examination, 'The Greeks started the custom of each man having only one wife, and they called it monotony'?¹ Another reflection is aroused by the stately inactivity of the Duke and Duchess. If there is often or always

¹ This suggestive blunder—*λόγος ψευδῆς εἰκῶς ἀληθινῶ*—recalls to me a definition of matrimony given by an Irish Catholic girl at a Confirmation class: 'Matrimony is a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and a better world. These words of wisdom having been reported by the catechizing priest to another priest, the latter exclaimed, 'Of course you turned the stupid girl down to the bottom of the class?' 'Well, no,' replied the catechist, with humorous indulgence; 'perhaps she was not so far wrong, after all. What on earth do you and I know about the matter?'

mischievous for idle hands to do, there are also untoward and importunate thoughts for idle heads to think. Must not, then, the august malefactors, when (or *if*) they sat gazing listlessly at each other, have been haunted by the memory of their manifold misdoings? They ought to have been, in all conscience; but, alas! the assembling of sinners stifles the sense of sin. And if in this way callousness is epidemic and, as it were, gregarious, it is to be feared that these *Arcades ambo*—which Byron translated ‘blackguards both’—may have quieted their consciences by reflecting that each was kept in countenance by the other.

The Duchess was the daughter of the first Earl of Dysart. But why was the earldom conferred on him? The answer is that he was the whipping-boy of Charles I. And how came there to be so odd an invention as a whipping-boy—one who might almost literally have taken for his motto *Quidquid delirat princeps, ego vapulo tantum* (‘For all the prince’s mad pranks I must smart’)? The origin of this quaint survival of primitive culture invites notice. A pitiless logic was applied by our forefathers to the belief in the efficacy of vicarious punishment, as it has been applied in our own time by so accomplished a writer as Mr. Shorthouse. The former application led to the farcical institution of the whipping-boy, the latter to the repulsive extravagance of ‘Blanche, Lady Falaise’. To my father, on the other hand, that Philistinian and illogical instinct called ‘common sense’ was a safeguard against any such vagary. Being curious to learn how so stern an Evangelical would regard the notion of a moral lightning conductor which, as it could not destroy, diverted the retributive force, I spoke to him about the ancestral whipping-boy. I found that,

though he was generally well up in the family antiquities, this detail had quite passed from his memory. He evidently knew nothing about the *quondam* whipping-boy in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Indeed, so novel and so distasteful was the conception to him that he seemed to suspect either that I had been hoaxed or that the whole was the coinage of my common-sense-less brain. Was ever any one, he asked (in effect), such a fool as to think that a bad boy could be the better for the punishment of a good boy? To my mind the wonder rather is that, if the principle of the Protestant sale of Indulgences was thus recognized, so convenient a theory was not given a general application. Why was it that, not kings only, but all possessors of spare cash, did not purchase impunity for their own children by hiring children of the poor as victims of the transferable vapulations? I suppose that, in fact, our ancestors only half believed in the efficacy of the human scapegoat.

Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, has given an interesting account of the good Duke of Argyll, who plays so important a part in *The Heart of Midlothian*. The Duke's mother was a Tollemache; and thus Lady Louisa has been led to make mention of two of our family characteristics. First, she says that one of Argyll's daughters 'had too much of the Tollemache blood to be afraid of anybody'. Secondly, she reports a quaint saying of the duke's brother, Lord Islay: 'I wanted to discuss such an affair with my brother, but all went wrong. I saw the Tollemache blood beginning to rise, so I e'en quitted the field.' Here, then, are two alleged characteristics of our race, fearlessness and impetuosity. We have seen that, at any rate, the first of these two race-marks

was conspicuous in General Tollemache. Just as, according to a famous writer, a mob's notion of 'evolution' is to spell it with an initial 'r', even so a hero's notion of 'luck' is to spell it with an initial 'p'. But the pluck of General Tollemache was set on too high a pedestal; *Audentes fortuna iuvat* was too literally and exclusively his maxim. Next, as to the second of those race-marks—the tendency of the Tollemache blood to tempestuous uprisings. Alas, how many generations have gone by since the birth of the champion of Jeanie Deans! With each of those generations the Tollemache blood has received an alien admixture; and, after even one or two of such matrimonial dilutions, it might have been expected to grow calm. But, in fact, has our family shown any signs of becoming, as Burns would have said, 'tideless-blooded'? Well, the sequel will show. At present it will suffice to remind my readers of the complacent assertion of Sir Anthony Absolute, that his kinsfolk 'were always impatient'; by which was meant that every Absolute, past, present or to come, had a prescriptive right to be impatient: *Hérédité oblige*. Will this convenient plea for impatience and imperiousness be conceded by the court of Rhadamanthus to the ghost of each member of a family which has been prolific of counterparts of Sir Anthony?

Besides the Lady Dysart who married Lauderdale, there was a noteworthy one of later date, to whom I shall refer in the sequel. But with this exception, as I 'personally conduct' my reader down the main stream of our family history, I find no figure to arrest his attention between General Tollemache and Admiral Tollemache, my grandfather. But there is,

so to speak, a tributary stream which deserves to be pointed out. In the last century, a Lord Dysart married a daughter of Carteret; and I am prouder of being the great-great-great-grandson of that scholarly and eloquent statesman than of my kinship with the brave and able, but reckless, General Tollemache, who, if he was not actually *felix opportunitate mortis*, at any rate derived, like another Samson, more renown from the tragic occasion of his death than from all the exploits of his life put together. After making mention of my descent from Carteret, I am tempted to quote from Matthew Arnold an account of an episode at the close of the life of that brilliant and versatile politician:

‘Robert Wood, whose *Essay on the Genius of Homer* is mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates . . . a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years’ War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville (Carteret), a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris. “I found him,” he continues, “so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another time; but he insisted that I should stay, saying it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon’s speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs:

ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε
 αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ’ ἀθανάτω τε
 ἔσσεσθ’, οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,
 οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
 νῦν δ’—ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτω
 μυρίαί, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ’ ὑπαλύξαι,—
 ἴομεν

“His lordship repeated the last word several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) on the most glorious war, and most honourable peace, this nation ever saw.”

I quote this story (partly) because, as Arnold observes, it exhibits the English aristocracy at its very height of culture, lofty spirit, and greatness, towards the middle of the last century.

Pope translates the passage from Homer thus :

‘Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death’s inexorable doom;
The life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to Nature owe.’

My chief interest in my grandfather, the Admiral, arises from the fact that he helps me to understand my father. Like my father, he was a man of great muscular strength, and had the qualities which commonly go with such strength. During the Peace of Amiens he was at Calais, playing the pocketless game which the French call billiards. As he was making a stroke, a French bully nudged his arm. A repetition of the offence having shown it to be no accident, he threw the Frenchman out of the window; and then, warned by the landlord, ran for his life. The impetuous temper thus shown, my father inherited from him, as will be hereafter proved by a few instances and as might be proved by many more. *Il chassoit de race*. I am anticipating; but it is important

to mention here that my father became his own master when very young. He is well known to have been a model landlord ; and, as such, he lived much on his estate. This was, of course, an excellent thing ; but it had the drawback of accustoming him to be surrounded by his dependents, and to be, as the phrase is, cock of the walk. My grandfather, also, as captain and as admiral, had a long spell of being cock of the walk. Goethe has said, of course with some exaggeration, that every old man is a King Lear. With no greater exaggeration he might have added that every middle-aged man who has had his own way since his youth is a rudimentary Lear. Such a one, especially if born of a masterful stock, is almost sure to have his share of the qualities which reach their climax in military monarchs whose *Potsdamnable* telegrams or manifestoes have, at divers times, been cast forth on the world.

The Admiral's character may be further illustrated by a comical anecdote. While at sea, he was naturally out of the way of hearing about ecclesiastical preferments. On returning home after a long cruise, he met an old clerical friend in a London street, and accosted him with nautical roughness and in a loud voice : 'Is that you, Lloyd? Why, what on earth have you got against your stomach?' 'Hush!' was the amused reply. 'It is my apron. I'm a bishop.' The author of this apology for vestments was doubtless Peel's intimate friend, Lloyd, bishop of Oxford.

I hasten to add that my grandfather was, like my father, a fine old-world relic. Perhaps the French language, so rich in social and ethical subtleties, is the best adapted for a brief statement of the admiral's merits : *C'était un brave homme, un homme brave, un galant*

homme, et un homme galant. In particular, during the war against Napoleon, he showed remarkable courage and skill in an adventure near Toulon. I have been taken to task for never having described this adventure. But would my readers care for it? The brave acts recorded in history are like the stars visible on a clear night: each of them is brilliant in itself, but there are so many of them, and at a distance they look so like one another, that all but a very few of them seem to be of small account. So that, after all, we may feel an odd sort of sympathy with the parson who, wishing to prove Monotheism from the unity discernible in Nature, clinched the argument by exclaiming: 'There is one sun, one moon, *and one multitude of stars*'!

As Hume says of the father of Edward IV, so let me say of the Admiral: 'He performed actions which acquired him honour, but merit not the attention of posterity.' In short, such has been the abundance of courageous actions and such is the surfeit of their eulogies that, proud though I personally am of my grandfather's prowess, I suspect that my readers will be content to take the particulars of that prowess on trust.

My two grandmothers were sisters, daughters of a clever and eccentric Lady Aldborough, who is now wellnigh forgotten. She was, indeed, fond of her children; but, when her daughter, Lady Emily, was a girl, she showed her fondness for her in an odd and what may be termed a matriarchal fashion. As her two elder daughters had been carried off by marriage, she feared lest this youngest one might follow suit. To guard against such a mishap, she resolved to make her less attractive to the male sex; and, with that

view—so runs the tradition—she cropped her hair and eyebrows. The shorn damsel, however, did not waste her time in sulking or fuming, after the manner of the incensed lady who disdained to be comforted under a less wholesale bereavement :

‘Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!’

But, being of a practical turn, she went to the barber’s and bought a wig, and a wig, as I myself can testify, she wore to the close of her long life.

A tradition of the Edgeworth family ascribes a similar exercise of authority to the father of Maria. Suspecting that a younger and comelier daughter of his was growing vain of her long hair, he first caught the offending ringlets in a drawer and then cut them off. The victim might have exclaimed, like Jephthah’s daughter on a graver occasion :

‘It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father’s will.’

At all events, it appears that she submitted to the discipline with a meekness which would have moved the envy of my imperious and, so to say, Neo-Roman ancestors. It is well known and should be well noted that her father, despot though (or because) he was, found such favour with the female sex that he was four times married. Perhaps his four wives cherished the old-fashioned, but now, alas, obsolete or obsolescent, belief that the proper guide of womankind is man.

That no unkind reader may charge me with oriental views on masculine superiority, I will subjoin, in ridicule of those views, an anecdote which reached me on good authority. A tall and handsome lady rowed two puny Eastern grandees, I think Siamese

princes, on the river at Oxford. When the trip was over, they bowed low, and the elder of them said to her: 'We thank you, madam. You are so good that perhaps in heaven you may become a man,'—such a man presumably as he himself was. In that case, would not a *post mortem* Conservatism come over her and make her want to be restored, like the sex-alternating Caeneus of Virgil, to her former condition?

It is time, however, to return to the chastised and shorn, but irrepressible, Lady Emily. Of my near relationship to her and of the many tokens of affection which I received from her in my boyhood I will only say that they shut my mouth as to some of her amiable weaknesses. But I cannot forbear mentioning that she was too much of what I have sometimes satirically called a D. P. (daughter of the Plantagenets), too pre-French-Revolutionary in her ideas, for the nineteenth century. An example will show what I mean. But, before giving it, it is fair to explain that the incident referred to occurred when the dear old lady was hard upon eighty, and when her faculties had certainly declined. She was urging a young kinsman of large expectations to get married: 'did he not know any nice girl?' 'I know a great many,' was the reply; 'but how can I tell whether any of them will have me?' 'Nonsense,' exclaimed Lady Emily. 'Nothing can be simpler. *Let them all stand in a row, and then make your selection.*' This quasi-feudal advice carries the imagination back to Tudor times and indeed recalls a suggestion of Henry VIII, which is thus described by Hume:

'He (Henry) proposed to Francis, that they should have a conference at Calais on pretence of business; and that this monarch should bring along with him the two princesses of

Guise, together with the finest ladies of quality in France, that he might make a choice among them. But the gallant spirit of Francis was shocked with the proposal: he was impressed with too much regard, he said, for the fair sex, to carry ladies of the first quality like horses to a market, there to be chosen or rejected by the humour of the purchaser.'

After the Restoration, Lady Aldborough saw much of the family of the Duke of Orleans, better known as Louis Philippe. In this relation my father told me of an incident which may serve to throw light on the course of my early training. My mother, when staying as a girl of seventeen with Lady Aldborough in Paris, positively refused to accept an invitation to dine with the Duchess of Orleans on Sunday. This was, so far as I am aware, the first premonitory sign of the Evangelical wave which was to overspread our family, and of the spirit of devotion to which it owed its force. Without dwelling at length on this purely personal matter, I will say, once for all, that my mother died when I was eight years old, and that my recollections of her are faint. But from the concurrent testimony of her acquaintances I have abundant proof that to have known her was a Christian education. Indeed, it must have required a double portion of religious zeal to enable her, not only to resist the attraction of principalities and powers at a distance, but to bid defiance to the formidable Lady Aldborough at close quarters.

The friendship of Louis Philippe with the countess was continued after he became king. Indeed, she appears to have bantered His Majesty without reserve. An instance of her uncourtly familiarity is reported by the late Lord Stanhope in his *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington* :

‘(1842, Oct. 10th): I repeated to the Duke a new *mot* of Lady Aldborough. I heard it from the Dowager Lady Sandwich, who is now on a two days’ visit to us. She (that is, Lady Aldborough) went to Court at the Tuileries soon after the last attempt to shoot Louis Philippe, and when there was also a rumour of his dropsy, which had just been contradicted on authority: she thus addressed him: “*Sire, je vous félicite ; je vois que vous avez été à l’épreuve du feu et de l’eau !*”—giving him with these words a vigorous punch in the stomach to indicate where the peril of water had been feared! This, though not exactly in the style of Louis Quatorze, was from its novelty highly acceptable to his present representative, who has been talking of it ever since.’

The King, in thus tolerating his friend’s lack of ceremony, showed geniality and good temper; but, for all that, her jest belongs, if not to the large class of ‘things one would rather have left unsaid’, at least to the far larger class of things one’s friends would rather one had left unsaid.

The opening words of the Duke’s rejoinder indicate that such was also his opinion :

‘He replied that she was an extraordinary old woman. His aide-de-camp in France had more than once ventured on an April fool’s prank—a *poisson d’avril*—with her. Of this he gave several instances. Her exact age is a problem. Once, some years ago, the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland was told of Babbage’s machine to calculate, as was declared, even the most impossible things. “Then,” she said, “I wish he would calculate two things for me: first Lady Aldborough’s age, and secondly, whether by any chance the Tories will ever come back to power.”’

We need not wonder that the friends of this eccentric old lady felt curious respecting her age; for, in truth, she took great pains to conceal it. A popular writer has said that there are three things

about which many men, otherwise honest, are not to be trusted: horses, violins, and umbrellas. It might assuredly be added that many women, otherwise truthful, lie when they tell the tale of their years. And sometimes this seed of mendacity yields a harvest of trouble. I once knew the widow of a naval chaplain who, having understated her age in her marriage register, was punished for this girlish weakness by being unable, after her husband's death, to obtain her full pension. Lady Aldborough had no temptation to commit this particular form of folly. But her mode of counterfeiting youth, being deliberate, was even more extravagant and might have brought her into difficulties. She began travelling on the Continent before the French Revolution; and we have seen that she visited Louis Philippe after he had become king. It was, of course, necessary in those days that her passport should declare how old she was. On her original passport she stated that she was twenty-five; and she positively refused, throughout her long career of travelling, to modify this statement. Accordingly, when at about seventy she presented her passport to a French official, we cannot wonder that he looked suspiciously at her, and exclaimed: 'Mais, Madame, il me semble que vous avez plus de vingt-cinq ans.' 'Monsieur, vous êtes le premier Français qui ait jamais douté de ce qu'une dame lui a dit au sujet de son âge.' 'Pardon, Madame, mille fois. Je me suis trompé tout-à-fait.' And, with a low bow, the contrite sceptic opened the door; and the old-young lady of quality, more fortunate than the Horatian Lyce, was taken at her own valuation, and suffered to carry off her protracted youthfulness in triumph. Assuredly it might be said of her that 'elle n'avait pas perdu l'ancienne

habitude d'être jeune'. This last *mot* has been happily compared by Augustus Hare to a saying of Lady Gifford. A little girl asked her, 'Do tell me, are you old or young? I never can make out'; and she said, 'My dear, I have been a very long time young.' Did not a Presbyterian minister once, when preaching about the Prodigal Son, dilate on the watchful love of the father, who had doubtless been fattening the calf during all the years since the truant had left his home? (Discursive as usual, I am reminded that the condition of such an elderly calf would be but feebly represented by Sir G. Trevelyan's 'Veal tottering on the verge of beef!')

CHAPTER II

MY FATHER AND HIS CLERICS

Θάνατος δέ τοι αὐτῷ
ἀβληχρὸς μάλα τοῖος ἐλεύσεται, ὅς κέ σε πέφνη
γῆραι ὑπο λιπαρῷ ἀρημένον, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
ὄλβιοι ἔσονται.—HOMER.

‘And thou shalt fall in a serene old age,
Painless and ripe, with nothing left to do,
While a blest people at thy gates engage
Thy [fostering] care.’—WORSLEY’S TRANSLATION.

It is not my purpose to say much about my father, either as a politician or as a landlord. He regarded the Reform Bill of 1832 as, at best, a necessary evil. He even thought that, if Peel had disfranchised every corrupt borough and transferred the members to large constituencies, such as Manchester, the extension of the franchise might have been delayed, if not averted. He was one of those fifty or sixty members who, at the very last division, opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws. He continued a Protectionist to the end; and on this, as on other matters, he had the courage of his opinions. Indeed, in allusion to an old cartoon in *Punch*, he used jocularly to call himself one of the fifty cannon-balls which nothing could melt. He held that Free Trade would have speedily ruined British agriculture, if it had not been for the discovery of gold; and he was fond of quoting a high commercial authority as having said that this discovery ‘had given the greatest stimulus to trade that the world had ever



JOHN, LORD TOLLEMACHE, AND HIS GREAT-GRANDSON DENIS.

known'. He talked the matter over with that charming and accomplished old man, the late Mr. George Norman, whose opinion carried great weight in matters of political economy and finance, and whose name is familiar to the readers of *The Life of George Grote*. Mr. Norman indirectly confirmed my father in his opinion by telling him that the discovery of gold had raised prices as much as ten per cent. ; but I am bound to add that Mr. Norman told me that, in his opinion, the rise of prices had done more harm than good. From all this it will be inferred that my father would have condemned what may be called the golden rule of political economists: *Take care of the consumer, and the producer will take care of himself.*

One thing has always struck me about his regulations in regard to allotments and to the general management of his estates. When I was living under his roof, half a century ago, those somewhat arbitrary rules were thought by many landowners to be as eccentric as (to compare small things with great) the British Constitution was thought on the Continent before the last century. On the other hand, this same system has suddenly gained such a wide popularity as almost to suggest a comparison with the present popularity of our Constitution among publicists all over the world. What was the cause of this surprising change? The proximate cause seems to have been a speech delivered by Mr. Chamberlain, then a Liberal of the first water, a speech which declared my father to be one of the very best of English landlords, and which straightway transformed the old-fashioned Protectionist into a Radical hero. In fact, my father has a better claim than Mr. Jesse Collings to the historic phrase of 'Three acres and a cow', for it was a visit to

the Peckforton estate in 1884 that inspired Mr. Impey's leaflet with that title.

Other and wider causes doubtless helped on the change, causes connected with the decline of the *laissez-faire* school of political economy. Mr. Norman, himself a strong adherent of that school, told me that an inquiry had been set on foot as to the comparative rate of wages on different Suffolk estates; and he believed that the labourers on my father's estate were little, if at all, better off than the labourers on other estates; the rate of wages had found its level, and the labourers on my father's estate received as much less from the farmers as they received more from the landlord. Doubtless there was some overstatement in this. At any rate, my father, then a very old man, knew nothing of the untoward investigation. But I refer to it as showing the instinctive repulsion with which some political economists of the old school would have regarded the masterful beneficence even of a model landlord. Or, to speak more precisely, a disciple of that school would pronounce Lord Tolle-mache's paternal landlordism, as, indeed, he would pronounce Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act, to be a needful anomaly perhaps, but certainly an anomaly, and to involve the assumption that political economy is a less exact science than it was once thought to be.

Far wider and more radical was the divergence of opinion between my father and one of his neighbours, that very remarkable man, Mr. Charles Austin.¹ It

¹ I have dealt at some length in *Safe Studies* (the chapter reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review*, March, 1875) on my intellectual obligation to him. He was, according to Sir G. Trevelyan, the only man who exercised 'a dominating influence' over Macaulay.

was partly under his guidance that I broke loose from my hereditary politics, and became a staunch Whig and an upholder of what is now called Individualism. My father, whose view of the *patria potestas* might have found favour with Brutus or Camillus, was wont to rate me soundly for my 'harum-scarum' notions. But the Liberal party has since changed its front, and Individualism is giving place to State Socialism. At the same time, it has been my good or bad fortune to continue in the main loyal to the principles of Ricardo :

'though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.'

The odd result of all this was that my father, at the end of his active and useful life, seemed to be in some respects less out of sympathy with modern Liberalism than I was.

Some of the older generation will remember that my father drove almost, if not quite, the last curricule in London—one of those not very safe, but comfortable and picturesque, carriages which seemed to take one bodily into the England of Miss Austen. The mention of these old-world conveyances recalls a quaint remark made to me at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 by a French *garçon*, who wore an antique dress, and showed me, in the so-called *Rue de la Bastille*, a full-sized model of a *restaurant* of the eighteenth century: 'Il n'y a rien de changé, *sauf le personnel!*'

In early youth my father was extraordinarily active. So much so, indeed, that, in a race of a hundred yards, he twice beat the champion runner of England. In relating this, however, he was careful to explain that he was several years younger than the champion,

who had passed his prime. In later life his chief amusement was driving four-in-hand; and, on at least one occasion, he drove his four chestnut horses when he was over eighty. When I congratulated him on this achievement, he gave the characteristic explanation, 'I had a young fool of a coachman who didn't know how to drive; so I had to teach him. I found it hard work to get on the box; but, when I was once hoisted up, it was all right.' Alas! how often the thought of my dear old father—a muscular Puritan, if ever there was one—has tempted me to exclaim: 'Pater mi, pater mi, currus Israel et auriga eius!'

The following adventure of his youth will astonish those who are conversant only with the Evangelicalism of his declining years. Once, when he was travelling with a friend, his dressing-case was stolen. The friend had seen a suspicious-looking stranger standing by; and from his description the authorities of Scotland Yard identified the man with a noted thief; but there was no legal proof, and the affair was dropped. At the next Derby, my father, pointing out a horse to the same friend, said that, if he were to bet, he would back that horse. A stranger, overhearing him, offered him odds of twenty-five to one against it in five-pound notes. My father took the bet, and was much surprised when his friend whispered in his ear that the stranger was no other than the thief. The horse won, and the miscreant had to disgorge more than the value of what he had stolen.

One or two characteristic anecdotes may here be added. After landing on the south coast of England, Lord Tollemache put his wife and children in a cab, and himself walked to the station. Stopping suddenly before a barber's shop, he said to the shopman: 'I

like the look of that wig in the window. How long would it take to shave my head?' 'A quarter of an hour, sir.' 'I can give you twenty minutes, and I shall then have five minutes to catch the train.' When he joined my step-mother and her children, he had the wig on. This story I had from my father's own lips. The other came to me less directly, but I have no reason to doubt it. My grandmother, Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, had a house in London; and another Lady Elizabeth lived in the next house, which was exactly like it. My father, calling accidentally at the wrong door, asked the servant, 'Is Lady Elizabeth at home?' 'Her ladyship receives nobody, sir; she is ill in bed.' 'Stuff and nonsense, she is my mother.' And, rushing past the astonished footman, he ran upstairs to what he supposed to be his mother's bedroom.

My father, before appointing an incumbent to one of his numerous livings, made the noble resolution that, as he expressed it, he would select, not merely a good man, but the very best he could find; and, if a hell firebrand was sometimes chosen, we may at least applaud the singlemindedness which prompted the choice.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon that he attended the church of one of his nominees—the opposite end of the social scale being represented by an infirm peasant whom I will call John Martin. The eloquent preacher impressed on his hearers that, to speak broadly, there will be no reserved seats in heaven: 'All of you, my brethren, from you, Lord Tollemache, down to you, John Martin, will stand side by side before the judgement-seat of God.' The patron, I understand, was asleep. If he had been awake,

would he have quite relished being thus reminded of the posthumous equality which he of course admitted in theory? I remember an odd story of a pious *marquise* who attended to the spiritual wants of her servant, Jean, who died young. When the old lady went to heaven, she deigned to inquire whether 'mon valet de chambre, ce bon Jean' was also among the elect. 'Comment, vous ne savez pas? Monseigneur Jean, il est Archange!' was the reply vouchsafed to her. When she was told, moreover, that she must needs bow herself to the ground if she met so great a personage, it repented her that she had taken such thought for the religion of her household!

Of my father's Evangelical nominees to livings the most original was a *quondam* doctor whom—he still retained his medical prefix—I will call by the pseudonym of Dr. Jones. Being 'righteous overmuch', though not 'overwise', he vexed his spirit with subtle imaginings about the Trinity and the Apocalypse. Once, or more than once, he startled my father's guests by exclaiming at dinner, 'Louis Napoleon is the Beast.' With a like asperity, regarded by him as a sacred duty, he once said to me: 'I detest the Chancellor of Oxford, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Member for Oxford' (Lord Derby, Wilberforce, Gladstone).

So, too, he declared, with patriotic pride, that the Sacred Number has taken concrete form in our three estates of the realm. And, for a like reason, he boasted that 'the soil of Britain is holy'; three nationalities, England, Wales, and Scotland, were all to his liking; while, alas! Ireland, poor Catholic Ireland, was nought but our human nature—utterly corrupt and abominable! Such indeed was his

sancta simplicitas that, without a thought of irreverence, he (living within view of the Welsh mountains) likened Wales to 'the Son in the bosom of the Father'.

What a great man said of words in general may more plausibly be applied to dogmas: they are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools. I have elsewhere described Matthew Arnold as 'a Hebrew prophet in white kid gloves'. Yet never did I so feel in the presence of a Samuel or an Elijah, born out of date, as when I was penetrated by the eye and voice of Dr. Jones. But now what concerns us about him is that the occasion of his death was marked by a tragic wonder which eclipsed all the eccentric and aggressive dogmatism of his life. He was so fortunate as to be twice married; and he showed his affection for his first wife in a manner trying to his second.¹ When the anniversary of the former's death recurred, he sent away the latter for a few days, that he might, in solitary musings, enjoy the luxury of his grief. But the victim of these periodic exiles had a worse trial in store for her. The disconsolate husband naturally wished his mortal remains to be laid by those of his first wife. When the time came, the needful preparations were entrusted to a deaf but doughty gravedigger, who heard not, or heeded not, when his spade struck upon something hard, but continued to dig energetically. To be brief, the too horrible result was that the severed head of the first Mrs. Jones bounded on to the grass, and is said to have been visible from the parsonage window and *to have been seen by her successor*. The tragi-comedy is a burlesque of the weird pathos shadowed forth

¹ See note at end of this chapter.

in the line which stirred the unwilling admiration of St. Augustine :

‘Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae.’
 (‘The very image of my wretched spouse.’)

It should be explained that this eccentric divine was recommended to my father, by an Evangelical star of the first magnitude. After the appointment had been made, the charitable and true-hearted patron excused the vagaries of his nominee, whom he described as ‘spiritually minded’. But he resolved never again to give a living to an applicant of whom he himself knew nothing.

I have given a few traits of my father’s character, and I must not ‘further seek his merits to disclose’.

The most delicate task for a son, next to speaking of his father’s defects, is to speak of his father’s virtues. To sum up my general impression I cannot do better than quote from *The Lady of the Lake* :

‘His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
 Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
 Less used to sue than to command.’

What is lacking in this portraiture may be partly supplied by an anecdote. An original picture—I think the only one—of *the Lord Falkland* used to belong to our family. *The Lord Falkland* of the day begged my father, as an old friend, to let him buy this memorial of his ancestor ; and my father—wishing, as he expressed it, to do as he would be done by—consented to the proposal, and replaced the original picture by a copy. This may be taken as a typical instance of the kindness, nay, the exceeding great kindness, which was often shown by him. I cannot,

however, if I would, conceal the fact that he had the defects of his qualities ; if he had been less *masterful*, his work might have been less *masterly*. In fact, he might be roughly described as three parts Sir Roger de Coverley and one part Cardinal Richelieu. 'Roughly,' I say, for assuredly he had virtues of a kind which neither of these had. One great virtue he derived from his Evangelicalism. He was liberal alike of sympathy and of money to orthodox dissenters ; and it may have been in consequence of this sympathy, or rather of its religious basis, that, though himself an aristocrat to the backbone, he was remarkably tolerant of the class of persons whose real worth is veiled by social shortcomings, and whose aspirations are less defective than their aspirates. When reading of those rare *bienfaisants seigneurs* of the *ancien régime*, I am instinctively reminded of him. Is it unbecoming for a son to add concerning his father that the setting, so to say, was worthy of the gem, and that there was in him—absolutely when in his prime, relatively when in extreme old age—a dignity of presence and of bearing, *Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus*?—'Worth by the charm of loveliness enhanced.' To this rare combination of qualities it is due that, though for many years he and I had scarce a taste or a thought in common, and though he was neither politician nor orator, nor philosopher, nor scholar, I believe him to have been the grandest specimen of a country gentleman that our generation has seen or is likely to see.

NOTE TO PAGE 41.

I have seen in the south of France an eccentrically built house, whose no less eccentric designer is said to have put conjugal

devotion to a sharper test even than that devised by Dr. Jones. It is reported that, after losing his much loved wife, he caused her to be embalmed, attired in her accustomed dress, and seated in her accustomed chair at table. At last, finding this mute companionship unsatisfying, he sought and obtained the hand of a girl of low degree, who was presumably attracted by his wealth. But he stipulated that the ghastly relic of the deceased should make a third at their meals (*Mortua quinetiam iungebat corpora vivis*), 'And eke he linked the living to the dead.' The unlucky bride bore the infliction for a few weeks, and then absconded.

Here may be inserted a less tragic incident connected with a second marriage. A pathetic epitaph (attributed to Shenstone) is inscribed on the monument to the wife of Sir G. Shuckburgh : '*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse*' ('Alas! how much less to me is the converse with others than the memory of thee'). The same monument records the death of Shuckburgh's second wife, whom he married within three years.

I have somewhere heard an authentic account of an epitaph by a disconsolate widower to this effect: 'I cannot bear to live without her.' The widower married again and added to the epitaph the significant word '*alone*'.

Here is a variant of the same theme. A widower inscribed on his wife's tombstone, 'The light of my life has gone out,' and excused himself to her successor by adding, 'but I have struck a second match.'

The anecdote of the Frenchman who made a dinner-companion of his dead wife was recalled to me when reading of the saintly messmates whom Greville thus describes :

'The most extraordinary thing (at Baden-Baden) is the chapel which the old Margravine (Sybilla) built in the garden in the days of her penitence, to which she used to retire during Lent, lying on a mat, lacerating herself with a scourge, wearing iron spikes under her clothes, and dining with three wooden figures (of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and St. John), who continue to sit at the table, though they have no longer any meat served up to them as they used to have.'

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER IN HIS HOME

‘He that claims, either for himself or for another, the honours of perfection, will surely injure the reputation he designs to assist.’—JOHNSON.

‘Friends, as Professor Jowett said, always think it necessary (except Boswell, that great genius) to tell lies about their deceased friends; they leave out all their faults lest the public should exaggerate them. But we want to know their faults—that is probably the most interesting part of them.’—MAX MÜLLER.

I was born on May 28, 1838. It appears that, very shortly after my birth, my eyesight was found to be extremely defective. One result of this lifelong infirmity should here be mentioned. In my *Recollections of Mark Pattison* it is suggested that a tendency to take life too seriously is generally discernible in those who, like him, have a retentive memory, a strong logical faculty, and weak nerves. In my own case this evil was aggravated by my near-sightedness, which, cutting me off from many sources of interest and recreation, threw me upon myself, and made me abnormally introspective. Hence it was that the terrific creed of Calvinism, in which my father said that he found a constant and overflowing wellspring of happiness, brought to me unrest and vexation. Naturally enough, the line which, as time went on, I began to take on these subjects filled him with surprise as well as with indignation. Scarcely less surprised and indignant would he have been if he had

heard of the dogmatic thunderbolt of Archbishop Whately: 'The God of the Calvinists is the devil with "God" written on his forehead.'

At this point I must needs speak of my father more definitely as a spiritual pastor and master. And if in doing so I bring out the Richelieu rather than the Coverley side of his character, well, I must call to mind the famous warning addressed by Cromwell to Lely the painter: 'Paint me as I am. If you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling.' *Amicus Pater, magis amica Veritas.*

This strong and upright man was, in very truth, the presiding spirit, the Jupiter, as it were, of my early years. Nor must I forget that he was the *Jupiter Optimus* of my childhood, even though he is now chiefly present to my mind as the *Jupiter Maximus* or *Tonans* of my hobbledehoyhood, when, though still dependent on him, I was of an age, and therefore bound, to hold opinions of my own. One significant peculiarity may be worth recording. He had a way, after I came of age, and occasionally after I married, of speaking of me to the servants as 'Master Lionel'. Nor was this a mere harmless eccentricity. It was associated with the fact that he expected me to treat him, after I had grown up, with the same absolute submission which James I doubtless required from 'Baby Charles'.

I have tried in vain to find a facsimile of my father in fiction. The two fictitious characters which seem most to resemble him occur in the novels of Mr. Norris, that epicurean successor of Thackeray, who, not having Thackeray's bitterness, has but little of his tonic quality, and who, partly on this account, is far less popular than he deserves to be. One of these char-

acters is Sir Brian Segrave in *Major and Minor*. Of Sir Brian's autocratic impulsiveness my father had a full share. But he was far superior to him in moral earnestness. He had a closer resemblance to the austere father in *Mr. Chainé's Sons*. But from such a typical Calvinist as Mr. Chainé he was sharply distinguished. He was, in fact, an Evangelical only at second hand. The most uxorious of men, he caught some of my mother's Evangelical devotion; and during the forty-four years which elapsed between her death and his own, he kept the husk of Evangelicalism, though with less and less of the kernel. Mr. Chainé emphatically lived 'As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye'; my father, on the other hand, though absorbed in his moral task, bestowed only a fitful and, as it were, conventional thought on the great Taskmaster. Religion became little more than the mould in which his philanthropy was cast. Not, of course, that he was aware of this. On the contrary, he ascribed a sort of talismanic efficacy to the mere letter of the Scripture. Between morning prayers and breakfast there was an inconvenient interval of half an hour. In my childhood this interval was filled up with our Scripture reading, which consisted of two or three chapters read verse about by us all, without note or comment; if there were a few spare minutes, an extra chapter was hurried through at express speed by the paterfamilias.

The Bible thus read left but a faint impression, and the only text I can remember his quoting to me was the congenial words: 'Children, obey your parents.' He had besides a poor verbal memory. Thus he told me that he had read some of the Greek and Latin classics at school. But, when I came on the scene, he

had utterly forgotten both his Greek and his Latin. So, again, it is remarkable that a man of his vigorous and not uncultivated mind should have been quite ignorant of French. If he wanted to cut short an unseasonable conversation before the servants, he had a way of saying 'Doucement'. But to the best of my recollection, he hardly ever used any other French word in my presence; though, by the way, I am informed that, spending the last winter of his life in France, he learnt to dismiss beggars with a decisive 'Allez-vous-en'! On the other hand, I could not, by any effort of fancy, conceive him adopting the Spanish formula for getting rid of a beggar: 'Go away, my brother, and God be with you.'

Being the son of a sailor, he had a liking for Marryat's novels, and encouraged me to read them. But the work of fiction which I knew best was *The Pilgrim's Progress*. After an interval of some sixty years, I can remember being offended by a tautological passage, where Christiana says of herself: 'I am a widow and my husband is dead.' Doubtless, however, the tautology is meant to emphasize the pathos; as when, in *King John*, Constance describes herself as 'a widow, husbandless.'

Charles Austin used to ascribe to the influence of Macaulay the tide of opinion which had set in, during the latter half of his own life, in favour of Bunyan; and he expected that tide soon to be on the ebb. I am glad, however, that my own partiality for the great allegory is sanctioned by the authority of so many distinguished men, Ruskin among others. There is also a pet aversion of mine which Ruskin shared. 'My aunt,' he writes, 'gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I preferred it hot—greatly dimin-

ished the influence of *The Pilgrim's Progress.*' Cold dinners on Sunday! Yes, they are hateful; I loathe them not so much for their culinary shortcomings, as for their kill-joy associations. Even my saintly aunt, afterwards known as Lady Mount Temple, used to say as a girl that, when she married, she would certainly give them up. For myself, they made me as little look forward to a heaven where 'Sabbaths never end', as to one 'where congregations ne'er break up'. Of course my father ascribed our cold sabbatical fare to his desire to give rest to the servants. But this was not his only motive. Without suspecting it, he was in favour of a periodical recurrence of a Protestant fast-day. He wished there to be at least one day in the week when the elect gave up what other men enjoyed. Religion is nothing if not ascetic; and a quaint proof of the more or less ascetic character of our Sabbath-worship was this, that, although my father often had large parties staying with him on Sunday, yet his guests were on that day not only deprived of hot meat, but also given chablis instead of champagne. This sabbatical substitution of chablis for champagne recalls the story—I think a true one—told of the late Canon Bull, of Christ Church, who, half a century ago, was famous throughout Oxford for his excellent dinners. One of these dinners was given to a party of Oxonians in Lent. Neither salmon nor roast beef was lacking, but at the outset the host apologetically exclaimed: 'At this holy season we have no side dishes.' It ought to be added that, though we always had cold meals on Easter Day, we had excellent hot joints on Good Friday, for, as my father once said to me, 'I don't look upon Good Friday as quite like Sunday.'

It was natural that, being thus nurtured in Evangelicalism, some of us fell into the sort of mistakes to which beardless Bibliolaters are prone. Indeed, the Prayer Book as well as the Bible had pitfalls for us. My elder brother was embarrassed by the petition, 'Make speed to save us.' A worn-out old labourer, named Speed, was then living near our home in Cheshire. My brother wondered how succour could be in store for us from so unexpected a quarter; but he rejoiced that, when the awful day came, the decrepit deliverer would be within reach. So, again, my father had an endearing way of addressing my mother as 'my life'. Accordingly the liturgical phrase 'our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom' suggested to my childish ear a complimentary periphrasis for the queen.

When I heard in my boyhood that a book had been published, entitled *A Tale of Two Cities*, I was so simple as to imagine that it must record the tragic fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Likewise the admonition of Joseph to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way,' was the occasion of my making an odd blunder; for I could not imagine that those semi-inspired writers, the compilers of the Authorized Version, would use so colloquial an expression for quarrelling. So I concluded that the worthy patriarch was merely counselling the travellers to see that the timber of their waggons was sound and to beware of ruts and joltings.

A friend tells me that, when very young, she imagined Judas Iscariot to have been so called from the carrot hair with which he is represented in pictures. My first step in etymology was yet stranger, and indeed would be inexplicable but for the fact that, in

my childhood, owing to my bad sight, the Bible was very generally read aloud to me. I was possessed with the delusion that my friends meant to read, not 'Judas Iscariot', but 'Judas's chariot'. How I got over the difficulty about the chariot speaking, I do not know. Perhaps I vaguely surmised that the loquacity of a chariot was scarcely more extraordinary than the loquacity of an ass. In a sacred literature which is full of marvels, what should be thought incredible? *Ce n'est que la première voix miraculeuse qui coûte.*

One of the entertaining books which found its way into our schoolroom was St. John's *Wild Sports in the Highlands*. It was the author's name that chiefly attracted me; for I remember with what eagerness I took up the volume, and how my wondering sympathy was stirred by the healthy outdoor relaxations of the versatile Evangelist. But I was much disappointed when a kinsman of my own age—why may I not say a 'kinsboy'?—suggested that perhaps the sportsman was not the Evangelist after all, but merely a holy man who had been canonized! In like manner Canon Isaac Taylor once told me that, while some valuable books which he had put into his Church Library were neglected, there was an extraordinary run upon a third-rate book of Evangelical theology bearing the name of Adam's *Private Thoughts on Religion*. On inquiry, he found that his simple-minded parishioners imagined that the volume of their choice embodied the meditations which, amid the strange trees and stranger serpent of Eden, divine or angelic tuition had called forth from the father of mankind. Bishop Walsham How related that he received a letter from a man, who, having been told to study Daniel on the Book of Common Prayer,

had read the Book of Daniel all through and found no mention of the Prayer Book. That very amusing book of Bishop Walsham How's, *Lighter Moments*, contains another story which I am tempted to compare with the foregoing. Dr. Goulburn, dilating in a sermon on the intermixture of good and evil in the world, sententiously exclaimed: 'Remember that there was a Ham in the Ark;' and then improved matters by adding: 'I mean a human Ham.' Had the good Dean a tendency to be something of a pulpit-Malaprop? A friend of mine assures me that he heard a sermon of Goulburn's in which he eloquently declared that even the most sumptuous banquet would at last become wearisome, and then added: 'Heaven is a feast from which there is no rising up.' It is reported that, when he was preaching to the boys at Rugby, he threw out a suggestion which must have been true in a double sense: 'What is your conversation, my brethren, from day to day? Is it not chaff, chaff, chaff?'

The earliest instance that I can remember of a religious discord arising between my father and myself is of interest as showing that, even when there is a strong affection on both sides, it is harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a father with a despotic and uninquiring mind to understand a son with an inquiring mind. My experience is curiously similar to that so graphically related by Mr. Edmund Gosse in his *Father and Son*. When I was eight years old, we spent a few weeks at Felixstowe; and, as my mother had lately died, I was the special object of my father's care. Nothing could exceed his devotion to me. One symptom of that devotion was that he and I had daily 'Scripture readings' alone. It was his wish that I should freely

question him about any difficulty that occurred to me. Once, as if to give the fullest scope to such questioning, he read aloud the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians. Presently he came to the text: 'But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.' With the simplicity of a child, I asked if St. Paul was not 'wrong' in speaking thus of an angel from heaven. Of course I could not then have formulated the argument, that in the quasi-ecclesiastical suit of Angel *versus* Apostle, the angel ought to carry the day; for the credentials of an angel coming down from heaven would be more direct and better attested than those of the apostle, and, in a word, his appearance would *be* a greater miracle than any which the apostle could *work*. But probably some infantine counterpart of this argument flitted before my mind, just as a vision of the anti-Pauline denizen of the skies, of the unorthodox bird of paradise with a human head, may have flitted before my imagination. But neither the rudimentary argument nor the angelic vision had a softening influence on my father. He rated me soundly, sent me for the rest of the day to, at best, the suburbs of Coventry, and altogether treated me with a severity which seemed to me all the more grievous from its contrast with the forbearance to which my delicate childhood had grown accustomed. Doubtless a healthy child would not have minded the scolding, but I have suffered all my life from over-sensitiveness and those religious terrors from which Lucretius sought to rid his readers. 'He's a good man but a stern man' was said of my excellent father by the Scotch wife of one of his tenants.

Twice in my life I have, after an odd fashion, felt as one about to die; once, when in my youth I drove by the Avernian Lake; and again, when I made my Will for the first time. It was this sensitiveness which caused me to speak as I did above of the creed of Calvinism as 'terrific'. In fact, I can echo the sentiments expressed, not long ago, by the author of the very clever *Pages from a Private Diary*:

'People who write in the papers are not old enough to remember the hideous Clapham School religion, from which muscular Christianity helped to deliver us. Its outward form and symbol was black kid gloves and its passwords were many, perhaps the most odious being the word "engage". When a clergyman called, it was quite customary for him to say "Shall we engage?" and then and there you were expected to let him hale you into the presence of your Maker.'

In case any reader may think my view exaggerated, I must remind him that the Calvinism of to-day differs from the Calvinism of my youth almost as much as the Conservatism of to-day differs from the Conservatism of my youth. A familiar sign of this difference is the partial removal of the ban which in strict circles used to be set on such entertainments as balls and theatres. But another sort of illustration will serve my turn better. In my Harrow days I heard many long sermons from Mr. Cunningham, the time-honoured Evangelical vicar; but the only sermonic phrase of his which has stuck in my memory is this: 'If heaven is eternal, hell is eternal.' In striking contrast with this was the remark made to me recently by an Evangelical of the first water, to the effect that the word 'death' is sometimes employed in the Gospels where 'hell' might have been expected. The texts

in favour of the future punishment of the wicked (including, of course, unbelievers and misbelievers) were, in my friend's opinion, too clear and too numerous to be explained away; but he went on to intimate that their posthumous lot may be no worse than a sort of purgatory ending in annihilation. This, after all, was something, especially as charity, having driven orthodoxy out of one of her strongholds, is sure to carry the victory further by strengthening the foundations of 'eternal hope'. Whence we may conclude that orthodoxy, even Calvinistic orthodoxy, is on the way to concede what may be termed the evanescence of Pandemonium and the euthanasia of the devil.

Now, however, when the hell-spectre has been laid, Calvinism, being little dreaded, is also little regarded; it can have little more than an antiquarian interest for my readers, and, therefore, I will touch on it as briefly as possible. Personally, I have no recollection of the use of the word 'engage' in the sense mentioned in the foregoing extract from the *Private Diary*. 'Conversion' and 'Assurance' are the two passwords which come to my mind most readily. 'No field preacher,' says Macaulay, 'surely ever carried his irreverent familiarity so far as to bid the Supreme Being stop and think on the importance of the interests which are under his care.' The great critic would have spoken less confidently if he had heard, as I did, a *locum tenens* at Helmingham exhort his congregation to remind the Deity of the promises by which He had bound Himself: 'Entangle God in His own words.' A more direct refutation of Macaulay's thesis reached me lately from America. A friend who was present at the opening of a Congregationalist Chapel in a city

of the West reports that he heard the senior deacon begin his dedicatory prayer: 'O Lord, it has been proved to Thee by statistics how grievously inadequate has been the religious accommodation of this city.'

In my boyhood my father told me that he would like me to go to the Bar; and he added, by way of encouragement, that he knew a leading counsel who was 'an advanced Christian'. Afterwards I innocently adopted this phrase in conversation with my friend and tutor, the Rev. W. E. Jelf, the editor of Aristotle's *Ethics*. The learned High Churchman surprised me by his disgust at what he thought an offensive Evangelical shibboleth. But, after all, may not the word 'advanced' be described as a jack-of-all-trades in the theological and political workshop? Some Ritualists use it as a friendly epithet to indicate what my father would have stigmatized as veiled Popery; while, on the other hand, the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, thinking himself rather a fish out of water in the Tory Oxford of his time, used to call himself to his friends an 'A.L.', which, being interpreted, meant 'Advanced Liberal'.

It is, of course, not meant that my father had a monopoly of narrowness. On the contrary, he was more liberal than many of his co-religionists. Some of these had a way of besprinkling their conversation with trifles steeped in theology, or at any rate with what may be called Grundyloquent platitudes. My father's good genius, which may have been connected with shady logic, kept him from such extremes. He had neither the inclination nor the leisure to philosophize. Much of his time was taken up with his duties as a landlord and, during some forty years,

as a member of one or other House of Parliament. But he managed to pick up a wholesome and convenient smattering of science, biography, and travel, such as enabled him, in Bacon's phrase, 'to find talk and discourse,' if not 'to weigh and consider'. His way of reading and, for that matter, also of talking, may be illustrated by a quaint anecdote which he told against himself. Being so unlucky as to arrive at a London dinner party only just when the couples were filing downstairs, he joined a solitary gentleman who was bringing up the rear, and at once blurted out, 'It's all Sir David Brewster's fault that I wasn't in time.' Then, seeing that his companion looked surprised, he went on to explain: 'I was so engrossed in his *More Worlds than One* that I forgot to look at my watch.' Sir David, for the stranger was no other than he, modestly bowed, and expressed his satisfaction that, as Othello would have said, the head and front of his offending had this extent, no more.

It will be remembered that Sir David, in the volume aforesaid, insists on the application of the argument from final causes to the entire universe, inorganic as well as organic; and, no doubt, it was this theological tendency that made the book so attractive to my father. He regarded Evolutionists as under a ban. It was in the sixties that a guest of his, Lady Goody Blue Stocking, reminded me in his presence that I had promised to lend her *The Origin of Species*. 'If I were Lady Goody,' he said, 'I should first borrow it, and then burn it. It seems to me so unscriptural.'

It will be inferred that he could not tolerate Biblical criticism. I remember his coming across a mock letter in *Punch*, purporting to have been written from Bishop

Colenso to Archbishop Longley. It ended somewhat as follows :

‘To call myself a heathen dark,
Because I’ve doubts about Noah’s Ark,
And think it right to tell all men so,
Is not the course for Yours, *Colenso*.’

The odd thing was that, on reading this skit, my father was surprised as well as indignant. He of course regarded it as an avowal of unbelief; and he seems to have been made aware for the first time to what manner of opinions the episcopal convert was led by the proselytizing Zulu.

In justice to my father it should be pointed out that the time was exceptional when he uttered those anathemas. The champions of the ‘New Reformation’, as it has been styled, had bewildered him by openly unfurling their banner; and, indeed, they were not yet strong enough to claim belligerent rights. The ultimate concession of those rights was due to various causes. It was especially due to the *Veni, vidi, vici* of the Newton of biology, to his triumph at once so sudden and so signal as to justify me in thus paraphrasing Pope :

‘*Our* Nature and *her* laws lay hid in night;
God said, “Let *Darwin* be,” and all was light.’

Great allowance for the pre-Darwinian intolerance should therefore be made by us who live in an age when few educated men are so antediluvian as to believe in the Deluge, and when hardly any are left who regard Darwin himself as a nineteenth-century Anti-Christ. Even Bishop Creighton, as related in his *Life*, dissuaded his fiancée from reading *The Origin of Species*, as unprofitable, if no worse.

Another of my father's stories about himself may find a place here. The scene was a railway carriage, in which he was travelling with his charming old friend Colonel Wilson Patten, afterwards Lord Winmarleigh; and the date was probably in the fifties. The incident and his way of relating it were so characteristic that it must be repeated, as nearly as possible, in his own words: 'I was telling Wilson Patten how strongly I disapproved of his having voted in favour of Maynooth. He tried to stop me; but, as it was very important, I insisted all the more. I said, "I can't understand, Wilson Patten, how a Protestant like you can vote in favour of giving public money to support Popish error." At last he touched me and pointed to a corner of the carriage, where a gentleman was reading a newspaper. I looked, and saw it was Dr. Wiseman—the man who wants to be called "Cardinal" in a Protestant country. I recognized him at once, for I had seen him under the gallery of the House of Commons listening to debates, and he knew me by sight also. I, of course, apologized for having spoken as I did in his presence. He made a low bow (he had all the plausible manner of a Roman ecclesiastic), and he began talking about the churches in the neighbourhood—this church had been well restored, he did not like the style of that one. At last I said to him, "Dr. Wiseman, you seem to know a great deal about our churches; I suppose you expect them all to become Roman Catholic some day?" "Indeed," he answered, "I think there are many things more impossible than that"!'

To the maxim 'Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner' I would add the corollary which, as 'tout comprendre' is impossible, should be appended:

‘Savoir que tout comprendre serait tout pardonner, c’est déjà beaucoup pardonner.’ In other words, I would suggest that, in order to forgive my father’s anti-Catholic animosity, we must understand when and by whom his opinions were formed. They took their final shape when the Oxford movement was producing a strong Protestant reaction, and when, in very truth, the Scarlet Woman was a red rag to John Bull. Likewise his lot fell in a neighbourhood almost literally made up of agricultural peasants and of Evangelical parsons. It must, however, be owned that the Cimmerian darkness was in part shed abroad by himself. The clergyman who spoke to Charles Austin of ‘the Roman Catholic religion, if indeed it is to be called a religion’, was my father’s guest, and probably his nominee. With somewhat less extravagance, an Evangelical from Suffolk told me that the foundations of Popery could easily be subverted by ‘hard facts’. Alas, what are many seemingly hard facts worth? They sometimes make me think of sticks of sealing-wax. If they are contemplated with the requisite coolness, they are solid and straight; but once let any undue heat—the heat of passion or of controversy—be applied to them, and they can be twisted into forms the most fantastic and grotesque.

Of my father’s clerical friends, my favourite was old Mr. Armistead, of Sandbach. He, too, had his original side. Himself a moderate High Churchman, he was asked by a Cheshire neighbour of more extreme views to preach a sermon at the opening of a private chapel. He consented; but, as the service was going on, he was shocked by some ritualistic practices which seemed to him redolent of Rome. So strong was his disapproval and so tender his con-

science, that he then and there made signs to his host, and informed him that he felt bound to preach either no sermon at all or a condemnatory one. Of course the former alternative was accepted by the squire. But my father, when he told the story, seemed to think it an open question whether Mr. Armistead would not have done better to have mounted the pulpit, and to have withstood his erring friend to the face as openly as Paul withstood Peter. Being thus moderate, and being also an old friend, this upright and downright parson could say things to my father which would have been tolerated from no one else. In the courtyard of the neo-feudal castle built by my father on one of the Peckforton hills there is a chapel which was licensed by the bishop, but was not consecrated or endowed (an endowment would have given too free a hand to the chaplain). My father himself told me that Mr. Armistead once said to him, 'If I had been the bishop, I should have insisted on the chapel being consecrated, or I would have had nothing to do with it.' 'If the bishop had taken that line,' was the reply, 'what do you suppose I should have done? I should at once have appointed a dissenting chaplain.' Knowing that my father often subscribed to Wesleyan charities, I asked him whether, in the case proposed, the chaplain would have been taken from that sect. He answered that he should probably have given the preference to Lady Huntingdon's followers, whom, of all dissenting bodies, he believed to come nearest to the Church of England.

It will be gathered that my father had no love for the Anglo-Catholics. Their avowed sympathy for the real Catholics was particularly irritating to him. This may be illustrated by the following anecdote, which

he told about himself without ever dreaming that it might be taken as against himself : ' A young curate was showing the Helmingham pictures to a party of ladies. I happened to be passing through the room when he brought them to the portrait of Mary Tudor ; and I heard him say, " This is Holy Queen Mary." The foolish women were looking admiringly at him, and seemed to be quite talked over. I said, " I suppose you mean Bloody Mary," and I passed on without giving him time to answer.'¹

' Cadogan Place,' says Dickens, ' is the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea. . . . Not that the people of Cadogan Place claim to be on precisely the same footing as the high folks of Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Place, but that they stand, with reference to them, rather in the light of those illegitimate children of the great, who are content to boast of their connexions, although their connexions disavow them.' To speak thus of the highly respectable Cadogan Place folks is, of course, shocking. But I quote the passage as illustrative of my father's view of the Anglo-Catholics, a view in which he for once found himself in agreement both with his Catholic and with his philosophical enemies ; for in the consentient opinion of such adverse critics, there is a spiritual bar sinister on the escutcheon of the Ritualists, who meekly crave recognition from the obdurate

¹ A lady of my acquaintance was staying in a Devonshire inn. In the sitting-room was an oil painting to which the landlord called her attention as a genuine portrait of Queen Mary. ' Which Queen Mary?' the lady inquired. The host hesitated and whispered, ' Bloody Queen Mary,' adding, apologetically, ' it's a title she assumed when she came to the throne.'

and scornful Catholics, while on the other hand the 'barbarism' of Dissenters is their bugbear. In fact, my father looked on the Anglo-Catholics with distrust, as Catholic wolves clad in Protestant sheepskins.

Of course Lord Tollemache had Catholic friends, to whom he was bound by a tie of esteem. But these contraband friendships, so to call them, were not generally very close, and I now and then seemed to detect in them a bitter flavour—*amari aliquid*—which might suggest the unsavoury comparison of the drunken helot. The Papists, he thought, were the honest Catholics, and might be held up as a wholesome warning to the Anglo-Catholics. But, in view of particular cases, he was better than his principles. I once told him of the self-sacrificing devotion shown by the founder of the Jesuits. He was evidently surprised, and replied with some excitement, as if conscience-stricken at his own hardihood: 'Is that really so? I tell you what. I shouldn't be surprised if Ignatius Loyola was a saved soul!' I have just said that my father was sometimes better than his principles. He was, in a like sense, better than some of his co-Evangelicals. Sydney Smith said of Horner that he had the Ten Commandments written on his face, and, adapting the metaphor, I might say of some of my father's chief friends that on their hearts were inscribed, in capital letters, the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

Mr. Gladstone, when he honoured me with a call as a Balliol undergraduate, spoke of my father as a man of 'great practical ability'. And no doubt he had a fair proportion of that 'common sense' which he extolled so frequently. But to that too elastic term he gave three different meanings; it stood for capacity,

first, of transacting business ; secondly, of discerning character ; and thirdly, of forming a sound judgement on all topics, human and divine. Knowing that he had a good deal of the quality in the first of these acceptations, he unwittingly laid claim to it in the second, and even in the third. And thus it may be said that, more ambitious even than Bacon, he took all *wisdom* for his province, and that, in his own opinion, the riddle of the world was his oyster, which he with common sense would open. An earnest philanthropist, who is also a despot by temperament and by habit, nearly always thinks with Savonarola that his own cause is the cause of God ; and those who thwart him seem to him guilty of a nondescript compound of *lèse-majesté* and *lèse-divinité*. Froude went the length of saying that, in religion, toleration means indifference ; and, though such a paradox may need qualification, we may safely contend that, if ambition is the last, intolerance is the chief, infirmity of noble minds. Did not the saintly Keble, after declaring his own strict views on inspiration to one of the Coleridges, add that ‘most of the men that have difficulties on this subject are too wicked to be reasoned with’? And did not Dr. Arnold, when asked by Ward whether it was not in the interest of truth that such a philosopher as the elder Mill should have a fair hearing, make the trenchant answer, ‘I’d give James Mill as much opportunity for advocating his opinions as is consistent with a voyage to Botany Bay’?

My father has already been described as in a manner compounded of Coverley and Richelieu. The despotic element in him which is implied in this

comparison has also been touched on, but has not yet been sufficiently illustrated. So prominent, however, was that feature of his character that no literary portrait would be tolerably complete without it. A trivial incident will suffice.

In or about my thirtieth year, when I was spending the winter with my father at Peckforton, I had to go up to London for a few days to eat dinners at Lincoln's Inn. During my absence I received a letter advising me to return with a new wideawake, as my father, seeing my old and shabby one in the entrance hall, had thrown it into the fire, to the great amusement of the children of the family. Well, being still a bachelor, and in a state of quasi-dependence, I had to submit. But two or three years later, before returning to Peckforton as a married man, it seemed to me due to my wife that I should guard against a second bonfire. So I provided myself with brand-new gloves and a brand-new wideawake. For some time things went smoothly. But one Sunday morning—perhaps after an extra long Calvinistic sermon—my father was out of sorts, and spoke to me after this manner: 'I remember that some years ago you left such a disreputable wideawake in the hall that I had to burn it. I saw some dirty old gloves on the hall-table the other day; I don't know that they were yours; but I give you fair notice that, if I find any dirty gloves of yours there, I shall burn them.'

Forewarned was forearmed; so I took care not to leave my hat or gloves, new and clean though they were, for a single instant on the hall-table. Personally, I was now safe; and, in point of fact, the little drama of the bonfire was suspended until within

a few hours of the breaking-up of the party. On that last morning my wife was sitting with the ladies in the drawing-room after breakfast, when my father entered and said that he had seen some pairs of dirty gloves on the hall-table, and that, as he disapproved of such untidiness, he had thrown them into the fire. There was a meet that morning, the season being mid-winter; and the perturbed ladies wondered which of their respective husbands or fathers would have to ride bare-handed with the hounds.

My story would give a wrong impression of my father if I did not add that so general was the respect felt for him, and such was the unwillingness to forgo the hospitality of Peckforton, that, whatever his guests may have thought of the holocaust, no word of remonstrance, to the best of my knowledge, was addressed to him by any of them. Let me as a *pendant* relate another anecdote which is quite as characteristic of him as the preceding one, and far pleasanter—an anecdote which represents him as a latter-day Coverley, and not as a latter-day Richelieu or Louis XIV.

My father was one day driving down Piccadilly in a hansom, when he saw a lady on the pavement apparently bowing to him. He did not recognize her; and, when it was too late, he charged himself with rudeness for not having acknowledged her greeting. Instantly he stopped the cab, ran after the lady, and began to apologize. 'I do not know you, sir,' was her abrupt rejoinder. He returned to his cab crestfallen; but it suddenly flashed upon him that the lady must have thought that he wanted to scrape up an acquaintance with her. Up went the umbrella again, and again he pursued the lady. When he had caught her up, he began: 'I am afraid, madam ——' Being now

really angry, she interrupted him with the words, 'Pass on, sir, at once.'

In this exhibition of courtesy run riot, my father unwittingly enacted the wayward and eccentric side of Coverley's character. On the occasion to be now mentioned, he showed his inborn delicacy and tact, and reproduced Sir Roger at his very best.

On one occasion, when staying at his Cheshire home, he drove to a fine church in the neighbourhood, perhaps to see some alterations which had been made. While he was in the church with the clergyman the organ was being played. Probably the organist was practising for a future service. Presently the organ stopped and the organist came down, and was introduced to my father. No doubt my father was under the impression that the playing of the organ was in connexion with his visit, and also a little misconceived the position of an organist; for, when they parted, he gave the organist five shillings. 'Here, boy,' said the organist, roughly, beckoning to the lad who had been blowing the bellows and was standing at a little distance; 'this must be intended for you.' My father continued for a few minutes his conversation with the clergyman; and then, turning to the organist, said, 'I suppose you have a very good organ. Is it quite as you like?' 'Well,' said the organist, 'we are proposing to add one or two stops.' 'I hope, then, you will allow me to make a small contribution towards the expense.' Lord Tollemache handed him a sovereign without showing the least sign of the constraint which he was certainly putting upon himself.

What Shakespeare says of Cawdor and Mark Pattison of Charles I may, with a slight change, be

applied to my father. Nothing in his life became him better than the leaving it. His death was caused by a cold which he caught, at the age of eighty-five, through driving a long distance on a wintry day in order to give advice and help to one of his tenants.

On the whole, the famous eulogy which Hamlet bestowed on his father I will in all sincerity ascribe to mine :

‘He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.’

CHAPTER IV

MY OLD-WORLD KINSFOLK AND FRIENDS

‘On ne brise pas avec le passé sans y laisser le meilleur de soi.’
—SCHERER.

‘Les Conservateurs sont le sel de la terre.’—RENAN.

ARTHUR STANLEY was charged by an able critic with ‘making a fire-screen of his friends’; by which was meant that, wishing to screen his own unpopular opinions, he exposed to public wrath the not less unpopular opinions of his allies. In like manner, as I now pass on to the social shibboleths of my avowedly Conservative father, I will shelter him under the authority of a remarkable lady who called herself anything but a Conservative. Macaulay tells us that, in speaking to Lady Holland, he expressed a wish that ‘it had been possible to form a few commercial constituencies, if the word *constituency* were admissible’. ‘I am glad you put that in,’ said her ladyship. ‘I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is *talented* and *influential* and *gentlemanly* (I never could break Sheridan of *gentlemanly*, though he allowed it to be wrong).’ Canon Ainger told me that he objected to the participles ‘cultured’ and ‘talented’, both of them being sham participles derived, not from verbs, but from substantives. Some of Lady Holland’s objections now seem hypercritical. But it must be remembered that slang words are the *parvenus* of language. Much that was once slang is now stamped as

classical English, just as what were once new families are now, as *The Times* said in a somewhat different sense of the first Lord Raglan, 'visibly stamped with nobility.' Such terms as *budget*, *solidarity*, or as *boudoir*, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, *chevalier d'industrie*, and *esprit d'escalier* must have been regarded as slang by the first purists who heard them.

With Lady Holland's objection to 'gentlemanly' my father agreed thoroughly. I think it was Sydney Smith who said that a false quantity in Latin was the masculine of a lady's *faux pas*. My father would have thought a false quantity in Latin verse a venial offence when compared with saying *gentlemanly* instead of *gentlemanlike*, or, let me add, when compared with talking about the Marquis of X. or the Earl of Y. instead of saying Lord X. or Lord Y. I once shocked him by referring to a 'leader' in *The Times* instead of saying 'a leading article'. But he was kept in countenance by Charles Austin, who gently, but seriously, took my wife to task for abridging the name of *The Saturday Review* into *The Saturday*. I have somewhere heard or read that Sir John Coleridge was the last survivor of those who wore frills on their shirt-fronts; but my father retained that badge of old-world stateliness somewhat after the time of Sir John's death. My wife remembers as a child seeing her great-uncle, Sir Tatton Sykes, appear in church with a frilled shirt, cutaway coat, and top-boots. The effect was enhanced by his coming in this riding costume into a square family pew, where the fire was occasionally poked between the service and the sermon.

I am quoting my father and other kinsfolk as *old-worldometers*, if I may use a Sydney-Smithism. Nearly up to the end of his life he had a horror of after-

noon tea. When I was a boy it used to be *de rigueur* to hold the knife and fork in the hand while the plate was being sent round for a second help of meat. In conclusion, let me raise rather than answer a question as to the exact meaning of words. My father had a way of applying the epithet 'worthy' to a man whom he ought to like, but did not.¹ In a nearly allied sense, the word 'good-natured' was and is employed; it connotes the harmless insipidity which, oddly enough, Shakespeare, speaking through the mouth of Lady Blanche, seemed to regard as the sole merit of the future Saint Louis:

'Nothing do I see in you
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge),
That I can find should merit any hate.'

My strong impression is that the word 'amiable' used similarly to bear a good sense. Yet I have an equally strong impression that nearly all young or middle-aged ladies would resent the application of the word to themselves.

While I am on the subject of good breeding I will interpose a word about what Bacon calls 'the conveying of effectual and imprinting passages amongst compliments, which is of singular use if a man can hit upon it'. The following advice was once given me by the Rev. W. E. Jelf:—'The art of pleasing,' he said, 'is quite simple. You have only to ask questions to draw people out, as if you were asking for information.' This shrewd counsel, which would have

¹ The use of the epithet 'worthy' for the purpose of damning with faint praise is well exemplified by Sydney Smith: 'Lady . . . is a very sensible and a very worthy person; I must do her the justice to say that, when my jokes are explained to her, and she has leisure to reflect on them, she laughs very heartily!'

commended itself to Bacon, is only one aspect of a wider maxim which might be expressed in language combining Bacon and Shakespeare, 'Assume *an interest* if you have it not.' Such counsel may at first sight be thought to savour of simulation; but, in fact, it merely formulates what all good listeners and nearly all good talkers consciously or unconsciously put in practice. To which should be added that Jelf himself was the most straightforward of men.

What has here been said of my father as a stickler for aristocratic shibboleths may seem to conflict with what was before said of his toleration for persons socially deficient, nay, even for such as may be called lack-aspirates. But in his own family or the circle of his intimates he would have endured no social aberrations. Among the lack-aspirates whose social shortcomings were condoned, the chief were two or three distinguished scientific friends. He was also indulgent to such shortcomings in a few lesser folks, who had done good and useful work, and who, moreover, would have been described by a French aristocrat as *bien-pensants*, and by Disraeli as on the side of the angels. But he was quick to see motes in the eyes of Radicals, as well as of Rationalists. Renan has made the sound and far-reaching observation that public opinion is sometimes merciful to those who brave it in only one way, but seldom or never to those who brave it in more. Lord Tollemache's sympathies and antipathies might have served to verify this remark. Dryden wished to inflict a double punishment on Whig poetasters,

'For writing treason and for writing dull;'

and, in much the same way, a double portion of my

father's wrath would have fallen on those twofold miscreants, who at once abused the queen's authority and the queen's English.

My father's view of the perils of democracy may be worth illustrating. A friend suggested to him that young trees should be planted in the avenue at Helmingham, to take the place of the old ones as they died off; and I asked him whether he meant to follow the advice. 'I think not,' he replied; 'the young trees by the side of the very old ones would be an eyesore for many years; and very likely, before they had time to grow up, *property would be made hay of.*' I further inquired whether he at all expected a wholesale confiscation. 'Certainly not,' was the answer. 'The Radicals are far too wide awake to frighten people in that way. All they have to do is to lay taxation more and more on wealth; and, depend upon it, they'll do this.' Whence he evidently concluded that '*La démocratie, c'est le vol*', and that Radical is rascal writ large.

But in politics, as in theology, my father was better than his principles. He differed from his Tory friends in his view of the Great Rebellion. To some of them the dispute between Charles and the Roundheads seemed to be what may be called a Cain-and-Abel quarrel—a quarrel, that is, in which all the right was on the losing and all the wrong on the winning side. On the other hand, my father, while regretting the execution of the king, which he condemned as both a crime and a folly, used to say that, if Charles had been only deposed, he would to this day be regarded as a tyrant. No doubt his modified sympathy with the Puritans was connected with his liking for their theology. It is, by the way, odd that, though my

ancestors were nearly all Cavaliers and Tories, yet an old picture of Cromwell occupies a prominent place in the library at Helmingham. Can this picture be a relic of the friendship between the Protector and Lady Dysart?

One of my father's 'brilliant flashes' of Liberalism was his esteem for Mr. Bright, who lunched with him in St. James's Square. I once heard an old Tory friend speak sarcastically of John Tollemache and John Bright having been seen walking together in the West End. In the present day, of course, such sarcasm seems simply ridiculous. Assuredly 10 St. James's Square, my father's London home, a house which had belonged to three Prime Ministers, Lord Chatham, Mr. Perceval, and Lord Derby, was never, after the death of the last of them, so much honoured as when entered by Mr. Bright, except when, at a later date, it became the home of another Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, as his son's guest. But it must be owned that Mr. Bright, in the earlier portion of his career, assailed the aristocracy so bitterly that it was hardly possible for its members to do him justice. An odd indication of their dislike of him was shown by our octogenarian friend, Mr. John Forbes, of Ham, who told me some time in the fifties, that he had been staying with Lord Aberdeen, and went on to say, 'There was such a queer party there; there was Lord X. and the Duke of Y.; and who should be there also but the Quaker, Johnny Bright?' Mr. Forbes would have stood aghast if he could have foreseen that Mr. Bright in his old age would be fortunate enough, as Mr. Gladstone once said in conversation, to win the favour of his old enemies, and, as another Liberal, the late Lord Davey, once phrased it, would live to be 'petted by duchesses'.

But it was with the (politically) unconverted John Bright that my father had dealings. What can have been the tie which drew the two men together? No doubt my father had a genuine esteem for Mr. Bright. As he used to express it, 'Bright is an honest man,' but this, at first sight, was not saying much. One would hardly contract a friendship with an unsympathetic stranger merely because he is not a pickpocket. But by 'honest' my father meant to imply that the great Radical was consistent; and further, that moderate Liberals, and especially aristocratic Liberals, were not consistent. In his judgement, as the Anglo-Catholics were to the Roman Catholics, so were the Whigs to such Liberals as Bright. He certainly regarded Bright as a turbulent orator; but I suspect that, for that very reason, he wished to hold him up to public view as a sort of *reductio ad anarchiam* of Whig principles, and as an admonitory beacon to wavering Tories.

Aristotle says that the best of all harmonies is the harmony of opposites; and Goethe has somewhat broadly contended that the propensity of men to dance with girls is a sign that like is not so much drawn to like as unlike to unlike. Doubtless this attraction of contrast did something towards breaking down the barrier between the Tory and the Radical. But other causes were more potent. According to my father's standard, Bright was orthodox in religion. He was, also, widely and deservedly celebrated. This may have unwittingly cast a spell on such a political foe as my father; for, in the opinion of even a political foe, celebrity covereth a multitude of sins. It may be objected that, if Bright was a political sinner, his abilities were an aggravation of his guilt. Was it

consistent in my father to vent his wrath on the lesser heretics, and then to be friendly with the heresiarch? Perhaps this was inconsistent; but, if so, the inconsistency did him honour. He subordinated theory to practice, even as, on a far grander scale, Queen Victoria habitually during her long reign paid attention, not to royal prerogatives, but to the modest and judicious exercise of her strictly limited authority. When looking back on the last sixty years of the nineteenth century, I am tempted to grudge to the race of bees what may be called their anti-Salic law. Would that we, too, could always be subject to queens, so that the sentiment of chivalry might eke out what remains of the sentiment of loyalty!¹

My father, I have said, regarded the uncompromising John Bright as a wholesome warning to the compromising tribe of Whigs. He was, perhaps, confirmed in this opinion by observing the antipathy with which many Whigs looked on their too-stalwart ally. Lord Palmerston, in a famous debate, so far forgot himself as to speak of the quasi-Puritanical orator as the 'honourable and reverend gentleman'; and his dislike was shared by his stepson, Mr. Cowper-Temple (afterwards Lord Mount Temple), who married my father's youngest sister. My uncle is justly described by Mr. George Russell as 'that saintly friend of temperance and all good causes'. He therefore surprised

¹ I found myself writing these sentences in January, 1901; and, digressive though they are, I let them stand. They were the natural, though slight and inadequate, expression of my feelings about the late Queen's character and career at the time when that rare combination of womanly cheerfulness and tact in social matters with masterful passivity in politics—*γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον κέρειον*—a woman wise and resolute as a man, was taken from us.

me not a little by speaking to me of his co-Liberals, Cobden and Bright, with an asperity which seemed quite alien to his nature, and which, indeed, I never heard him exhibit with reference to any one else. As his name is now wellnigh forgotten except in connexion with the clause in the Education Bill of 1870, I will inform or remind my readers that it was he who, as First Commissioner of Public Works, adorned the parks with flower-beds, and in a manner turned them into gardens. He has a yet greater, though less conspicuous, title to our gratitude as the staunch friend of the then unpopular F. D. Maurice, whom it was his privilege to appoint to St. Peter's Church, in Vere Street. Indeed, he played the part of Maecenas to mid-century Broad Churchmen, such Broad Churchmen, I mean, as Tom Hughes, who would have repudiated the Broad-Churchism of Jowett, and whom I heard describe Matthew Arnold as no better than a 'sham Christian'.

'As the husband is, the wife is,' says Tennyson; and the maxim, however questionable in regard to not a few married couples, was strictly true of my uncle and aunt. Charles Austin once said of his old acquaintance, Lord John Russell, that though he was the greatest of all the Russells, living or dead, he was not and never could be popular; for he was lacking in the milk of human kindness. Such a charge could certainly not have been brought against either of the Cowper-Temples. Each of them was full, not only of the milk of human kindness, but of the *lactea ubertas*, the cream of irrepressible philanthropy. I have already coupled Ruskin's name with my aunt's, on the ground that both of them hated cold dinners on Sunday. But between the two anti-sabbatarians there

was a far more interesting and sentimental tie. Ruskin relates in *Praeterita* that his father, having long found him an unwilling attendant at the great ceremonies in Rome, suddenly observed with delight that a change had come over him :

‘The fact was that at services of this kind there was always a chance of seeing at intervals, above the bowed heads of the Italian crowd, for an instant or two before she also stooped, or sometimes eminent in her grace above a stunted group of them—a fair English girl, who was not only the admitted queen of beauty in the English circle of that winter in Rome, but was so in the kind of beauty which I had only hitherto dreamed of as possible, but never yet seen living ; statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. I don’t think I ever succeeded in getting nearer than within fifty yards of her ; but she was the light and solace of all the Roman winter to me, in the mere chance glimpses of her far away and the hope of them. Meantime my father . . . enjoyed everything that Rome had to show ; the musical festas, especially, whenever his cross-grained boy consented, for Miss Tollemache’s secret sake, to go with him.’

My aunt was indeed lovely, both in the English and in the American sense of the word : ‘a fair English girl’ and a *schöne Seele*. Sydney Smith described her as the Evangelical Beauty ; and, near half a century ago, the head of a great college at Cambridge, who was then my uncle’s private secretary, spoke to me of my aunt as representing to him his ideal of womanhood.

As an honest critic I am bound to show the silver side of the shield. Goethe has remarked metaphorically that the habitual use of either the microscope or the telescope impedes the normal use of the eye. Thus my aunt could hardly fail to pay the penalty of attending to far-off sorrows and of spreading her



GEORGINA TOLLEMACHE, AFTERWARDS LADY MOUNT TEMPLE.

sympathy over a wide area. An example will make my meaning clear. Towards the close of her life, being visited by an excellent wife and at another time by a devoted mother, she asked the wife if she was fond of her husband, and the mother if she was fond of her daughters. Neither of the guests took offence; for they reckoned her extraordinary questions among the manifold defects incident to old age and disease. But, in fact, the rudiment of those defects might have been discerned in her much earlier. Her sympathy was too often on the stretch for spontaneous and healthful activity. It would be most unfair to say that her charity *ended* at home; for, indeed, when she heard the sorrows of her private friends, her sympathetic spirit was abundantly willing. But her flesh was weak, and her nerves were exhausted. She tried to conceal the exhaustion, but failed; and the too frequent result was a fatigued artificiality of manner, not easily distinguished from affectation. But, in truth, this only means that the divine *ichor* which flowed in her veins was hardly suited to a daughter of Eve. She was too saintly to be quite human.

I have referred to the difficulty of finding in fiction a character resembling my father. In finding a character resembling my aunt there is no difficulty whatever. The saintly Cecilia de Noël, in the novel of that name by the author of *Mademoiselle Ixe*, might have been, if she was not, drawn from the life. Cecilia was told that, if she went into a certain room at night, she must expect to see a ghost. She went into the room and saw the ghost, which had a rather diabolical appearance. But it looked miserable; so, wishing to comfort it, she embraced it. My aunt was quite capable, in a like case, of administering the consolatory

hug. She would certainly have been convinced that she had seen the ghost, so convinced that she would, if required, have gone to the stake rather than deny the apparition. In fact, the arch-fiend of Spiritualism had laid hold on her; and the lesser fiends which preside over crystal-reading and palmistry, Anglo-Israel, and the Great Pyramid, were not far off. But why dwell on her excessive credulity? Though her fancies now and then seemed extravagant and her insistence on them troublesome, I felt, after talking with her, that, like the water of Bethesda, I had been troubled by an Angel.

My father never did full justice to my uncle and aunt, whom he regarded as 'romantic' and as 'sadly wanting in common sense'. One comment of his on my uncle is too characteristic to be omitted. 'I can't make him out,' he said. 'He talks in such a beautiful way about religion, and yet—would you believe it?—he goes into the same lobby with the infidels of the House of Commons to vote for opening the British Museum and the Picture Galleries on Sunday.' Should such a criticism be called mid-century or mediaeval?

Charles Austin, who had no liking for Carlyle, either personally or as a writer, admitted that he sometimes said very good things. One of his witty sayings was reported by my friend Augustus Hare: 'A clergyman, after lamenting in Carlyle's presence the manifold sins of the present age, exclaimed, "What would happen if Christ were now to appear on earth?" "Happen!" replied the sage, "why, Dicky Milnes would invite Him to dine, and ask Pontius Pilate to meet Him."' On another occasion Carlyle spoke of Milnes as 'the President of the Heaven-and-Hell-Amalgamation Company'. Such a nickname could not have been given

to Cowper-Temple, at least not in this sense. But he might be said to have competed with Arthur Stanley for the Presidency of the Hell-Abolition Company. Arthur Stanley is well known to have posed as the patron of heretics and as the showman of all sorts of queer lions and lionesses. At his parties might be seen a few scions of nobility jostling up against such *esprits forts* as Mrs. Grote; there might also be a stray Prince of the Roman Church; and along with these, any Evangelicals who dared to brave the spiritual infection. Dr. Vaughan had that hardihood; but he did not quite like the process; for he is reported to have said that one of Stanley's receptions was made up of 'lordlings and atheists'. He might more truly have said that such an assembly was a happy family of Bluestockings, Redstockings, and Radstockings.

My uncle had now and then a similar omnium gatherum at Broadlands. But generally he had the prudence to keep the hostile factions apart. I remember that long ago he and my aunt were discussing what guests should be asked to meet the old Lord Shaftesbury one week, and what others should meet Mr. John Morley the next week.

My father, though not overfond of his brother-in-law, pronounced him to be the model of a high-bred gentleman; and he well deserved that praise. It might have been said of him, as Chesterfield said of Marlborough, that he could decline a request with more grace than most men would have shown in granting it. He was most agreeable in conversation. He had the knack of repeating pleasantly and unostentatiously curious details about the many distinguished men whom he had known, details resembling those which Johnson turned to account in his *Lives of the*

Poets, and such as, if not orally given, are apt to be lost. Sometimes his discourse held such details in solution, so that they could not at the time be discerned. I reminded him that my father had voted with the Liberals on various questions, such as Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, the right of Divorce, and the policy of Sir John Bowring in China. He pleasantly replied, 'Yes. Your father supports us when we are in the right; but we prefer having some one who will support us when we are in the wrong.' I afterwards discovered that this was an echo, conscious or unconscious, of a *mot* of his uncle Lord Melbourne, who, according to Hayward, on being pressed to do something for a journalist, on the ground that he always supported his lordship when in the right, retorted, 'That's just when I don't want his help. Give me a fellow who will stick by me when I am in the wrong.'

Much, perhaps too much, has been said in various quarters about the resemblance between Lord Palmerston and Cowper-Temple. One point the two men certainly had in common. Mr. White Cooper told me that, late one afternoon, he was sent for to Cambridge House to operate on one of Lord Palmerston's eyes. It was necessary to have a light; and the oculist, after warning his patient that the operation would be painful, suggested that a servant should be summoned to hold the candle. 'No,' replied Lord Palmerston, 'I prefer holding it myself.' And he held the candle steadily right through the operation. Cowper-Temple was blessed with a like indifference to pain. He modestly told me that he took no credit to himself for this power of endurance; if he bore pain better than most men, the reason was that he

felt it less. There is an old story, varying in some particulars, which some of my readers may have heard. The version of it given to me, I think by Charles Austin, was that, at a dinner party at Cambridge House, two of the guests were the American Minister and my uncle, who were strangers to each other. Lady Palmerston said to the former quite naturally, 'Let me introduce my son to your Excellency.' The Minister, not knowing of her former marriage, looked first at the step-son and then at the step-father, and exclaimed, 'By God, what a wonderful likeness!' Perhaps it was owing to my defective eyesight that, personally, I could never see the likeness between the two men. My uncle had a great admiration for his step-father; and his admiration may account for his having caught from him some odd tricks of manner, amongst others, according to my father, that of stroking his hat when he was making a speech.

If I failed to see the likeness I could not fail to note the striking differences, mental and moral, between the step-father and the step-son. Lord Palmerston, it is true, had one strange fad: he believed in the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. But this fad, due perhaps to a great man's immunity from the wholesome restraints of criticism and contradiction, was especially conspicuous through not being of a piece with his usual sobriety of judgement. Cowper-Temple, on the other hand, bristled all over with crotchets. I have heard him speak of ghostly manifestations as if their reality were as indisputable as that of the Norman Conquest or of the decease of Queen Anne. Just as Oedipus was 'at the mercy of any one who spoke terrors to him', so Cowper-Temple was at the mercy of any one who spoke

marvels. Was it through his wife's influence that he became thus credulous? He was certainly a doting husband; and, though never hen-pecked, he may have been *hen-led*. But he was by nature inclined to credulity. It may be said that in him, as in my aunt, the heart was disproportioned to the brain. But such a disproportion is a graver defect in a man, whose business it is to reason, than in a woman, whose business it is to feel. My uncle was both a very charming man and a saint; nearly all very charming men and nearly all saints have something of the woman in their composition; and woman is born to superstition as the sparks fly upward. Can the inquiry be carried further? What will-o'-the-wisp has beguiled so many refined and religious persons into the quagmire of Spiritualism? The late Archdeacon Cheetham told me that, when talking over the alleged wonders of Spiritualism with Bishop Westcott, he was beginning to ascribe them to mere dupery and imposture, when the Bishop cut him short: 'If you carry those arguments a little further, you'll be giving up the miracles of the Bible.' Widely as my uncle differed from my father on many points, he agreed with him in regarding the symbols of religion as a solid foundation on which logical deductions would stand firm. Neither of these excellent men for a moment suspected that superstition, like the stereoscope, has the semblance of adding a third dimension, and of giving solidity to likenesses and shadows.

My father hardly ever dealt in epigrammatic sayings. The only such saying of his that I can remember has reference to his friend and neighbour, the Lord Cholmondeley of my youth, who was an odd compound of Evangelical and courtier, and from whose

house, by the way, I saw the procession at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. 'If all Englishmen,' said my father, 'were like Lord Cholmondeley, they would be religious and delightful men, *but the French would soon come and take London.*' I own that, as a patriot, I should be equally disquieted if all Englishmen were facsimiles of Cowper-Temple. Since writing this account of my uncle, I have heard that it was he who introduced Mr. Frederick Myers and Mr. Edmund Gurney to each other, and that it was in his house that the idea of founding the Psychological Research Society had its origin.

If a text were wanted for a sermon on my uncle, a text significant alike of his goodness and of his credulity, perhaps the most appropriate would be 'Charity believeth all things.' But the application of such a text as a last word would seem ungracious. Rather let me end my comment by transferring to him the praise bestowed by Macaulay on Ken: 'His intellect was indeed darkened by many superstitions and prejudices; but his moral character, when impartially reviewed, . . . seems to approach as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue.'

The wife of the Lord Cholmondeley aforesaid had been a Somerset and was well up in the ways of Courts. She told me of a curious point of etiquette. When a gentleman gives his arm to a lady, which arm should it be? Lady Cholmondeley replied that, when walking into dinner, he should give his right arm, as the right is the post of honour. But, if the two are walking together out of doors, he should give his left arm, that his right hand may be free to hold a stick for her defence.

A sister of Lady Cholmondeley was the second wife of my uncle by marriage, Mr. Finch of Burley-on-the-Hill, a house made famous by Macaulay's description of it in his *History*, but lately, alas! burnt. Mr. Finch was the kindest of men, and at the same time an ardent Evangelical, so thoroughly unspotted by the world as to be hardly enough in touch with the world. Lord Cholmondeley told him that he meant to be buried at Houghton in Norfolk; for he wished to lie near his distinguished kinsfolk of old time, Robert and Horace Walpole. Mr. Finch listened with evident uneasiness, and presently muttered, 'For myself, I should prefer rising at the Day of Judgement in better company.' Lord Cholmondeley's wish for fashionable fellowship underground may recall the aeronautic optimism of another aristocrat. Mr. Hare records that in the Duke of Hamilton's park 'is a large domed edifice something like the tomb of Theodoric at Ravenna. It was erected by the last Duke for himself, his son, grandson, and his nine predecessors. "What a grand sight it will be," he said, "when twelve Dukes of Hamilton rise together here at the Resurrection!"'

From sepulchral sociability I pass on to sepulchral comfort. John Addington Symonds wrote to me saying that he 'blessed' me for an anecdote related in *Stones of Stumbling*: 'An aged kinswoman of mine expressed dread of being buried in a deep family vault; whereupon a privileged butler broke in with the remark, "Indeed, ma'am, you needn't be the least afraid; I was down there myself the other day, and it's quite dry and comfortable."' It may here be added that the kinswoman in question was my wife's grandmother, who was in part the original of the

redoubtable Lady Cunnor in *Wives and Daughters*. Every reader will remember the consolation which, when the valour of Bob Acres was oozing out at the palms of his hands, was offered by Sir Lucius O'Trigger: 'I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.' Not long ago, a lady expressed surprise to the keeper of the cemetery at Biarritz that so many English are buried there. 'Que voulez-vous, Mademoiselle?' he replied. 'Vous voyez le cimetière est exposé au grand soleil et à l'air; et l'air et le grand soleil ce sont ce que les Anglais cherchent avant tout. Voilà pourquoi ils désirent être enterrés ici.' An excellent Bishop had a story of an asthmatic lady who objected to being buried in the vault which contained the remains of her husband, but insisted that the place should be reserved for her sister. When the Bishop said, 'Surely that is meant for yourself,' she answered, 'No, I never could breathe in a vault. I must have fresh air. She shall have it, and I'll be buried in the open ground if you please.'

Where can I have come across the following story? 'A miser did not openly declare during his lifetime to which of his two nephews he would leave his fortune. When the Will came to be read, it appeared that the younger had been preferred. He was naturally plied with questions to the same purport as that of King John to Robert Falconbridge: "Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?" He thereupon explained that his uncle had said to him, "It may be a mere fancy of mine; but I don't quite like the idea of finding myself penniless in the other world. I will leave you my fortune if you will pledge your honour to put £10,000 into my coffin." On hearing the explanation, the elder brother asked, "And were you such a fool as

to consent?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I've been as good as my word. I wrote a cheque for £10,000 to my uncle, *made payable to order*; and it's put in the coffin." This may recall an entry in Rogers's Table Talk: 'When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth £200,000, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with." This reminds me of the remark of the late Lord Young on the unsaintly millionaire who had left a quarter of a million to the Kirk: 'It is the biggest fire insurance I ever heard of.'

Laurence Oliphant declared London society to be made up of two classes, the *worldly-holies* and the *wholly-worldlies*. A third class ought to have been added consisting of the *wholly-holies*, among whom I should include my two uncles, Mr. Cowper-Temple and Mr. Finch. Which of these three classes is the most interesting to the psychologist? Undoubtedly the *worldly-holies*; for the compromises which they practise on a large scale help us to discern the compromises practised by others on a small scale; for instance, by their efforts to reconcile Belgravian ethics with the Sermon on the Mount. Their exegetical freaks are sometimes as eccentric, though hardly ever as ingenious, as the argument placed on record by the late Warden of Merton (George Brodrick) in his account of the debate in Convocation, which turned on the morality of vivisection:

'A comical episode in the proceedings was the half-delivered speech of a gentleman who, rising late, failed to get a hearing, but was understood to be arguing in favour of vivisection on the ground that it had been sanctioned by our Lord Himself, when He caused the herd of swine to run down a steep place into the sea, it being a well-known fact that pigs cut their

own throats in swimming and would thus vivisect themselves in the midst of the waves.'¹

I can contribute one or two examples of highly respectable *other-worldliness* (*both-worldsiness* would be a better word if it were not unpronounceable). An excellent friend of mine withdrew her daughter from a High School on the ground that 'Divinity' and 'Department' were neglected. A mistress, reporting the transaction, improved the story by saying that the ground of objection was 'a deficiency in Divinity and Dancing'. My next instance I give on the authority of the first Lord Egerton. A rich widow, before accepting an impecunious suitor of good family, stipulated that there should be 'powdered footmen and family prayers'. This case of *worldly-holiness* has an obvious affinity with the following example of full-blown *wholly-worldliness*. My father had a tenant farmer whose family had been on the estate for generations; of which, as Pepys would have said, he was 'mighty proud'. One of his younger sons was accepted by the daughter—the only child—of a rich

¹ The mention of vivisection reminds me that, long ago, in playful conversation, the lamented Professor Clifford simulated wrath at the slackness of the Anti-vivisectionists. So successful was he in maintaining the gravity of his look and manner that an uninformed hearer might have thought him serious, until he ended by complaining that, during a long series of years, the poor little gold-beaters had been deprived of their skins without one word of remonstrance! Before the Commission on Vivisection which is now sitting (June, 1908) a medical witness related an experiment that he had performed upon himself. An anti-vivisectionist member of the Commission who had missed the beginning of the evidence began the cross-questioning. 'This must have been a very painful operation?' 'Oh no, the pain was very slight.' 'But the poor victim must have suffered terribly.' 'I was the victim.'

carpenter whom I will, like Sir Walter Scott, call Shavings. Fears were entertained that the haughty old farmer would object to the alliance. But, to the surprise of all, he at once gave his consent. Unfortunately a less pleasant surprise was in store for Mr. Shavings. When he called to ask what fortune the bucolic grandee proposed to leave to his son, he received the laconic answer, '*Not a sixpence. I find the blood, and you find the money.*' The marriage took place notwithstanding.

Shavings was the hero of another odd incident. I have already referred to the Rev. J. C. Ryle, afterwards Bishop of Liverpool, who was Rector of Helmingham for nearly twenty years. His sermons were sometimes what might be praised as original or blamed as eccentric. I heard him preach on the downward course of an impenitent sinner. He described how the wretched man first thinks it too soon to repent, and afterwards thinks it too late; 'and then he dies and Mr. Shavings is sent for to make his coffin,' &c. I was told that Shavings grew very red when his name was mentioned. It is said that, when Helmingham Hall was (as they say of watering-places) out of season, the Rector sometimes gave very remarkable sermons. A neighbouring clergyman informed me that, going to the church one Sunday in winter, he heard Mr. Ryle exclaim from the pulpit: '*You say *Cheer, boys, cheer,* and *There's a good time coming, boys*; but I tell you, *There's a bad time coming, boys.*'*

In *Safe Studies* it is related that Charles Austin attended a lecture, in which an Oxford First-Classman defended verbal inspiration by the dangerous argument that, without it, a revelation would be useless or

impossible. Being subsequently asked by Mr. Austin how he accounted for the existence of various readings in the Bible, the lecturer explained that his language had reference only to the Divine Word as originally inspired. 'All the arguments,' said Mr. Austin, 'which you employed to prove that a revelation would be useless unless the very words were supernaturally given, tend likewise to prove that it would be useless unless the very words were supernaturally preserved.' As Bishop Ryle is no longer alive, I may mention that he was the 'First-Classman' who thus perilously argued that inspiration is nothing if not verbal.

But, though his theology belonged to the dark ages, both as a parish priest and as a neighbour Dr. Ryle was admirable. His sermons, though they may have been narrow and sometimes too colloquial, showed him to be what he was—a very able as well as a deeply religious man. Let me add that it was by his advice that my father, though standing in mortal dread both of the High Church and of the Broad Church tendencies of Oxford, was persuaded to send me to Balliol.

I wonder whether his tracts are now as popular as they used to be. My father told me that, when he went to the United States towards the end of the forties, he was struck by seeing Ryle's tracts for sale in Broadway, New York. A quarter of a century later, I had a somewhat similar experience. Staying at St. Moritz, I went one day to lunch at Samaden, which was (and probably is) one of the Evangelical centres in the Engadine. Looking over the books in the Bernina Hotel, I came upon a volume of Ryle's tracts. Its frontispiece represented a side of the interior of Helmingham Church with the mural

monuments of my ancestors; and, I thought of the Virgil that I construed at Harrow:

‘This part was named from Ilium, that from Troy;’
and of the Clough that I read at Oxford:

‘And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.’

Macaulay, in his account of George Grenville’s homilies to George III, tells us that, when the uncourtly politician ‘had harangued two hours, he looked at his watch, as he had been in the habit of looking at the clock opposite the Speaker’s chair, apologized for the length of his discourse, and then went on for an hour more’. Macaulay’s story reminds me of a sermon that I heard as a boy one hot Sunday afternoon, from an old family friend named Taylor. After preaching three-quarters of an hour, he suddenly exclaimed: ‘And now I will conclude; but no, I will not conclude,’ and he went on for a quarter of an hour more. I once heard this kind, but not very wise, old man preach a sermon at Helmingham. He took for his text a passage from the Apocalypse (iii. 16) containing a phrase which many clergymen, out of regard for the feelings of their flocks, change into ‘I will *cast* thee out of my mouth’. But Mr. Taylor was not thus considerate, and he gave his reason. ‘I once knew,’ he said, ‘a very refined but worldly young lady, who heard this text read in church. She could not believe that such a word as “spue” occurred in the Bible, and thought it must have been invented by the clergyman. But, when she returned home, she looked into her own Bible, and found the word there; she bought another Bible, and found it there also. This had such an effect upon her that she began to search the Scriptures diligently—and *was converted*.’

Whence might be drawn the moral : Woe unto Bowdlerizing parsons, if not unto Bowdlerizers in general !

I have said that two of my uncles by marriage were *wholly-holies*. A third, the *wholly-holiest* of all, was Admiral F. Vernon Harcourt. The Admiral had a brother who was also an admiral, and who kept race-horses. My uncle, on the other hand, thought that Epsom was traversed by the broad road which leadeth to a place, in the phrase of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, 'where you certainly would not take cold.' Imagine, then, his surprise when, on May 29, 1856, an acquaintance, not knowing that there was another Admiral Harcourt, stopped him in the street and heartily congratulated him on having won the Derby. Another unwitting actor in this comedy of errors was the Editor of *The Record*, in which journal the Admiral was sharply chidden for his backsliding ! But the oddest scene in this farce of real life took the form of a begging letter. It began with an expression of deep regret that the backsliding saint should have been guilty of horse-racing, but expressed a hope that he would show his penitence by a liberal donation to his correspondent's pet charity. The petitioner can hardly have pondered the query of the King in *Hamlet*— 'May one be pardoned and retain the offence ?'

A Suffolk squire who was regarded by our family as very good but not as either lively or wise, shall be called John Broad. An old schoolfellow of mine, now distinguished both in politics and in literature, told me in the fifties that, when taking a ride with Mr. Charles Buxton, he observed that John Broad was the name given to Mr. Buxton's horse. On asking the reason, my friend received for answer, 'The brute is so stupid that I had to call him after a stupid

neighbour of ours.' Not long after, the two friends were again riding together, and this time the horse had a different name. 'The horse has turned clever,' explained Buxton, 'so I couldn't call him John Broad any longer.' This tribute to the animal's growth in intelligence brings to my memory the story of the Irishman who, having some kittens for sale, offered them to the priest as Catholic kittens. Finding the priest uncompliant, he went some days later to the Anglican clergyman, to whom he described the kittens as Protestant. 'Why, Pat, your priest tells me that you said they were Catholic kittens.' 'Faith, your riverence, *they were blind then, but now their eyes are opened.*' The allegorically christened horse reminds me of another story, told by Bishop Walsham How: 'Dr. B., of Oswestry, has three horses, which he has named "High Church", "Low Church", and "Broad Church". The reason he gives is that the first is always on his knees, the second never, and, as for the third, you never know what he will do next.' Here is another quaint contrast between the High and Low Church. A clerical dinner having been ordered at a hotel, the landlord inquired as to the theological views of the guests; for, he said, 'the Low Church eats and the High Church drinks.' A late Precentor of Westminster Abbey had a story that a privileged old widow, whose husband had had something to do with the Abbey, was holding forth about the Revisers of the Translation of the Bible. 'I likes,' she said, 'the New Testament better than the Old; for the New Testament only eats sandwiches, while the Old Testament eats joints.' The explanation doubtless was, that the Hebrew scholars, who dealt with the Old Testament, had to be more 'up-to-date' critics, and

therefore, as a rule, younger and more voracious, than the Greek scholars, who dealt with the New Testament. To the same Precentorial source I am indebted for another odd incident. In a year distinguished by a Pan-Anglican Synod, when Great Britain was besprinkled with bishops from Greater Britain, a stately attendant of one of our great Cathedrals was asked by a lady whether that year Canon Liddon would preach his usual course of sermons in one of the summer months. 'No, madam,' answered the big man, 'we're using up the Colonials.' Who or what can this august personage have been? He was, to speak colloquially, a cut above the Malaprop who said of himself: 'When first I came here, I was the parish clerk; then the vicar took to calling me the sextant; then there come the new vicar as called me the virgin; and now this one he calls me the sacrilege.'

A story is told, for which I will not vouch, though I believe it has some foundation in fact, that, when a late Archbishop of Canterbury was entertaining at Lambeth the Colonial Bishops who had come over for the Pan-Anglican Conference, it was suggested to the Primate, as the Bishops were retiring to bed, that some of them might be smokers. His Grace at once gave orders to have the housekeeper's room prepared, and asked his Domestic Chaplain to inform the guests that there was a room at their disposal to smoke in. The Chaplain, so runs the tale, knocked at twelve doors and discovered twelve Bishops, each on his knees—and each smoking up the chimney!

The anecdote of the allegorically named horses brings to my mind the following reminiscence of Sydney Smith: 'Once, when talking to Lord —— on the subject of Bible names, I could not remember the

name of one of Job's daughters. "Kezia," said he, immediately. Surprised, I congratulated him upon being so well read in Bible-lore. "Oh," he said, "my three greyhounds are named after Job's daughters." The mention of Job's daughters recalls a witty epigram by Dr. Whewell. For my non-classical readers I may explain that it was the fashion for lovers at Rome in toasting a mistress to drink as many glasses as her name had letters.

'Sex Jemima scyphis, et quinque Kezia bibatur;
Ebrius est si quis te, Kerenhappuch, amat.'

(Five healths Kezia, six Jemima boasts;
None but a drunkard Kerenhappuch toasts.)

My next anecdote, however unpleasant, is at least instructive. Some years ago, a gentleman, whose deceased father had been Master of the Hounds, observed that one of the dogs was called Herod, and expressed surprise. 'You remember, sir,' explained the huntsman, 'that your father was a very choleric gentleman. One day the hounds chopped a fox. He swore at them, and ordered that they should not be fed that day. Next day they chopped another; and again he said that they were to be given no food. The third day they were so savage that it wasn't safe to go near them; but I managed to open the door of the kennel from above with my crop. As they rushed out, we saw that there were some poor little children playing in the village; and, before we could stop the hounds, they were among the children. We drove them off as fast as we could; but we found that one of the hounds had a child's hand in its mouth. We called him Herod; and the name has gone on to one of its puppies.' Horrorstruck, the gentleman

asked whether there had not been a great row about so gross a scandal. 'Lor' bless you, sir,' was the reply; 'no, it was before the time of those damned Radicals and newspapers.' This shocking incident may at any rate comfort us by showing that, in some respects, we are better off, if not better, than our fathers.

Dogs have been, after an odd fashion, not only receivers but transmitters of their names. Thus, after noting one or two Transatlantic towns as having a mongrel etymology, Canon Isaac Taylor goes on to say: 'Floss, Tiny, and the other townships which a late Canadian Governor named after his wife's lap-dogs, are at all events distinctive names, though perhaps showing a slight want of respect to the inhabitants.'

And now, as I look back on this winding bout of linked stories long drawn out, a fear seizes me lest my critics should denounce some of them as 'chestnuts'. I can only plead that to the general reader the majority of this will be new, and hope that those which are old may pass as stuffing for my turkey. In the words of Shakespeare's Menenius:

'I shall tell you

A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale it a little more.'

CHAPTER V

JOTTINGS ABOUT HARROW (1850-6)

'Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your eyes will fill
At the thought of the Hill
And the wild regret of the last Good-bye.'

HARROW SONGS.

WHY 'Jottings'? Because I wish it to be understood that I am, as far as possible, avoiding the ground already occupied by the great book on Harrow, and by the small volumes on the same subject. But, in spite of this good resolution, I will begin with a reference to the interesting volume by Mr. Fisher Williams, who remarks that 'there is an Act of Parliament which seems to imply that Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Rugby, Harrow, and Shrewsbury are Public Schools, but no sane person would suggest that these names exhaust the list'. Of course Mr. Williams is right as to the present and general use of the term 'Public School'. But there was, in my Harrow days, an esoteric use of the term according to which the foregoing list would have erred on the side, not of narrowness, but of comprehension. It used to be said that Marlborough, having challenged Eton to a cricket match, received the discourteous answer: 'Harrow and Winchester we know, and Rugby we have heard of; but who are ye?' The story sounds apocryphal; but I have heard it more than once. When I was at Oxford, it was told me

by an old Rugbeian who was naturally indignant that his own great school had been ranked only as a *proxime accessit* to Public-Schooldom, and who showed by his indignation that he considered the story to be true. Whether true or invented its currency half a century ago proves that, at that time, there was believed to exist a disdainful oligarchy of three or four Public Schools under the presidency of Eton.

But how was it that Harrow, not having a royal nor even, like Winchester, an episcopal foundation, gained a place in this oligarchy? How came even the most benighted Tories to grant her this precedence over Rugby? I long ago heard a Rugbeian, afterwards an Oxford professor, give an answer which, so far as it went, was decisive. 'The simple fact is,' he said, 'that Harrow has been far more than Rugby under aristocratic patronage.' But this was only to throw the difficulty further back. It is well known that in early Hanoverian times, Eton being Jacobite, Harrow became the Whig Public School. But why was she selected for this distinction? It is obvious to reply that she probably owed it to her healthy situation and to her nearness to London. If Brighton is now sometimes called 'London-super-mare', Harrow (*Millia quae magna distat ab urbe decem*, only ten milestones from Town) has a far better claim to be called 'London-super-collem'. But, after all, Harrow School has always had this advantage of situation; and yet it was long before it began to tell on her fortunes. Indeed, the odd thing is that, being the great Whig school under the first two Georges, and therefore presumably favoured by the Court, she produced no famous orator or statesman before Sheridan. How then was it that, towards the end of the eighteenth century, she, like

her great son Byron at a later date; woke up, as it were, and found herself famous? I venture to throw out a suggestion. Can it have been by a mere coincidence that Harrow School obtained its *prestige* during the interval between the time when the road from London to Harrow first became comparatively safe from highwaymen and the time when other healthy schools, or sites for schools, were made accessible by steam?

I have elsewhere recorded that Mr. Gladstone said to me that, if our Public School system were removed, 'it would be like knocking a front tooth out of our English social life.' But how have these schools acquired this peculiar distinction? Perhaps the simplest answer to such a question would be that, just as the English aristocracy has been called *une pépinière politique*, even so an English public school is a nursery of good manners. I am using 'good manners' as equivalent to the French '*mœurs*', or at any rate as including what Sainte-Beuve commends as 'un composé de bonnes habitudes, d'honnêtes procédés, reposant d'ordinaire sur un fonds plus ou moins généreux, sur une nature plus ou moins *bien née*'. But, as 'breeding' in a democratic age is out of fashion, I will rather insist on the service done by Public Schools as cultivators of what may be termed the social sense. This social sense, so far as it can be distinguished from the moral sense, bears to it something of the relation which the minute hand of a watch bears to the hour hand: it is more active than its fellow, and has more often to be consulted; for, though it points to lesser matters, yet these are the very matters which are apt to be overlooked. If there is any ground for Matthew Arnold's estimate of con-

duct as comprising three-fourths of life, manners, being a good third of conduct, may fairly be reckoned as a good fourth of life. But leaving these curiosities (as Bacon expresses it) I will record a serious observation of J. S. Mill. After extolling to me the merits of the famous G. H. Lewes, Mill significantly added that pioneers of thought are too often negligent of good manners. His insistence on this point startled me, as he would have been the last man to hold that 'manners maketh man', or even—what is far nearer the truth—that manners maketh woman. He probably would have taken much the same line about courtesy that he took about the poetry of Wordsworth. The Liberals, he said, must sooner or later win the day; but, when their victory is achieved, there will be a special need for a poetry of Nature as a corrective and safeguard. He doubtless thought that there will then be also a special need for the polish of good manners.

Jowett once remarked to me on the difference between the types of men that come respectively from the great Public Schools. He did not explain in what the difference consists; but an illustration may help us to see his meaning. Lord Cardwell gave it as his own experience that, of all men, Etonians were the pleasantest to deal with. When he spoke thus, he was perhaps thinking that, as a class, they are conspicuous for good manners. And, certainly, when I went to Oxford, the best of them seemed to me to be thus conspicuous. Not to give living instances, I wish to bear witness to the social charm of Edward Herbert, who was murdered at Marathon.¹

¹ It seems brutal to indulge in sentiment about such a tragedy; but I often wonder whether it was possible for a scholar to be

In touching on this question, I feel as though truth were in one balance and the School I love in the other, and that 'both being dear to me, it is righteous to prefer truth'. In the one scale may be put such Harrow worthies (I omit the living) as Rodney, Parr, Sir William Jones, Bruce (the traveller), Sheridan, Byron, Theodore Hook, Perceval, Peel, Goderich, Palmerston, Shaftesbury, Cottenham, Aberdeen, the second Lord Lytton, Anthony Trollope, the brothers Merivale, Manning, Blayds (Calverley), J. A. Symonds; to which list, in fear of being convicted of flagrant omissions, I append a highly elastic 'et ceteros'. A glance at the opposite scale of Eton worthies fairly takes one's breath away. It is bewildering and dazzling as the muster-roll of unborn heroes revealed to Aeneas in the shades, or a nearer parallel would be the *imagines* which were borne in long procession before a Fabius or a Valerius. Not of course that Eton has obtained this position by anything special in her mode of teaching. She owes quite as much to her fortune as her fortune owes to her. She may be called the school of the uppermost, as Harrow is the school of the upper class; and the success of her statesmen is mostly due to their having a social start in the political race. Yet the undoubted

doomed to death on that spot, without letting his thoughts travel back through the centuries to the victory of Miltiades, the victory which may vie with the defeat at Thermopylae for the honour of being called the baptism in blood of the cause of Liberty. It would be too much to say of poor Herbert, *Credibile est ipsum sic voluisse mori*. But he recalls to me the still more appropriate fate of Ottfried Müller, who, after having written disparagingly about the Hellenic sun-god, died at Athens from the effects of a sunstroke which he received on the site of the temple at Delphi.'

fact remains that the biography of Etonians is, even in proportion to their numbers, a larger factor in English history than the biography of Harrovians.

Having thus stated the case for Eton, I turn to the congenial task of holding a brief for Harrow—the Harrow, it must be remembered, of half a century ago. My highly original, if not eccentric, friend, the late Professor Nicholl of Glasgow, used to complain that Public Schools rub off men's corners. He might have added that the smoothing process, the effacing of individuality, is carried further at Eton than at Harrow. Not that the process is so wholly harmful as he thought. Indeed, it may be regarded as a main cause of Lord Cardwell's preference for Etonians as being the easiest men to get on with. The typical Etonian has a remarkable power of self-adaptation. He is more like the Mr. Pliable, while the Harrovian is more like the Mr. Obstinate of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The Etonian may be described as a John Bull without horns, while the Harrovian is a John Bull of a breed of shorthorns. If the art of being agreeable in society may be roughly described as a compound of two qualities, naturalness and the wish to please, the former of these qualities grows best at Harrow, the latter at Eton. An old Harrovian, referring to a former schoolfellow, who was a great favourite in London society, spoke of him as 'nice, nice, very nice, too nice'. My Etonian friend, W. H. Gladstone, on hearing that comment, naïvely remarked, with special reference no doubt to the Harrovian criticized, that he did not understand how any one could be 'too nice'. This trifling anecdote may serve to illustrate my own impression that what may be called a French or diplomatic type of manners

is less likely to find favour at Harrow than at Eton. The note of the Eton manner is the quality which is either commended as courtesy or disparaged as courtliness. In pronouncing judgement on this Etonian manner, Harrovians are apt to think that courtliness is the solvent of individuality, and that too much manner unmaketh man.

The note of the Harrow manner is a refined bluntness ; and, if I personally prefer the bluntness, this only means that I am a Harrovian.

The tie which draws old Harrovians together seems to me exceptionally close. If two strangers meet on the Continent and each finds the other to have been at Harrow, a rudimentary friendship is nearly sure to spring up. The strength of the mutual attraction is partly due to the fact that Harrow has but half the numbers of Eton. But there is probably another cause of our *esprit d'école*. I have spoken of Harrovians as generally belonging to the upper as distinguished from the uppermost class. Voltaire says that the population of England is like her ale : at the top there is nothing but froth ; at the bottom there is nothing but dregs ; but between these extremes all is excellent. It would be easy to cavil at this conceit, and in particular to object that ale without froth would be flat and insipid. But, accepting the simile, I would maintain that the Harrow brew is excellent ale with but little of the froth. The school is (or was) to a great extent recruited from the families of country gentlemen and well-bred parsons. It has not many 'tufts' ; and happily it has few or no tuft-hunters. All this is to the good ; but, like most good things, it has its drawbacks. When I run through the list of my old school-fellows, I am surprised that more of them have not

distinguished themselves. This may be partly due to the fact that, in the case of so many of them, the petition of Agur has been too literally fulfilled. They have 'neither poverty nor riches', and they are therefore alike insensible to the stimulus of want and to that of ambition. Small certainties, says Johnson, are the bane of talent. But they are the best safeguard against that crooked wisdom—against those unsocial qualities which Bacon praises with faint blame, or with no blame, in his Essays on 'Cunning' and on 'Fortune'. The result is that Harrovians are not generally original; but they are good fellows, and above all good comrades. If I say of them that they are as a body

'ingenio, virtute, loco, re,
Primorum extremi, *mediocribus* usque priores,'
('In wit and merit, honour and estate,
First of the many, last among the great.')

I am not claiming for them higher praise than Horace gave himself. The old Public School saw has many variants, but the version I remember began 'Winchester scholars, Eton swells', and ended with 'Harrow gentlemen'.

One consideration may serve to explain the dearth of originality among us. At school we were sheltered against every whiff of Neology. Let me give an example. I left Harrow barely three years before the publication of *The Origin of Species*; yet, during all the six years that I spent there, no doubt was ever whispered to me as to the accuracy of Archbishop Ussher's chronology. In my case, this experiment of a 'cloistered and fugitive virtue' was not a success. Too sudden and violent was the change from Vaughan to Jowett. At Balliol blow after blow fell on my untem-

pered theology in such rapid succession that, at last, I might in a literal sense have exclaimed: 'Heu pietas, heu prisca fides!' ('Alas for piety and early faith!')

My own impressions of Harrow teaching are confirmed by Dean Lake's experience as to the difference between the *alumni* of the three great public schools. 'The ablest Rugbeians,' he said to me (in effect), 'bring to Balliol a rather precocious familiarity with the problems of life. Their solutions of these problems may be crude, but seem to be given at first hand. One of our Scholars, who came from Rugby, expressed himself in his English Essay with an epigrammatic smartness which seemed to me to be, in so young a man, not quite natural or healthy. Etonians, on the other hand, know nothing of such matters, but wish to be taught. Harrovians also know nothing of such matters; but *they* do not wish to be taught; they look on metaphysics as a mere will-o'-the-wisp.'

In politics Dr. Vaughan took an independent line. He was a staunch Liberal at a time when few clergymen were Liberals, and when either Conservatism or mild Whiggism was the creed of the upper classes. I have somewhere come upon the statement, apparently made with authority, that an ex-head master, being asked what was the chief characteristic of Harrow, answered: 'Oh! there cannot be any doubt of that. Harrow is, and always was, the Liberal Public School.' Can this have been 'always' the case? Harrow may have been less Conservative than Eton; but has she not often, if not generally, been less Liberal than Rugby? Some years after I had left Harrow, the late Mr. Hope-Edwardes, who had been Captain of the School, told me he had been looking over the minutes of our Debating Society, and found that some of us,

seemingly including himself, had defended very startling propositions. He gave as an instance: 'That the substitution of arbitration for war is impossible, and that, even if it were possible, it would be undesirable.' If such a debate (of which I have a dim recollection) really took place, and if the motion was carried, the 'beardless Catos', as Hope-Edwardes once called us, must have been suffering from an epidemic of paradoxical Toryism. Some of the cleverest boys, like Trevelyan, remained true to the Whig traditions which the school had inherited from the eighteenth century; but I doubt whether any of us were Liberal in the modern sense. Some of us were great admirers of Macaulay; but hardly any, if any, were disciples of Carlyle. Lake used to say it was Carlyle who first taught him and his friends that some good had come out of the French Revolution. Now, I suspect that in my Harrow days most parents, like Tennyson, regarded that Revolution as 'the red fool-fury of the Seine', and would not have been best pleased that their sons should remain at a school where they might learn to be apologists of Danton. On my once mentioning Carlyle's name to my father, his only remark was that he believed him to be a 'horrible infidel'. It is possible that he may have been confounding him with a freethinker named Carlisle.

Harrow, as I have here described it, was not likely to find favour with such an apostle of culture as Mark Pattison. He evidently regarded our schooling as fit only to be a preparation for a University of Gath. But he certainly carried his scepticism too far when he asked me disdainfully if I had learnt anything at all at Harrow. My answer to his query involved a personal explanation which I must sooner or later

inflict upon my readers. I told him that, by reason of my defective eyesight, I was not a fair specimen or judge of Harrow teaching. No spectacles suited to my extreme hypermetropia had been devised till after I had taken my degree. The consequence was that, in my boyhood, I sometimes had an experience similar to what has been recorded of Lowe: in writing I had to stoop so much that my nose was blackened by the ink. To look out words in a lexicon must have taken me at least three times as long as it took other boys. The disabling effect of this infirmity was so obvious that I was *sub rosa* indulged in the use of cribs. But cribs, especially when the Greek poets are concerned, are a poor substitute for a lexicon. Hence I was heavily handicapped at Harrow; and it might have been thought that I should have been equally so at Oxford. But at Oxford the case was different, because the Latin and Greek books which I had to read up for the final schools were in prose, and the difficulty of translating them was hardly ever such as a good crib failed to overcome.¹

There were one or two other ways in which my

¹ As a memoir-writer is privileged to be egotistical (especially in footnotes), I will here state that my spectacles, being strong magnifiers, make my eyes look preternaturally big, and that the effect was made more startling by the first pair, which were not oval, but round. Goethe says that no man who wishes to please a lady should appear before her in spectacles. An odd experience of my own confirms this opinion. A precocious Italian cousin of mine, who was then what in German is called a *Backfisch*, when she first saw me decked with the unsightly aid to my eyesight, stared for a moment and then, holding her hands before her eyes, called out 'Do take off those goggles, Lionel. You look so like Satan!' Certainly girls are like gooseberries: they begin by being verdant and refreshing; then follows a tart and unwholesome interval until ripeness and sweetness are their portion.

near-sightedness and general delicacy affected my position at Harrow. I was unable to take part in games; and, indeed, I could not see well enough to enjoy looking on at a cricket match. Likewise, I was never placed in a big house; for it was rightly thought that in such a house I should have been unable, as a small boy, to hold my own against bullies, and, when I became a monitor, to keep a watchful eye on delinquents. Even in a small house my monitor-craft was sadly at fault, as a comic incident will show. The only three tunes I can recognize are *God save the King*, *Rousseau's Dream*, and *Villikins and his Dinah*. Why are these dissimilar melodies thus unequally yoked together? Because my fags, knowing that I hated music, had a way of singing the doggerels about Villikins and the 'cup of cold *pison*' in the passage outside my room; and, thanks to their unkindly efforts, this vulgar and now forgotten tune acquired a right of way into my unmusical ear.

But I return to the essential part of Pattison's inquiry. What is the worth of the literary wares which a 'swot' (they call him a 'sap' at Eton and a 'mug' at Winchester) bore with him from Harrow? The worth of those wares was undoubtedly great; but they were lacking in variety. Dr. Vaughan was an incomparable teacher within his own range, but that range, I repeat, was limited. Of modern history and literature we hardly knew anything; and, to the disgust of Westcott, who was one of the masters, we were not stimulated to learn more. It is true that some fragments of modern history were learnt from such books as the *Life of Clive* and Guizot's *History of the Great Rebellion*, which were set as holiday tasks. But no comprehensive view of history was presented

to us while I was at Harrow. Shortly before I went there, the subject of a holiday task was a part of Russell's *Modern Europe*. This new departure would have been forgotten but for a happy incident which preserves it like the fly in amber. The story is thus related by one of Vaughan's pupils :

'The holiday task, from Russell, was set to the Sixth Form: Blayds [Calverley], who was in that Form, had not looked into the *Modern Europe* at all, but, as we were waiting for Vaughan, he snatched up another fellow's book and glanced at a chance page or two. When he was put on by Vaughan, the first question or two wholly stumped him till, by a lucky chance, Vaughan asked: "What were the amusements of the Ostrogoths in those days?" To which Blayds, with the proper intonation, rolled out: "They hunted the boar on the voluptuous parterre, the trim garden and expensive pleasure ground, where effeminacy was wont to saunter and indolence to loll." Incredible as it may seem, he had given Russell's exact words. The Form was convulsed and even Vaughan could not forbear a smile.'

So, again, English literature was out of our beat, perhaps for the simple reason that it was out of Vaughan's own beat. Lake once told me that Vaughan, besides knowing nothing whatever of the Fathers, was not well up in English literature. This latter fact, if fact it was, is easily accounted for by the manifold and incongruous objects of attention—sermons, floggings, and parental 'visitations'—which make such cruel inroads into a head master's leisure. Nevertheless, on hearing Lake's criticism, I expressed surprise, alleging that, when I asked Vaughan to recommend me a speech for Speech-day, he quoted on the spot, and with perfect fluency, a long extract from Erskine's defence of Stockdale. Lake laughed: 'Does not the passage contain something about a Red Indian

and a tomahawk?' I assented. 'I remember it well. That was the speech which Vaughan recited at Rugby, and it is the only piece of English prose that he knows.'¹ Even the classical teaching of Dr. Vaughan ran only in a very few grooves. An old pupil of his has calculated that, during the fifteen years of his head mastership, he must have gone through Sophocles six times. The critic goes on to point out the narrowness, with respect to time, of the limits of the historical area to which our tuition was restricted:

'I knew something about the blockade of Pylos and the operations of Demosthenes the general; but I had never heard of the battle of Navarino, and Demosthenes the orator was to me little more than a cyclopædia of Greek syntax.'

To this I may add that when, during my residence at Oxford, I read Mill's high praise of Marcus Aurelius, I felt myself on entirely new ground. I did not know the date, and I doubt if I had even heard the name of that 'imperial saint of heathendom', as Freeman has called him; and, moreover, on my talking the subject over with one or two of my ablest schoolfellows, I had the ignoble satisfaction of learning that they were quite as much in the dark as myself. *Ignorare meum nihil est, si nesciat alter*:

'If others are as blind as you, why blush
At ignorance? It matters not a rush.'

Perhaps this human weakness of mine, combined with my loyalty to Dr. Vaughan and my ingrained Conservatism, make me feel even now less resentment at the limitation of what we learnt at Harrow than some of my schoolfellows feel. To speak more seriously, I

¹ As Vaughan praised this passage highly, and as it is far less well known than it deserves to be, I will print it in a note at the end of this chapter.

doubt whether the school classics even of a Squire Western or a Parson Adams are quite thrown away. An ingenious person has said that those classics, like tadpoles' tails, are dropped in mature life. It would be more correct, both scientifically and otherwise, in comparing them to tadpoles' tails, to do so on the ground that in mature life they seem to be dropped, but are really absorbed. The principle of *Multum, non multa* may have been carried by Vaughan to an extreme point. But this extreme would have been preferred by the greatest of ancient sages to the opposite one for two reasons : first, because it is nearer to the golden mean ; and, secondly, because it is less agreeable, and therefore more disciplinary. To combine the *multum*, or rather the *profundum*, with the *multa* is not easy, and it is questionable whether the present multiplicity of subjects is an improvement on the old Harrow *Trivium* of Latin, Greek, and a tincture of Mathematics. And now, having offered a friendly and, I hope, not undutiful comment on Vaughan's teaching, I am yet impelled to wind up with the not very novel query : Why on earth were we doomed to spend so much time in writing Greek and Latin verses ?

But Vaughan was admirable in his own line, not only as a teacher, but as a moral trainer. In both respects he is well known to have been a follower of Dr. Arnold ; so much so, indeed, that one is tempted to parody the Virgilian metaphor, and to say that he carried Rugby bodily to Harrow. Not, of course, that Vaughan was a facsimile of Arnold. My father used to say that Vaughan was 'much superior to Arnold, having far more common sense' ; which was another way of saying that Arnold was

vastly more original than Vaughan. But this deficiency of Vaughan's may have helped him as a schoolmaster. Indeed, I have quoted my father's praise of him as serving to show that, if he had encouraged free inquiry, he would have given a rude shock to the susceptibilities of parents, and perhaps to the fortunes of the school. But this caution of his was not the mere outcome of policy ; it was part of his character. He told me that, though he had sometimes been brought into sympathetic contact with the religious difficulties of his friends, he himself had never to any serious extent suffered from such difficulties. On the whole, we may conclude that Arnold was far more of a Broad Churchman, according to the standard of his time, than Vaughan was according to the standard of twenty years later. But, though Vaughan may in a manner be described as merely Arnold writ small, he emulated his great master in impressing on his pupils, both by precept and example, a conviction of the tremendous seriousness of life and what George Eliot called the self-scourging sense of duty. Neither Arnold nor Vaughan was what is called a Puritan, but their method may, for want of a better word, be called quasi-puritanical. Mill has somewhere ascribed to the English that incapacity of personal enjoyment which, he says, is characteristic of a nation over which Puritanism has passed. This incapacity ought surely to be reckoned as a heavy discount on the debt which we undoubtedly owe to the Puritans. Undoubted, also, is the debt which we owe to Arnold's quasi-puritanical method. Is that debt also to be charged with a like discount? Well, writing about schools, one feels like a schoolboy ; and thus, when seeking to estimate this quasi-puritanical discipline,

one is reminded of what in the old school doggerel the graminivorous Nebuchadnezzar said of his un-princely diet :

‘It may be wholesome, but it is not good.’

Certainly this insistence on the awful solemnity of life was characteristic of Dr. Vaughan. Thus, in a sermon referring to the Crimean War, he said (as nearly as I can remember) that the time will come ‘when the destiny of mightiest empires will be lighter in our esteem than the salvation of a single soul’. Cardinal Newman once delivered himself of a similar judgement expressed yet more strongly.¹ And there is no doubt that a conclusion of this sort may be drawn from the premisses which Vaughan and Newman held in common. It is equally certain that such teaching would not be likely to produce a type of character which would have found favour with Horace or Montaigne or Goethe. After reading Romilly’s *Memoirs*, Macaulay writes : ‘A fine fellow ; but too stoical for my taste. I love a little of the epicurean element in virtue.’ Like Molière, he desired *une vertu traitable*. And, after all, might not the best sort of Puritanism be defined as Stoicism *in excelsis*, as Stoicism *plus* Religion ? It should be added that the stoical or puritanical seed is likely to bear more fruit when sown in the minds of the young. In this relation Walter Bagehot laid his finger on the right point when he said of the lessons taught by Arnold :

‘The common English mind is too coarse, sluggish, and worldly to take such lessons too much to heart. It is improved by them in many ways, and is not harmed by them

¹ Quoted in my *Talks with Mr. Gladstone*, p. 139.

at all. But there are a few minds which are very likely to think too much of such things. A susceptible, serious intellectual boy may be injured by the incessant inculcation of the awfulness of life, and the magnitude of great problems. It is not desirable to take this world too much *au sérieux*; most persons will not; and the one in a thousand who will, should not.'

By the monitorial system this aspect of the Arnold-Vaughan discipline was put in the strongest light. In a prize poem on 'Harrow', Hope-Edwardes satirized our school debates—which, by the way, were held in the monitors' library—as serio-comic exhibitions :

'Where youth assumes upon its mimic stage
The dignity without the sense of age.'

So far, at least, as the dignity of age is concerned, a like charge might be brought against the monitorial conclaves, of which the same library was the scene. The monitors formed a sort of bureaucracy under Vaughan. Mill says that a bureaucracy is apt to degenerate into a 'pedantocracy'. Is there not a fear that a bureaucracy of boys will become a prigocracy? Each monitor was provided with an amalgam of the Miltonic and the Nelsonic rule of conduct, and seemed to be saying: 'Harrow expects me to do my duty, as ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.' What could be more saintly or heroic? And yet one could wish that the moral strut had been now and then relaxed by the help of such maxims as Chamfort's 'No day is so utterly lost as that on which one has not laughed', or as Horace's 'Dulce est desipere in loco' ('E'en folly in due place is sweet'). I doubt, by the way, if Horace was a favourite with Vaughan.

In speaking thus, I must not be thought to make

light of my obligation to the quasi-puritanical method. In one respect, especially, we all owe much to Vaughan's discipline. His pupils were trained to be self-reliant. He once spoke to me contemptuously of certain educational wiseacres who had assumed as axiomatic that boys are not fit to be trusted. He himself, on the other hand, made a point of trusting them as far as possible.

The suave dignity of his manner may be set off by a contrast. Of the assistant masters one of the most remarkable shall be called the Rev. X. Y. At Cambridge he had taken a low wranglership, and this was his only academic distinction. The extraordinary thing about him was his power of enforcing discipline. Lacking nearly all the intellectual gifts of Westcott, he had the one faculty essential to a schoolmaster in which Westcott was deficient. In his classroom you could hear a pin drop. Only now and then, like thunder in a clear sky, a name would be heard, and some victim, often innocent, would be summoned before him.—'Sergeant, I saw you smile.'—'No, sir, I didn't.'—'You were smiling, Sergeant.'—'Indeed, sir, I wasn't.'—'I shall send you up to Dr. Vaughan [to be flogged] for impertinence and prevarication.' This is no invention, but happened to E. W. Sergeant exactly as I have related it when he was head of the school in 1854. Of course he was not flogged—the persons of monitors are sacrosanct—but, when less exalted personages were sent up by Y., Vaughan, according to tradition hardly credible of so wise and upright a man, would generally take a middle course. 'I am very sorry to find that your conduct has given grave offence to Mr. Y.; perhaps [with a smile] you are not quite such a reprobate as he imagines you, and for

this time I will merely set you five hundred lines to write out.'

There was something inscrutable and almost uncanny about Y., something of the *dämonisch* that Goethe discovered in Napoleon. He moved in a mysterious way both among boys and among masters. No wonder that myths grew freely about him and that some were accepted as history. One of them is so characteristic as to be worth relating :

Mr. Y. 'I am sorry, Dr. Vaughan, to have to report to you two of your monitors for drinking.' *Dr. V.* 'This is a very serious charge. When and where did it happen?' *Mr. Y.* 'This afternoon in a public-house at Pinner.' *Dr. V.* 'Did you catch them *flagrante delicto*?' *Mr. Y.* 'No, Dr. Vaughan, I was in my study.' *Dr. V.* 'But surely, you cannot possibly have seen from your study to Pinner.' *Mr. Y.* 'I have a strong telescope, Dr. Vaughan.' *Dr. V.* 'But how can you tell that it was not water they were drinking?' *Mr. Y.* 'It was gin and water. I noticed a sediment of sugar at the bottom of their glasses.'

Mr. Y. passed for a confirmed bachelor. The only master with whom he consorted was likewise a bachelor, whose two spinster sisters kept house for him. *Mr. Y.* was supposed to be courting one of the sisters; and, whenever his class had a particularly bad time of it, the traditional explanation was that he had again been refused by one or other of the ladies.

The *dénouement* which followed might have found a place among the *Contes Drolatiques*. Many years afterwards a gentleman in deep mourning requested an interview with the then Head Master. He had come to announce the death of *Mr. Y.*, his near relation.

The Head Master was deeply moved, and expressed his heart-felt sympathy. 'And I hope,' added the visitor, 'that something will be done for the poor children. I fear he left his large family very ill provided for.' To the general amazement it turned out that Mr. Y., some score of years before, had contracted a secret *mésalliance*, and had domiciled his wife at Margate. If it cannot be said of him that *moriens sefellit*, at any rate he carried out the Greek precept, λάθε βιώσας. In short, his life was an enigma.

In childhood I was tormented by forebodings of what I was to expect as a schoolboy. They were due to the accounts given me by my elder brother, who had been at a famous school in Hertfordshire. That school was vulgarly known as 'the little House of Lords', and might be supposed to rank as a private school at its best. Unluckily, the schoolmaster seems to have thought that severity could draw talent out of dunces, and that his rod, like Aaron's, would bring forth flowers. The words of the French master were a fit accompaniment to the deeds of his chief. When enraged with my informant, he used to cry out: 'You are one stagnant pool of corruption. You are one standing dunghill. If you are impudent, I will kick you out like one dogue.' The nightmare, or daymare, caused by these tales, which did not lose in my brother's telling, haunted me till I went to Harrow. Imagine my relief when, on the morning after my arrival, I stood before Dr. Vaughan. His benign face and gentle voice fairly took me aback. Could this angel in man's clothing be capable of the constant firmness and occasional severity which I had heard ascribed to him? My surprise, as I afterwards learnt,

was shared by my companions. The story ran that, on this occasion, young Buddinggreen, misled by the youthful appearance of the Head Master, had not an inkling of being in that august presence; and that, finding himself placed in the Third Form, he angrily called out: 'Do you put me at the bottom of the school? I thought I was to be examined by Vaughan!'

In truth, there was no art to find the construction of Vaughan's mind either in his face or in his voice. There was an element of inscrutability in him. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Stanley, told my father that she herself did not quite understand why he first accepted and then declined Lord Palmerston's offer of a bishopric. After he had left Harrow, Archdeacon Cheetham met him out walking, but, observing that he was gazing intently on the ground, forbore to interrupt him and passed on. Presently Vaughan called him back, and explained with a smile: 'They used to say at Harrow that I could look on the ground and see fifty yards before me and fifty yards behind me all the time.' He was not only conscious, but in a manner proud of what may be termed his social opacity. He found it convenient to see through others without being seen through himself. One of his staff reported him as saying: 'I find it to be an advantage that, the more angry I am with a boy, the calmer I am in appearance.' Closely allied to this inscrutability of his was the rather inelastic softness of voice and suavity of expression, which was unruffled even during the application of the birch. When the monitors dined with him, they naturally felt shy about fixing the moment of departure. Vaughan would catch the eye of the senior boy and look significantly at his watch. When the hint was taken,

he squeezed the boy's hand and exclaimed in deprecatory accents: 'Must you go?' Such diplomacy not even a Quaker would blame, but I cannot help feeling that he sometimes carried it to a point that Polonius would have called 'indirection' and Mark Pattison 'economy of truth'.

I was reminded of Dr. Vaughan when I came upon the following passage in *The Last of the Barons* :

'In our common intercourse with life, we must have observed that, where external gentleness of bearing is accompanied by a repute for iron will, determined resolution, and a serious, profound, and all-inquiring intellect, it carries with it a majesty wholly distinct from that charm which is exercised by one whose mildness of nature corresponds with the outward humility; and, if it does not convey the notion of falseness, bears the appearance of that perfect self-possession, that calm repose of power, which intimidates those it influences far more than the imperious port and the loud voice.'

In saying that this passage made me think of Dr. Vaughan, I am of course not implying that his gentle look and 'voice of velvet' (recalling the *voix veloutée* ascribed by Dumas to Aramis) conveyed to those who at all knew him 'the notion of falseness'. But I think that the secretive quality, which helped him as a schoolmaster, may have been a drawback to him as a man, and especially as a friend. At all events, he was not often to old Harrovians what Arnold was to old Rugbeians, a sort of lifelong Gamaliel. Harrow men were not, as a rule, permanently drawn to him by the force of pupillary attraction. This does not apply to his theological pupils at Doncaster and Llandaff, who were familiarly known as his 'doves', attracted even more by the master's meekness than by his

wisdom. But some even of the clergy would have wished Vaughan to be less enigmatic. Even Archbishop Thomson, whom I had expected to find his warm admirer, told me with regret that he could not quite make him out. Among laymen this feeling was stronger. And here perhaps we have one reason why, after thinking over my old Harrow friends in relation to Vaughan, and then over my old Balliol friends in relation to Jowett, I am struck by the thought that Jowett retained to the last a far more important and devoted lay-following than Vaughan ever had.

The impression produced by Vaughan's suavity on a man of the world was brought home to me by some remarks of my uncle Mr. Finch, whose theology was almost identical with Vaughan's. He had been at Harrow under Dr. George Butler, and he sent his son there under Vaughan. He talked to me of the school at the two epochs, and pointed out the contrast between the two head masters in their manner of dealing with boys. The genial downrightness of Butler was more to his liking than the impenetrable meekness of Vaughan. He told me an anecdote in illustration of the Harrow of his youth. A lower boy had prevailed on one of the Sixth Form to furnish him with a set of elegiacs. The verses were good enough; but the treacherous friend concluded them with the tell-tale couplet:

‘Hos ego versiculos scripsi, sed non ego feci;
Da mihi, praeceptor, verbera multa, precor.’

‘Are these verses yours?’ asked the head master. ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Why, *you blockhead*, do you know what you are asking me to do?’ (I have italicized the most un-Vaughanlike part of the sentence.) How different

would have been the line taken by Vaughan with reference to a similar culprit. He would have rebuked the boy for aggravating the guilt of appropriating what was not his own by the guilt of telling a falsehood ; and to the homily would have been appended, with an ominous suavity of voice, the euphemistic preamble of a flogging : ‘ Will you go down and wait for me in the Fourth Form room ? ’ It was said that he sometimes mollified the injunction with a ‘ Please ’ ; but of this I am not sure. It was rumoured in my school days that, as his chastening hand was drawing screams from a small boy, he exhorted him in mellifluous tones : ‘ Tomkins junior, bear your punishment like a man. Again and again descended the birch, and again and again followed the roar. One who was in the school when first Vaughan became head master was told that at that time the urbanity of chastisement was carried yet further : ‘ After a severe administration of the birch, Vaughan was reported to have addressed the birchee in the blindest tones : “ Thank you, my dear boy, I won’t trouble you any more to-day.” ’¹

A similar incident is reported to me from Eton under the reign of Keate, George Butler’s contemporary. Lord Castletown told Mr. Hare that, when at Eton under Keate, he was set as a holiday task to write seventy Latin verses on St. Paul’s speech at Athens. His guardian, Lord Holland, had no scruple in doing the verses for him. He had actually written sixty-six of the lines when some business called him away. The remaining lines had to be supplied by Castletown, who afterwards gave this account :

¹ *School and Sea*, by ‘ Martello Tower ’.

'It was a most grand set of verses. And, when I gave them up to Keate, he would read them aloud before the whole school. In the middle he said, "Who wrote these, sir?" "I, sir." "*You lie, sir,*" said Keate. At last he came to the last four lines. "You wrote these, sir," he said. I heard no more of it, but I never got back my copy of verses.'

Here again I have italicized the most un-Vaughanlike phrase of the old schoolmaster.

Spedding, in his *Apology for Bacon*, observes that there are in each age certain acts which, though theoretically condemned, are practically tolerated. To this nondescript class belong the 'privileged lies' of my school-days. At that time the principle of condoning a lie told by a boy to a master, in order to avoid incriminating himself, was not utterly exploded. It was Vaughan who at Harrow raised the moral standard in this respect. He also raised it by abolishing what were there called 'mills', that is to say, fights, which, like the famous one at Rugby described in *Tom Brown*, had taken place with the connivance of the masters on a plot of grass between the school buildings and the racquet courts, still known as the 'milling ground'. By these two innovations—the proscription of 'privileged lies' and of 'mills'—as well as by sundry other reforms, Vaughan rendered a great service to the school. But as a rigid reformer he was in a manner disqualified for showing such indulgence to boys' peccadilloes as was shown by Dr. George Butler, or still more for taking them as a matter of course after the manner of Keate. In other words, he governed the school in the spirit of a modern pioneer; and this is why, as a schoolmaster, he was such a rigid Stoic or Puritan. It is the misfortune of nearly all the moral pioneers and

rigid Stoics that expressions like *nil admirari*, *comédie humaine*, or *redeeming vice*, are abhorrent to them, and that they thus become limited in the sphere of their sympathy. They are lacking in the kind of humour which Bagehot has called 'pleasant cynicism'; and, in short, they expect too much from human nature.

The praise of Vaughan is in all the churches, but Harrovians in particular will associate his memory in countless ways with

'. . . that best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,'

including especially bountiful help to needy scholars. His success at Harrow is written in fair characters, seen and read of all men, but much more might be said of the new life that he breathed into the school.

I once heard a distinguished clergyman ask a former Captain of the School whether he was a Vaughan-lover or a Vaughan-hater, as nearly all Harrow men belonged to one or other of these categories. Personally, I prefer calling myself a Vaughan-admirer. After what, I fear, the Vaughan-lovers will stigmatize as an impertinence, I will resume the safer and more congenial vein of anecdotage. These supplementary anecdotes may serve to illustrate or qualify opinions already expressed. The first came to me direct from the late Charles Roundell, who was Captain of the School at the time of Vaughan's appointment. It had been the custom for the Sixth Form to send fags to bring them hot meat from the town for their Sunday breakfast. Vaughan, not knowing of this custom, was surprised one Sunday morning to meet a small boy laden with provisions. 'Is that your breakfast, Johnson?' 'No,

sir.' 'To whom are you taking it?' Johnson (as I call him) doubted whether the old head boy or the new lamb-like head master was the more to be feared; and, after a moment's hesitation, he refused to answer. A term or two later, Vaughan would not have stood this; but, not yet feeling himself firm in his saddle, and perhaps liking the boy's courage, he passed the matter over. Roundell, when the fag told him what had occurred, was horrified, the more so as Vaughan had already begun to preach sermons which were, to say the least, much to the point. A few hours later, when Vaughan mounted the pulpit, Roundell looked up with mingled curiosity and fear. On his expectant ear this text fell like a thunderbolt: 'Behold, I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.' Blayds, who was just behind him, whispered, 'That's you'; and my friend had a momentary dread of being made the Judas of the discourse. But it soon appeared that the appropriate text had been chosen by accident; nothing whatever was said about the hot-breakfasting monitor or the too reticent fag. But in my school-days the story had grown; the rumour ran that Vaughan had chosen this appalling text for a sermon against one of the monitors. It will doubtless be inferred from this exaggeration that Harrow must have been a very myth-making place. Perhaps it was; but in this instance there was some excuse, for Vaughan had a way of preaching such personal sermons as to make almost any exaggeration about them sound plausible. One such sermon, which I myself heard, lingers in my memory. To all appearance, it was distinctly pointed at an unnamed boy, who had gone to Harrow strongly imbued with the principles and sentiments of a pious home. The

next term he retained his good resolutions, 'but with the unhappy addition of self-confidence'; and the result was that this same boy, who had but lately been shocked by even the slightest deviation from Christian charity, had himself become a persecutor and a bully. Some of Vaughan's friends tried to make out that he could not have possibly been preaching at a real boy; but the general impression was that his words would bear no other construction. An old Rugbeian, who was present, agreed in this opinion. He told me that he had heard strong sermons from Arnold, but never anything like that.

It has already been remarked that Vaughan's caution was not the mere outcome of policy, but was natural to him. The same may be said of his suavity. This latter quality was discernible in him even when he was at Rugby, as is shown by an anecdote told by one of his schoolfellows. Dr. Arnold had issued an order forbidding the boys to angle. But the order was hard to enforce, and was sometimes disobeyed. One juvenile transgressor, while intent on his float, suddenly observed with dismay that Vaughan, then a praepostor, had come close to him. But he felt reassured on being asked by the intruder if he had had good sport. His fears, however, were reawakened when he saw the praepostor's eyes ranging over the adjacent bushes as if in search of something. At last Vaughan fixed his gaze on a willow with long and supple branches, and, pointing to one of them, said in dulcet accents: 'Will you please cut that stick and give it me?' The culprit tremblingly complied; and then followed a drastic object-lesson on the sin of disobedience, which somehow recalls to me an unwonted outburst in which I well remember to have heard Vaughan

indulge, when he was too angry to be suave, in the speech-room at Harrow: 'If this [insubordination] cannot be coerced, I am unfit for the place which I now occupy. But it can be coerced, and *it shall.*' In my Harrow days Vaughan used to advise the monitors to consult him in difficult cases, not as a master, but as a friend. He thus drew a sharp line between what might be termed his private self and his official self. From what has been said it may be inferred that he drew a similar line when he was praeceptor at Rugby. His official self chastised the insubordinate schoolboy, but his private self felt genuine sympathy for the irrepressible sportsman. Possibly, also, Vaughan thought that Dr. Arnold in his prohibition of angling had committed an error of judgement. He once spoke to me with regret of a letter in which Arnold objected to field sports, not on humanitarian grounds, but merely on the ground that such sports are a waste of time. Neither Vaughan nor the present writer could conceive why this objection should be more applicable to field sports than to any other form of outdoor recreation. Vaughan's sympathy with the angler may be illustrated by that expressed in the *Comedy of Errors* by the Duke of Ephesus for the shipwrecked Aegeon of Syracuse, whom, while sentencing him to death on account of his nationality, he yet graciously exhorts to complete the narrative of his woes:

'Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.'

Anyhow, as I have again referred to Vaughan's masterful suavety, I must again insist that it was only manner-deep. (His manner was conventional,

but not circumventional.) Anything like flattery would have stirred his aversion or ridicule. He would have sighed or smiled at the servility of his far-back predecessor Dr. Bolton, head master of Harrow towards the close of the seventeenth century, who, in a sermon written during the reign of Charles II, alluded to 'our present sovereign, between whom and Joseph there seems to be a resemblance'. Will my readers charge the author of this preposterous comparison with a plentiful lack of humour? Such a charge is of course true, unless the reverend gentleman was actuated by worldly wisdom. May there not have been means of so steering the course of the published sermon as to make it pass within eyeshot of the king? And may not Charles have relished the patriarchal comparison, not certainly as expressing what he himself thought, but as tending to make the outer public fancy that he was less unlike Joseph than was commonly surmised? The obsequious pedagogue, if he acted for this end, was what Bacon would have called 'an impudent flatterer', who followed the knavish rule: 'Look wherein a man is conscious to himself that he is most defective, and is most out of countenance in himself, that will the flatterer entitle him to perforce, *spretā conscientia*.' I note in passing that the foregoing cannot have been the only occasion when the Merry Monarch was regaled by a funny sermon, at least if it is true that a certain would-be bishop, named Mountain, preached before him from the text: 'If ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.' Is it not said that, a century later, a wily candidate for preferment chose a no less felicitous text for a sermon before Lord North: 'Pro-

motion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west : nor yet from the south' ?

The story of Vaughan and the peccant angler recalls to me a similar incident vouched for by a friend of mine, though the ending was different. As a boy he was once caught fishing on Sunday by his rector, a sporting parson of the old school, who, while hating all Puritans, was himself an easy-going stickler for the Decalogue. Not being a Rugby praeceptor, the parson forbore to enforce his exhortation by blows, but administered an extempore sermon to the delinquent, and, as the phrase goes, gave it him hot. 'I have no patience with you,' he began severely. 'You can fish on all the six weekdays, and have no shadow of excuse for your sin in breaking the Fourth Com—— But, damn it, Frank, *look alive, you've got a bite!*'

One more story of a schoolboy angler. I had it at first hand from the schoolmaster. The master said that he had not forbidden the boys to fish ; but he discouraged the pastime on the ground that, to use a phrase of Maclaren, the old gymnasiarch at Oxford, 'it did not sufficiently bring the voluntary muscles into play.' Happening to come across a pupil angling, he said, 'Do you know, Greenwit, that Dr. Johnson defines a fishing-rod as a long stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other' ?¹ The boy seemed puzzled for an instant, and then asked quite simply, 'Please, sir, when you cane a boy, which of you is the worm ?' It should be explained that Greenwit was a simple-minded boy who would not be guilty of an intentional impertinence. His master, knowing

¹ It appears that this famous definition is not by Johnson, though commonly ascribed to him. Some have attributed it to South ; but its real author is unknown.

this, was wise enough not to take offence at the palpable hit.

The last anecdote suggests a wide subject on which I can only touch. My old friend, H. D. Traill, was fond of writing and talking about humour. Being told of a humorist who made a point of avoiding 'dull dogs', he remarked that any one who indulged in this aversion shut himself out from the great hunting-ground of humour. It would be truer to say that the quarry of humorists consists, not of stupid people, but of foolish people, and especially of those foolish people who have, like Hamlet, 'method' in their folly, and who manage to combine something of the experience of mature life with the pleasant incoherency of childhood. Most of us have had experience of tactfully foolish persons who amuse us with occasional Malapropisms and Dundrearyisms, and who withal are so observant or so wholesomely snubbable as just to stop short of being bores.¹ T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, in a sermon that he preached in Clifton chapel against bullying, bade his hearers remember that God created fools both for their delectation and profit, and admonished them not to abuse the gift. 'Treat your fool gently, as Isaak Walton did his frog; use him as if you loved him.'

To return to Harrow, there is a capping story of

¹ The occasional amusingness of persons who are, so to say, consecutively deficient may be illustrated by an example, which is perhaps just good enough to be footnote-worthy. A lady, who once taught at a girls' school, tells me that one of her pupils, who was not quite 'all there', imagined that cedar pencils grew ready made on trees. But the 'softy's' oddest mistake was in reply to the question, 'What do you know of the Pyrenees and Mount Atlas?' 'The Atlas Mountains run all round Africa, closely followed by the Pyrenees.'

the tables turned on a master by a pupil. One of the masters (later than my day) had a special objection to blunders that did not stand on all fours, and for which, therefore, there was no excuse. When Scott was Master of Balliol, he said to the undergraduates in that emphatic voice—emphatic even in the enunciation of commonplaces—which was so familiar to us: ‘Remember that a translation may make sense, and *yet not be right*; but that, if it makes nonsense, *it must be wrong*.’ Well, it was with mistranslations of this latter kind that the Harrow master had no patience; and he used to show his irritation by saying to the self-convicting blunderer, ‘You are talking nonsense, and you know you are.’ One day he was giving a lesson in the Greek Testament, when a boy, X, in construing a text, fell into hopeless confusion. Seeing that another boy was looking inattentive, the master said to him, ‘Y, will you point out X’s mistake to him?’ Y had no notion what X had said, and sought to escape from the difficulty by answering, ‘He talked nonsense, and he knew he did.’ The rash experiment succeeded. The master was wise enough to ignore the conscious or unconscious impertinence, and broke himself of the mannerism.

Mr. George Russell, in his *Collections and Recollections*, says that Dr. Vaughan was a man who

‘concealed under the blindest of manners a remorseless sarcasm and a mordant wit, and who never returned from the comparative publicity of the Athenaeum to the domestic shades of the Temple without leaving behind him some pungent sentence which travelled from mouth to mouth and spared neither age nor sex nor friendship nor affinity.’

This trenchant criticism is surely overcharged, but

it would not have been thus definitely formulated without some evidence to substantiate it. Indeed, I know from other sources that Dr. Vaughan indulged somewhat freely in satirical remarks, so pointed as to leave a barb and cause pain, which none would have regretted more than the satirist himself. The epigram about 'lordlings and atheists' may be apocryphal, but two others of Dr. Vaughan's witty sallies, which are so indefinite in their application that they may, I trust, be recorded with safety, have been told me on good authority. In reference to a late able dignitary of the Church, who had the reputation of being something of a tuft-hunter, Vaughan observed: 'I cannot quite make him out; he seems to be on kissing terms with so many duchesses.' In reference to an excellent and eloquent divine who would have adorned the stage no less than the pulpit, he said, 'He is the best after-dinner preacher that I know.' It is right to add that to me, who was not one of his intimates, he spoke of this clergyman far more pleasantly: 'I consult him whenever I am in want of a quotation, and he is sure to give me a good one.'

Two stories of his ready wit and his genial humour reach me from the artist to whom he sat for his portrait, which was exhibited in the Academy. The painter was questioning him about the antecedents of his rector. 'He wears a hood or band which looks as if he had taken a university degree, but there is no record of one against his name in *Crockford*. Can this be an omission?' *Vaughan*: 'No; I fear we must call it a false-hood, or shall we say contra-band?' The two were discussing their common friend Ainger, and Vaughan observed, 'He is terribly harum-scarum, absent-minded, and scatter-brained, but such a dear,

delightful fellow that one cannot be angry with him. He was staying with me at the deanery, and kept me up talking till the small hours. When I gave him his candle to show him to bed, he went on talking and dropping the wax all over the stair-carpet, and when I said, "My dear Ainger, do look what you are about," he only laughed and quoted Watts, "How neat she spreads her wax!"'

Winchester is well known to have a school-slang of its own. We had nothing of the sort at Harrow; but a few words were peculiar to the school. One of these was 'chaw'. This word, the short for 'chaw-bacon', was merely descriptive when applied to a social inferior, but disdainful when applied to a schoolfellow. So far it recalls the common use of the word 'cad'. But 'cad', when applied to a social equal, imputes dishonourable conduct, while 'chaw', when so applied, merely imputes lack of breeding. When I went to Oxford, I found that this ugly word no longer formed a part of the current vocabulary; but its place was supplied by the no less ugly word 'bloke', said to be imported from Eton. But 'bloke' was not quite synonymous with 'chaw'; for it was seldom or never employed as descriptive of a social inferior; and, when employed about an undergraduate, it did not necessarily imply that he was underbred or illbred. Madame de Sévigné declared that one of the uncomeliest of her friends 'abused the privilege of being ugly'; and, in like manner, to call a man a bloke was to charge him with an exorbitant indulgence in the licence to be slow. But, instead of wearying my readers with a philological discussion, I will tell an anecdote which it recalls. Half a dozen undergraduates resolved to give a bloke-breakfast. Each

was to invite the greatest bloke that he knew. None of them was to be told beforehand whom the others had asked ; and, when the breakfast was over, a prize was to be given to the one who had exhibited the most characteristic specimen. When the day for the breakfast came, twelve places were duly laid. Each of the six hosts felt a curiosity about the five blokes that were unknown to him similar to that which a naturalist feels before examining a strange animal or plant. But the curiosity was not destined to be gratified. To the general surprise, only one recipient of the unflattering invitation put in an appearance. At first much surprise was occasioned by the five empty chairs. But afterwards each graceless entertainer—each ‘hostile host’—discovered that the solitary guest had been unanimously pronounced to be *facile princeps* in his own line, and to embody the quintessence of blokedom !

Mark Pattison told me that, with all his experience of examinations, he had never come across one of those amusingly absurd answers which are so often reported ; and he evidently thought that nearly all such ‘howlers’ are inventions. So I am glad to be able to record an odd blunder which was mentioned to me by a Harrow master shortly after he had looked over the examination paper which contained it. *Question* : ‘Where did the patriarch Joseph die, and what do we read about his remains?’ *Answer* : ‘Joseph died and was buried in Egypt, and was then taken to Canaan. We read that afterwards he went boldly to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus.’ It should be explained that the boy who had this vague notion, both of dates and of *post-mortem* possibilities, was near the bottom of the school.

The anachronism of this blunder reminds me of a story told me by a lady whose father was a vicar in the Oxford diocese under Bishop Mackarness. The Bishop, who was dining at the vicarage, was taken to get ready in his host's dressing-room, where my informant's little brother was supposed to be asleep. The child, however, whose mind had been agitated by the prospect of the episcopal visit, was lying awake; and, on hearing the august footsteps enter the room, jumped up in his cot, stared at the great man, and called out, 'Are you one of God's holy apostles?' Here may be inserted another youthful mistake, which resembles the last only in being at once singular and authentic. An examinee, being asked what was meant by the Salic Law, answered, 'The Salic Law provides that no one whose mother was a woman may ascend the throne.' This Malapropist must have been cousin-german to the small boy whom, when he was kept indoors by a cold, his mother offered to amuse by playing at ball with him. 'You can never catch,' grumbled the urchin. '*That's the worst of having a woman for one's mother.*'

Reference has already been made to John Addington Symonds, who was about a year junior to me. We were together both at Harrow and at Oxford, and we were always on very friendly terms. It is related in his *Life* that he and I met at what must have been a very interesting breakfast given by Professor Conington. We were both members of a society which was variously designated as the Essay Society, the Mutual Improvement Society, (less modestly) the Wise and Good, and (with special reference to two or three of its members) the Jolly Pantheists—a society of which Conington, himself anything but a Pantheist, was the

founder and patron. Symonds and I spent many months as valetudinarian exiles, he at Davos and I at St. Moritz. We tried to arrange a meeting; but the fates, in the shape of doctor's orders, interposed. At last they interposed once for all in a sadder way. When the news of his fatal illness at Rome reached me, it recalled to me Shelley's lines on Keats:

'To that high Capitol, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.'

In my school-days occurred what may be called the earthquake conspiracy, which I will go on to describe, as I have seen the details given inaccurately in print. The victim of that conspiracy was the English teacher of French and German, whom (*paullum mutato nomine*) I will call the Rev. C. Swan. Swan was an accomplished scholar and a thoroughly kind man; but he was passionate and grotesquely incompetent to govern boys. His greatest difficulty was with the Sixth Form. As the Sixth Form boys differed widely from each other in their proficiency in modern languages, they were, in respect of those languages, divided into three classes. These classes went into Swan's classroom at consecutive hours; and it will be convenient to distinguish them according to the order of their lessons as the first, second, and third classes. One day, when the boys in the first class had been rebuked by Swan for making a noise, they thought of a device for continuing the uproar without giving him the opportunity of fixing on a special culprit. All at the same instant made a movement with their feet, too slight to be detected by Swan, but collectively sufficient to cause a tremor of the old floor. When the

master began to scold right and left, a boy called out, 'We're doing nothing, sir; it's an earthquake!' Swan was puzzled and embarrassed. His embarrassment was not lessened when, at the end of the hour, the second class appeared; for the outgoing boys had whispered to the incomers that an earthquake was the order of the day, and the hoax must be kept up. Nor was this all. During the hour occupied by the second class, the first class had time to communicate with the third class; and between them they gave greater plausibility to the fiction by adding details. When the second hour was over, the third class rushed up to the master's bench, exclaiming with one voice, 'Mr. Swan, of course you have felt the earthquake;' and they went on to give particulars. At last poor Swan suffered himself, like Merlin, to be 'over talked and over worn'; and, like Merlin, he sealed his fate by so yielding. 'Yes, yes,' he replied quite seriously to his questioners; 'I felt three sensible shocks come up through the leg of the table.' An actor in this mischievous farce afterwards told me that one of the boys remarked that there was 'a lurid appearance in the sky', and hinted that the world might be coming to an end, with the further suggestion that, as they would all want time to prepare themselves, the lesson might with advantage be cut short. But, as my chief authority for the story remembers nothing of this audacious forestalment of the *dies irae*, I imagine that the eschatological plea for a half-holiday—a plea which, if reported to Vaughan, would *not* have been to his liking—was uttered *sotto voce*. After this, Swan's authority collapsed. His persecutors treated him as something between a wild beast and a lunatic. When his temper was rising, they stared at him and

said aloud to each other, 'Take care, he's getting dangerous.' Things had come to such a pass that he received courteous notice to quit, and he had not the wisdom to take his dismissal in silence. It is right to add that, though I had once incurred his wrath at Harrow, yet, when we afterwards met at Oxford, I found him quite friendly and hospitable.

Every one will remember the apologue of the Brahmin and the three rogues, so aptly used by Macaulay in his essay on Robert Montgomery's poems. But a closer parallel is furnished by an incident which Arago has related in his *Memoirs* :

'When a master has lost consideration, without which it is impossible for him to do well, the pupils allow themselves to insult him to an incredible extent. Of this I will cite a single example. A pupil, M. Leboullenger, met one evening in company M. Hassenfratz [a master], and had a discussion with him. When he re-entered the school in the morning, he mentioned this circumstance to us. "Be on your guard," said one of our comrades to him; "you will be cross-questioned this evening. Be cautious, for the Master has certainly prepared some great difficulties so as to raise a laugh at your expense." Our anticipations were not mistaken. Scarcely had the pupils arrived in the amphitheatre when M. Hassenfratz called to M. Leboullenger, who came to the table. "M. Leboullenger," said the Master to him, "you have seen the moon?" "No, sir." "What, sir! you say that you have never seen the moon?" "I can only repeat my answer—no, sir." Beside himself with anger, and seeing his prey escape him by means of this unexpected answer, M. Hassenfratz addressed himself to the inspector who was on duty that day to keep order, and said to him, "Sir, there is M. Leboullenger who pretends never to have seen the moon!" "What would you wish me to do?" stoically replied M. Le Brun. Repulsed on this side, the Master turned once more towards M. Leboullenger, who remained calm and

serious in the midst of the unspeakable amusement of the whole amphitheatre. "What!" cried the Master, "you persist in maintaining that you have never seen the moon?" "Sir," returned the pupil, "I should deceive you if I told you that I had not heard it spoken of; but I have never seen it." "Sir, return to your place!" After this scene, M. Hassenfratz was a master only in name, his teaching could no longer be of any use.'

Swan's incapacity for managing boys was, to some extent, shown by that most cultivated and sympathetic of all the assistant masters, who was afterwards so much revered as Bishop Westcott of Durham. When the tidings of the Bishop's death reached me, I was reminded of all his goodness to me during my school-days. He used to revise the compositions of some of the monitors; and it was he who generally took the Sixth Form when Vaughan was absent or unwell. Being myself in the Sixth between 1854 and 1856, I had the privilege of seeing much of him; and I am sure that all of us, boys though we were, who came under his tuition, were sensible of his high moral distinction, while his learning seemed to us portentous. Yet somehow in school we stood in far less awe of him than of his chief. This, no doubt, was partly due to the fact that he, like Swan, was in a subordinate position—a position which, in comparison with that of the Sixth Form, was saddled with a queer disability. The monitors had, and the rest of the Sixth Form expected in due time to acquire, the power of inflicting corporal punishment on the lower boys, while the assistant masters had not that power, and never would acquire it. But in this and similar respects Westcott was no worse off than his colleagues. Yet one or two of them suc-

ceeded better with the Sixth Form than he did. In spite of all his goodness and his eminence as a scholar, he lacked the art of ruling boys. This deficiency may have been due partly to his absorption in study, but partly also to his angelic meekness and simplicity. He had neither the iron hand nor the velvet glove of Dr. Vaughan.

As a master, Westcott might have profited by the lessons of worldly wisdom contained in some of Bacon's *Essays*. Not, indeed, that he had neglected to study the Baconian philosophy. With youthful *naïveté*, I once asked him how he liked the *Novum Organum*. 'It's a great book,' he answered eagerly; 'a noble book. Read it carefully by all means, and see that you understand all its theories; *but don't believe them*. In his inquiry into the nature of heat, Bacon carries out his own principles thoroughly; he makes every turn at exactly the right point; and yet his conclusions are wrong!' Westcott doubtless wished to warn me against Bacon's notion that he was opening out a straight and easy path which was to lead to scientific truth, and which, if duly followed, was to place wise men and fools pretty much on a par.

When my father was hesitating whether to send me to Oxford or to Cambridge, I talked the matter over with Westcott. He said decidedly that the best thing for a man was to go to Trinity, Cambridge; if he did not go there, he could hardly do better than go to Balliol. In this conversation he seemed to me to do scant justice to poor Oxford; but, according to a friend, he had a sort of university scale, which ranked her still lower. He used to say that there are three universities: (1) Trinity, (2) the rest of Cambridge, and (3) Oxford.

His admiration for his own college extended to its master, Dr. Whewell. I asked him about Whewell's famous book, *The Plurality of Worlds*. Westcott answered that this was one of the great books of the century. On the other hand, he spoke slightly of Sir David Brewster's reply to it. That reply, he said, was destitute of scientific reasoning; it had only one plausible argument—an argument founded on the polarization of light in the planet Jupiter; and even this was not substantiated by facts. Can he have been unconsciously adapting what Johnson said of a dull, tiresome man: 'That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one'? On another occasion, Westcott referred with yet greater scorn to a Harrow prize essay, which was bombastic in tone: 'Its style is six times as bad as that of Sir Archibald Alison.'

After these samples of what may be termed Westcott's vigorous blaming, it is time to give a sample or two of his vigorous praising. Hope-Edwardes, who has been already mentioned, had a genius for Latin versification. Did not Westcott think him unrivalled in this line? 'Not quite,' he answered. 'He has one superior, but only one. Blayds's prize poem on the Parthenon seems to me the finest piece of Latin verse that has been written in recent times.' Professor Conington, to whom I repeated this remark, thought the praise of the poem too high.

Westcott spoke to me with admiration of a speech delivered by Canning at Plymouth in 1823. The orator, combating the notion that England during peace was losing her capacity for war, compares the country to one of the great ships lying tranquilly in

the harbour. He reflects with exultation how soon such a ship,

‘upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder.’

He quoted part of this passage and called attention to the effectiveness of its (more or less) trochaic ending.

He had no great liking for Macaulay, whose anti-thetical style seemed to him to be, at best, a sort of *counsel of imperfection*. Such a style, he said, bears much the same relation to prose that rhyme bears to verse: it is a help towards the attainment of success of the second order; but to supreme excellence it is a hindrance.

Some readers will remember the outcry raised in orthodox circles by that rudimentary Darwin, the author of *The Vestiges of Creation*. Another Darwinian before Darwin was Professor Baden Powell, whose works struck such horror into my father that I was rebuked for bringing them into his house. Being still in my pupillage, I consulted Westcott as to whether I should study Baden Powell’s works. He strongly advised me to read the Professor’s chapters in defence of the Transmutation of Species, and evidently looked with favour on what, as Darwin’s great work had not yet been published, may be called their forecast of evolution.

A further illustration of his liberalism in this direction may be given. An old Harrovian friend, who has taken up modern views, assures me that it was Westcott who first started him, not indeed on the

broad road, but on the Broad Church road. How that odd chance arose he thus describes in a letter :

‘Did I ever tell you that my home faith received its first shock from Westcott? I had suggested, in elegiacs, that shells found *summis montibus* proved *Deucalionis aquas*; and he asked me whether I really believed that!’

It may be thought strange that my able friend was so much affected by Westcott’s views on the Deluge, which are now generally accepted; but the fact was that to many of us the Evangelical tenets seemed so to combine in a consistent whole that a doubt as to one of them would naturally extend itself to others. We should have agreed with Fitzjames Stephen in thinking that to give up the miracles of the Old Testament, and then to hope to retain those of the New, was like applying a lighted match to a barrel of gunpowder and expecting only half the gunpowder to explode.

It is all the more remarkable that Westcott showed this sympathy with modern theories, as his own views on inspiration were the strictest possible. Of those views two examples may be given. I heard him ask a boy at Harrow how he accounted for St. Paul’s employment of some unusual word. The boy had the hardihood to answer, ‘He thought it sounded well.’ ‘You have high authority on your side,’ said Westcott, naming an eminent divine, ‘but I cannot believe that St. Paul ever used a word which was not the fittest for his argument.’ The other example to which I refer occurred much later. In my *Memoir* of Jowett I quote the following criticism, without mentioning the name of the critic :

‘I was always grieved by the indefiniteness of his

[Jowett's] scholarship. He seemed to think that words and phrases had no particular meaning, while I was taught, and with all my heart believe, that "there is a mystery in every syllable" of St. Paul (say) or St. John.'

I may now state that the author of this criticism was Bishop Westcott. At an earlier date he spoke to me with admiration of Jowett's character. But (if I may slightly alter a familiar phrase) there was no *sympathy* lost between the two men. In my Oxford days I cross-questioned Jowett as to his opinion about Westcott. 'Mr. Westcott,' he chirped, 'is very able and very learned, but not, I should say, very sensible or very philosophical.' This may be thought damning with the faintest of faint praise. But it must be remembered that the two theologians differed, *inter alia*, on one fundamental point. Jowett is said to have called (and certainly thought) Butler's *Analogy* 'a tissue of false analogies'. On the other hand, Westcott told me that he himself owed the greatest possible debt to that work; he even thought that in his youth, but for Butler's influence, 'he might have gone into one of the sister Churches.'

Dr. Hort told me that, when Dr. Lightfoot was appointed to the See of Durham, Westcott exclaimed, 'We now have a Bishop who will never be afraid to say what he thinks, and who will do his duty without flinching.' Might it not be added, that in this respect Westcott himself was Bishop Lightfoot's worthy successor?

Once, in discussing with me Gladstone's character, Bishop Westcott expressed himself thus: 'Mr. Gladstone's literary judgements have always appeared to me to be singularly traditional. His character was immeasurably greater than anything that he either

did or said. . . I was far more interested by the manner in which he held and expressed his opinions than by the opinions themselves.' In like manner, some of Westcott's friends and admirers will think that he himself was greater and better than his writings. And there are those who, while differing from him widely on speculative matters, can yet regard him as the fairest flower of scholarly orthodoxy and of Christian charity that England has seen, at any rate since the death of Dean Church. *Sint animae nostrae cum illo.*

NOTE TO PAGE 115.

EXTRACT FROM ERSKINE'S DEFENCE OF STOCKDALE.

'Our Empire in the East would, long since, have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction. I know what reluctant nations submitting to our authority feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a Prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the Governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure, "who is it that causes the river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at His pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.'

Alas that Erskine's wit and wisdom have been so short-lived !
His eloquent utterances are as clean forgotten as his quaint
epigram :

‘The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without ;
For Nature, that to them gave *gôût*,
To us gave only gout.’

CHAPTER VI

JOTTINGS ABOUT OXFORD (1856-60)

‘Stantes erant pedes nostri in atriis tuis, *Oxonia* . . . Rogate quae ad pacem sunt *Oxoniae*, et abundantia diligentibus te.’—
PSALM cxxii. 2, 6 (*adapted*).

PROFESSOR WALL'S lectures on Logic will be well remembered by my contemporaries at Balliol, and by many who were there long before me or long after me. He was not popular; and between him and Jowett there was, seemingly, no love lost. The cause may have been that there was little in common between the broad mind of the Master and the mind of Wall, which was as sharp and as narrow as a knife. But, after all, this narrow sharpness was needed by the undergraduates as a corrective to the mysticism of Jowett, who is reported to have expressed a wish 'that a desolating scepticism could be thrown over the Logic Schools'. An able pupil of Wall's said of him that, though he did not keep pace with the age, he was useful even in his errors; for has not Bacon maintained that error is not so great an impediment to truth as obscurity? The mention of Bacon's name brings to my mind a felicitous criticism that Wall once made on an utterance of his. Being anything but a worshipper of the ancient philosophers, Bacon committed himself to the paradox that the weightier writings of antiquity have perished, while the lighter of them have been borne down to us on the river of time. This opinion, Wall justly remarked, is wrong; and he added that the

error is based on Bacon's manner of wording the metaphor—on his use of question-begging epithets. The same metaphor would have pointed to a diametrically opposite conclusion if the writings of antiquity which have floated down safely on the river of time, instead of being condemned as *light*, had been praised as *buoyant*. Here is a longer and more elaborate specimen of Wall's mode of exposition :

'Pope has the couplet,

“For wit and judgement often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.”

It is sometimes said that the reason why they are thus at strife is because the witty man can see resemblances but not differences, and the man of sound judgement can see differences but not resemblances. But this is wrong. The man who has an eye for a certain class of resemblances has also an eye for the corresponding class of differences; and *vice versa*. The real opposition is between the man who can discern sensuous resemblances and differences on the one hand, and the man who can discern fundamental resemblances and differences on the other hand. A. B. says of somebody that his nose is like a door-knocker. You look at the nose and you see that it *is* like a door-knocker. The man who observes this sensuous resemblance will also be quick to observe sensuous differences; and we call him a witty man. On the other hand, C. D. can detect fundamental differences between things. He will also be able to detect fundamental resemblances between them; and we call him a man of judgement. But it is unlikely either that A. B. will have the judgement of C. D. or that C. D. will have the wit of A. B.'

This sample of Wall's style illustrates his admirable clearness. Doubtless that clearness may have been connected with his dislike of guarding his main propositions by means of saving qualifications. But, as in the above example, are not such qualifications needed?

Instance upon instance could be cited to show that wit is, at any rate, not always 'at strife' either with sound judgement or with mental power. Aristophanes, Lucian, Voltaire, Chesterfield, Swift, Sheridan, Canning, Sydney Smith, Whately, Mansel are obvious cases in point. Might it not be more plausibly urged that wit and humour are solvents of enthusiasm? Such, at any rate, I conceive to be the truth underlying the following extravagant admission, nay, self-accusation of Sydney Smith: 'I wish, after all I have said about wit and humour, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition, but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart.'

The mention of Archbishop Whately may serve as an introduction to an anecdote told of him by Wall. A candidate for Orders, calling on the Archbishop by appointment, found him lying on a sofa, and was startled by the announcement, 'I am a Jew. Convert me.' After thoroughly defeating his young antagonist, the mitred champion of heterodoxy dismissed him with the words, 'Come again to-morrow, and you will find me a Mahometan.' Wall spoke of the puzzles with which Whately used to regale his friends. One of these was: Q. 'What is the vocative of Cat?' A. 'Puss.' Wall maintained that the riddle was also sound grammar. According to him the true vocative of 'le roi' was 'sire'. The following anecdote rests on the authority, not of Wall, but of a personal friend of the Whatelys, who informed me that the Archbishop was fond of telling it against his wife, while she, for her part, did not relish it. Mrs. Whately, after making a purchase at a ready-money shop in Dublin, found that she had not her purse with her,

and begged to be allowed to pay when next she passed ; but the shopman was obdurate. Drawing herself up, she said, 'Do you know who I am? I am the Archbishop's lady.' 'Madam, *if you were his wedded wife* it would make no difference.' Some years ago, a Spanish or Portuguese lady went to a Lord Mayor's dinner in company with a kinswoman of mine. Seeing an English lady treated with marked deference, she asked who she was. My friend replied, 'C'est la femme de l'archevêque de Cantorbéry.' 'La femme d'un archevêque! Comme c'est drôle. Il faut que je la regarde bien ;' and she set herself to stare as intently as if the poor archbishopess had been a vagrant from the planet Mars.

Of the second Sir Benjamin Brodie—not the great surgeon, but the Professor of Chemistry—I saw a great deal at Oxford. In regard to his general point of view, it is enough to say that, hearing a friend complain of the recurrence of one of Jowett's fits of orthodoxy, he drily remarked, 'It is hard for a dog to run with thirty-nine stones tied to his neck.' He would have agreed with Renan in thinking that, while a Catholic priest is like a bird in a cage, a Protestant clergyman is like a bird with a wing clipped ; he seems free, and so in fact he is until he essays to fly.

But my present concern is with a conversation about Professor Sylvester which took place at Brodie's table. We were told by our host that, in a primitive and, as a modern Lamb might say, *un-steam-tainted* part of the country (probably in Wales), Sylvester had been travelling on the box of a stage-coach. As the coach halted at one of the inns, two odd-looking old ladies were seen talking to each other. Presently one of them, who was accosted by her friend as 'Mrs.

Gamp', walked away. The friend waited to see the start; and, as the coach went off, Sylvester, not being shy, shouted to her from the box, 'Good-bye, Mrs. Harris.' The coachman stared. 'I thought, sir, that you were a stranger in these parts. How on earth did you know that that lady's name is Mrs. Harris?' The old lady *was* in fact a Mrs. Harris.

When Brodie had ended, we proceeded, *more Oxoniensi*, to discuss the strange adventure. Scepticism was then rife among University Liberals, and one of the party had the hardihood to suggest that the whole story might be a myth. But Brodie quashed this objection by saying that he had the anecdote from a trustworthy witness—I think Henry Smith—who had it from Sylvester himself. Two other solutions, and only two, were brought forward. Was it at all likely that by what may be called a fortuitous concurrence of intellectual atoms the two surnames were associated in fact as well as in fiction, and that, in very truth, Sylvester had hit the mark with a random shot? Or had Dickens stumbled upon the old ladies, and then taken their names in vain? To this latter hypothesis there would seem to be a grave objection. That the great novelist, if he had encountered any such quaint and Cranfordian specimens of womanhood, would have made literary capital out of their peculiarities is more than probable; but it is hardly credible that, knowing that his book might make its way into odd corners, he would have run the risk of giving needless offence by proclaiming the actual names to the world. It is true that he took great pains to draw from real life suitable names for his characters. Indeed, a lawyer has left on record that he himself saw in a solicitor's office a deed containing

the names of Pickwick, Winkle, and Tupman ; and he is convinced that Dickens, who was for a time employed in an attorney's office, borrowed the names from this deed. Well, assuming his opinion to be right, one would like to know whether the three worthies were still alive when their fictitious namesakes were made to play a comic, nay, a grotesque part in the famous romance. Reverting after the lapse of about half a century to the puzzle which was thus played with by Brodie and his guests, I would suggest an explanation which is perhaps less improbable than either of those above mentioned. It does not seem to me at all clear that the real Mrs. Gamp's friend was a Mrs. Harris, or that the coachman had ever heard of her before. He may merely have echoed the name given by his neighbour. Not suspecting the capacity for gratuitous and frolicsome impertinence which sometimes lurks under an exterior of academic gravity, he must naturally have supposed that the traveller who addressed the lady by name really knew her name, and must as naturally have wondered how and where the acquaintance between them had arisen, and why it was that the greeting was so long deferred, so laconic, and so entirely on one side. If this was the real explanation, it may serve to throw light on the development, not merely of one mongrel myth—of a myth, I mean, born partly of truth—but of the whole class of such myths.

Mansel, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, was the best-known Oxford wit in my undergraduate days. I have already referred to him as a conspicuous instance of the union of wit with analytical power. When *The Times* some years ago ascribed the christening (or shall I say the *antichristening*?) of the Essayists and

Reviewers as *Septem contra Christum* to the great orthodox wit of the day, it was understood that the writer alluded to Mansel. Some of my readers may have heard before his ready reply to the lady who showed him a donkey with its head caught in a hurdle: 'It's a case of asphyxia (*ass-fixia*).' Here is a less well-known *mot* of his. When he was crossing to Ostend on a stormy day, a friend told him that land was in sight. He replied piteously: 'Quodcunque *ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*'

When it was first suggested that each candidate for the degree of D.D. instead of maintaining a thesis in the Divinity Schools should write two dissertations, Mansel vented his Conservative wrath in an epigram:

'The degree of D.D.
You propose to convey
To an A. double S.
For a double S.A.' [Essay].

A late kinsman of his told me of two of his good sayings which were new to me. During the mania for what was then called electro-biology, he took a disc and gazed hard at it without result. 'I cannot,' he exclaimed, 'agree with the Latin grammar in saying *didici a disco*, for I have learned nothing from the *disc*.' All his sympathies were on the side of the black cloth; and once, when he thought that the clergy were being made scapegoats by the reformers, he was naturally indignant. But his anger was tempered by wit. 'The Radicals,' he said, 'are giving effect to the injunction—*Duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunt*' (First to the sacrificial altar bring black sheep). Mansel, it is clear, did not relish this form of clerical precedence over laymen. But, in good sooth,

might not such precedence be plausibly defended? For myself, I have sometimes thought that Quintus Curtius would have shown gumption as well as modesty if he had assumed that a few time-honoured flamens would be a costlier and more acceptable sacrifice than a raw soldier, and that therefore the first plunge into the abyss ought to be taken, willingly or unwillingly, by a bevy of sacerdotal grandees. The only noteworthy remark of Mansel's that I myself heard was made when the question of secret voting at elections was in agitation. He had the whimsical notion that the ballot might be rendered inoperative by a trick. It would be easy, he said, for a landlord to send his agents to call on his tenants, at least on those whose politics were doubtful. In the course of conversation the agents would offer to bet against the candidate whom the landlord wished to bring in. If the tenants took the bet, they would scarcely vote in such a way as to lessen their chance of winning. If they refused to take it, well, so much the worse for them.

Henry Smith used sometimes to be called the greatest man in Oxford, not excepting Jowett. He was certainly the most all-round great man; for, besides being great as a scholar and philosopher, he was supremely great as a mathematician. Jowett, in his obituary sermon, describes him as 'one of the greatest mathematical geniuses of this century'; and in another part of the same sermon he goes the length of calling him 'one of the most distinguished men of this century'. Perhaps, indeed, his devotion to mathematics was not without its drawback. It used to be said of Sylvester, Henry Smith, and Cayley that what Sylvester wrote was intelligible only to himself,

Henry Smith, and Cayley ; what Henry Smith wrote was intelligible only to himself and Cayley ; but what Cayley wrote was intelligible only to himself. This speculative isolation tends to make mathematicians dull talkers ; and Henry Smith was singularly distinguished as a very brilliant talker. From the abstract nature of the subject he professed Henry Smith was almost unknown to the outer world, but his comparative obscurity may be partly due to his commonplace name. The surname Smith has need to be introduced by some such Christian name as Sydney, Adam, Horace, or Goldwin.

On my once remarking to Henry Smith that Jowett sometimes talked like a Conservative, he startled me by calling him one of the most Radical of his friends. He added that he was referring to the Master's ecclesiastical views ; Jowett seemed to him to be prepared to expand the Church so as to make it include any one ;¹ and he gave me to understand that his own ideals were less comprehensive. On the other hand, when I spoke of Henry Smith's anti-Radicalism to Jowett, the Master replied with something of a chuckle, 'Well, he's a Liberal in religion.' From these and many other indications it was easy to infer that Henry Smith had strong Conservative instincts. Like nearly all academic Liberals, but earlier in life than most of them, he was impressed by the vanity of political wishes and aspirations. Hope long deferred

¹ Jowett was doubtless expressing his own ecclesiastical views when, in his obituary sermon on Arthur Stanley, he said of him, 'His sympathies, notwithstanding his liberal opinions, were rather with the old order of things than with the new. He would have liked to see the Church and the Universities freed from restriction, but still rooted in the past.'

maketh the heart callous ; and, tired with looking forward to the Earthly Paradise,

‘ whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move,’

he became thoroughly disillusioned. At all events, it was instructive to contrast his confidence in regard to science with his diffidence—a diffidence often veiled with a genial irony—in other matters. Indeed, if ‘ Faith ’ be taken to mean belief in the ideals of reformers, and ‘ Love ’ to mean zeal for the attainment of those ideals, Henry Smith, when himself paradoxically inclined, might have echoed the paradox of Clough :

‘ Not, as the Scripture says, is, I think, the fact. Ere our death-day,
Faith, I think, does pass, and Love ; but Knowledge abideth.
Let us seek Knowledge ;—the rest may come and go as it happens.’

For assuredly the remedial force in which he trusted was the *vis medicatrix scientiæ*.¹ This being his mental attitude, there is no wonder that such an uncompromising Little-Englander as Freeman regarded him as an idealist run to seed, and that, when the war between Russia and Turkey broke out, Freeman was for assigning him a seat in the Turkish Parliament as member for Laodicea !

In my youth one of the ablest of the Fellows of Balliol impressed on me that philosophical scepticism

¹ In a somewhat similar spirit Sydney Smith, setting forth the slow progress of education, contrasts it with the rapid progress of science and the mechanical arts : ‘ If men had made no more progress in the common arts of life than they have in education, we should at this moment be dividing our food with our fingers and drinking out of the palms of our hands.’

often produces a somewhat rickety Conservatism. It may have been on this wise that his friend Henry Smith inclined to the belief that *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*.

Henry Smith was noted for his witty sayings, his amusing anecdotes, and his happily applied quotations. The wittiest of his sallies was not very good-natured. He said of an able but not too diffident scientist, who then edited *Nature*, that he did not sufficiently distinguish between the Editor [of *Nature*] and the Author of *Nature*. When censuring the too common practice of airing novel and misunderstandable opinions in the presence of young ladies, he gave utterance to an ornithological paradox: 'We must remember that little ducks are sometimes also little geese.' An undergraduate, puzzled by something mathematical which he ought to have understood, apologized to Henry Smith for troubling him about it on Sunday morning. Smith drily replied that he had no scruple in helping him; 'for it is written that "if thine ox or thine ass fall into a pit", he may be helped out on the Sabbath day.' Henry Smith, in reference doubtless to the popular outcry against Jowett and Darwin, was fond of quoting Roger Bacon's complaint when he was imprisoned through the 'incredible folly' of those with whom he had to deal: *Circa id tempus in carcere cohibitus sum propter incredibilem stultitiam eorum quibuscum agere habui*. He cited a quaint remark made by the mathematical Gauss in illustration of the common experience of men who enjoy the work of research, but hate the labour of publishing the results obtained: *Generare iucundum est, paraturire molestum*.

Here is one of Smith's anecdotes. A young girl

was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was clear; but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she had been in the habit of using bad language. In solemn accents the magistrate addressed her: 'Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck.' The bathos may remind us of the rebuke addressed by Keate to the Eton choristers for their unpunctuality: 'Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting.'

At the time of the election for the Sanscrit professorship in 1860, when Max Müller the scholar was beaten by Monier Williams the saint, Smith was strong on the side of Max Müller. He told me that a portly divine, after giving his vote for Monier Williams, called out, 'I hate those damned intellectuals.' This may be capped with Mr. Tuckwell's anecdote of Lancelot Lee, who, when bothered by an undergraduate about a puzzling equation, waited till the importunate student had shut the door, and then exclaimed, 'I hate your damned clever fellows.' By the way, Sir Henry Jenkyns, the parliamentary draughtsman, who was thrown into contact with all sorts and conditions of politicians, told me that an old Tory M.P. had said to him: 'There are no Conservatives now. The only two parties are—Liberals and damned Liberals.'

Smith told me of an opponent of Max Müller who, when the latter was thought likely to be successful, comforted himself with the reflection, 'I am generally

in a minority in this world, and I hope to be in a minority in the next.' Let me compare or contrast this faith in minorities with Lord Houghton's mode of announcing his own fatal illness to a friend: 'Yes, I am going to join the majority—and you know I have always preferred minorities.'

After reporting to me the above epigram of the Oxford Tory, Henry Smith observed that this epigram could be turned round in a variety of ways, and that each way it suggested something curious. Emboldened by this confident assertion of his, I repeated the epigram to my father in the hope that he, too, would see the humour of it. But, alas! the plea for minorities, with all that it involved, only drew from him a comment of a matter-of-fact sort. 'The remark,' he said, 'does not seem to me singular at all. Every good man hopes to go to heaven; and we of course know that those who go there will be a minority.' And to heaven there was, according to his creed, a hideous and clearly defined alternative. But his practice was far better than his principles. Would he, for example, have incurred the responsibility of bringing a large family into the world if, in regard to the majority of human beings, his practical creed had not been rather *mors ianua vitae* than *mors porta gehennae*?

Considering Henry Smith's reputation as a wit, I am sorry not to have succeeded better in illustrating it. But perhaps my difficulty can be explained. 'Miss Edgeworth,' said Sydney Smith, 'does not say witty things; but such a perfume of wit runs through her conversation as makes it very brilliant.' And, in like manner, Charles Bowen observed in regard to Henry Smith: 'The brightest conversation is often the most evanescent, and the *finesse* of wit, like a

musical laugh, disappears with the occasion, and cannot be reproduced on paper or in print.'

Of Charles Bowen himself, better known as Lord Bowen, I could write a good deal, having sat with him at the Scholars' table at Balliol, having discussed wide questions with him when he coached me in the *Ethics*, and having met him in after life in various places, including Rome. But his biography has been excellently written by my old schoolfellow, Sir Henry Cunningham; and his fame, both as a lawyer and as a scholar, is established. I will confine myself to his lesser and less-known qualities. 'Those who knew him intimately,' writes Mr. George Russell, 'would say that he was the best talker in London.' Praise like this could not be earned without the possession of great wit; and it is with his wit that my concern now lies. Here are a few of his 'common or garden' *bons mots*. When scholars were discussing whether a telegraphic message should be called a 'telegram' or a 'telegrapheme', Bowen was the reputed author of the suggestion that the unsaintly expletive 'damn' might be made more tolerable by being expanded into 'dapheme'.

Bowen followed the example of Jowett in thoroughly distrusting metaphysics. Thus, Jowett dissuaded a pupil from reading T. H. Green's *Prolegomena*; and Bowen defined a metaphysician as 'a blind man groping in a dark room for a black cat which is not there'. Was it not Berkeley who said that metaphysicians first kick up the dust and then complain that they cannot see? Jowett once told me that Voltaire defined metaphysics as 'Beaucoup de grands mots qu'on ne peut pas expliquer, pour ce qu'on ne les comprend pas'.

A friend writes to me: 'Bowen and I rowed in the same "torpid". I remember his saying, "The galley-slaves were better off than we are. Two or three of them were chained to one oar."' He doubtless spoke in that velvety voice in which, some years later, after returning from a climb up an Alpine *aiguille* with a party of young ladies, he said to a friend: 'I have solved the riddle of the schoolmen; for I have seen *how many angels can balance themselves on the point of a needle.*' Being requested by a lady to find a name for a society which she and some lively and, so to say, reasonably frivolous friends talked of starting in opposition to the too serious society which glories in the appellation of the *Souls*, Bowen paused for a moment and then replied in his semi-Jowettian chirp: 'I think you might call yourselves *Parasols.*'

I speak of his chirp as only semi-Jowettian; for it had a character of its own. In fact, he had at Balliol, and retained to the last, more or less of that set and, as it were, stereotyped graciousness which outsiders, according to their several standpoints, have variously denominated the Rugby manner, the Balliol manner, or the Oxford manner. It was even said of him that, when addressing a jury, he spoke to them as if he were asking them to dance with him. This mannerism was no doubt a drawback to the display of his great qualities; but it gave effect to his sallies of wit, and by so doing stamped them on the public memory. Let me here reproduce some of those flashes that lit up the solemnity of Bowen the judge. If one-fourth of my readers remember, three-fourths of them will have forgotten, that when the judges proposed to insert in an address to the

late Queen the modest phrase, 'Conscious as we are of our own shortcomings,' Bowen suggested the emendation, 'Conscious as we are of each other's shortcomings!' Once, when through some accident he was suddenly called upon to preside at the Admiralty Court, he gracefully apologized for his want of experience in that department, but promised to do his best, adding with a smile :

'And may there be no moaning of the Bar
When I put out to sea.'¹

Was it on the same occasion that, having to break new judicial ground, he playfully reminded a friend of the placard posted up in a Californian music-hall—'Don't shoot at the musician. He is doing his best'?

In my Harrow days one of the ablest of the assistant masters, the Rev. S. A. Pears (afterwards Head Master of Repton), told me that he had been reading a report of a speech in which Mr. Gladstone moved the laughter of the House of Commons by unwarily exclaiming: 'A man can only die once—*I may be mistaken*'! Such a rhetorical solecism on the part of Mr. Gladstone taxes our powers of belief, even if it be granted that, in the early fifties, he was not quite the master of his craft that he afterwards became. But Pears was habitually accurate, and his account

¹ Wit being equal in two epigrams or adapted quotations, the kindlier must carry the day; and therefore this pleasantry of Bowen's should be ranked far higher than that of the humorist who, on hearing of the assassination of Alexander II, grimly exclaimed, 'Urit me Glyceræ nitor' (*nitro-glycerine* burns me). Need I explain that the real meaning of Horace's line is 'The beauty of Glycera sets me on fire'? I once ventured (though I hardly dare to repeat it even in a note) a defence of Sir Evelyn Baring's (Lord Cromer) policy in Egypt by saying 'Egyptian restiveness must be checked by a Baring rein.'

has seemed to me more credible since I received a letter in which a somewhat similar 'thing one would have wished to express differently' is reported of Lord Bowen. My correspondent, himself an ear-witness, writes as follows :

'Were you in the Hall, at some gathering of old members of Balliol, when Bowen began his speech with, "I well remember the first day of my life"—at which the irreverent company laughed? When the laughter had subsided, Bowen in the same voice repeated the same words. Again the company laughed. Bowen a third time repeated the same words, looking grave and annoyed. So no one laughed, and he finished the sentence: "I well remember the first day of my life on which I received a letter from a great man."'

This aposiopesis brings to my memory a sentence in a sermon which Mark Pattison doubtfully ascribed, I think, to Whitefield: "*I can do all things*" (No, Paul, you can't, I defy you)—"*through Christ which strengtheneth me*" (Yes, Paul, you're all right now).'

Some years ago a working man of the best type, having been laid up in a London hospital with an illness which needed incessant care, was at last nursed into convalescence. Gratitude to the kind lady who had tended him beamed on his honest face, as he wished her farewell with untutored cordiality: 'Good-bye, Miss Nurse, and thank you heartily. If there ever was a fallen angel on earth, it's you.' An old Balliol friend, to whom I told this anecdote, capped it with a quaint narrative of Charles Bowen which he had at first hand. Bowen, when at Oxford, went to a tobacconist's shop to order a peculiar kind of tobacco. As the woman in the shop did not understand the order, he explained that her husband would understand it perfectly. 'My husband, sir, is above.'

Bowen: 'Surely you can call him down.' 'No, sir, he is in heaven.'

Mention has already been made of the Rev. W. E. Jelf, with whom I read during three consecutive summers at his house in North Wales. As Censor of Christ Church, he had been very unpopular; as Proctor, he had, in modern phrase, been phenomenally so. But to me personally he was always kind and pleasant, except on the last day that I spent under his roof, when, through the indiscretion of a fellow-pupil, he unfortunately learnt that I disbelieved in the universality of the Deluge. I may tell again a story which gains in point when I add, as now I can, the name of my informant. Many years ago, a scholarly wag, noted for his good wine, invited to dinner the Head and tutors of a famous College. The wine gave general satisfaction until a new kind was brought round, which all were expected to drink, but which no one seemed to appreciate. 'You liked all my wines separately,' said the host, 'but I have now mixed them together, and you dislike the compound. Just so, individually, you are my best friends; but, when you act collectively, you are the most detestable set of men I know.'¹

When Jelf told me this story in the fifties, I somehow imagined that the guests of the facetious entertainer were the Dean and Canons of Christ Church. But, on my asking him many years later whether this was so, he answered in the negative, but laughingly refused to name the College to whose governing body

¹ Compare the comment on the Germans addressed by the English heroine of *Cynthia's Way* to a German friend: 'You're very nice individually, but collectively, when you begin to talk about us, you're wild asses braying in the wilderness.'

the equivocal compliment had been paid. From his manner of refusing, I strongly suspect that the Principal who, with his subordinates, had been thus blessed individually and cursed collectively, was no other than my informant's brother, the courteous and amiable Dr. Jelf of King's College, who is now, alas! chiefly remembered as the champion of hell-fire and the persecutor of Maurice.

Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale about Boswell: 'He wants to see Wales; but, except the woods of Bach-y-Graig, what is there in Wales?' Could even Johnson have written thus if he had seen the ten miles between Dolgelly and Barmouth? It was about the middle of the Mawddach valley that Jelf resided. He spoke enthusiastically of the neighbourhood where he had spent many happy years, and had been especially fortunate in his friends. The most original of those friends had been an old Sir Robert Vaughan, who died before I came on the scene. Sir Robert carried his hatred of modernity so far that he refused to enter a railway train, even when going to London. His special aversion was Peel, whose name he pronounced 'Pail'. Jelf described Sir Robert as a fine gentleman of the old school; but, like many such gentlemen, he had a despotic side. A sample of his squirearchical absolutism was mentioned to me by my tutor. His dinner was at five o'clock; and, as the clock struck, he and his family entered the room; and it was a high crime if his guests were not equally punctual, even though some of them came from a distance. When they arrived late, he received them with his wonted courtesy; but then, with much bowing and scraping and, as Lord Burleigh said when ordering the infliction of torture, 'as charitably as

such a thing can be,' he conducted them to the side table, where they had to remain during the whole of their long meal. Nay, the autocrat of the dinner table had a yet further device. Outside his lodge, which was three-quarters of a mile from the house, there was a sham clock which stood always at five minutes to five; so that his uninitiated visitors, fearing the doom of the side table, galloped through the park at break-neck speed.

Here is another of Jelf's stories. Once at a West End party, on the arrival of aristocratic visitors, the servant precluded the announcement of their titles with such conventional flourishes as 'the Most Noble' or 'the Right Honourable'. He was taken to task for wasting time on these prefixes and told to give the titles plain and simple. Presently, on the appearance of a new batch of guests, the too docile domestic called out, 'The simple Lady Waterpark and the two plain Miss Cavendishes' (the lapse of at least sixty years dispenses me from reticence about their names). This anecdote was capped by Jelf with one drawn from his own experience. When some visitors crossed the Mawddach to call on him, his raw servant announced them as 'Them people as lives on t'other side of the water'. This gaucherie may be matched by one which at least so far resembles it that, in both instances, the narrative is authentic and the scene of it in Wales. A drawing-room full of visitors was once startled by the announcement of a Welsh maid, 'Mr. Hughes has called, ma'am, and he says he has no head and has sold his tongue.' It appeared on inquiry that Hughes was the butcher and that the head was a calf's head.¹

¹ Quoted from *The Spectator*.

A Bishop of Sodor and Man was once announced by a deaf or stupid servant as 'a Bishop sort of man'. Another or the same Bishop of that oddly named diocese, being on the Continent, was described in the Visitors' List as 'L'évêque de Syphon et d'homme'.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell writes: 'At Ely, Bishop Sparke gave so many of his best livings to his family that it was locally said that you could find your way across the fens on a dark night by the number of little Sparkes along the road.' Jelf assured me that a similar nepotism was practised by a Bishop Law (I think of Bath and Wells), insomuch that his successor found four of the best livings in the diocese occupied by 'three Laws and one Law-in-law', and applied the quotation, *Ubi plurimae leges, ibi pessima respublica* ('Where the laws are most numerous, the commonwealth is worst').

A famous sentence in a sermon preached by Dean Gaisford at Christ Church has been transmitted in various forms. Jelf, who heard the sermon, reported to me the sentence as follows: 'The benefits derived from classical education are two: first, they often lead to worldly advantages; and, secondly, they cause us to look with contempt on persons less intellectually gifted than ourselves.' According to a version of this story reported to me by Canon Ainger, the preacher headed the list of the advantages of classical education with an advantage little in keeping with the other two, namely, that 'it enables us to read the precepts of our Lord in the original language'.

Jelf had an extreme dread and dislike of 'needy men of ability', whom he regarded as impatient of social barriers and as therefore inclined to Socialism. In fact, he would have attributed to many of them the

anarchical quality which Bismarck afterwards described as *Catilinarische Intelligenz*. Would he or Bismarck or even my father have looked with unmixed sorrow on a Dathan-and-Abiram earthquake—a discriminating earthquake, I mean, which, while sparing the supporters, swallowed up all the opponents of constituted authority? That such a wholesale consummation was devoutly to be wished would, I imagine, have been affirmed without scruple by a Tory of the type of Sir Robert Vaughan.

It has been elsewhere mentioned that, on my asking Jowett whether the retentiveness of Arthur Stanley's memory was not unsurpassed, he replied, 'No, Conington has a better memory, but Stanley has a more useful one.' To my recollections of Stanley I will add a slight reminiscence brought to my memory by an incident in his life which I had not heard of till after his death. The incident—a characteristic one—is that, when he was making a tour in Italy, he heard a report that the old royal family of France was likely to be restored in the person of the Comte de Chambord; and he hurried off to Paris in the hope of witnessing the coronation.

Here certainly we have an extreme instance of what Scherer called 'ces agitations sans but qui constituent la comédie humaine'. The point of course is that Stanley did not want to see the Bourbons restored, but that, if they were to be restored, he wished to see the restoration. In his case the historiographer was stronger than the politician, but assuredly an ardent Liberal like John S. Mill would have been incapable of deriving artistic satisfaction from the undoing of the work of the French Revolution. How, on the other hand, would such a cynical Liberal as Pattison have

acted in a like emergency? He would doubtless have laughed sardonically at human affairs, and this world humour would have found vent in such expressions as *Le fond de la Providence, c'est l'ironie*, or as Aristophanes has it, *Δίος βασιλεύει τὸν Δί' ἐξεληλακῶς*, a pun which may be paraphrased, 'The deuce reigns, having turned out Zeus.' But Stanley's moral attitude, while wholly unlike Mill's, was also unlike Pattison's. He did not chuckle; he craved food for his imagination. As he took a picturesque view of history, so he took what may be termed a *litteraturesque* view of shows and scenes. He wished to see all sorts of things, including even a bullfight, that he might be able to describe them. Might he not have been said, in certain states of mind, if I may so apply the words of a living critic, 'considérer le monde comme un déroulement de tableaux vivants'?

This long-winded disquisition must be excused because it serves to illustrate a reminiscence of Stanley which I hasten to give. One afternoon, in the sixties, I met him at a garden party at Holland House, where he was quite in his element. He was showing the bust of Napoleon to a circle of ladies, and was translating in fervent accents the motto from the *Odyssey* inscribed beneath it:—

οὐ γάρ πω τέθνηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 ἀλλ' ἔτι πον ζῶδς κατερύκεται εὐρέι πόντῳ,
 νήσῳ ἐν ἀμφιρύτῃ, χάλεποι δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἔχουσιν
 ἄγριοι, οἳ πον κείνου ἐρκανόωσ' ἀέκοντα.

Macaulay has paraphrased these lines in English verse; and, though his rendering of them is hardly worthy either of them or of himself, his connexion with Holland House must give his version the preference:

‘For not, be sure, within the grave
Is hid that prince, the wise, the brave;
But in an islet’s narrow bound,
With the great Ocean roaring round,
The captive of a foeman base,
He pines to view his native place.’

But how came Stanley to translate the lines with so much gusto? Was it merely because he felt, as we all feel, that the great Emperor deserved a full measure of the praise bestowed by Macaulay on Warren Hastings, namely, that ‘hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue’? At any rate, beyond what is involved in this admiration of the colossal, he had no Napoleonic leanings. On the other hand, Lord Holland, who inscribed the motto, had, like his kinsman Charles Fox, such leanings in an extreme form. He was one of those Whigs who, when the fallen despot had broken faith by escaping from Elba, was mad enough to object to his being put into safe custody at St. Helena. It must, however, be owned that, from the point of view of this intractable and unforewarnable politician, this burnt child who was for running straight into the fire, the motto from Homer was absolutely perfect.

The Napoleonic sympathies of Lord Holland suggest a serious consideration. Our Radical friends are fond of declaring that from time out of mind there has been, as it were, a standing lawsuit between Conservatives and Liberals, a lawsuit in which, while point after point has been hotly disputed by the Conservatives, the contention of the Liberals has been uniformly ratified by posterity. Well, it is wholesome to reflect that, when pronouncing in 1815 on the fate of

‘The desolator desolate,
The victor overthrown,’¹

the Conservatives were substantially in the right, whilst Lord Holland and some of his ablest friends advocated a policy which might have been hardly less suicidal than that of their far-off Liberal predecessors, who, when and after deposing Richard Cromwell, cast away their weapon of defence and fell helplessly into the power of their implacable enemies. Not indeed that all the frequenters of Holland House were as infatuated as their host. Charles Austin, who was one of those frequenters, took a wholly opposite view. He assured me that he should not at all have minded if, instead of being exiled to St. Helena, Napoleon had been tried by court martial and shot; although he regretted that, as it was decided to spare the great captive’s life, so uncourtly a governor—or gaoler—as Sir Hudson Lowe was set over him. Why in truth was Bonaparte spared, when Ney and Labédoyère were put to death? I sometimes think that, from an artistic point of view, the difficulty of dealing with the prostrate giant was like that of giving a worthy ending to a good romance.

I remember in my Oxford days hearing a sermon by Stanley which at once delighted and startled me. One sentence in it has stuck in my memory: ‘The great peculiarity of Christianity, which proves Christianity to be true and all other religions to be false, is not that it has so many miracles, but that it has so few.’ This amazing paradox makes short work of the Paley-Butler mode of reasoning; and indeed, by cutting away the external props of Christianity, it

¹ Byron.

throws her, as it were, on her internal evidence ; so that the human conscience is made the ultimate criterion of divine truth.

Of Professor Conington I have already spoken ; and I have elsewhere rebutted a charge brought against him by Pattison.¹ He never reckoned me among his special friends ; but he had many such friends whose affection for him he warmly returned. This was indicated by his favourite motto : φίλος ἦν φίλοισι ('he was a friend to his friends').

I heard him long ago speak of the letters of 'Historicus', which, when they came out, were compared to those of Junius. 'Historicus' is now known to have been Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Harcourt. Conington quoted from the letters a passage addressed to Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, which seemed to him very striking : 'History, my Lord, condemns Mary of Scotland, not because she murdered Darnley, but because she married Bothwell,' meaning that Lord Derby was culpable, not because he ratted from the Whigs, but because he took office with the Tories.

A kinsman of the late Lord Aberdare tells me that, with the exception perhaps of that accomplished nobleman, Conington was the most widely informed man whom he ever knew. But he admits that the Professor was not 'a sayer of good things'; as indeed might be inferred from the meagre supply of his sayings which, cast about as I would, was all I could draw into my net. Conington spoke of himself as taking a Macaulay-bath in the morning, meaning that, when engaged on literary work, it was his daily practice to read to himself, generally aloud, a passage from Macaulay, whom he clearly regarded as his model ;

¹ *Stones of Stumbling*, p. 186, note.

even as a far more accomplished and fascinating writer of prose, W. R. Greg, modelled his style on that of Burke. I once remarked to Jowett that, in spite of the fidelity of Conington's translation of the *Aeneid* into verse, I preferred Dryden's translation: Dryden, though he has not the tenderness of Virgil, has much of his stateliness; and stateliness is utterly wanting in Conington's version. 'It is the fault of his jingling metre,' chirped Jowett when I discussed the matter with him. As I doubt whether Conington's translation is now much read, I should explain that it is in the ballad metre of Scott. Fortunate it is that no charge of metrical incongruity can be brought against his charming translation of Horace into English verse.

I have remarked that he was not a sayer of good things. Perhaps this defect was associated with his virtues. In his youth he held modern views; but he was afterwards 'converted'; and, though he was always tolerant of theological differences, his moral gait was that of a scholarly Puritan. Well, it may be safely affirmed, not indeed that perfect charity casteth out mirth, but that saintly joviality is apt to be either forced or insipid. If St. Paul during his stay at Athens had been a guest at a symposium of wits, I doubt whether his talk would have seemed to them brilliant. And, for a like reason, Conington's sallies were of a kind at which the hearer 'somewhat grimly smiled'. Let me close this notice of the Professor with a characteristically innocent story of his, which may show what I mean. A man, walking along a road during a shower, was splashed by some ducks, and anathematized them by exclaiming, 'Oh, you little beggars, this will make the green peas grow!'

In relating this anecdote, the Professor may have been reminded of the Greek epigram in which the Vine curses its enemy, the Goat :

*κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν ὄμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω
ὄσσον ἐπισπείσαι σοί, τράγε, θυομένῳ.*

‘Down to the root though thou nibble me, goat, yet my branches shall yield thee

Wine to besprinkle thee when thou at the altar dost bleed.’

The topsy-turvy anathema on the ducks is like the snub given by Charles Lamb to the agricultural bore who asked him whether there was likely to be a good crop of turnips : ‘I suppose it depends on the number of boiled legs of mutton.’ Mr. Russell gives a somewhat analogous instance of logic turned upside down :

‘Mr. Tom Appleton, famous for many witty sayings (among them the well-known “Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris”), heard some grave city fathers debating what could be done to mitigate the cruel east wind at an exposed corner of a certain street in Boston. He suggested that they should tether a shorn lamb there.’

A somewhat different case is brought to my memory, a case in which quite seriously the cart was set before the horse, or rather, by an infirmity of vision, the cart was mistaken for the horse. A pious old woman at Biarritz said to my wife after a thunderstorm : ‘Le bon Dieu nous envoie l’éclair afin que nous puissions nous garder du tonnerre.’

Conington said that the word ‘squarson’, which is commonly attributed to Bishop (Samuel) Wilberforce, was really invented by Bartlett of Trinity. It appears, however, that Bartlett himself ascribed this port-manteau-word, as Lewis Carroll would have called it, to Sydney Smith. It must have been in familiar use

when Bishop Blomfield said to Wilberforce : ' I have often seen a squarson, but you are the first squishop I have seen.'

Bartlett at any rate wrote the well-known skit on the expulsion of the drunk and disorderly undergraduate :

' Why was his time, now waxing short,
Cut prematurely shorter ?
Because at first he floored the port
And then he floored the porter.'

As I was writing, or to speak by the card, dictating the last few paragraphs, I heard the sad news of Archbishop Temple's death. My acquaintance with him was slight and my conversations with him few, and chiefly on general topics, but I can tell one or two anecdotes relating to his career at Oxford. To make these clear to non-Oxonian readers, a word must first be said about Dr. Jenkyns, the Master of Balliol, under whom he worked, first as undergraduate and then as tutor. Jenkyns, intellectually considered, was an enigma. Long ago a cultivated friend, who had known him privately, spoke of him to me as ' a man of mean understanding ' ; yet it is hard to reconcile this estimate with a sense of the great services rendered by him to Balliol. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his delightful book on *Oxford and her Colleges*, has observed that, early in the last century, Oriel and Balliol ' attained a start in the regeneration of Oxford which Balliol, being very fortunate in its Heads, has since in a remarkable manner maintained ' ; and there can be no doubt that, when thus praising the Masters of Balliol, he was thinking of Jenkyns as well as of Scott and of Jowett. Perhaps I picture Jenkyns as a sort of inverted Charles II. Whilst his

general policy was wise, nearly all his recorded sayings are foolish. Dr. Jenkyns ceased to be Master before I went to Balliol; but the first of the two following anecdotes reached me on good authority, and the second is, I imagine, at least founded on fact. Both of them are characteristic of Jenkyns, and indirectly perhaps of that unconstrained Oxford life

ἀνεπιτάκτου ἐς τὴν δίαιταν ἐξουσίας

whose extinction I heard Dean Milman at Jowett's table refer to with regret. Besides the open scholarships at Balliol, there are close scholarships confined to Blundell's School, Tiverton, a school known by reputation to readers of *Lorna Doone*. As a College reformer Dr. Jenkyns looked with a jealous eye on those Blundell scholarships, and was not over-gracious to the Blundell scholars. Temple, who was of course one of the very ablest men in the College, was a Blundell scholar; and even he came in for a share of the Master's ill humour. When at last the news came that he had gained a Double First, the Master sent for him with the intention, it was surmised, of apologizing for past discourtesies. But, if Temple expected such an apology, he reckoned without his host. 'Mr. Temple,' said the pedant, 'I hear that you have obtained a Double First Class. I hope you now see what an advantage you have had in being allowed to associate on equal terms with the open scholars of this College.' Alas that I cannot reproduce in writing the somewhat inane nasal accent which is as uniformly associated with the reported sayings of Jenkyns, as is the twittering falsetto with the sayings of Jowett. I note in passing that Jenkyns's antipathy to the Blundell scholars found vent on another occasion in

a very similar form of rudeness. According to the late Lord Coleridge, he once said to them: 'You are very fortunate. You came here very inferior men; and you have associated with very superior men. Some of you profit by this; *and some don't.*' It should be explained that the Blundell scholars dined with the other scholars at a table separate from the commoners.

My next anecdote belongs to the time when Temple had become one of the dons. For the Matriculation examination Dr. Jenkyns, being himself an indifferent scholar, had the sense to call in the aid of the tutors. On one such occasion, however, having no prompter at hand, he had to do the work himself. He read through a candidate's Latin prose, and, seeing nothing wrong in it, beamed on its author, and said to him (adopting his usual mode of address): 'Young man, this is a very creditable performance.' Luckily or unluckily, soon after the exultant student had withdrawn, Temple made his appearance, ran his eye over the exercise and, detecting in it sundry 'howlers', assured Jenkyns that it could not possibly pass. The Master rose to the occasion. Conscious that he had somehow been made a fool of, he easily persuaded himself that the writer of the bad exercise had been morally as well as intellectually in fault. So he sent for the hapless youth, and rebuked him in evident good faith: 'Young man, I find you have grossly deceived me.' And he sternly pointed to the door.

It is well known that, theological differences notwithstanding, the Archbishop retained to the last his veneration for Jowett. After reading the Preface to the last edition of my *Memoir of Jowett*, in which Jowett's Platonism is spoken of as a wholesome

antidote to the prevailing and growing Aristotelianism of our time, he expressed himself thus: 'It is a pity that Jowett did not write more. The influence of a man's talk dies too soon. But I do not believe that Aristotle will prevail, as you do. The growth of the Aristotelian spirit will soon call out a corresponding growth of the Platonic.' Fancy an Archbishop in my younger days wishing that Jowett had written more!

One anecdote more about Jenkyns. A friend who was under him at Balliol tells me that there were rooks in what was then the Fellows' garden, and that once, at oddly short intervals, several of them were seen lying dead on the ground. 'There is an epidemic among the crows,' snorted the Master, who was naïvely unsuspecting of air-guns.

Let me add an anecdote about Temple which presents two contrasting sides of his character, one of them a pleasanter side than has been commonly shown in such anecdotes. When he was Bishop of Exeter, he was dining with a vicar in the diocese. 'I heard, my lord,' said his host across the table, 'from a mutual friend——' 'A common friend, if you please,' exclaimed the Bishop. The vicar was so incensed by this interruption that he resolved never again, of his own free will, to have Temple in his house. But, when the next confirmation took place, the Bishop had to be asked. Soon after his arrival, he found himself alone in the drawing-room with the vicar's little daughter, who was barely three years old. Presently, when the mother came in, the child was prattling away to the formidable guest. Fearing that the little girl was troublesome, the mother tried to stop her. 'Pray let her go on,' said Temple; 'children talk a language which only mothers and angels can

understand.' Thenceforward he was a special favourite at the vicarage.

Let me here make a palinode. In my *Recollections of Pattison* I quoted as characteristic of the man some of his most cynical utterances. I was not at the time aware that, when I made his acquaintance in 1882, he was already a doomed man—dying, by inches, of cancer on the liver. If any of my readers can be sure that he himself, languishing under such a disease, would not become cynical and bitter, let him cast the first stone at Mark Pattison. I have sometimes thought that the Rector might have supplemented the old *Humanum est errare* with *Humanum est peccare et pati*—supplemented it with the 'Stoic-Epicurean acceptance' of sin and sorrow as necessary parts of the order of things. Seeing him chiefly in the excitement of conversation, I did not at the time realize how persistently *Humanum est pati* struck the keynote of his declining years.

'Forth into life you bid us go,
And into guilt you let us fall,
Then leave us to endure the woe
It brings unfailingly to all.'

The late Canon Pinder told me a characteristic *mot* of the Rector's: Walking up Headington Hill, Pattison met some undergraduates in pink on their way back from hunting. 'There,' he exclaimed, 'go the fellows who understand life!' This throws light on a dark saying ascribed to him: 'The highest life is the art to live,' and may be compared with the confession of Renan: 'Tout en étant fort appliqué, je me demande sans cesse si ce ne sont pas les gens frivoles qui ont raison.' Perhaps these two wise men would have agreed in thinking that the typical philosopher or

scholar never is, but always to be, happy: *Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.*

From the anecdote told me by Pinder about Pattison I pass on to two anecdotes of his about Jowett, who is, after all, the central figure of my Oxford group. Pinder was once co-examiner with Jowett in the classical schools. One of the examinees on that occasion was a youth who was destined for Holy Orders, but who had already been, at least once, plucked for his degree. This time he had done somewhat better; and the question was whether he could be suffered to scrape through. Pinder, being mercifully inclined, was for giving the good, but stupid, young man the benefit of the doubt. Jowett, however, was less easily satisfied. He spent a good hour in alternately sitting with the examination papers before him, and pacing up and down the room; but, sitting or walking, he was alike unable to make up his mind. To bring him round, his more indulgent (or impatient) colleague drew his attention to one or two passages, which showed that the candidate had done his little best to get up his subjects. At last Jowett yielded, drily exclaiming, 'Well, I think I can sign his *testamur*; but I hope I shall never hear him preach!'

Of the other and more impressive incident, my informant was not himself a witness; but he says that it reached him on good authority. A young lady who could, and sometimes did, take liberties with Jowett, had the effrontery to say to him: 'I want to know, Master, what you think of God.' 'I am more concerned to know what God thinks of me,' was the felicitous reply. This courteous extinguisher, so to term it, had been reported to me before; but it

hardly seemed to me credible that any girl would have ventured on such unwomanly freedom in addressing the resourceful, and at times formidable, Master. I therefore forbore in my *Memoir* to give currency to what I suspected of being a forgery; but assuredly the draft on our credulity should be honoured and accepted now that it has been endorsed by two independent witnesses.

Taine says that no better illustration of the difference between the English and the French standard of judgement can be found than is furnished by the English admiration for Johnson. I am somehow reminded of this by the difficulty which Cambridge men feel in understanding the force of the *pupillary* attraction which drew so many Oxonians to Jowett, and which makes his influence so abiding. The weed, as some would call it, of tutor-worship does not flourish on the banks of the Cam; and, explain the fact as we may, we have here one of the slight but significant traits which distinguish the sister universities from each other:

‘ Illis facies non una duabus,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.’

(‘ Unlike and yet alike in face,
They might be sisters of one race.’)

They may be compared to two of the Gallapagos Islands—*islands* which, as Darwin tells us, being divided by a narrow but deep channel, differ from one another slightly in respect of the animals that inhabit them. In fact, the difference between the Oxford and the Cambridge type is shown in various ways—some of them trivial and in a manner comic. Thus, I heard T. H. Green say that Oxford must

be more religious than Cambridge, since at Oxford we speak of 'St. John's College', whereas, when the corresponding college is mentioned at Cambridge, the saintly prefix is commonly omitted.

So, again, I have been told that accomplished ladies are called 'intellectual' at Oxford, while at Cambridge they fall to the rank of being 'appreciative'. It is fair to mention that I heard this from the wife of an Oxford don. Perhaps, being thus an Oxonian-in-law, she may have an Oxford bias.

The proverbial meeting of extremes always surprises us when it occurs. Thus, we are startled to learn that at Cambridge the uncomely word 'beastly' has acquired much the same meaning, or want of meaning, into which the grand old word 'awful' has been degraded at Oxford (and, alas! at not a few places besides). Of the *lusus linguae*, so to call it, at Cambridge an illustration has come to me on good authority. A debating society of lady students launched on the wide question: Is conventionality a good or a bad thing? As the discussion proceeded, all reverence for tradition seemed to be trembling in the balance, until an oratress clinched the matter by declaring that her brother had told her to stick to the conventions on pain of making herself 'beastly peculiar'.

I pass from these trifles to Matthew Arnold's dictum, that while Cambridge is the university of great men, Oxford is the university of great systems. He was, of course, referring to theological movements such as Tractarianism and Broad Churchism. Every such movement needs organization, and has the effect of marshalling disciples under leaders. Jowett was the recognized chief of the Broad Church movement

at Oxford, just as Newman and Pusey had been the chiefs of the High Church movement. His ascendancy was in a measure theological, but with this aspect of Jowettolatry I am not here concerned.

As in the case of Dr. Johnson, Jowett's social peculiarities, which of themselves would certainly not have made him popular, may yet, when known to be associated with his admirable qualities, have caused those qualities to be more observed by all who knew him. His angularities stuck in our memory and imagination. In my *Memoir* of him I have noted the curious fact that, in his youth and middle life, he was not only a silent man, but sometimes an imposer of silence on others; and yet in his old age he made much of the art of conversation. Some facts which have since reached me have heightened my sense of this strange contrast.

An odd anecdote about Jowett which came to me on very passable authority illustrates his power of silence. The late Miss E., whom I met at dinner with him in the seventies, enjoyed at that time, as she well deserved, his warm friendship. Unluckily a report sprang up that she was about to become mistress of what ought, in Cambridge phrase, to be called Balliol 'Lodge'. This connubial forecast soon reached the ears of Jowett, and not merely annoyed, but incensed him. He fancied that the angelic Miss E. had been slack in silencing the rumour, and he broke off his intercourse with her. One day he only just caught the train to London. He hurried into a first-class carriage without noticing that it had a solitary occupant, who was no other than Miss E. Taking a seat in the opposite corner, he at once buried himself in his newspaper. The strain of the rebuking

silence soon became too much for his fellow traveller. 'Mr. Jowett,' she said earnestly, 'I really must explain.' 'In these cases,' interrupted the Master, 'there are only two remedies, silence and time.' And he rigorously applied the former of these remedies during the rest of the journey.

My next illustration of Jowett's taciturnity is more conclusively attested. When he became Master, he used to ask the freshmen to breakfast in batches. My informant, shortly after coming into residence, was included in the first batch. When the guests arrived, the Master was not in a talkative mood. At last the social atmosphere became so oppressive that one of the freshmen, with the ineptitude of shyness, hazarded the remark, 'The fish is very nice.' This foolish utterance can hardly have been meant for the company at large; but unluckily Jowett heard it. After an interval of silence, he turned full on the blundering novice and solemnly asked, 'What was that observation of yours about the fish?' The next day the second batch of freshmen, duly forewarned, too rigorously followed the Trappist rule. When taking leave the Master, himself screened by his position from a retort, naïvely said to them, 'Gentlemen, you ought to cultivate the art of conversation.' In fairness to Jowett, it should be borne in mind that other excellent teachers of clever pupils have failed to draw out commonplace ones. Some famous Heads of houses have been even more incompetent than he was to talk down to the level of mediocrity. Mark Pattison's student-breakfasts were not generally pleasant to his guests; and at Trinity, Cambridge, the great Dr. Whewell was the incarnation of masterful unsociability. A Trinity friend told me in the fifties that

Whewell's evening parties went by the name of 'perpendiculars', because the undergraduates were expected to remain standing all the time, though he himself sat down whenever he chose. It is also related that, being shortsighted, he inspected each man in turn at unpleasantly close quarters; and it was a high crime for any one to speak until he was spoken to. On one occasion, under the trying scrutiny, an unwary freshman remarked that the weather was fine. 'Sir,' replied the pedant, 'are you not aware that, if you have any communication to make to the Master of your College, you should make it through your tutor?'

A lady, whose daughter was going to one of the women's colleges, was asked by Jowett what the girl's studies were to be. On hearing the full curriculum, he replied curtly, 'The important thing is that she should learn to talk well.' I am told that he once gave offence by saying publicly before an assembly of ladies, 'The great object of the higher education of women is that they should learn to converse well.' A Cambridge friend tells me that in his youth he called upon Jowett. After the first greetings, the Master maintained such an obstinate silence that the wearied guest summoned up courage to ask, 'Does not Wycherley say that the silence of a wise man is more prejudicial than the speech of a fool?' Jowett took the remonstrance in good part, and deplored his own want of readiness in conversation. Another illustrative incident may be mentioned, which has more picturesque details. A lady friend assures me that she was spending an evening at the Deanery of Westminster, when, shortly before the party broke up, she saw Jowett at the further end of the supper-room. Close to her, an offended wife was giving, in an audible

voice, a premature curtain-lecture to her husband, who, though he was a friend of Jowett's, had not introduced him to her. The victim bore the hen-pecking with masculine meekness; but he suddenly called out, 'See, he is alone now. Come and be introduced.' Up jumped the lady, and the coveted introduction took place. But, alas! the effort of converting the storm depicted on her countenance into an angelic calm left her no energy to think of anything worthy to be poured into the great man's ears. So she was speechless. Jowett lent no help; but, after the two had stood at gaze for some minutes, he broke the silence by inquiring, 'Will you not take some claret-cup?' And, without waiting for an answer, he walked away.

Such social shortcomings as these were by no means calculated to make him widely popular. But, at the same time, his reserve may have helped to draw him nearer to his friends. In their view, his bluntness was associated with his utter guilelessness; and perhaps, too, his inaccessibility to the many raised the value of his intimacy with the few.

This is only a surmise, and I feel on much surer ground when I touch on the direct and serious causes of Jowett's influence. His personal interest in his pupils was such that he was able to recall, long years after, what had happened to them at college. Their welfare he made his own. He triumphed in their successes, and he was afflicted in their failures. Some examples may serve to show how strong and how endearing his sympathy was. A brilliant and witty pupil of his, who through some accident had missed his First Class, tells me that, after his disappointment, Jowett insisted on his spending the Christmas vacation

at Oxford, to try for a University prize. When the prize had been gained, Jowett congratulated him by saying, 'Now you have made up for your Second Class.' I well remember the affectionate voice and manner with which Jowett comforted a delicate pupil, whose bad health and worse eyesight had prevented him from going in for honours in Moderations. 'A man of your abilities must succeed in life; but you must not be disappointed if circumstances make you fail in any particular instance.' To the same pupil, when he had read a college essay, Jowett said, after commending one or two points, 'Your style is awkward.' But he afterwards added in a quite paternal tone, 'I want to make you write really well.' I feel, however, that such sayings as these must appear tame and disappointing to those who did not know Jowett; for his kindness, after all, owed no small part of its effect to that beaming smile and cherubic chirp of his, to that *comitate condita gravitas*, in a word, to that personal charm which his friends loved, but which they vainly attempt to make quite intelligible to others.

In truth, Jowett was a *student-fancier*; he came to divine by a sort of intuition the points of each individual student, just as a skilful bird-fancier can tell the points of his birds. In particular he had at command something of the *pecca fortiter* spirit, or, as he himself might have said, of 'roguery' to serve as a moral tonic for pupils who took life too seriously, or at any rate too logically. To a friend thus afflicted he is reported to have given the sweeping admonition, 'Never indulge a scruple.'

A pupil, walking with Jowett through some private grounds in the spring, called his attention to the

young rabbits frisking about, and moralized on their hard lot—

‘ Unconscious of their doom
The little victims play.’

Jowett was not so soft-hearted. ‘ You shouldn’t indulge that sort of sentiment,’ he said, ‘ it’ll make you morbid.’ And, after all, was he not right? Taine has remarked that any one who is keenly sensitive to the wholesale cruelties and iniquities of life can hardly continue to be philanthropic, and cannot possibly be happy. Would not such an one’s ‘ tears for ever flow ’? *Mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit humor* (‘ What fountain could supply such floods of tears?’)

In a less serious mood, on seeing the body of a rook which had been tried, sentenced, and executed by its peers, he pathetically exclaimed, ‘ That crow was a heretic!’ This instance of Jowett’s peculiar humour makes one feel how each man’s speculations on the moral vagaries of Nature take their colour from his personal experience and prepossessions. Jowett, as he himself told me, was repelled by the very thought of euthanasia. Otherwise, the fate of the euthanatized rook might have led him to moralize, like Jaques, on the difference between corvine and human ethics in regard to the best mode of dealing with sickness, in the anti-evolutionary philanthropy which keeps alive those Benhadads of Nature whom she ‘ appointed to utter destruction’.

The delicate pupil whom I have already referred to, hesitating to conform to an anomalous practice to which all the world conforms, laid the grounds of his objection before Jowett. The Master heard him

out, and then, after his wonted pause, exclaimed, 'Yes; that sounds logical. *But you know it is wrong.*' This is a good instance of his summary way of cutting logical knots with the sword of common sense, and bears out the remark made by Sir Leslie Stephen with reference to him: 'What was a defect in a philosopher might be an excellence in a teacher.' All who knew the Master will feel the truth of that observation; for, in fact, his peculiar distinction was like Banquo's: 'Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.' Jowett was the intellectual father of some men of great philosophical power; but a philosopher, in the sense of a scientific thinker, he himself was not.

This unformulated wisdom, this philosophy *minus* logic, is reflected in Jowett's theological works. While still a young man, he laboured to discover the hidden springs in which certain time-honoured beliefs have their origin. The results of that labour are seen in his *Essays on the Pauline Epistles*. We cannot, he concluded (in effect), hold the Pauline theology in the precise sense in which St. Paul himself held it; for the mould in which that theology is cast bears traces of bygone superstitions. To speak more generally, Jowett was the first to open the eyes of his countrymen to the extent to which the theology of a pre-scientific age is refracted and distorted by what he called its modes of thought. It may be confidently affirmed that those limiting and impeding modes of thought appeared to him to bear much the same relation to undeveloped thought that, according to Maine, legal fictions bear to undeveloped law; they might haply (after the manner of Coleridge) be nicknamed thought *in circumbendibus*; in truth, they are a disease of thought. Jowett, or at any rate some of

his disciples, regarded that disease as a sort of intellectual measles, a malady which a nation nearly always goes through in its infancy, and which in its maturity it is all the better for having gone through and got over. He would doubtless have agreed with Renan in thinking that it is a sign of the inferiority of China that she in her youth escaped that helpful malady; she was too prosaically healthy; she never dreamed her dream. At all events, there can be no doubt that it was by the unclerical and almost unprecedented freedom with which Jowett discussed aspects of the beatific vision that he first came into notice. It is true that, somewhat later, another great Oxonian went even further on the Neo-Christian lines. Matthew Arnold started on the same track with Jowett when he counselled his readers to study the natural history of religion, and in doing so to avail themselves of the comparative method; but, unlike Jowett, he followed that track to its logical conclusion. In short, he was more of a philosopher than his friend. But the advantage was not all on his side. Many persons, and especially many parents, would take things from the Master which they would not have taken from Matthew Arnold. This, then, is one of the numerous instances in which Jowett, as a teacher, had his reward for practically assuming that logic is a good servant but a bad master.

I have elsewhere ranked him among the *Whigs of religion*. In this and in other departments he was an unwilling, and therefore a cautious, reformer. In fact, he was a sort of captive balloon, tethered by Conservative instincts, and thus secured against perilous flights. Hence he came to be regarded as an oracle by those pupils who wished indeed to rise above the

common level (*spernere humum fugiente penna*), but to keep that level well in sight. His teaching led me to agree with the opinion once expressed to me by the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, that 'moderate, attainable ideals are the only ones worth striving for'. Many Oxford Liberals held this view, though they would perhaps not have acknowledged it so frankly as did their distinguished Cambridge contemporary. For it is with justice that the typical Oxonian has been declared by Paul Bourget to be 'profondément et intimement conservateur, même quand il se dit et se croit libéral'.

It will now be understood how it was that so many Conservative Liberals fell under the sway of 'little Benjamin, their ruler'. In their judgement, any opinion, to speak roughly, which had received the Jowett stamp was *warranted safe*. When an undergraduate, having to read an essay to Jowett, feared that some sentiment which it contained might be thought revolutionary or otherwise unguarded, he was at once reassured if the great *malleus stultorum* came out with his significant 'Yes', pronounced half dubitatively and half as if assent had been wrung from him. If Jowett let himself transgress this monosyllabic limit, his halting assent to the venturesome proposition would probably be enveloped in the sort of picturesque haze which is, as haze in general seems to be, dear to the artistic temperament. His pupils also learnt that, if now and then he favoured a dangerous principle, his bugle was likely soon to vary its note and sound a retreat. They thus found, or fancied, that they had his sanction for playing with edged tools; and it is probable that they did not altogether dislike the pastime. He seemed, like a modern

Ecclesiastes, to preach that there is a time to be consistent and a time to refrain from consistency. At all events, Renan's apophthegm in his *Étude* on Ecclesiastes, 'On ne philosophe jamais plus librement que quand on sait que la philosophie ne tire pas à conséquence,' might pass for a free rendering of Jowett's oft-repeated admonition 'not to fall under the dominion of logic'.

I have heard from an old Balliol friend that, happening to see Ward's *Nature and Grace* on Jowett's table, he asked what he thought of it. 'Dark with excess of logic,' was the characteristic answer. As a disciple of Jowett, I am tempted to think that, if there is a grain of truth in Swift's definition of 'happiness' as 'the perpetual possession of being well deceived', there would be at least a grain of it in a definition of 'wisdom' as 'the art of being wholesomely inconsequent'. But a philosopher who thus deliberately plays fast and loose with logic should bear in mind that he is, at best, approaching truth by the most circuitous of paths; like the rest of the world, *Vult decipi*. In fact, the mental attitude which Jowett drilled into his pupils may be illustrated by what I have always thought a very striking and weighty admission on the part of Fitzjames Stephen. In *The Nineteenth Century*, after expatiating on Professor Mivart's attempt to put critical wine into Catholic bottles, that most philosophical and courageous of our (then) judges went on to say:

'It would, in my opinion, be much better and simpler to say at once, "I do not argue, I merely affirm, I do beg the question of religion. I find certain moral and what I call spiritual advantages in it, and I say no more." This kind of faith no one could reasonably attack, either in Mr. Mivart or

in any one else, whether a Catholic priest or a Baptist minister. I at all events would never do so.'

In fact, he was willing, like the Pontiff in Cicero's famous Dialogue, to accept the national religion, *nulla ratione reddita*. And, to put the matter broadly, those Oxford Liberals who practically took this line were naturally, if unwittingly, drawn towards Jowett by the wish to have their consciences at ease; he absolved them from the 'virtuous sin' of conformity; or shall we rather say that by his example, if not by his direct teaching, he granted them a dispensation to go on conforming? It must be owned that the premises adopted or assumed by those apologists of compromise might be pressed to something very like the Ovidian conclusion: *Expediit esse Deos et, ut expediit, esse putemus* ('Believe in gods; 'tis safer to believe').

Let me give an example or two indicative of Jowett's claim to be regarded as the pope of some neo-Christians—I mean, of some of those Whigs of religion who, at a time when the old order is changing, are earnestly desirous to reform and spiritualize, instead of revolutionizing, the orthodox theology: to abolish Satan, but to keep Christ. More than forty years ago, I asked the then Lady Brodie whether she, as the wife of a leader of scientific thought, did not feel in great difficulty as to what orthodox doctrines should be taught to her children. Her answer was, in effect, 'I try to teach them nothing of which Mr. Jowett would disapprove.'

As a *pendant* to this I will cite an *Apologia pro fide sua* which Charles Bowen offered in his youth. On my once hinting to him that some of his principles might lead to complete scepticism, he replied, 'If that is the logical conclusion, I decline to draw it;

and, if I am inconsistent, I am not more so than Jowett!' Other analogous instances might be given; but what has been said will suffice to show how thoroughly Jowett's friends put their trust in him. Truly and heartily may the survivors of them apply to him a text forming part of the Latin grace which I have so often repeated in the Balliol Hall: *In memoria aeterna erit iustus.*

After speaking thus of Jowett's influence, it is time to sum up my view of its nature and limitations; and, for that purpose, it may be as well to compare it with Vaughan's influence on the one hand, and with Pattison's on the other. The text for such a comparison may be furnished by a Persian proverb: 'He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a child; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a sage; follow him.' Dr. Vaughan had to deal with boy representatives of all these classes, and he could not specialize for any of them. Not a few of his pupils were drawn from the class which stands first on the list; they had no notion of the depths of their ignorance, and never would have such notion to their lives' end. From the task of training these intellectual ne'er-do-wells (*ἀκόλαστοι*) Jowett was saved by the strict entrance examination at Balliol; but he had to train many second-rate-able pupils—pupils, I mean, who were more or less painfully conscious of their own deficiencies, but who had not the force to overcome them (*ἀκρατεῖς*). Pattison's case was different. He limited his care to the fourth and perhaps the third classes of the Persian proverb—to full-blown or *full-*

blowing sages who might easily be fostered into bloom. We are all familiar with that missish and Lydia Languish-ing, but convenient, phrase, *a finishing governess*. Pattison was an incomparable *finishing tutor* of philosophers. In perfecting these pupils he followed his natural bent. With little or no effort on his part, his potent personality acted freely on them, and he disclosed to them the sceptical leaning of his own mind. Jowett, on the other hand, was both assiduous and cautious in training his disciples, and sought to adapt himself to their several needs. Of Jowett it might be said, *Admissus circum praecordia ludit* ('He won unfelt an entrance to the heart'); of Pattison, *Er war der Geist der stets verneint*. Not, indeed, that the Rector obtruded his negations on minds unprepared for them. With the outer world he followed Amiel's maxim: *S'adapter aux illusions courantes*. He of course carried out this rule with reservation. He was one of those Whigs of religion aforesaid who, when a religious reform has to be made, feel the necessity of making it in due time. But, with this qualification, he was for leaving the national religion intact. He held that most men, and all women, have need of a beatific vision, nay, of a beatific illusion; and that, when illusion is bliss, 'tis folly to be disillusionized and sin to disillusionize others.

Jowett also acted on this principle; but he generally did so unawares. A dogma in favour of accommodation was in 'the antechamber of his consciousness'; and it now and then forced its way into the presence-chamber. There was something feminine in his gentle and refined nature, and he was blessed with a woman's power of self-deception; insomuch that, hating to profess opinions which he did not hold, he could

generally hold opinions which he wanted to profess. The result was that his theology was in a state of flux. Take, for example, his view of the doctrine of immortality. He assured me, in the fifties, that he had never felt any serious doubt as to that doctrine; and, towards the close of his life, he told a friend that his faith had grown firmer with advancing years. But he sometimes struck a different note. I will not lay stress on the fact that Renan, after a conversation with him, could not detect any difference between Jowett's creed and his own; for, in talking a foreign language, the Master may have failed to express the more delicate shades of his meaning. But the judgement of the French critic is confirmed by Jowett's bewildering suggestion that 'the personality of God, like the immortality of man, may pass into an idea'.¹ In view of these contradictions, it is hardly too much to say that, according to his mood, the heaven of his hopes ranges through nearly the whole interval that divides the happy fairyland of Mrs. Oliphant's *Little Pilgrim* from the glorified nothingness of George Eliot's 'choir invisible'.

This latter view seems to have been held by Matthew Arnold towards the close of his life. Yet, shortly before his death, he described himself to me as a Liberal Anglican; and to the last he conformed to the Anglican ritual.² So that this conforming and,

¹ *Life*, vol. ii. p. 311.

² He is well known to have been an Inspector of Dissenting Schools; and, not being over-friendly to Dissenters as a class, he was asked how he got on with the masters. His reply was, as it were, spouted with that rhetorical humour which half concealed the soul within: 'I am just the man for the post. I am splendidly impartial, for I have an equal contempt for all their miserable superstitions.'

so to say, patriotic religion of his may be defined as *the worship of the ideal symbolized as the supernatural*, and his heaven as *a state of blessedness symbolized as a place of enjoyment*. Might not these definitions have been applied to religion and to heaven as Jowett conceived them when he wrote the mysterious sentence cited above?

In very truth, his faith was a sort of telescope. It could be extended or curtailed as occasion required; but, however often its form and range were thus altered, it appeared to be, at any given moment, firm enough for all practical purposes. Is the lack of intellectual seriousness which thus characterized Jowett a matter for censure? To such a question I answer, Yes and No. If Jowett the philosopher ought to be charged with the sin of inconsistency, the virtue of inconsistency ought to be placed to the credit of Jowett the instructor. To him may, in a special manner, be applied what Montalembert once said to an English friend about the English in general: 'C'est votre manque de logique qui vous sauve.' I have already touched on this paradox; but some final words of explanation are needed. My greatest Balliol friend, the late Sir Henry Jenkyns, himself the most upright of men, once quoted to me with approval Jowett's injunction not to believe too much in logic, and added, with a touch of humour, that no man ought quite to believe in himself. Might it not be said with sufficient truth for an epigram that *perfect simplicity is the virtue of a simpleton*? Doubtless Bowen was only half in earnest when he pleaded as an excuse for playing fast and loose with logic that he was kept in countenance by Jowett; but in taking this line the Master's famous pupil showed that he wished, as

Carlyle would have said, 'to agree in everything but opinion' with the religious world. Jowett himself retained this quasi-sympathy, this *concordia discors*, with the religious world to the last; and his retention of it helped him in his endeavour to guide his pupils in the path, not of wisdom only, but of righteousness. To guide them thus was the object of his life; and did he not to a great extent attain that object? At any rate, some of his pupils will never forget their obligation to his wholesomely illogical method. One of them, in particular, owes it to that method that, after passing through the Slough of Despond and the valley of the shadow of euthanasia, he learnt to remember Zion. To speak more precisely, Jowett, seconded by Matthew Arnold, taught him to be a neo-Christian indeed, but emphatically a heart-Christian (*un chrétien de cœur*). And thus, the disciple may say of his revered Master, in the words of the Son of Sirach: *In the beloved city he gave me rest, and in Jerusalem was my power.*

CHAPTER VII

JOTTINGS ABOUT AFTER-LIFE

‘Ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus ; hoc est
Vivere bis vita posse priore frui.’—MARTIAL.

(‘A happy retrospect prolongs life’s span ;
Two lives are granted to the good old man.’)

‘I now perceive why old men repeat their stories in company. . . . When they originate nothing, they can profit their juniors by recollections of the past.’—CRABBE ROBINSON.

MORLEY’S *Life of Gladstone* revived a popularity which appeared to be on the wane. Some years ago, an eminent diplomatist expressed to me his surprise that, though Disraeli was, to put it mildly, not more distinguished and high-principled than Gladstone, yet his memory was still fresh and green, whilst that of Gladstone seemed to have withered. Many persons, admitting the reality of this phenomenon, attributed it to the revival of militarism and Imperialism consequent on the Boer War. Other circumstances probably helped to bring about the indifference—or worse—with which the Liberal chief was regarded by the upper classes ; but, at any rate, the publication of his biography has been the cause or occasion of a renewed interest in the great statesman. I should be tempting Providence if I did not seize the opportunity to lay, like a Hebrew mourner, my few stones (in genuine veneration) on his tomb. To vary the metaphor by a phrase of Mr. Gladstone’s, I purpose by some discursive observations to ‘fill up the chinks of my knowledge’.

A friendly critic in the *Guardian* (Oct. 21, 1903) hinted at a wish that in my account of Gladstone I had entered more into personal details. The following were the only such details that I could give in reply:—

‘One stormy day he walked from his hotel at Biarritz to visit me in the room where I am now writing; and I was amazed to see that he had come without an umbrella. On my venturing to remonstrate, he laughingly explained that, if the high wind had happened to turn his umbrella inside out, a picture of him in that forlorn plight would have found its way into half the comic papers! I could not help thinking how little we know of the small worries of great men. How widely applicable was Horace’s remark, “*Saepius ventis agitur ingens Pinus*” (“The tallest pines most feel the blast”), and how doubly applicable were the words here italicized to Mr. Gladstone as I then saw him.

‘My other and very different anecdote may serve to illustrate Mr. Gladstone’s extreme good nature. My wife and I invited a Liberal barrister to dinner to meet his political chief; but he was prevented from coming by a broken leg. He was, I think, at that time not personally known to Mr. Gladstone; but, although his room was near the top of our hotel, which then had no lift, the grand octogenarian walked up flight after flight of stairs and talked for some time by his bedside. It was in the course of this conversation that the great man uttered the hard saying that at no distant time, not only will Home Rule in Ireland have been carried, but people will have a difficulty in understanding the state of mind which postponed the carrying of it so long.

‘As you wish to learn something about Mr. Gladstone’s amusements, it may be worth while mentioning that when I left him one evening, he told me that he was going to play backgammon, and recommended the game to me as a wholesome relaxation.’

Jowett doubted whether Gladstone could be properly

called a man of genius, inasmuch as none, or hardly any, of his phrases have become current. I have elsewhere pointed out that several of the great orator's phrases are still remembered, such phrases, in particular, as 'within the range of practical politics' and as 'turning out the Turks, bag and baggage'. But his most felicitous metaphor has been preserved in an unexpected quarter. Mr. Traill, himself a *fin de siècle* Conservative, had no love for the Radical leader, as is clearly shown in two of those brilliant *Dialogues of the Dead* which he has published under the name of *The New Lucian*. One of those Dialogues in Elysium is between Horsman and Edmund Burke. Horsman, who is clearly Traill's trans-Stygian representative, is trying to explain to Burke the cause of Gladstone's influence. 'Simplicity, terseness, homely vigour,' he says, 'are absolutely antipodean to his style.' He ascribes much to the orator's countenance, and, above all, to the richness and exquisite modulation of his voice. But what here concerns me is that he can find only one good metaphor in all Mr. Gladstone's speeches. His account of it is as follows:—

'He [Gladstone] was speaking of the Christian races in Turkey, and he said of them: "They were like a shelving beach, which restrained the ocean. That beach, it is true, is beaten by the waves; it is laid desolate; it produces nothing; it becomes perhaps nothing but a mass of shingle, of rock, of almost useless seaweed; but it is a fence behind which a cultivated earth can spread and escape the incoming tide; and such was the resistance of Bulgarians, of Servians and of Greeks. It was that resistance which left Europe to claim the enjoyment of her own religion and to develop her own institutions and her laws." . . . This had that highest merit of oratorical metaphor, that is, image and argument in one.'

Let it be understood that I cite the above metaphor, not as the single, but as a singularly good specimen of Mr. Gladstone's power of happy illustration.

It may not be too much of a digression to quote a passage which throws light on the uncomplimentary side of Mr. Gladstone's metaphor—on the comparison, I mean, between the intellectual barrenness of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and the barrenness of the seashore. The following extract is from Kinglake's highly characteristic account of his experience of Servia and Bulgaria more than sixty years ago :

'There are few countries less infested by "lions" than the provinces on this part of your route; you are not called upon to drop a tear over the tomb of the once brilliant anybody, or to pay your tribute of respect to anything dead or alive; there are no Servian or Bulgarian *littérateurs* with whom it would be positively disgraceful not to form an acquaintance; you have no staring, no praising to get through. The only public building of any interest that lies on the road is of modern date, but is said to be a good specimen of Oriental architecture; it is of a pyramidal shape, and is made up of thirty thousand skulls contributed by the rebellious Servians in the early part (I believe) of this century. I am not at all sure of my date, but I fancy it was in the year 1806 that the first skull was laid. I am ashamed to say that, in the early morning, we unknowingly went by the neighbourhood of this triumph of art, and so basely got off from admiring the "simple grandeur of the architect's conceptions" and "the exquisite beauty of the fretwork".'

My readers are familiar with the conceit that 'Words that were fire are ashes on the page', and with Charles Fox's stronger assertion that a speech which reads well must be 'a damned bad speech'. Yet, after all, the speeches of Demosthenes and of

Cicero were effective when spoken and are still read with delight. To Gladstone's eloquence, on the other hand, may be applied what was said by Tacitus about the eloquence of Haterius and by Macaulay about that of Pitt: *Canorum illud et profluens cum ipso simul extinctum est* ('His copious and melodious eloquence perished with him'). The writings of Mr. Gladstone, like his speeches, are not much read; and I often wonder why he failed as a writer. I once heard Canon Ainger admit that sometimes in the pulpit he himself trusted to the intonation of his voice to make his meaning clear, and that thus the habit of preaching was a snare to him as a writer. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone fell into a like snare. His overwhelming success as an orator may have blinded him to the difference between spoken and written English. If his tongue was the pen of a ready writer, his pen was sometimes the tongue of a too-ready speaker. He may also have suffered as a writer from that 'dim magnificence' of language which Macaulay ascribes to him, and represents as in some cases 'very much worse than absolute nonsense'. It is, by the way, in this same essay on Gladstone that Macaulay notes the contrast 'between the effect of written words which are perused and re-perused in the stillness of the closet, and the effect of spoken words which, set off by the graces of utterance and gesture, vibrate for a single moment on the ear'. Without pursuing the inquiry further, we may assume that, great scholar though Gladstone was, his rank as a writer is oddly below his rank as a speaker, so much that he may be described as *omnium consensu capax optime scribendi, nisi scripsisset*. In illustration of the vast difference between Gladstone's rank as an orator and as a writer,

it may be enough to contrast the general disregard of his writings with the loud echo which resounded through the country when he blew the war trumpet in his electioneering struggles. During the Midlothian campaign, in particular, he was in very truth a Misenus—

‘Quo non praestantior alter
Aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.’

(‘Of trumpeters unmatched
To kindle by his blast the warrior’s fire.’)

Jowett exhorted one or more of his pupils to follow what he called ‘Devil’s advice’ by cherishing ambition; and even so stern a moralist as Mill regarded that last infirmity of noble minds as conducive, if not essential, to great artistic or literary success. But Lord Morley tells us that Gladstone disclaimed ambition. Might not the literary success of his speeches have been greater if he had had more ambition? A certain form of ambition as an orator he must have had; but even as an orator his ambition had the rare merit of being untainted with envy. Of his freedom from that fault, which Scherer somewhere declares to be ‘quasi-universal’, an example may be given. I was once so thoughtless as to tell him that, in the opinion of Leslie Stephen, Burke and Bright were the only two English orators whose speeches would continue to be read. In fact, these two constituted a highly select First Class from which his own name was conspicuously omitted. But, far from resenting the omission, he said that he was interested to hear the critic’s opinion, and would certainly report it to his friends. It was assuredly much to his honour that he thus rejoiced at the rather invidious praise

bestowed on Bright, who had been, not merely his contemporary, but his political subordinate, and who in the matter of Home Rule must have seemed to him a deserter.

During the first year of my undergraduate life Mr. Gladstone did me the great honour of calling on me at Balliol. I well remember with what awe he then inspired me; and I have learnt only by report that he knew how to be seasonably frivolous (*desipere in loco*). From his manner in old age I should never have inferred this. He was, indeed, most kind in gratifying my taste for his charming political gossip; but he seemed to me to take life so seriously that he could not, like his friend Robert Lowe, be broadly witty, and humour was not one of his strong points. In fact, my experience of him confirms the general impression left on me by one of his friends who, as is mentioned elsewhere, said to me: 'He will talk about a piece of old china as if he was standing before the judgement seat of God.'

'Mirabeau,' says Macaulay, 'was fond of giving odd compound nicknames. Thus, M. de Lafayette was Grandison-Cromwell; the King of Prussia was Alaric-Cotin¹; d'Espremenil was Crispin-Cataline. We think that Mirabeau himself might be described, after his own fashion, as a Wilkes-Chatham.' Perhaps I may help to give a rational basis to the general estimate of Mr. Gladstone by raising the question as to how

¹ The Abbé Cotin, like Frederick the Great, was a pedantic and pretentious versifier; he is said to have been the original of Trissotin in *Les Femmes Savantes*. Obviously the point of the satire is that Frederick's bad verses are put side by side with his military genius.

Mirabeau, had he been now alive, would have nicknamed him. With the utmost diffidence I will state my own answer to this question. In 1885, when referring to a conversation with Mark Pattison, I described Mr. Gladstone as 'the modern Pericles—scholar, orator, reformer'. Assuredly I might have added that each of the two statesmen was not only a reformer, but the chief reforming politician of his time and country; and that therewithal each of them was an aristocrat by birth and tradition, and to some extent, probably, by sentiment. But here the analogy between them ends. Unlike Gladstone, Pericles was a general. Moreover, it is probable that Pericles was less of a born orator than Gladstone, or at any rate that the oratorical faculty—that good servant, but bad master—exercised less dominion over him. But it is hard to judge on this point; for it is possible that those spirit-stirring words of his, words some of which ever since my Harrow and Balliol days have haunted my memory, were manipulated by Thucydides. Nor is this the only point on which our knowledge concerning the Greek statesman is provokingly limited. Jowett once told me that, in his opinion, the relation of Pericles to the Athenian democracy may have resembled that of Louis Napoleon to the democratic empire of the French. This, I own, seems to me unlikely. But Jowett was probably thinking of the passage of Thucydides in which the administration of Pericles is described as 'nominally a democracy, but in reality the supremacy of the first citizen'—a phrase, by the way, which might well be applied to Mr. Gladstone. Of course, in thus comparing the two statesmen I am not affirming them to be equal. Probably no admirer of Mr. Gladstone would go that length;

and certainly none would assign to him anything like the place in English history which Pericles occupied in Athenian history. Anyhow, the superiority of Pericles furnishes no objection to a comparison of this sort.

But the chief and most obvious difference between Pericles and Gladstone has been hitherto omitted. Pericles was the disciple of the free-thinking Anaxagoras, whereas Mr. Gladstone was a convinced and devoted member of his National Church. The advantages which, even as a politician, this saint of politics owed to his religion were truly immense; but were they wholly without drawbacks? Sir George Cornwall Lewis is reported to have described him as 'too religious for a statesman', and, without giving countenance to this paradox, we may yet grant that the enthusiastic idealism, which he owed partly to his religion and partly to his oratorical temperament, sometimes involved him in difficulties. Alas, what else could be expected? We all learnt at college that, according to Plato, when one of the prisoners was temporarily released from the famous cave, and was suffered to catch a glimpse of the glorious world of substances as distinguished from shadows, he found it hard on his return to act like and with his fellow prisoners; in short, that the idealist is apt to lose, along with many of the defects, some of the sense of measure of men of the world. At any rate, men of the world are at a loss to understand him; for, in truth, the aspect of mind produced by the long and close contemplation of the ideal is wont, like the light on the face of Moses, to have a dazzling and bewildering effect upon bystanders. Thus it is that the average man is embarrassed by the political gait

of prophets and world-betterers; he cannot keep pace with them, and wonders whither they will go next. The *unsafeness* of such enthusiasts has been insisted on by Fitzjames Stephen, whose dislike of them was aggravated by his Indian experience, and who, when he gave expression to that dislike, seems to have been especially thinking of Mr. Gladstone and of that 'saint of rationalism', as Mr. Gladstone called him, John Mill. And doubtless many others, whose views are less extreme, merely perhaps because their minds are less logical, virtually think that prophetic zeal, like an active volcano, is a sublime and even fascinating spectacle when viewed from a safe distance!

This slight and somewhat allusive sketch of what may be regarded as Mr. Gladstone's shortcomings may suffice for the present purpose. His metal was so free from alloy that, for some rough purposes, its very purity made it less serviceable, I will not say than baser, but than harder metal. After this digression, I will ask how is the comparison between Pericles and Gladstone to be qualified? In short, how is he to be nicknamed *à la Mirabeau*? If I were writing for Greek scholars only, I should, so to say, decompose his character into elements represented by the formula Pericles-Nicias. But, addressing general readers, and, moreover, having regard to the whimsical incongruity which such nicknames seem to demand, I am tempted to label him Pericles-Newman.

And what double nickname can be given to Disraeli? I sometimes think that he might be dubbed Gambetta-Alcibiades. But between these composite photographs, as Mr. Galton might call them, of Gladstone and Disraeli there is a difference.

The representation of Gladstone is a portrait ; that of Dizzy, though the best that occurs to me, is a caricature.

Henry Greville, writing as late as 1856, mentions a rumour 'that the Conservatives are coquetting with Gladstone, and that a large section of the party is willing to accept him as their leader *vice* Disraeli'; and more recently the paradox has been broached that Gladstone ought to have been a Tory and Disraeli a Radical. The odd thing is that Fox and Pitt were also said to have in a manner changed places. Thus Charles Greville in his famous *Memoir* (March 8, 1829) writes: 'He [Lord Harrowby] talked a great deal of Fox and Pitt, and said that the natural disposition of the former was to arbitrary power and that of the latter to be a reformer, so that circumstances drove each into the course the other was intended for by Nature.' The ever-recurring chapter of 'What might have been' ought to be studied with caution: for hardly any conclusion that can be drawn from it should rank higher than a plausible conjecture. But it is worth noting that, according to such a conjecture, twice in the same country and in less than a century destiny has driven the Conservative and Liberal chiefs into a path opposed to the natural bent of each, and has thus in a signal manner, if I may so phrase it, round-holed a square peg, and square-holed a round one. *Voluit Fortuna iocari.*

Mr. Gladstone, like other reformers and moralists, was sometimes without honour near his own home. A gentleman once told me that, when going on a visit

to Hawarden, a fellow guest had the curiosity to cross-question the flyman as to what was thought of Gladstone in the neighbourhood. The reply was startling: 'We don't think him up to much; he don't preserve pheasants and knows nothing about horses. If you want to see a real man, you should go to the Dook at Eaton; he's something like!'

Before parting company with Mr. Gladstone, I will report an observation of his which was told me by an ear-witness. He now and then used disparaging language, which certainly came oddly from him, about the old Hebrews. On the occasion in question, he maintained that they had produced no great general. The friend to whom the remark was addressed asked whether Joshua had not shown military genius. 'Not to be compared with Buller,' was the startling reply. It is pleasant for obvious reasons to report the compliment paid by so high an authority to our English general. But I cannot understand what possible comparison there can be between a warrior who, according to the only record, could count on supernatural aid and a warrior who never dreamt of such aid. Fancy if Sir Redvers had been able by the sound of a trumpet to cause Pretoria to fall flat, the sun and moon to stand still, and the Tugela to be dried up! With what joyful astonishment would the English have welcomed such an exploit, and how it would have frightened the Boers!

I made the acquaintance of Professor (afterwards Sir Richard) Owen early in the sixties, when staying with friends at Roehampton. His *mitis sapientia*, moulded and informed by wide culture and by travel, needs not to be dwelt on at length. Suffice it to give

from my personal recollection an instance of his familiarity—a familiarity especially fascinating in a man of science—with the borderland between science and literature. Ray, the father of natural history in England, writing in 1692, said: ‘He that uses many words for explaining any subject, doth, like the cuttlefish, hide himself for the most part in his own ink.’ This passage Owen cited from memory, and he added that the author of the comparison was not always so happy in his scientific metaphors.

It may be noted in passing that the part of the cuttlefish was deliberately played by the teacher of rhetoric mentioned by Quintilian, whose advice to his pupils was ‘Darken’ (σκότισον), that is, ‘Be obscure, that men may say, *That must be deep, as even I could not understand it!*’ To the same effect was the whimsical or ironical rejoinder made by Pattison to a lady who had been advocating the utmost simplicity in writing: ‘You are quite wrong. If you merely study simplicity, people will like your writings but will forget them. Let your style be showy and wordy, and you will have some chance of being remembered!’ Matthew Arnold, when asked why he had not written his theological works in a simpler style and one less liable to give offence, answered that, if he had so written them, no one would have read them. Bacon says that a slight ostentation is ‘like unto varnish, that makes the ceilings not only shine but last’.

The chapter of accidents contains queer sections, and the occasional verisimilitude of fiction is matched by the occasional *falsi-similitude* of truth. To show that something of real paradox lies hid in this seeming platitude, I will give an authentic version of what has

been called Owen's ghost-story. He himself related it to me some forty years ago, and I have come upon other versions of it. Some of those that have appeared in the newspapers are so inaccurate and pointless that I make no apology for telling the story once more. The version here given was furnished me by a very distinguished scientific friend who heard it from Owen more than once, and thus obtained an account which, whilst in the main it coincides with my own recollections, is far more complete and circumstantial. It is as follows:—

‘When a young man, Owen was surgeon to the jail at Lancaster, which stands on the top of a steep hill. The road through the town that led to it rose in long paved steps, with low houses on either side. He had become an ardent student of Lawrence, whose works had for the first time shown to him the relations of comparative anatomy; and, among other things, made it clear that the negro and European were structurally alike, brain and all.

‘There was a negro in the jail dying of consumption; and Owen eagerly craved to obtain possession of his head, after his death, for leisurely dissection. At last the man died. Owen told the porter in charge that he would come in the evening to make the autopsy, and the coffin was not to be closed yet; and in the evening he came, wrapped in a long cloak, and with a bag under his arm such as lawyers carry briefs in. His heart palpitated at the thought of what he was going to do; for there was a great outcry against resurrection-men and others of that sort. He went into the jail and up to the mortuary, and then and there cut off the negro's head as he lay in his coffin, and put it into his bag; then he placed the lid on the coffin and screwed it down with the implements left in readiness. Then he descended the stairs and, passing out, told the porter at the gate that he had examined the negro, and the coffin was all ready for burial. The man said “All right”, and Owen went out, with the bag containing the head under his large cloak. The frost

was severe, and the paving-stones were slippery. It was about nine at night; the streets were deserted, and the lights of the houses were mostly in the upper rooms, showing that the people were going to bed. In front of him was a long stretch of straight road down the steep hill, then it curved out of sight; but just at the curve a single door stood open and the fire and candle-light shone ruddily and cheerfully through. At this moment Owen slipped and fell head-foremost towards the descent. He wildly grasped the bag as he fell, but somehow grasped it below the head instead of above it. The consequence was that out went the head. As Owen lay sprawling, and before he could get to his feet again, the head was in full roll down the hill, going faster and faster, and bumping down each successive step with increasing speed. Owen rushed wildly after it, but was many yards behind. On went the head and bounded right through an open door. It was a matter of life and death to Owen's career to escape detection in the sacrilege he had committed: so he rushed into the house after it with ghastly face and his long cloak streaming in the wind. He had just time to notice a family gathering who were yelling with terror; and there was the head on the floor! He plunged and seized it and then rushed out as swiftly as he had rushed in, and got home as fast as he could, finding to his infinite relief that he was not followed. He dissected the head at leisure, but dared not go out of doors, and had not sufficient control of his voice to ask what people said. At length it came out that the house belonged to a woman whose husband had been engaged in the slave traffic, and was believed to be dead. The version she gave was that her own husband's head had rushed into the house for protection, but that the devil, rushing in after, had seized it and borne it away to hell.'

To this graphic account I will make one slight addition. Owen told me that the woman confirmed her statement by saying, 'If you doubt me, sir, look at the stain of blood on the floor.' Observe that the explanation of the woman's myth is strictly rationalistic

in the German sense of the word: her account was based on a real event misunderstood and misrepresented. Grote and others have contended that myths are often mere fictions, and that, when they contain a substratum of fact, the substratum is generally irrecoverable. Probably this is so; but at any rate the foregoing instance is an exception, and such an exception as would have rejoiced the hearts of a rationalist like Euhemerus, or Paulus, or the commentator who resolved the story of Jonah into a shipwreck of the prophet on an island whose inn bore the sign of the Whale.

A friend of my father's who paid him long and frequent visits at Peckforton was Colonel Gooch. In early youth he had been mentioned in the *Gazette* for his gallantry at Hougoumont. Indeed, according to my father, he was 'the youngest man ever mentioned in dispatches', and, long after his death, I discovered that he had been immortalized—or perhaps it would be safer to say post-mortalized—by being referred to in Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*. When I knew him, he was a good-natured but touchy old gentleman, and such interest as still attached to him belonged wholly to his past. He was short of stature, and sensitive on the point. Another and far more interesting annual guest of my father was Mr. John Forbes, who had been at the close of Warren Hastings's trial, who had spoken to a ferryman who as a boy had helped to ferry Pope over the Thames, who had been Lord Wellesley's private secretary, who had entered Madrid with Wellington, and who, though almost forgotten in our generation, was more or less acquainted with nearly all the leading men of the preceding one. Though he was nearly twenty years older than Gooch,

he was well preserved and handsome, and he looked down on the little Colonel both literally and metaphorically, and also generally managed to talk him down. The two rivals certainly did not love one another; and, though regard for my father kept them from openly quarrelling, they had occasional bouts of sparring. Forbes told Gooch that he was 'a little canary bird'. As the little man did not sing, I cannot guess why he was likened to a canary rather than to any other small bird (unless, indeed, he was yellow through hepatic troubles). Anyhow, he had his revenge. Once, on reaching Peckforton, he unexpectedly saw the doorway darkened by the stately form of his persecutor, and called out, 'Why, Forbes, are you here? *I heard you were dead.*' And his manner showed that the too persistent vitality of his old acquaintance was to him—well—not a source of unmixed satisfaction.

The Positivists have a 'sacrament' admonishing superannuated veterans to retire, after the manner of Laertes, from active life. An anecdote told by Mr. Forbes serves to show that even the Iron Duke, towards the close of his life, had need of such an admonition. At that melancholy period, the great man was asked by a lady whether it was true that the Spaniards put musk-rats into scent-bottles? 'Quite true,' he answered. 'And are the musk-rats,' she inquired, 'as big as common rats?' 'Certainly,' he replied; and, as she looked incredulous, he appealed to an aide-de-camp, who promptly assented. 'And,' continued the lady, 'are Spanish scent-bottles the same size as ours?' 'Just the same size,' said Wellington; and again the wily subordinate echoed the opinion of his chief. But, when the Duke was

well out of hearing, the time-server gave vent to his real thought by exclaiming, 'We are always being ordered at the Horse Guards to *put rats into scent-bottles*'; or, to adapt a more familiar metaphor, they were told to ride a camel through a needle's eye! This narrative, when I heard it, sounded to me apocryphal; but I find that it is confirmed in the autobiography of Lord Albemarle, that genial and accomplished patriarch, who lived to be one of the last, if not the very last, of the survivors of the Waterloo dinner.

My anecdote of the Duke in the character of Baron Munchausen recalls a story told by Samuel Rogers: A traveller once said that in a particular country the bees were as large as sheep. He was asked, 'How big then are the hives?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'the usual size.'

Mr. Forbes said that a Lord Forbes, a kinsman of his own, saw something, I know not at what date, of an eccentric King of Naples. When dining with His Majesty, he was puzzled by the sight of what our friend described as 'a colossal glass of water' on a separate table by the side of the royal chair. Nor was his perplexity removed till the end of dinner, when the floor, where the dinner table stood, was let down by machinery. (Can such a trap-door table have resembled the *tables volantes* which, according to Carlyle, found favour in France shortly before the Revolution?) When the table had been lowered, the Englishman, looking down into its temporary grave, saw the cook standing expectant, until the King, after brandishing the 'colossal glass', playfully drenched him with its contents. All the courtiers laughed, and Lord Forbes afterwards owned that he himself had

laughed too. But, when next he dined with the King, the same glass and the same cook reappeared, and the same sorry farce was re-enacted. Again the courtiers laughed; but the Englishman could not conceal his disgust.

A favourite quotation of Mr. Forbes's was :

‘Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong;’

and he invariably added, ‘I don't know whether these lines are by Pope or Addison.’ As a matter of fact, they occur in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*. The blunder is hardly worth correcting, but I quote the lines because they are to me an echo of *auld lang syne*, and I always associate them with my dear old friend. Their implied experience of the seamy side of human intercourse make them especially suited to be an old man's motto. Macaulay couples them with *Odisse quem laeseris*, of which they are in fact a lengthened paraphrase. Of course, both the Latin motto and the English paraphrase are one-sided; but in the latter, because of its greater definiteness, the one-sidedness is more evident. In fact, this English couplet is like a coin whose sharp edges have been smoothed down by use; so that here familiarity breeds indulgence. I once raised an outcry among friends by perpetrating a variation on the same theme :

‘From boons we grant, affection draws its savour;
Our hearts are cold when we receive a *favour*.’¹

¹ Since writing the above, I have lighted on a passage in which the view here indicated is expressed by Macaulay without epigrammatic exaggeration, and with only so much cynicism as belongs to naked truth. ‘The way in which the two favourites

A *pendant* to *Odisse quem laeseris* would be *Amare quem iuveris*; this sounds quite harmless, but is more cynical than it sounds. My favourite pastime of permutations and variations suggests to me a variant on Rochefoucauld's famous maxim, 'Hypocrisy is the homage paid by vice to virtue'—'Equivocation is the homage paid by falsehood to truth.' I have elsewhere maintained that 'Valour is the better part of discretion' is an inverted proverb which appears to me to have fully as much truth as its original. The point has been illustrated by the saying of Van Amburgh, who, when asked what he should do if he met a lion in the desert, replied, 'If I wished for sudden death, I should turn and run away.'

Though Mr. Forbes was emphatically a ladies' man (he was especially given to the old-world fashion of hand-kissing), yet he sometimes abused the female sex. But his censure of that sex was akin to flattery. It might be said of him, as Renan said of the author of *Ecclesiastes*, that he would never have abused women as he did, if he had not been very fond of them. He showed this by the mock-solemnity with which he used to quote in their presence three stanzas on Woman, the last and most vigorous of which I will here transcribe, partly in the hope that some reader can tell me who wrote them :

(Essex and Buckingham) acted towards Bacon was highly characteristic, and may serve to illustrate the old and true saying, that a man is generally more inclined to feel kindly towards one on whom he has conferred favours than towards one from whom he has received them.' That amusing comedy, *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*, in which this perverse side of human nature is happily illustrated, contains the remark: 'Les hommes ne s'attachent point à nous en raison des services que nous leur rendons, mais en raison de ceux qu'ils nous rendent.'

‘Lovely trifler, dear delusion,
 Conquering weakness, wished-for pain,
 Man’s best solace and confusion,
 Of all vanities most vain!’

Will it be said that it was discourteous of him to repeat these shocking lines? Well, he was more than kept in countenance by my father’s favourite brother, himself the most courteous of men, who long ago startled my youthful ears by quoting a most unchivalrous Latin couplet:

‘Ursa quid peius? Tigris. Quid tigride? Serpens.
 Aspide quid? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.’

The false quantity in the second line shows that the epigram is post-classical, but for the date and authorship I have searched in vain. I was, however, lucky enough to discover a variant:

‘Quid pluma levius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventus.
 Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.’

This occurs in Francis Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602), translated by Walter Davison, the poet’s brother:

‘Dust is lighter than a feather,
 And the wind more light than either;
 But a woman’s fickle mind
 More than feather, dust, or wind.’

There is moreover a variant of this variant, which improves both the quantity and the quality of the epigram:

‘Quid vento? Meretrix. Quid meretrice? Nihil.’

The end of these twin-couplets may recall that of a conceit by Quarles:

‘My soul, what’s lighter than a feather? Wind.
 Than wind? The fire. And what than fire? The mind.
 What’s lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
 This bubble world. What than this bubble? Nought.’

The mention of Quarles recalls another circumstance mentioned by Forbes. He said that within his memory the bodies of Henry VIII and Charles I, which lay side by side, were disinterred in presence of the Prince Regent, and that for a moment the features of Charles were discernible, but that, as soon as they were exposed, they crumbled away. The incident was the occasion of some satirical verses, which I can quote, I think exactly, as I heard them from Forbes half a century ago :

‘Scarce worth an epitaph from Tate or Quarles,
 See heartless Henry lies by headless Charles.
 Between them stands another sceptred thing,
 It lives, it moves, in all but name—a king.
 Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
 In him the double tyrant starts to life.
 Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain;
 The royal vampires join to breathe again.
 What now do tombs avail, since these disgorge
 The blood and dirt of both to mould a George?’

Forbes spoke of these lines as being by ‘Lord Byron or somebody’, and I have since learnt that they are really by Byron. Two variants of them have already been published. These versions and Forbes’s version are nearly identical in the last four couplets. But the three versions of the first couplet differ utterly. One version of that couplet is :

‘Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies.’

The other version is :

‘Famed for their civil and domestic quarrels,
See heartless Henry lies by headless Charles.’

It will be seen that Forbes’s version is far better than the one of the other two which it most resembles. He was an older contemporary of Byron’s and may very well have heard the lines shortly after they were written ; he himself was incapable of writing the first line of his version ; and I see no reason for doubting that this latest and best variant of that line was Byron’s own.

It may be worth mentioning that Greville reports the fact of the disinterment of the two kings :

‘Sir Henry Halford gave me an account of his discovery of the head of Charles I in St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, to which he was directed by Wood’s account in the *Athenae Oxonienses*. He says that they also found the coffin of Henry VIII, but that the air had penetrated and the body had been reduced to a skeleton. By the side was Jane Seymour’s coffin untouched, and he has no doubt her body is perfect. By degrees we may visit the whole line of Tudors and Plantagenets and see if those famous old creatures were like their effigies. He says Charles’s head was exactly as Vandyke had painted him.’

This was written in 1831 ; and it is curious that Greville, who was in the centre of London gossip, heard then for the first time of the disinterment which must have taken place at least eleven years earlier, and that he makes no mention either of the Prince Regent or of the satire.

Byron’s satire, both in its violence and in one of its rhymes, recalls a characteristic stanza in the poet’s diatribe entitled *The Irish Avatar* :

‘Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff’d to the gorge,
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors called George.

Charles Austin used to declaim this stanza with gusto ; and he added that, allowance being made for the difference of time and ethical standard, George IV was as bad as the worst of the Roman Emperors. At the present day such anathemas are scarcely intelligible. Whatever may have been the King’s vices, we cannot afford to feel such rancorous hatred for any one so far off. It is, therefore, a relief to turn to what Mr. Goldwin Smith—himself anything but a king-fancier—has to say in his favour : ‘He visited Ireland ; he fell in love with a very excellent as well as very charming woman in the person of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and, if he had been allowed, would have made her his wife ;¹ and he liked Jane Austen’s novels.’ Might it not be added that he was the friend and admirer of Walter Scott ?

The late Colonel Taylor, formerly Conservative Whip, told me that he (or a friend of his), meeting a brother officer after a long absence, was concerned to see that he had lost an arm. How, he asked, had the accident occurred ? ‘The odd thing is,’ answered the veteran, ‘that my arm was cut off by a dead man. As I was riding in Morocco, I met an Arab on a mountain-pass where there was only just room for our two horses. He raised his scimitar and I had just time to cock my pistol and shoot him ; but, as he fell, the scimitar caught my arm and lopped it off.’

An anecdote was told me in the sixties of a very able and agreeable Englishman who was uniformly

¹ It is now known that he actually married Mrs. Fitzherbert.

courteous to his Armenian wife, though she was ungracious to him and altogether a shrew. How came he to choose such a wife? It appeared on inquiry that in his youth he was attached to the British Legation at Athens, and that he fell in love with the charming daughter of an Armenian merchant. Her father, however, objected; and the only expedient seemed to be for her to be put into a cask and shipped across the Aegean Sea. She had a very plain and cantankerous sister who continually snubbed her, but who on this occasion played a sisterly part. She procured a cask, looked to the breathing holes and needful provisions, and then brought the bride-elect to what Dumas would have called her *tombeau vivant*. The poor girl shuddered and turned away. 'Why don't you get in?' asked her sister reproachfully. 'I suppose I must—but no, I really can't,' was the faltering reply. 'Then, if you won't, I will,' said the audacious interloper; and into the barrel she stepped. The portable prison, alas! reached Athens safely; and, on opening the cask, the ardent lover saw what he saw. He, however, was too generous to ship off the enamoured vixen, and thus expose her to her father's fury. He therefore resigned himself to the lot, so to say, of a transferable bridegroom, and married the ugly girl. But what can his feelings have been? Perhaps they may be sufficiently indicated by adapting a Cloughian hexameter:

'Rachel he dreamt of at night; in the morn found Leah
in the barrel.'

The following incident was reported to me by the late Rev. S. H. Reynolds of Brasenose, who had it direct from another distinguished Oxford don, whose

little daughter was the heroine—perhaps a *heroine* in a double sense. The child once went in great distress to her mother, saying that she had committed a sin which could never be forgiven, and which was too bad to be told. By dint of a little coaxing, she was induced to make a full confession, which was on this wise: ‘I felt so sorry for poor Satan, and wanted to give him a little comfort. So I got a glass of cold water, and poured it down a little hole in the kitchen floor.’ The courage which the child showed by her truly religious wish to let, as it were, her rain descend on the Evil One, recalls to me the stanza:

‘And not a drop that from our cups we throw
For earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of anguish in some eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.’

The following ingenious legend as to the creation of Eve was told me by C——, an Oxford don, now deceased. When the Garden of Eden was created, it was surrounded by a high wall to guard it from the devils who were outside. Within it were placed couples of all kinds of beasts and birds; but Adam was the only human being. As time went on, the couples increased and multiplied, so that they were straitened for space in the garden. The inmates were therefore suffered to go beyond the walls each day; but they had to return before nightfall. When the gate was open, an angel with a flaming sword kept watch. One day a peacock went forth and, spreading his tail for a space, looked round; but, seeing nothing so beautiful as himself, he speedily turned back. Thence came an opportunity for one of the fiends. We learn from *Paradise Lost* that

devils can contract themselves indefinitely at will. Availing himself of this useful faculty, the demon found a hiding-place beneath the bird's descending tail. He thus entered the garden unseen by the angel, and, disengaging himself from the peacock, traversed the enclosure with evil intent. Presently he saw Adam asleep on the ground. Not being one of the worst devils, he did the sleeper no harm, but merely tried to make a facsimile of that majestic form. His success was such that he produced a living copy, not indeed equal to the original, but still of transcendent beauty. Meantime the hoodwinked guardian scented mischief. Taking a bird's- (I mean an angel's-) eye view of the whole garden, he saw the patriarch still sleeping, and the demon and his creature standing and beholding him. Thereupon the flaming sword was drawn, and straightway the heads of both the spectators rolled on the grass. Then, alas! the angel was filled with remorse. As he gazed on the exquisite countenance of the newly-formed and innocent creature, he resolved to restore the 'thing of beauty' to life. But, in his extreme haste, he clapped the head of the paragon on the shoulders of the fiend. It grew there; and by that odd process of engrafting was formed the first woman.

As I was not told from what source this tale of pre-scientific hybridization was derived, I asked Mark Pattison whether it could by any possibility have been the narrator's own invention. 'C——,' was his decided answer, 'never invented anything so good as that.' Can any reader tell me if the legend was, so to say, a genuine antique?

It was at Biarritz that the legend of the possessed peacock was told me; and it may be partly on this

account that I have come to associate that legend with the conceit current in Basqueland: 'L'homme est de l'étaupe; la femme est du feu; le diable passe et souffle.' Well, the Basque *mot* is, at any rate, more gallant than their proverb: 'Give a dog a bone, and a woman a lie.'

Goethe, in one of his letters, quotes an enigmatical saying of the ancient Greeks: 'The sea wants figs.' To that saying a quaint story is attached. A Sicilian Greek, having put to sea with a cargo of figs, was caught in a storm. The cargo was lost; and, though he himself escaped, he was reduced to poverty. After his return, as he was lounging on a calm day by the seashore, a friend advised him to try his fortune once more on shipboard. But he had already had too much of the sea, and had resolved never again to trust to what Aeschylus calls that 'stepmother of ships'. 'To-day,' he said, 'she is alluring with her smiles; but, in truth, she is both treacherous and greedy: *she wants figs!*'

In our own time, as in that of the shipwrecked fig-merchant, the storms on the coast of Sicily are objects of peculiar dread. A traveller, who has seen much of the Sicilians, tells me that they hold St. Peter to be responsible for those storms, and that therefore they, perhaps unwittingly, regard him with something of disfavour. Being thus minded, they concoct legends at his expense, of which the following may serve as a sample. His wife's mother, they say, having done much evil on earth, was doomed to the lowest depths of Pandemonium. The apostle was troubled on her account, the more so as her condition exposed him to much raillery on the part of beatified new-comers. At last their banter became so irksome

that he besought the Supreme Judge for a remission of her sentence. Such an act of clemency was without precedent; but a point was stretched for the mother-in-law of the prince of the apostles. It was, therefore, decreed that the records of her life should be overhauled to see whether a single virtuous act was set down to her credit. The inquiry showed that she—more fortunate than Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson—had done one such act. When eating an onion, she had given part of the peel to be sucked by a hungry beggar. On the strength of this signal act of generosity, it was ordained that the identical onion-peel should be created anew, and that an angel, flying down to the nether regions, should give her one end of it, and should drag her up by means of that slender pulley. At first the angling process seemed likely to succeed; the aged sinner began to rise from the abyss. But, while she was still within reach of the bottomless pit, others of its inmates remembered that they, in their time, had given such succour to the needy as was hardly less munificent even than the bestowal of the onion-peel! They therefore claimed a share in her good fortune, and, catching hold of her feet, began to rise with her. To these hangers-on, literally so called, others attached themselves:

‘And thick and fast they *rose* at last,
And more and more and more.’

Presently the ascending chain became so long that for a moment it seemed likely that the hopes of Universalists would be fulfilled, and that hell would wear the aspect of an extinct volcano. But this was not to be. The crafty old woman, whether incom-

moded by the ever-increasing weight of the hangers-on, or fearing that her own glory would be lessened by being shared with so many, began to kick lustily. So energetic was she that she soon disburdened herself of the living parachute, and was left for an instant alone with the angel. But her selfishness was not to remain unpunished. Her frantic efforts broke the onion-peel. She fell back into the lake of anguish; and the last state of the apostle's kinswoman was worse than the first.

In the course of my rambles I twice visited Ferney, and paid homage to the Manes of Voltaire. I felt that I was meeting an old friend when I saw the church which the philosopher built, and on which 'Deo erexit Voltaire' is ostentatiously inscribed. Charles Austin had told me of the inscription, and had commented on the anomaly of a church being built by such a man. Though he himself carried conformity as far as any one, he sometimes expressed a half-jocular disapproval of conformity in others. And thus it was that he tacked on a couplet slightly altered from Cowper to a famous couplet of Pope, and exclaimed:

'Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name;
Like him who, to the curse of ages born,
Built God a church, and laughed His word to scorn.'

On another occasion he spoke more characteristically by saying, with a dry laugh, 'I can forgive Voltaire's conformity, but not his bad Latin.' If he referred to the inscription he was surely hypercritical, and Dumas showed a happier wit when he wrote:

'La première chose que l'on aperçoit (à Ferney) avant d'entrer au château, c'est une petite chapelle dont l'inscrip-

tion est un chef-d'œuvre ; elle ne se compose cependant que de trois mots latins. *Deo erexit Voltaire*. Elle avait pour but de prouver au monde entier, fort inquiet des démêlés de la créature et du Créateur, que Voltaire et Dieu s'étaient enfin réconciliés ; le monde apprit cette nouvelle avec satisfaction, mais il soupçonna toujours Voltaire d'avoir fait les premières avances.'

It is well known that the philosopher's heart is preserved in the château, and that it bears the inscription *Mon cœur est ici, mais mon esprit est partout*. As I viewed this strange relic of the 'Patriarch of the Holy Philosophical Church', I murmured to myself the lines addressed by Antony to the body of Caesar :

'Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.'

The word 'noblest' does not, indeed, fit the vain and undisciplined Frenchman, though he has as good a claim to it as the slayer of Vercingetorix and the subverter of the Roman Republic. But in my youth I had been attracted towards Voltaire. At Harrow I was a worshipper of Macaulay and a sentence of the Essay on Ranke had early stuck in my memory : 'When an innocent man was broken on the wheel at Toulouse ; when a youth, guilty only of an indiscretion, was beheaded at Abbeville ; when a brave officer, borne down by public injustice, was dragged, with a gag in his mouth, to die on the Place de la Grève ; a voice instantly went forth from the banks of Lake Lemman, which made itself heard from Moscow to Cadiz, and which sentenced the unjust judges to the contempt and detestation of all Europe.' Even in my Evangelical boyhood, I had a liking for the philanthropic infidel ; and regarded him as the

Christian Prudentius regarded the apostate Julian: *Perfidus ille Deo, sed non et perfidus orbi*. Assuredly Voltaire, with all his vanities and his graver failings, was one of the greatest and most humane as well as wittiest men that our poor little planet has produced.

The preservation of the heart of Voltaire brings to my memory the eccentric fate of that of Louis XIV. The posthumous wanderings of this latter heart will be familiar to some readers; but the odd thing is that they are not known more widely; and so let me renew my plea, that, in very truth, what are 'chestnuts' to the few may be 'nuts' to the many. The facts were communicated to me by the late General Addison. He asked me if I knew the present whereabouts of the heart of the Grand Monarque; and, on my answering in the negative, he startled me by saying that it now lies in Westminster Abbey. According to his account, the tomb of Louis XIV was rifled during the French Revolution, and his heart was offered for sale. It was eventually bought by Mr. Harcourt, the then owner of Nuneham. Dean Buckland paid a visit to Mr. Harcourt, and the singular relic was shown to him. Being then on the extreme verge of imbecility, the *quondam* geologist said that, when about to examine a curious stone, he first put it into his mouth; and—*mirabile dictu!*—he put the shrunken heart into his mouth and inadvertently swallowed it. His death must have followed soon after his involuntary cannibalism; for the royal heart was still inside his body when he was taken to his last resting-place in the Abbey. General Addison added that this extraordinary story was vouched for by one of the owners of Nuneham—I rather think by the Rev. William Harcourt, the father of Sir William. It

should be stated that the late Mr. Edward Harcourt, elder brother of Sir William, gave a kinsman of mine a narrative of the affair substantially agreeing with the first part of that given me by the general. His authentic version confirms the foregoing version up to the point of the aged Dean's highly indigestible mouthful, but says nothing about the tragic sequel of that unwonted diet.

In confirmation of this extraordinary narrative, it may be worth mentioning that the Dean and his more celebrated son used to apply what may be called the gustatory—why may I not say the disgustatory?—test to stones in an almost incredible fashion. The same kinsman whom I have just cited as a witness, and who is himself a F.R.S. of long standing, writes to me :

‘It was related that in a cathedral (say Canterbury) the verger was wont to show visitors the stain on a marble tomb, still plainly visible, where the blood of a saint (say Thomas à Becket) had been spilt. When Dean Buckland was taken to this spot, instead of being content with looking and listening, he bent over and applied his tongue to the darkened surface, and exclaimed, as he raised himself, “Bat’s dung, decidedly!” One of the hearers at once capped the story. “Another remarkable thing,” he said, “is that Frank Buckland, the naturalist, inherited the same faculty. Once upon a time, he was walking in London with a friend when a thick fog came on. They lost their way and wandered for some time, till, when they came to a halt, they had no notion in what part of London they were. In these straits Frank Buckland knelt down and put his tongue to the pavement; and, as he rose, he exclaimed, ‘Bayswater, decidedly!’”’

Here is a *mot* addressed to the afore-mentioned Rev. W. Harcourt by the astronomer Leverrier. Knowing Mr. Harcourt to be well versed in science, the

French *savant* gave him a meteoric stone, quaintly observing, 'Voilà, monsieur, une planète de poche!' The 'pocket planet' reminds me of the scornful pity with which, in Voltaire's romance, the huge travellers from Sirius and Saturn to the Earth regarded poor little men as 'atomes intelligents . . . dans ce misérable état si voisin de l'anéantissement', and also of Dryden's reference to heathen deities as 'puny godlings of inferior race'.

My next anecdote has for its heroine the widow of a distinguished officer; and it appeals to me, as both she and her husband were known to me in my youth. Towards the close of her life, Lady C. used often to play at cards with a party of friends, including an old German baron and his young wife. Having been kept away from the party by illness, she wrote to the Baron telling him that she had formerly been indifferent to religion, but that, during her seclusion, she was converted. The clever, if somewhat eccentric, lady ended her letter on this wise: 'I feel that my life cannot last much longer, and you, too, my dear Baron, are no longer young. Our earthly pleasures must soon be given up; but it comforts me to think that you and I will have a good time together in the other world before the Baroness comes to join us there.'

Her mundane and epicurean view of Paradise reminds me of an episode in the life of Benjamin Franklin. The great American, when a widower and well stricken in years, tried to win for himself a sort of Abishag-wife, in the person of Helvetius's widow. Finding the lady unresponsive, he wrote her a letter, of which the following may serve as an abridgement:

'Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening, that you would remain single

the rest of your life, as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed, I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian Fields. I was asked whether I wished to see any persons in particular, to which I replied, that I wished to see the philosophers. "There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbours, and very friendly towards one another." "Who are they?" "Socrates and Helvetius." "I esteem them both highly; but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him and he received me with great courtesy. "I have taken to myself another wife," he said, "who has a great fund of wit and good sense; and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me; stay here awhile and you will see her." As he finished speaking, the new Madame Helvetius entered with the nectar and I recognized her immediately as my former friend, Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly: "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connexion here, which will last to eternity."

'Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades, and return to this good world again, to behold the sun and you! Here I am; *let us avenge ourselves.*'

I have referred to the friendly relation which, political differences notwithstanding, subsisted between Mr. Bright and my father. For this and other reasons, I am anxious to relate a circumstance which throws a pleasant light on the domestic affections of that not too conciliatory orator. A friend of his once told me that he saw him gazing intently at some caged birds in front of a shop in a London street; and he asked him what on earth he saw there which so attracted

him. Bright answered that, when one or more of his children were absent, he wrote to them as often as possible; and he was then looking out for something which might find a place in his next letter.

Occasionally instances occur, not exactly of haphazard voting in Parliament, but at any rate of voting not according to knowledge. A late not over-scrupulous M.P., who had no love for the Evangelicals, told me that, just before an ecclesiastical division, a noted Evangelical asked him eagerly which way Newdigate had voted. My informant, provoked at this lack of independence, went the length of hoaxing him as to the line taken by Newdigate and his fellow Evangelicals. Some thirty years ago, a Low Church M.P. who knew little or nothing about ecclesiastical politics said to me: 'Whenever a church question comes before the House, I observe into which lobby Beresford Hope goes, and I walk straight into the opposite one!'

One of the most singular of my links with the past is Lady Molesworth (the mother of the politician), whom I met at Brighton in 1869, and who was then hard upon ninety. She told me that she had gone into a shop adjoining the Pavilion, and had astonished the shopman by saying: 'This used to be part of the Pavilion. The last time I was here was seventy years ago, when I came to a ball given by the Prince Regent.' The garrulous old lady's experience reminds me of an odd incident connected with the same place. My wife's grandmother, Lady Ely, who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide, was in attendance at Brighton when a Court ball was given at the Pavilion. As the accommodation was indifferent, she asked some of her friends to leave their cloaks in her bedroom.

When, at the end of the ball, the ladies returned to claim their possessions, they were startled by a loud snore coming from behind the curtains of the four-poster. The fact was that the aged and infirm Lord Ely, never dreaming that his privacy would be invaded, had gone to rest betimes.

A quasi-historic interest may attach to some doggerel lines, which Mr. Forbes confidently declared to have been written in Paris by the Duchess of Wellington, when the English were so much hated by the French after the end of the great war :

‘The French *petits-mâîtres*, who the *spectacle* throng,
Say of Wellington’s dress *Qu’il fait Vilain ton*;
But at Waterloo Wellington made the French stare,
When their army he dressed *à la mode d’Angleterre*.’

Need I explain that ‘Vilainton’ was the French nickname for Wellington?

Wellington and my great-grandmother, Lady Aldborough, were bound by a close tie of friendship. Her daughter told me with natural pride that, in acknowledgement of his regard for her mother, the Duke, when presented to her, kissed her hand. But Lady Aldborough, though intimate with our great general, was still more so with our great admiral. The latter friendship she owed chiefly to her being the niece of the husband of Lady Hamilton. In a letter to *The Spectator*, the last survivor of Lady Aldborough’s grandsons writes that

‘She had often seen her celebrated Aunt Emma dance the famous shawl dance for the benefit of our naval hero. My grandmother lived a great deal in Paris. She told me she went there on one occasion for six weeks, and stayed sixteen years. She was certainly there during part of the Hundred Days.’

In confirmation of this last statement, I may mention that my father told me that in 1815 she witnessed the service at the Sainte Chapelle, on one Sunday attended by Louis XVIII, and on the next by Napoleon. As she could not possibly foresee that the ghost of the Empire was to haunt Europe for only a hundred days, one wonders that so shrewd a calculator exposed herself to the chance of becoming a *détenue*. But her prudence soon revived. The Emperor, indeed, sent one of his generals, who was personally known to her, to assure her of the safety of the English in France. But she wisely distrusted such assurance, and took refuge betimes in Switzerland, where she remained till all fear of the tyranny was overpast. It must be remembered that some competent observers considered, even after Waterloo, that the Napoleonic game was not up. Thus, the able and upright General Marbot regretted that the defeated Emperor abdicated when he did. But surely he had no choice. Might he not have exclaimed with Anchises :

‘Satis una superque
Vidimus excidia et captae superavimus urbi’?

Dryden’s free rendering of this passage may be adapted thus :

‘Tis sure enough, if not too much, for one
Twice to have seen his country overthrown.’

That prince of anecdotists and of gossips in high places, Abraham Hayward, has classed Lady Aldborough with Sydney Smith and Luttrell as one of the chief wits of her time. This being so, one regrets that so few of her good sayings have been preserved. One of her sallies was a late offshoot of such an act

of high-bred inconsiderateness and insolence as might have been expected from Lady Kew or from the Lady Catherine of *Pride and Prejudice*. The story shall be told in her grandson's words :

'Lady Aldborough was living in Dublin in a rather high social position, when a young man was appointed aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant, and was soon introduced to her. This young man was Arthur Wellesley. Wishing to show him some civility, Lady Aldborough offered him a seat in her carriage on the occasion of a fête some miles out of Dublin. She found him a silent, dull, young man, putting nothing in the pool, as she expressed it, and she decided to give him the slip coming back. Wellesley waited in vain to be picked up till all the carriages were gone, and the only means of getting back to Dublin was to take a seat in the van of the band. Many years afterwards she reminded the great Duke of this occurrence, saying: "I little thought, when I left you to find your way back with the fiddlers, that you were going to play first fiddle yourself."'

My reference to Lady Aldborough's high-bred insolence illustrates the fact that, when a person who has risen from the ranks is unkind and unmannerly, we are often told that the offender is ill-bred, and that no lady or gentleman would have acted in such a way. On the other hand, when the delinquent belongs to a good family, the censure is softened, and certainly no such word as 'ill-bred' or 'underbred' will be used. It may be added that, if he or she is not well born only, but rich and hospitable, the blame will be spoken *sotto voce* or written in invisible ink.

It is pathetic to contrast Lady Aldborough in the heyday of her brilliant, but somewhat arrogant, prime with the Lady Aldborough as she appeared in her extreme old age. 'Dined with Lady Aldborough,'

writes Greville, July 9, 1843, 'and with Mrs. Murchison, wife of the geologist, at an hotel table d'hôte (at Baden-Baden), where Lady A.'s screaming and strange gestures alarmed me for the effect they would produce on the company, and lest she should come out with some of those extraordinary things which she does not scruple to say to almost everybody she talks to. She is eighty-seven years old, still vigorous, and has all her wits about her, only her memory is gone, for she tells a story, and, forgetting she has told it, begins it again almost directly after.' An odd entry occurs in the *Memoir* thirteen years earlier: 'Lady Aldborough came in in the evening, and flew up to him (Marmont) with "Ah, mon cher Maréchal, embrassez-moi"; and so, after escaping the cannon's mouth at Paris, he was obliged to face Lady Aldborough's mouth here.'

To these links with the past may here be appended a somewhat whimsical link between my great-grandmother's dotage and my own boyhood. Lady Aldborough—surely in her decrepitude—paid £40 for a handsome but taciturn green parrot, which came into my possession when I was eight years old. Jacko had been left to my grandmother; but he was, to use my father's phrase, such a 'savage brute' with most people, and his love at first sight for me was so marked, that he was soon made over to me. If any one petted me, he was jealous; if any one pretended to beat me, he was furious.

Max Müller has contended that the line between human reason and animal instinct is not so hard and fast as is sometimes supposed; a bird, before cracking a nut, will sometimes judge by its weight whether it has a kernel or not: is not this an act of comparison?

Jacko performed such an act after a fashion of his own. He had a way of taking my finger in his claw and playfully biting it; but he first experimented on his own leg. As, however, the untutored Baconian did not allow for the fact that his leg was protected with feathers while my finger was not, his friendly peck was sometimes harder than I liked. Was not his hasty generalization a rudimentary form of the *inductio per enumerationem simplicem*?

In early boyhood I was sent, *in formâ invalidi*, as a day scholar to a boarding-school at Brighton. Jacko used to be placed in the bow window of our lodging; and from his joyful uproar my friends could at once tell when he espied me on my way home. When I went to Harrow, the sense of bereavement, seconded by old age, soon did its work; and, before my first term was over, the loyal bird had sickened and died. Hamerton, after hinting at the possibility that all human reverence may gradually disappear from the earth, comforted himself with the reflection that, even in that case, the torch of reverence will still be kept alight; for the reverence of dogs for their masters is indestructible. From Martial's lap-dog to Ovid's parrot the step is short. And thus, when I think of my dear Jacko, I am reminded of the graceful epitaph which that friend of my youth, Sir Francis Doyle, wrote on a favourite dog:

‘Not hopeless round this calm sepulchral spot
A wreath, presaging life, we twine;
If God be love, what sleeps below was not
Without a spark divine.’

Before quitting this subject, I will tell of a misconception which should warn us—well—not to cast

our metaphors before philistines. When collecting my old-world memories, I asked an acquaintance who was well stricken in years if he could give me any links with the past. He looked bewildered, and then answered quite seriously: 'I don't understand you. What are links with the past? *Golf links, I suppose you mean.*' This is almost as good as Miss Ferrier's story of the Bath bluestocking who asked her country visitor if she had seen Crabbe's *Tales*. 'Crabs' tails!' was the puzzled reply: 'I didn't remember that they had tails.'

The rustic lady must have been as much puzzled as was a doctor in an Alpine hotel who, finding that coffee kept one of his patients awake, was advised by an English lady to let the invalid try cocoa. The doctor knew hardly any English, and it was unluckily in English that the suggestion was made. 'I understand you not,' he replied, utterly bewildered. 'Cocko! Cuckoo! He is in the forest!' I was staying in the hotel at the time and had the story direct from the lady.

A friend assures me that, when Sir Bartle Frere called on her mother in India, the native servant, sorely perplexed by his name, announced him as 'Bottled Beer Sahib'.

Mr. Thorold Rogers, whose economic works are now forgotten, but whose satires still live in the memory of Oxford men, was fond of telling the story how, on a visit to the States, he was disgusted, as he steamed up the St. Lawrence, at seeing the magnificent cliffs deformed by an advertisement cut in gigantic letters: 'Take Cockle's antibilious pills.' On his return a month later his annoyance was tempered by amusement; for beneath was inscribed in equally

bold characters, 'and Prepare to meet thy God.' The second poster, so he was informed, was *bona fide*, the work of some religious society, and not the witty counterblast of a rival firm of quack medicine-vendors. Some wag must have added the 'and'.

The familiar Anglo-Latin pun on a member of the Jex-Blake family (not the Dean of Bath and Wells) is too unjust to be here repeated. But an impromptu of a guest of the Dean's may be given without offence. He had been driven to the station with a pair of spanking greys, and, after alighting, is said to have exclaimed: 'If the plural of *lex* is *leges*, it follows that the plural of Jex is gee-gees.'

Looking in an old diary of mine, I find that January 25, 1870, has the laconic entry: 'Marry. To Norwood'; in which unromantic place I spent my mid-wintery honeymoon—*felicitationis eximiae non auspiciatum exordium*. But with the commonplaces (or uncommonplaces) of my domestic bliss I will not weary my readers. One fact in relation to my marriage may here suffice. A day or two after that happy event, my wife and I were reading together Tennyson's *Golden Supper* and we came upon the words:

'Lionel and the girl
Were wedded.'

The trifle seems to me worth recording as a sample of odd coincidences, such as occur from time to time and furnish one of those foundations of sand whereon spiritualists and telepathists erect their fairy palaces. A yet stranger coincidence was mentioned to me by a late distinguished lawyer. His twin daughters went in together for an examination, in which the question

was asked: 'What do you understand by Catholic Emancipation?' Quite independently, and without having, so far as they remembered, previously talked over the matter, they both, in almost identical words, wrote down the ingeniously wrong answer: 'Catholic Emancipation means the abolition of slavery, which has been rightly called Catholic as it took place at the same time all over the world.'

A reminiscence of my wife's girlhood may here not be irrelevant. One day, as she was walking in the garden of St. James's Square, she was startled to see two small boys fighting. As she approached, she recognized one of them as a Catholic Peer, and the other as the son of a Protestant Peer. On her asking them what on earth they were quarrelling about, the Protestant champion answered: 'That boy says there's purgatory, and I say there isn't.' Was it under the influence of an inherited instinct or of a family tradition that the puny disputants—both of them descendants of the Crusaders—thus appealed to the God of battles, and had recourse to the ordeal of fisticuffs?

Since my marriage, I have spent a large part of each year out of England in valetudinarian banishment. Between 1878 and the time when I am now writing (1905), the scenes of my voluntary or involuntary exile have been in or near Switzerland in the summer and autumn and at Biarritz in the winter. When on the Continent, I have always lived in hotels; and thus I have been brought into long and close contact with what I call ex-Anglian life—the life of the English abroad. In one of Coppée's short stories, the heroine, being asked her nationality, gave the quaint reply: 'Je ne suis ni de Londres, ni de Paris,

ni de Vienne, ni de Saint-Pétersbourg . . . Je suis de table d'hôte.' Writing on this subject nearly twenty years ago, I said: 'The land of the table d'hôte is a land whereon the sun never sets; and everywhere it has its own customs and by-laws. In this pleasant, if not very edifying, country of cosmopolites and butterflies, the conventional note, so to say, is pitched a full octave lower than in any other civilized society. Confidences are poured forth—*experto crede*—by mere strangers, although (or because) they never expect to see one again; and friendship grows and is lost with the rapidity of a serpent's skin, or rather of Jonah's gourd.'

I am tempted to add a few words on this ubiquitous no-man's-land, partly because I have naturally seen much more of it since writing those words, and partly because table d'hôte life, as I then understood it, is changing its character, if not dying out. The change has been unexpected, and its causes are perplexing. While English life at home has been growing less conventional, English life abroad has grown more intolerant and exclusive. At any rate, only thus can I explain the fact that, in foreign towns frequented by the English, the sociable long table of the table d'hôte, that table so dear to forlorn and solitary old maids, is being very generally displaced by a number of conventional small tables. Observe, I am not surprised that parents should be afraid lest their young daughters in hotels should make acquaintance with vulgar people. What surprises me is that, during the last twenty or thirty years, this fear has been on the increase. How is this anomaly to be explained? The only explanation that occurs to me is that, owing to the improved means of locomotion, the ranks of

the 'travelling English' are nowadays recruited from a lower class than in the seventies or eighties; an insupportable or, in modern phrase, 'impossible' intruder is oftener encountered; and the result is that the increased toleration of the most refined class of tourists is more than counteracted by the increased vulgarity of an occasional member of the least refined class. Be this as it may, it is at least certain that hotel society, agreeable as it often is, can never be warranted select; for hotels are clubs without black balls. At 'a game of "Definitions" played long years ago at Pontresina, a lady, who had to define the words *meeting* and *parting*, joined the two words together, and defined *meeting-and-parting* as *hotel-life*'. Indeed, being in a manner unstable all round, hotel-life is the paradise of loafers and lotus-eaters. And yet this nondescript paradise is attractive to some who are anything but lotus-eaters. Will it be said that the attraction must be such as Goethe had in view when he maintained that likes are not drawn to likes, but unlikes to unlikes? Well, I will touch briefly on the causes of that harmony of opposites further on. Meantime, I must freely admit that there are occasions when this paradise, such as it is, is less marked by the presence of the tree of knowledge than by that of the serpent—occasions, I mean, when the prevailing interests are divided between golf and gossip, and when, alas! the patron saints are St. Ananias and St. Sapphira. Once, when staying at a foreign watering-place, I took part in a game in which each player had to devise an ingenious mode of representing some well-known tragedy or comedy. The prize was given to a lady who pinned to her dress a slip of paper on which the

name of the watering-place was written. The play which was thus too appropriately designated was *The School for Scandal*. The joke would have had no point if it had not, by general consent, been founded on fact.

It is assuredly not meant that table-d'hôte-land is always suffering from the scandalmongering ailment. But other infirmities are to be found there. In 'show' watering-places there is much idleness and extravagance in dress. Not that the extravagance is really equal to that of London or Paris. But, owing partly to the suspension of ordinary occupations, partly to the absence of a well-directed and organized public opinion, and partly, perhaps, to the mixture of classes and nationalities, the extravagance, and especially the idleness, are brought into strong relief. It is in such a booth of Vanity Fair that the Mrs. Reffold of *Ships that Pass in the Night* is fitly placed to show off her finery. By her side in the novel stands the contrasting figure of Bernadine, who is a representative, though an idealized one, of another class of table d'hôte's. I refer to the class of invalids, many of whom are rather unfairly called *malades imaginaires*. Does a *malade imaginaire*, pure and simple, really exist? Surely no one, without something wrong in his nervous system, would be thus hypochondriacal; so that what is called *une maladie imaginaire* is, generally at least, *une maladie réelle, exagérée par l'imagination*. This reality gives the doctors something tangible to deal with, if that is any consolation to the patient. According to Mr. Goldwin Smith, the famous Dr. Radcliffe, of Oxford, 'is said to have punished the giver of a niggardly fee by a prediction of death, which was fulfilled by the terrors of the patient.' Well, even of itself and without the aid of medical vindictiveness, the nervous disorder to

which I refer is often productive of morbid forebodings and hardly less morbid introspection ; so that we may say of it, as Horace and Ovid said of dropsy, that it tempts its victims to do the very thing that is worst for them (*Crescit indulgens sibi*), it grows by self-indulgence. Doubtless the professional invalid, so to call him, is entitled to far more respect and sympathy than the votary of vanity. He might urge with truth that a man's happiness consisteth less in how much he possesseth than in how well he digesteth. But, though the valetudinarian is more estimable than the *vanitarian*, he is not a whit less tiresome. It is far from pleasant to be brought to close quarters with a self-tormentor of whom it may be said that, after a novel fashion, his god is his belly, and that he is in very truth a peptomaniac. In other words, a philosophical hater of boredom might think that between the cult of wealth and that of health, between *vanitas vanitatum* and *sanitas sanitatum*, there is little to choose.

Anyhow, after following me thus far, the reader will hardly wish to be brought into longer and closer contact with the counterparts, male or female, of Mrs. Reffold—with the social Pharisees, I mean, who are conventional when they ought to be unconventional and are unconventional when they ought to be conventional. So, bidding adieu or *au diable* to, let us say, those gnat-straining camel-swallowers, I will pass on to a very different class of tourists, from whom a wholesome lesson is to be learnt. The lesson is well expressed both in a Latin and in a German motto :

‘Qui vult optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer ;’

(‘The youth who would the goal attain
Must toil and moil with might and main.’)

and

‘Was Hänschen nicht lernt, lernt Hans nimmer mehr.’

The truth of these texts for a lay sermon has been pathetically brought home to me by my experience of tables d’hôte. Among the table d’hôteers are to be found *ὄψιμαθεῖς*, late-in-life scholars, men who, after spending their best years in business, have a praiseworthy wish to cultivate their minds in old age. They will often glibly and intelligently air their newly-acquired learning, but suddenly they will be guilty of some anachronism or other blunder so gross as to show that their knowledge is founded, not on rock, but on sand. Such men, in Max Müller’s phrase, aspire to be architects when they ought to be masons; or, in Bunyan’s phrase, they seek to enter the Celestial City without having passed through the wicket-gate. Their mental condition may be illustrated by the case of an elderly American, who, however, did not stumble into an historical pitfall, but naïvely avowed his ignorance. His daughter had twice been married to Frenchmen, her second husband being a distinguished politician; but, though he himself had lived much in France, he had learnt no more of the language than the *émigrés*, after the great war with Napoleon, had learnt of English. Many years ago, when wintering at Biarritz, he picked up a translation of Lamartine’s account of the Reign of Terror. The odd thing was that the disasters of that sad time had been unknown to him; and, as he read of the cruel activity of the guillotine, he worked himself into a sort of passion. At last he called out, more than half in earnest, ‘If I had known that such things had been done in France, I should never have let my daughter marry two Frenchmen!’

Such being the shortcomings of table-d'hôte-land, it may be asked why men and women of culture are content to live in it. The obvious answer is that those of them who thus expatriate themselves are nearly always either invalids or their 'caretakers'. What was said by an irreverent person when comparing heaven and hell may be applied to a comparison between a foreign health-resort and England: the former is preferable in point of climate, the latter in point of society. And to invalids of the class here specified a good climate is of the utmost importance. But this is not all. A delicate man who lives with the busy inhabitants of a town is apt to feel, to use an Aesopian metaphor, like a grasshopper in colloquy with ants. A human grasshopper of this type cannot help being a grasshopper. But the human ants cannot understand that. To speak more precisely, a man in the prime of life who is disabled by nervous weakness for hard work will be charged with being what Shakespeare called 'crafty-sick', or at best with being hypochondriacal, by his stalwart neighbours who bear the burden and heat of the day; and, finding himself either patronized or cold-shouldered by those Pharisees of industry, the idler by necessity takes refuge with the idlers by choice. Here, again, the quaint old American may serve as a witness. After spending some years in Europe, he felt a natural wish to end his days with the surviving friends of his youth. So he returned to Chicago; but he found that, in a society where dollar-hunting was the order of the day, where all young men were busy, and where old men talked business and *thought* business, an easy life was impossible for him. The contagion of work began to tell on his health and spirits; and he recrossed the Atlantic

in search of that leisure which now, in the New World especially, seems to be at a discount, but which Horace valued above gold and jewels (*non gemmis . . . venale neque auro*). The general principle which my old friend thus exemplified is well stated by Johnson. ‘*Boswell*: “We grow weary when idle.” *Johnson*: “That is, sir, because, others being busy, we want company; but, if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another”.’

Will it be objected that I have not yet adequately explained the attractions of hotel life for any studious person, even if he be physically disabled for hard work? By far the greatest of those attractions is to be found in the many delightful friendships which he may hope to gain there—friendships which would not as easily take root in the conventional soil of England. If I have not hitherto said anything of the supreme advantage of ex-Anglian life, the reason is that it is felt, but can hardly be described. A good illustration of this advantage will be given presently. So I will remark that, in some foreign hotels, human nature is oftener than elsewhere to be seen in the rough, and that, in those psychical laboratories, there is a good chance of attaining what Goethe declares to be the true aim of culture, ‘to know the world and not to despise it’ (*die Welt zu kennen und sie nicht verachten*). A few stray anecdotes will make my meaning clearer. They are so chosen and arranged as to throw light on the relation in which tourists stand both to those among whom they sojourn and to each other; and, to follow this arrangement, the reader should regard them as divided into two classes, which I am tempted to call the pleasantly exotic and the quaintly table-d’hotic. Beginning with this latter class, which is

mainly comic, I will gradually pass on to the other anecdotes, which are semi-serious and, it is hoped, suggestive.

Reference has already been made to the games of 'definitions' which used to be played at Pontresina. In one such game an umbrella was defined as 'a shelter for one and a shower-bath for two'. The sandwiches in the Engadine being often made by putting a slice of meat between the halves of a split roll, a sandwich was described as 'a crusty couple divided by a tongue'. A discourteous wag gave just offence by defining woman as 'a creature that was made after man and has been after him ever since'.

At the Bernina hospice, where I used often to stay, a south country squire said that his sporting vicar, when dining with him, was called away to a peasant's deathbed; after a short absence he returned, and thus related his experience: 'I asked the poor man if he had anything on his mind; and, as his answer was vague, I put a leading question, "Did you ever kill a fox?" "No, parson," he said, emphatically; "never." So I told him he was a good man, and I felt sure he would go to heaven.'

A kinswoman of my wife, who had left the school-room long before girls were expected to learn German, was staying in a hotel near the river at Coblenz when she was horrified to hear the cry of 'Dampfschiff'. She instantly rang for the waiter and asked whether the cry meant that there were damp sheets in the bedrooms. Did she imagine that the German landlord was thus publicly proclaiming his own neglect of sanitary precautions, and, moreover, that he was conveying the information in English? Or perhaps

she thought that she had made her way unawares into either a hydropathic institution or a madhouse. Anyhow, the confusion of sounds which so perplexed her brings to my memory the use of an orally ambiguous word by a not very wise nobleman who, being then Privy Seal, was sent on a mission to Talleyrand, and thus pompously announced himself: 'Je suis le Sceau [sot] Privé du Roi; pas le Grand Sceau [sot]. Il y a un Sceau [sot] encore plus grand que moi.' 'Est-il possible?' was the witty Frenchman's response.

My kinswoman's error may also recall that of an eminent man who was less proficient in modern languages than in classics, and who ordered in a Swiss hotel *Kindfleisch* by mistake for *Rindfleisch*. It is said that in the Channel Islands, during the absence or illness of the incumbent of a parish, an English clergyman, who was by way of being a good French scholar, undertook to preach a French sermon. With great earnestness he exhorted his hearers to drink of the water of life freely: 'Chaque matin et chaque soir prenez eau-de-vie. Quand vous avez soif, buvez eau-de-vie librement.' Conflicting reports have reached me as to the whereabouts of this Malapropian adventure; but my impression is that the story is, at least, founded on fact. In Lincolnshire, tomatoes, when fully ripe, are said to 'bleed'. A Lincolnshire lady once told her cook that, as they were beginning to 'bleed', they should be used at once. The cook, being from a different county, was at first dumb-founded by the expression, but presently exclaimed: 'I suppose, ma'am, that is what the clergyman meant when he said last Sunday "*the blood of tomatoes is the seed of the Church*"!'

A cousin tells me that once, in a foreign hotel, she met an English paterfamilias who, being urged by his son to take some ice, gruffly, but too audibly, answered, 'The temperature of the stomach ought not to be below 98°.' In contrast to this valetudinarian may be mentioned a middle-class matron whom my wife saw at a table d'hôte at Nice, and who, misliking the foreign cookery, called out: 'They never give us anything tasty here. Why can't we have pickled pork?'

More than thirty years ago, St. Moritz was visited by a former schoolfellow of mine, who was then Viceroy of Ireland. Great was the excitement which sprang out of that event. A ball being given at the hotel, a lady, who danced with the great man, told me that a Danish gentleman said to her with a solemn air: 'Do you know that you had the honour of being the Viceroy's partner?' Being somewhat nervous and flighty, the aforesaid Dane was tiresomely inquisitive as to the position which this queller of the Irish enjoyed: were not his revenues immense? At last the popular imagination became so heated that a vapour issued from it in the form of a myth. Rumour appears to have confounded the Viceroy with the Khedive; and he himself laughingly told me that this portentous delusion had reached his ears. A year or two passed by, and my old schoolfellow returned to St. Moritz. But the ministry had changed, and he was now shorn of his viceregal honours. The Danish wiseacre also returned; and I found myself speculating whether he and such as he did not feel about this human shuttlecock of fortune as Burke felt about Marie Antoinette, and whether they were able 'to contemplate without emotion that

elevation and that fall'! Did they not fear that the deposed quasi-Khedive, submitting as best he might to the decree of Allah, was flying from the wrath of his sovereign, and in hourly expectation of the bowstring?

Here may follow two of my wife's early reminiscences. She was dining long ago at a table d'hôte in Paris, and was doing full justice to some excellent dates. A French gentleman, who wished both to do her a good turn and to air his English, said to her: 'I have seen much of the Arabs, mademoiselle. They say that, if you eat too many dates, you will come out all over *buttons*.'

My wife, when a girl, was taken by her mother with her elder sisters to Vevey. The family there struck up an acquaintance with a Moldavian prince, with whom they went on excursions. The gossip afterwards ran in Cheshire that he asked my (future) mother-in-law to marry him, and that she answered, 'Hélas, j'ai un cher mari en Angleterre.' The 'Hélas', if not the rest of the *non-possumus*, is certainly a fiction. But it appears that he asked her if any of her daughters would be available. Learning, however, that such a random and indiscriminating proposal was not to the taste of English girls, he considered which of the daughters would be the most eligible for the princessdom, and at last decided to limit his attentions to the youngest. But, as she was taking the grape-cure and as she did not seem strong, he thought it safe, as a prelude to his courtship, to put her through a sort of medical catechism. Accordingly, after an expedition, he contrived to sit opposite her in an omnibus; and, on that not too private occasion, he made the highly pertinent (or impertinent) inquiry: 'Mademoi-

selle a l'air un peu délicat. Est-ce la poitrine ou l'estomac?' And, as if to draw the attention of the onlookers, he pointed to the corresponding parts of his own body.

From the purely comic and table-d'hôte anecdotes, I pass to such as may cast a sidelight on the subtle difference between Englishmen and foreigners. A glimpse of that difference may be gathered from a quaint incident which bears a distant family likeness to Mr. Pickwick's adventure in the White Horse Hotel at Ipswich, and also to the last scene in the *Sentimental Journey*. Towards the middle of the seventies, a certain Lady X. arrived one evening at Pontresina in the height of the season, without having secured rooms for herself and her maid. The place was so full that the only accommodation to be had was a room with three beds. Lady X. and her attendant at once took possession of this room, and made ready for the night. But, looking around, they suddenly caught sight of a pair of trousers. The lady rang and peremptorily asked if she and her maid were sure of having the room to themselves. 'Mais non, madame, pas tout à fait,' was the reply; 'le troisième lit est occupé depuis quelques jours par un monsieur; *mais il est très tranquille.*' Tranquil he might be, and a right to a third part of the room was certainly his. Yet, with feminine disregard to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, the interlopers put the trousers outside the door and turned the key. But, as they were settling down to their first sleep, they heard a loud knocking at the door, followed by an assurance from the *monsieur très tranquille* that he had left a few things in the drawers which he could not possibly do without. Not over-graciously the maid

got up and unlocked the door. As soon as she had called out 'Entrez', the *monsieur très galant*, as he might well be called, came in and took possession of his chattels; and then, bowing low to the recumbent interlopers, he left the room to seek a resting-place for himself, if, peradventure, he could find one.

In 1871 my wife and I, staying at the hospice on the Bernina Pass, were waited on by an intelligent maid named Sabina, who seemed to have Italian blood in her veins. She was born, as might have been judged from her appearance, for better things, and had occasion, in Horace's phrase, to 'lament the unkindness of her household gods'. She told us that the Catholic church at St. Moritz had been built in part by 'ma tante, Madame la Comtesse de Frances Galli' (or some such name); and we learned on inquiry that she was only so far exaggerating that the lady was not strictly her aunt, but her first cousin once removed, or, as we should say in Cheshire, her Welsh aunt. The mixture of classes in Switzerland is certainly abnormal, even when judged by the republican standard. A woman who kept a small shop on the Alps told me that her father, then a very old man, had during many years administered the finances of the country (in fact he was a Swiss Mr. Gladstone). I am the less inclined to doubt her assertion, as a friend once assured me that there were three brothers in Switzerland who were respectively a member of the Government, a doctor of divinity, and an hotel waiter.

Sabina told us that she had two suitors, one of whom lived at Milan, the other at Monte Video. It will be seen that the two places, like Macedon

and Monmouth, have little in common besides the initial M (*intervalla vides humane commoda*)! All Sabina's leanings were towards Italy; and she quoted with sympathy the Italian saying: 'German is the language of horses, English of birds, French of diplomacy, but Italian of love.' Is not the first of these comparisons ascribed to Charles V? For the other three Sabina is my sole authority.

When visiting Switzerland in 1876, I asked the landlady of an Alpine hotel if she could give a better account of her sister, who had been a great invalid. 'No,' was the reply; 'I fear she can never get better. Her illness is not infectious; and so it cannot be passed on to any one else.' This quaint delusion may serve to illustrate the opinion expressed by Goethe to the effect that human nature is a book which, to him who has the skill to read it, is full of instruction at every page. For the delusion is a survival of a belief which was prevalent in the early stages of culture. It was then held that, in regard to health, and, indeed, things in general, one man's gain is another man's loss. A trace of that sentiment is to be found in Horace's not over-kind prayer to Apollo and Diana, which, for the benefit of the non-classical reader, I will give in Lytton's translation:

'May the God in his mercy
Save from war and from pest and from famine,
Our people, and Caesar our prince,
And direct them on Persia and Britain.'

A like spirit is shown by Bacon in his *Essay of Fortune*: 'The most frequent of external causes of fortune is that the folly of one man is the fortune of another; for no man prospers so suddenly as by others' errors. *Serpens, nisi serpentem comederit, non fit*

draco.' Bacon himself held this inhuman theory of good and ill fortune with some modifications; but, according to its extreme form, we stand to each other in a relation somewhat similar to that of two buckets in a well, or of two men on a seesaw—one man has to go down that another may rise. Even the scientific Lucretius extends such a notion to the case of all living creatures. 'Nature,' he says, 'allows nothing to be born, unless helped by the death of something else.' But a more definite illustration of the theory that one man's health is another man's sickness has been furnished by Kinglake :

'I did not hear whilst I was at Cairo that any prayer for a remission of the plague had been offered up in the mosques. I believe that, however frightful the ravages of the disease may be, the Mahometans refrain from approaching Heaven with their complaints until the plague has endured for a long space, and then at last they pray God—not that the plague may cease, but that it may go to another city.'

But can nothing be done towards explaining this notion that physical ills cannot be absolutely cured, but only transferred—the notion, in fact, of the conservation of disease which, baseless though it is, might pass for a crude and fantastic foreshadowing of the doctrine of the conservation of energy? Two points may be noted. First, the phenomena of infection and contagion must have been bewildering and misleading to primitive observers. They must have been especially misleading in cases when the liability to infection is greatest on the eve of the patient's recovery. Also, precautions against infection not being then understood, the convalescent would sometimes be allowed to go about too soon and to receive the congratulations of his friends. If any

of these caught the malady, would it not be inferred that the burden of it had, so to speak, been taken off his shoulders and transferred to theirs? Secondly, in the ages before science, it was commonly held that diseases were punitive, and that punishment by proxy was efficacious; whence it might be concluded that the wrath of gods or demons might be diverted from one victim if, but only if, another victim were provided. This, after all, is merely a variant of what was said in the first chapter in regard to the institution of whipping-boys.

A young lady—no matter whether American, English, or continental—who was an excellent Greek scholar, determined, when her pupilage was over, to give her erudition a local colouring by taking a trip to Greece. Her former tutor followed in her wake; and the consequence—*quali digna tabellâ*—was a speedy betrothal in Arcadia amid the ruins, according to report, of a Pagan temple (if it was not a temple of Aphrodite, it should have been).

At the time of this truly sentimental journey, but quite independently, Greece was visited by two well-to-do clergymen. The comment on their prosperous air and its spiritual advantages which was published in a Greek newspaper shall here be inserted in the quaint form in which it was reported to me: 'Two English *papas* [priests] are travelling among us; but how unlike they are to our *papas*. Their coats are made of the best cloth; they travel in first-class railway carriages; and they go to the most expensive hotels. No wonder the English are religious!' This naïve canonization of Mammon recalls by way of contrast the visit paid by a clergyman's daughter to an old woman in her father's parish. A curate had

just been appointed, and the old gossip talked much of his virtues; she esteemed and admired him, though apparently he had not the social attractions which gilded the eloquence of the opulent parsons aforementioned. 'He ain't much to look at and his clothes ain't much neither,' she said, 'but his *innerds* is lovely.'

Matthew Arnold was told by Cardinal Antonelli that he had seen Italian workmen in the picture galleries, and that their downright criticisms on the pictures *È questo bello* and *È questo brutto* were commonly just. From this and other indications it may be inferred that among the Latin races the peasants are more imaginative and endowed with a greater sense for beauty than in Teutonic countries or, at any rate, in England. I remember, many years ago, being with my father on one of the Peckforton hills in Cheshire, when the view around us was magnificent. Beneath lay far and wide a level sea of mist, and above that sea the only islands visible were the ruined castle of Beeston near us and the Welsh heights in the distance. Coming upon some workmen, one of whom my father regarded as the most capable man on his estate, he called their attention to the beautiful effect. But he found that the mist was to them a damp mist and nothing more—the beauty did not appeal to them a bit. In contrast with this I will mention that, when my wife was driving in the neighbourhood of Biarritz with her camera, the coachman turned and said to her: 'C'est bien dommage que Madame ne puisse pas photographier le bruit de l'eau courante.' To which I will append the query: Will any one now living see the time when it will be possible so to phonograph the sound of running water as to do it justice? Be this

as it may, the sentiment of the coachman was Wordsworthian, as will be seen by comparing it with what Wordsworth himself said of Lucy :

‘The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.’

A much-travelled painter told me that once, when he had a studio at Chicago, a gentleman with five ladies asked to see his pictures. The visitors were admitted ; but, as no names had been given, the host asked the gentleman to present him in due form to himself and to the rest of his party. ‘I am young Young,’ replied the stranger ; and then, pointing to the two ladies who were nearest to him, he added : ‘This is Mrs. Young, and this is Mrs. Young’ ; and exactly the same form of words was repeated as the three other ladies were introduced. He went on to explain that Brigham Young was his father, and that the ladies were his five wives !

The reader will now perceive what attractions the characteristic differences between Englishmen and foreigners would have for a present-day Miss Austen or Mrs. Gaskell, and that such attractions would be more or less felt even by those mute inglorious observers, those *romanciers manqués*, who have a keen eye for social incongruities, but have not the skill to portray them. It is at foreign hotels in France and Switzerland that my wife and I have met many of our pleasantest and most cultivated friends. Switzerland has a character of its own. It has been called the Kurhaus as well as the playground of Europe ;

and the Engadine, in particular, is the sanatorium of overworked brains and the paradise of holiday-making students. Of this I had an illustration on the first day that I ever spent in that happy valley; for I then made the acquaintance of Miss Swanwick. As she was travelling with her elder sister, she was of course known in the hotel as Miss Anna Swanwick. But she is the Miss Swanwick of literature; and Miss Swanwick she shall be called in the brief notice of her with which this chapter will conclude.

It was in 1870 that my wife and I first made Miss Swanwick's acquaintance, when we spent most of the summer under the same roof. I afterwards met her often under divers conditions, and in the company of a great variety of friends—ranging from Canon Plumptre to Francis Newman. All that I saw of her confirmed my original impression. In Coleridge's *Table-Talk* it is said that 'there are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided: (1) that dear old soul; (2) that old woman; (3) that old witch'. The first of these categories is a sort of niche in which I have always mentally placed the image of Miss Swanwick. Yet the somewhat patronizing appellation of a 'dear old soul' is hardly good enough for her. Indeed, I cannot better describe her than as the most charming old lady I ever met.

But praise is apt to lose credit if it is indiscriminate; and I am therefore emboldened to add a word of qualification. Miss Swanwick is chiefly known as the translator of some Greek and German plays. Of her translations some competent judges think very highly. The late Mrs. Francis Galton (*née* Butler) mentioned to me one of her distinguished brothers

as subscribing to that favourable opinion. It is, therefore, with great diffidence, that I confess that Miss Swanwick's translation of Aeschylus, and especially of the *Agamemnon*, fell short of my expectation. One illustration of the grounds of my disappointment has stuck in my memory. My readers will remember the grandly abrupt transition of Cassandra from prophetic mists to appalling clearness:

'Αγαμέμνονός σέ φημ' ἐπόψεσθαι μόρον.

Miss Swanwick renders this fine line by 'On Agamemnon's death, I say, thou'lt look'. Surely, such a translation, with its unemphatic ending, is little better than a parody.¹ Nor, to speak more generally, did Miss Swanwick, either as a talker or as a writer, ever impress me as being a born philosopher. Perhaps, indeed, if she had given such an impression, she would have lost some of her womanly charm. Be this as it may, her conversation was fascinating, especially when she dealt in reminiscences. Of those reminiscences I will give a few specimens.

Her memory stretched back to the time of the first Reform Bill. She was then residing at Liverpool, whither the tidings of the great event came in the middle of the night. 'So great was the excitement,' she said, 'that our friends threw gravel against our windows to wake us up, that we might hear the good news as soon as possible.'

She told me that she was once reading *The Merchant*

¹ A great Cambridge scholar has asked me to suggest an alternative rendering of this line. Prudence would counsel my declining the task. But, being thus challenged, I will submit that such a translation as 'Thine eyes shall gaze on Agamemnon's doom' would not be more inadequate than Miss Swanwick's.

of *Venice* in a gondola. To her surprise, the boatman suddenly exclaimed: 'A Daniel come to judgement.' Being cross-questioned, he replied: 'I know Shakespeare well. Portia was a very clever woman; but I guess there are more Portias in the world than Beatrices.' At first, Miss Swanwick thought he was an educated man, gone down in the world. But he undeceived her, by adding: 'I once read a very clever book—you may not have read it, but I thought it very clever—I mean *The Vicar of Wakefield*.' No wonder Miss Swanwick was startled by his remark about Portia and Beatrice! The stress which he thus laid on a certain kind of merit proves him to have been a man of reflection. This will be felt if I illustrate his remark by quoting Macaulay's comparison between Lord Jeffrey and Sydney Smith: 'In ability I should say that Jeffrey was higher, but Sydney rarer. I would rather have been Jeffrey; but there will be several Jeffreys before there is a Sydney.' The gondolier's enthusiasm for *The Vicar of Wakefield* recalls an odd experience of another boatman. An Englishman once observed that one of the crew on a steamer on the Lake of Lucerne spoke idiomatic and racy English, and asked him how he had picked it up. The Switzer replied that he had learnt it by studying *Verdant Green*, which an English party had left on board!

The mention of Sydney Smith reminds me of an anecdote related about him by Miss Swanwick. She told me that he had two nieces staying with him, who begged him to give a ball. 'No,' he replied, shaking his powdered head: 'you may get plenty of powder from the old canon, but no ball.' To me certainly this story had the charm of novelty; but

I am surprised that it is not better known. Sydney Smith is the residuary legatee to whom are assigned such of our national *bons mots* as are without a claimant. Is it possible that in this case he has unwittingly been enriched at the expense of some other canon whose fame as a wit was not strong enough to hold its own? ¹

Being on very cordial terms with Francis Newman, Miss Swanwick was surprised and shocked by the tone of the book he wrote after the death of his brother. He had spoken to her in very friendly terms of the Cardinal, and had shown her an affectionate letter which he had received from him on his birthday. It appears that Francis told John Henry that, in spite of theological differences, there was really great spiritual sympathy between them; and received for reply that there could be no such sympathy whatever. The younger brother felt this bitterly; and Miss Swanwick was inclined to regard it as one cause of his asperity.

I remarked to her that Arthur Stanley—I think in his *American Addresses*—expressed the paradoxical opinion that some of Francis Newman's writings would probably outlive those of his brother. She replied that the Dean had expressed the same opinion to her in conversation. He once talked to me about the Cardinal not very sympathetically. But can he seriously have thought that any writing of Francis Newman will be remembered so long as 'Lead, kindly Light'? People will differ as to the comparative soundness of the views of the two brothers; but

¹ I have left this passage standing, though I have since learned that the witty parson was Canon Goodall, of Windsor, who was Provost of Eton at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

almost all agree that in point of style the elder brother was infinitely superior; and style is the anti-septic of literature. 'Le livre, c'est le style' would be true enough for an epigram.

I have elsewhere stated that Mr. Gladstone told me of a good saying of Tennyson's, that 'Carlyle is a poet to whom Nature has denied the faculty of verse'; and that I replied, 'This reminds me of what Tennyson said to a friend of mine about Walt Whitman: "The first requisite of a singer is that he should sing. Walt Whitman has not this first requisite; let him speak in prose."' I am now at liberty to mention that the friend to whom I referred was Miss Swanwick. Another utterance of the late poet-laureate was reported by her at first hand. Some one spoke of the exercise of the poetic faculty as a continual and unalloyed delight; whereupon Tennyson muttered, in a deep voice, which, as imitated by her, was very like a grunt: 'I have not found it so.' He had doubtless experienced 'the exalted portion of the pain' of poetic inspiration, which was yet more vividly present to the mind of Shelley, who, after enumerating some of the blessings vouchsafed to less gifted persons, mournfully adds:

'Smiling they live and call life pleasure:

To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.'

Miss Swanwick was also well acquainted with Browning. She told him that, of his heroes, Luria was the one whom she liked best; and he replied that he also was of that opinion. Miss Swanwick was startled and annoyed when, in 1873, Francis Newman and the present writer put in a plea for euthanasia. How, then, from the point of view of

ethics, or even of enlightened selfishness, could she excuse the sentimental *kakothanasia*, the rather slow self-poisoning, of Luria? Would she not have been the first to condemn the deliberate plan of suicide by lot, with the benevolent sequel of suicide by proxy, in Miss Cholmondeley's brilliant but bewildering novel of *Red Pottage*?

Miss Swanwick told me that, to judge by her own experience, Englishwomen are hardly ever remarkable for wit. To this allegation—an allegation which in a member of our socially down-trodden sex would be thought most unchivalrous—the only exceptions she could recall were Miss Cobbe¹ and the late Mrs. Willis, sister of Robert Chambers.

An intelligent Englishman and Miss Swanwick met on the Continent, and, after the very slight acquaintance which suffices to draw such ex-Anglians into a rudimentary friendship, he begged leave to present her with the outcome of the labours of his life. She was at her wits' end to guess what was coming. The gift, however, proved to be quite portable, and in no way beyond acceptance from a comparative stranger. It was neither more nor less than an oddly drawn map of the world, a map in which the light and shade were distributed so as to mark the abundance, rarity, or total absence, not of Christianity, nor yet of coal-fields, but of snails. Miss Swanwick was thoroughly taken aback. Her contemplation of the *multum laboris in parvo* involved in the gasteropodic atlas filled her with dismay at the shortness of the mental tether

¹ A witty saying of Miss Cobbe comes to my memory. She said that she was once in an Italian church when *Expectans expectavi* was being chanted. She dryly remarked that *Expectorans expectoravi* would have been at least equally appropriate.

with which the snail-absorbed specialist had bound himself. But might he not have urged on his own behalf that an extreme subdivision of intellectual labour is a need of our complex civilization, and that they also serve who only specialize?

Let me here insert a story about Miss Swanwick which at least is *ben trovata*, and which, relating as it does to one of her pleasant symposia, brings to my memory the various occasions when I myself partook of her hospitality. It is said that after an interview with her Mr. Gladstone, knowing her literary claims and perhaps struck by her somewhat homely attire, thought of placing her name on the Civil List; but it seemed to him safer, before speaking to her on the subject, to find out all he could about her income. Pending the inquiry he was somewhat startled by receiving a letter from her inviting him and Mrs. Gladstone to dinner. The invitation was accepted; but the careful financier began to feel doubts whether he would be justified in offering a pension to a lady who could afford to give such an entertainment. At last he decided that his judgement on her case should be regulated by the quality of the dinner, and in particular that her poverty should be subjected to a sort of wine test. Would she, or would she not, provide champagne? Unluckily (so runs the tale) she had resolved to do full honour to her distinguished guest; and, as she saw him sipping his champagne, little did she dream that her hospitality would cost her a grant from the public purse. Was ever wine bought so dear! (I need hardly add that the pension if offered would assuredly have been declined).

In my paper on the Upper Engadine it is related that 'two sisters were wandering in the woods near

Campfer, when they came upon a piece of beautiful foliage. "How Cox would like this!" said one of them, who was a skilful artist. "And why not hens?" asked her puzzled companion.' It may now be mentioned that the 'skilful artist' to whom the unexpected question was addressed was Miss Swanwick, and that the questioner is long since deceased. I had this story at first hand.

A general impression has now, I trust, been given of Miss Swanwick's peculiar fascination. The quality of that fascination may be further explained by saying that she combined a full measure of the special virtue of her sex with a fair measure of the special virtue of ours; for to a truly feminine tenderness she added what might be ungallantly called a super-feminine sense of justice.

Perhaps what struck me most was that her womanly charm was unimpaired either by the metaphysical training of her youth or by her propensity in later years to make speeches in support of 'Woman's Rights'. This womanliness of hers may have been one cause of the fact that she was, as it were, an optimist by faith. Any one who doubted that all things work together for good would have appeared to her to impugn the Divine love or, in Renan's phrase, 'blasphémer l'Éternel'. She frankly admitted that this belief in good as the final goal, not only of ills in general, but of each particular ill, is hard to reconcile with the facts of life, and especially with the suffering of the lower animals. But the belief certainly helped her to make the best of things, and, in very deed, to bring to the support of the equanimity under hardships which Horace recommended, a foundation and an assurance which Horace had not. Hence arose

that habitual cheerfulness to which she owed much of her charm, as may be shown by two instances. When the elder Miss Swanwick, whom she loved tenderly, began to suffer from failing eyesight, she said to my wife and me: 'My dear sister can no longer see to read; but the beautiful book of Nature is open to her, and I am thankful that she can still enjoy it.' We were yet more touched by the manner in which, when she was more than eighty, she told my wife that she had to give up her favourite occupation: 'The doctor will not let me write any more; but I shall have the more time to love my friends.'

A kinswoman of Mr. Gladstone, who met Parnell shortly before what his enemies regard as his downfall, told me that he struck her as being a political saint or apostle; he looked frightfully ill; and he had the air of being kept alive only by the hope of redressing the wrongs of Ireland. Between Parnell and Miss Swanwick there was not much resemblance; but this account of him indirectly recalls the impression left on me by her shortly before her death. The current of her frail life had the appearance of being supplied by her mental and moral energy. Her voice, to the very last, retained its sympathetic quality; and at times the brightness of her eye was such that she seemed galvanized back into youth. The effect of all this was heightened by the contrast of her small stature. She was easily moved to enthusiasm; and, when so moved, she had a natural and childlike way of stretching out both her little arms. In that posture she was almost literally, though unconsciously, enacting the Virgilian line which has been metaphorically applied by Matthew

Arnold to Marcus Aurelius; for one was fain to regard her as straining towards the ideal:

‘Tendentemque manus ripae ulterioris amore.’

Indeed, I am convinced that no cloud, I will not say of pessimism, but even of scepticism, darkened her spiritual horizon. And thus it was that, after she had for the last time expounded to me her confident universalism, a form of belief which, after all, is only optimism writ large, I could scarce help, as we parted, exclaiming aloud: *Vale, gratiâ plena, beata tu in mulieribus.*

CHAPTER VIII

MY FATHER'S ANECDOTES

'By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise ;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !'

POPE (*on his father*).

'Much had he seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Himself not least, but honoured of them all.'

TENNYSON (*adapted*).

BEFORE relating a few of my father's anecdotes, I must premise two things : first, that I merely report the anecdotes, and do not vouch for their accuracy ; and, secondly, that they lose much by not being told in his inimitable voice and manner.

He was an intimate friend of Lord Charles Wellesley, who told him some curious facts about the Iron Duke. The first two that I shall record tempt one to supplement the old saying about a hero and his *valet de chambre*, with the addition that a hero is not always seen at his best beneath the scrutiny even of his favourite son.

The ship of an admiral, who was the Duke's near connexion, was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship which was also lost, and he himself was drowned. Lord Charles communicated the

disaster to his father, who merely exclaimed, with Spartan coldness and brevity, 'That's the second ship he has lost.' The twin anecdote, so to call it, had reference to Lord Charles himself. Being ordered with his regiment abroad, he felt much concern at bidding farewell to his aged father, whom he might never see again. On his making the announcement, the Duke, who had been reading, damped the son's emotion by saying shortly, 'Good-bye, Charlie, good-bye!' and, taking a last look before leaving the room, the son was mortified to see that the father appeared to be as intent on his reading as ever.

Compare with these anecdotes the following extract from Greville's *Memoirs* :

'The Duke [of Wellington] is a very *hard* man ; he takes no notice of any of his family ; he never sees his mother, has only visited her two or three times in the last few years ; and has not now been to see Lady Anne [his niece] though she has been in such affliction for the death of her only son, and he passes the door every time he goes to Strathfieldsaye.'

Is this indifference, after all, so very strange? Sydney Smith has somewhere lamented that the greatest public benefactors are seldom conspicuous for what are called the minor virtues ; why, then, should we wonder that the man whom Goethe himself has ranked with Aristides as a supreme example of integrity and public worth—that this great national hero, while ever vigilant against public calamity, was scarce sensitive enough to domestic losses, or to the fear of them? He would not have been the Iron Duke if he had been made of quicksilver. In confirmation of the general view here indicated, Macaulay may be quoted : 'It is not given

to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well-proportioned.' *Wo viel Licht ist, ist starker Schatten.*

It may be added that a very different and very minor form of insensibility was ascribed by Lord Charles to his father. During the Peninsular War the Duke had eggs for his breakfast, eating them habitually whether they were fresh or stale. Comparing this account with an entry in Lord Stanhope's *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*, we get some idea of the Duke's daily bill of fare during the war :

'General Alava told me that, when he travelled with the Duke, and asked him at what o'clock he would start, he usually said, "At daylight"; and to the question of what they should find for dinner, the usual answer was "Cold meat". "J'en ai pris en horreur," added Alava, "les deux mots, *cold meat et daylight.*"'

Lord Charles was often troubled by importunate acquaintances, who begged for some of his father's hair. On such occasions, he said to an old servant whose hair was like the Duke's, 'Sit down, John, I must cut off another lock!' This story recalls one told of a simple-minded old Etonian who was with me at Oxford. The boy once, when returning to Eton, after the summer holidays, boasted that he had shot some yellow-hammers. His schoolfellows gravely assured him that those birds were under Wellington's protection, and that, if he did not straightway apologize, he would be imprisoned or worse. He was actually induced to write a penitent letter to his Grace, and received a curt answer, telling him that

Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington could not make out what he meant. But he had his reward; for one of the masters, hearing of the hoax, gave him five shillings for the letter in the hope of getting Wellington's autograph. It was, however, afterwards discovered that the letter was almost certainly written by a secretary, who could exactly counterfeit the Duke's handwriting.

Before taking leave of our great general, I cannot forbear recording a noteworthy saying of his, which I heard on direct authority. The Lord Stradbroke of my youth, if I remember rightly, served under Wellington in Spain, and afterwards fought at Quatre Bras, but was somehow disabled from being at Waterloo; he was, moreover, almost the only Tory landlord whose abilities I ever heard Charles Austin praise. When he was staying with my father, the conversation turned on the extraordinary passage in which Victor Hugo attributes Napoleon's fall to the Divine jealousy (*il gênait Dieu*), and in which, so far as he ascribed to human, or rather to British, agency any share in the giant's overthrow, he would have us believe that the credit was due to the British army alone, and not to Napoleon's rival—would have us believe this *et quantum Gallia mendax Audet in historiâ* (all the brazen lies of French historians). 'I heard the Duke say,' remarked Lord Stradbroke, 'that, if he had had his old Peninsular army at Waterloo, it would have been an affair of four hours.' This is remarkable as being the utterance of one who was never given to boasting.

From Lord Stradbroke's statement it might be inferred that Wellington regarded his last and greatest victory as an easy one. That he did not so regard it,

however, is proved by the following extract from the Creevy papers :

“ It has been a damned nice thing,” said the Duke [about Waterloo], without the least approach to anything like triumph ; “ the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. By God ! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there.” ’

One of my grandfather's greatest friends was Admiral Holloway, who, when the *Orient* caught fire at the battle of the Nile, ordered his seamen to fire on the flames, and thus, by preventing their extinction, to ensure the destruction of the French vessel. After the victory, the other admirals of their abundance gave rich presents to their commander. But Holloway, being poor, offered a humbler gift. His ‘widow's mite’ took the extraordinary form of a coffin made out of the *disiecta membra* of the *Orient*. Nelson declared that he valued this coffin more than any of the other gifts, and ordered that, when he died, he should be buried in it. Alas ! this ominous gift, this veritable *δῶρον ἄδωρον*, was prophetic.

After the battle of Waterloo, my father, being then in his tenth year, saw Napoleon standing on the deck of the *Bellerophon* ; and I have heard him say with what pleasure he afterwards recalled the generosity of the British sailors, who, in spite of all their past hatred, paid homage to fallen greatness with the hearty cry of ‘Vive l'Empereur !’ From my grandfather, Admiral Tollemache, my father derived a love of naval matters, which lasted till the end of his life. A year before he died, he went over the arsenal and dockyard of Toulon. A lieutenant in the French navy was deputed to show him over the works ; and my father's brother, who was present, writes that the

Frenchman gave the following explanation of the failure of his countrymen at sea during the Revolutionary war :

‘They had no good officers at that time. The French navy, unlike the army, was thoroughly loyal; and, after the execution of the king, the best officers emigrated in great numbers, and those who remained were guillotined. Thus the French navy was deprived of all its able commanders; and the Government had to replace them with inferior, or at least inexperienced, men.’

Shortly after my father entered Parliament, there was a great disturbance in Ireland. The Duke of Wellington was reported to have said significantly that the army was ready. One or more Irish members answered the appeal by saying in the House of Commons that the people of Ireland were ready too. Amid the general excitement, a young member of timorous aspect rose to make his maiden speech. In a meek voice the novice began : ‘Mr. Speaker, I have listened attentively to this debate, and have come to the conclusion that Irishmen are no more fit to govern themselves than blacks!’ The bashful orator was the first Mr. Walter of *The Times*. A late writer for *The Times* told me that this Mr. Walter (or his son), when driving in Ireland, had the curiosity to ask his carman how he would deal with Irish disturbances. ‘Faith, sir,’ was the reply, ‘if we could get Cromwell out of hell, he would be the man to keep the Irish in order.’

Between the years 1858 and 1866, my father used often to take me as his son into one of the seats under the gallery of the House of Commons. Naturally, however, the better the debate, the harder it was for me to get in. Perhaps this is the reason why the speeches have left so little impression on my memory.

The quaintest thing that I remember hearing was a comparison made by Bernal Osborne between Pius IX and the strongly anti-Papal Lord Palmerston: 'Both began as reformers. Both withdrew their reforms. *Non possumus* became the motto of the one, as of the other. And now what is the result? The one is defended by French bayonets, and *the other by Conservative votes.*'

At my special request I was taken to hear my old friend Mr. (afterwards Lord) Goschen second the address on the Queen's Speech. I afterwards told Hayward how much Goschen's speech had impressed me. Hayward was also impressed, but characteristically added: 'The thing that most struck me in connexion with it was the remark made by Lord Hotham, that he had never before known a young member make so long a speech without once apologizing for trespassing on the patience of the House. One always likes to have a *foolometer.*' It was, I think, Sydney Smith who coined this unpleasant but serviceable hybrid.

One of my father's Liberal friends was Mr. Charles Villiers, M.P., whose conversation was, at any rate towards the end of his life, marked by a mordant humour, or, let me rather say, by what Walter Bagehot would have called 'a pleasant cynicism'—a quality which many excellent persons (especially ladies) fail to understand, but which is often at once a disguise and a partial remedy for excessive sensibility. An electioneering experience which he told my father loses half its point without the cockney accent which he mimicked to perfection. Mr. Villiers had been asking a Radical elector to support him. 'Yes; I'll support you. But, Willars, we *must* have a division of property!' 'Certainly,' replied the diplomatic

candidate, 'I should be quite in favour of such a measure. But I am afraid that, if property is divided, there will not be enough for you and me and the rest of us.' After a momentary embarrassment, the cheerful and resourceful Socialist hit on a remedy: 'Why, then, Willars, we must divide again!'

Another of my father's friends was the old Field-Marshal, Lord Combermere, who told him that he would have been placed by Wellington in command of the cavalry at Waterloo, if the post had not already been promised by the Prince Regent to Lord Anglesey. To this statement it has been objected that, so far was Lord Combermere from being favourably regarded by the Duke, it was mainly through the latter's opposition that he was not made an earl instead of a viscount. If this allegation is correct, the line taken by Wellington was certainly curious; but some light may be thrown on it by the following quaint extract from *Collections and Recollections*:

'The Government was contemplating the dispatch of an expedition to Burmah, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition. The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington, and asked his advice. He instantly replied, "Send Lord Combermere." "But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool." "So he is a fool, and a damned fool; but he can take Rangoon."'

Why, it may be asked, did not Wellington recommend some general who was as brave and loyal as Lord Combermere, but who was not 'a damned fool'? One cause of the anomalous choice probably was that, in the Duke's opinion, Combermere had the merits as well as the defects of a routinist. He was, as I myself

should have inferred from what I saw of him in his old age, lacking in originality ; but, for that very reason, he could be better trusted than (for example) his brilliant contemporary, Picton, to carry on war according to strict rule and to obey orders implicitly. Fitzjames Stephen, who had seen more than enough of would-be world-menders among the natives of India, liked doing business with routinists of the better sort rather than with enthusiasts of any sort. Perhaps he had a weakness even for those thorough conventionalists, those 'slight, unmeritable' men who, like the Shakespearian Lepidus, feed

'On objects, arts, and imitations.'

At any rate, his partiality for honest and intelligent routinists was due to the fact that he could depend on them and knew where he was with them. So could Wellington depend on Combermere.

My father used to tell a story that in his early youth—more than seventy years ago—he was dining with a Lady Pocock and her daughter at Twickenham, I think in what was called afterwards Orleans House. During the dinner he spoke contemptuously of the belief in second-sight, but was checked by a sign from Miss Pocock. When they were alone, she explained that some time before, she and her mother were sitting together in the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, with a window looking into the garden at the back of the house. Suddenly she saw a stranger staring at them through the window, and, on her uttering an exclamation of surprise, her mother looked up and recognized in the intruder her own brother, whom she had believed to be in Africa, and whom his niece had never seen. Lady Pocock

rushed to the window to greet him, wondering, no doubt, why he had come upon them thus unawares, and why, vagrant-like, he had taken the house in the rear, instead of going straight to the front door. But, before she had reached the window, he had vanished; nor could he be found anywhere in the garden. Likewise the gardener, who was working in front of the house, assured her that he himself had been there all the time, and that no visitor could possibly have either come or gone without his seeing him. The daughter made a memorandum of the day; and they afterwards learnt that on that day her uncle had died in Africa. The mother had felt the shock so keenly that the subject was never alluded to in her presence. It may serve to guarantee the fidelity of Lord Tollemache's report of the strange narrative if I mention that, being a stanch Protestant, he retained to the last his repugnance to the belief in second-sight, which he seemed to regard as covertly opening a breach to the hostile array of non-biblical miracles, from that of St. Januarius downwards. This story of second-sight seems to me worth recording, as, unlike so many of such stories, it does not rest on the *ipse* (or *ipsa*) *dixit* of a single witness. I wish, however, that the mother, the daughter, and the gardener could all have been put into the witness-box and cross-examined. It would then have appeared, among other things, whether the exact hour as well as the day of the mysterious event had been noted down, and whether, if so, due allowance had been made for the difference between English and African time.

The scene of one of my father's anecdotes was laid in a southern seaport town, where long ago a general and an admiral were neighbours. The General's house

was fronted by a grass-plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture a cow. One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling short. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency by saying that the grass had lately been much trodden down by the public. Thereupon the martial despot gave orders that no animal, human or other, except the cow, should be allowed on the grass-plot; and added—men were not particular in those days—that, if this rule was infringed, the sentinel should be flogged. Soon afterwards the Admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to stand back. 'Common soldier,' said the offended lady, 'don't you know who I am?' '*All I know is that you're not the General's cow.*'

The following story would seem incredible if my father had not heard it from an eye-witness. When Colonel Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond) called out and nearly shot the Duke of York, the indignation of the royal family and of their friends was extreme. After a time, however, the Prince Regent forgave the audacious duellist, and quite unexpectedly asked him to dinner. A large party was awaiting the arrival of their royal host when, to their amazement, Colonel Lennox was announced. Being received with silence and cold looks, he resolved, after a quaint fashion, to mark his sense of the courtiers' disapproval. So he laid down two chairs side by side on the floor, and leapt over them. Being a man of singular activity, he repeated this little comedy, after laying a third chair over the first, and again after laying a fourth on the second, and again after laying a fifth on the summit. In this last jump, however, his foot caught the top-most chair, and the pile was scattered over the floor.

At this moment the Prince entered the room, and in astonishment asked the unseasonable athlete what on earth he was about. 'Really, sir,' replied the unabashed Colonel, 'it is most unfortunate. No one spoke a word, and I had to amuse myself. But I sincerely hope that none of your Royal Highness's chairs is broken.' The Prince laughed, and the matter blew over. 'No one but a thorough *gentleman*,' said my father, who used to pronounce the word with a peculiar emphasis, and to employ it in a somewhat narrowly exclusive sense, 'could have carried the affair off as Colonel Lennox did.'

My father told a story that at Queen Caroline's trial a Tory nobleman¹ was stopped by the mob, who insisted that, before entering Westminster Hall, he should say 'Queen for ever'. After exacting a promise that they would grant him a free passage if he complied, he waved his hat and called out, 'Queen for ever, and may all your wives be like her!'² This novel *Ave Regina* amused the crowd, and they let him pass. My father added that Brougham used to say that part of his defence of Queen Caroline had been carefully prepared, while other parts were extempore. A friend of the orator, referring to a striking passage in the speech, observed that this at least must have been composed on the spur of the moment. 'That

¹ The nobleman, I have since learnt, was none other than the great Duke.

² Herodotus (VI. 69) tells that a Spartan king questioned his mother about the scandal that his real father was not a king, but an ass-keeper. The lady's answer was somewhat analogous to the exclamation of the Tory nobleman. On the authors of the slander she pronounced the anathema: *ἐκ δὲ ὀνοφορβῶν τοῖσι ταῦτα λέγουσι τίκτοιεν αἱ γυναῖκες παῖδας.*

only shows,' said Brougham, 'how well I fitted it in. I copied out that passage thirteen times!'

Anecdote, I repeat, is nothing if not desultory; so I will here save from oblivion a good thing which, according to Charles Austin, Brougham said when the clergy—at the instigation, the Whigs declared, of Lord Lonsdale—came up in a body, and turned the scale against Brougham at an election. With more wit than reverence, the defeated orator exclaimed: 'The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.'

Though my father had little sympathy with Brougham, he believed him to be a man of genuine convictions, while he held, in a modified form, the opinion of Miss Martineau and Walter Bagehot, that Brougham's great rival, Copley, was always the advocate, and was without strong convictions. In confirmation of this view, Charles Austin related a fact illustrative of the bitter indignation which prevailed among the Whigs when Copley, like another Strafford, suddenly 'ratted' and turned Tory. So extreme was this resentment that Denman told his servant that, if his old friend called, he was not to be admitted. In spite of the servant, the future Lord Lyndhurst made his way to the door of Denman's chamber, and shouted from outside, 'Let me at least beg that, if you are asked about my change of opinions, you will say that it was honest.' 'If I am asked about your change of opinions,' was the reply from within, 'I will say that *you say* that it was honest.'

It may not be amiss to subjoin one of my father's anecdotes about Ham House, which (as already mentioned) is the seat of the elder branch of our family, and is familiar by name to the readers of

Evelyn and Walpole. Sixty years ago this 'most mournfully fascinating of places'¹ belonged to Louisa, Countess of Dysart in her own right, who, like some other of our kinsfolk, might have taken *Sit pro ratione voluntas* as a motto. One day this original old lady sent an express to the first surgeon in London, begging him to come to her at once. He reached Ham in the middle of the night; and, on asking what accident had befallen her ladyship, was told that her lap-dog had broken its leg!

It seems to me only the other day when my father used to pack some fourteen persons (including his young children and grandchildren) into a huge four-in-hand carriage, nicknamed 'The Village', and to drive us to Richmond; and from Richmond we rowed up the river to Ham. In one of these patriarchal trips it was casually mentioned that Ham House had been the home of Lauderdale; on hearing this, an eminent orator, who was of the party, repeated the following satire on the Duke, the authorship of which I have failed to trace:

'He was not a Jew, for he ate of the swine;
 He was not a Turk, for he drank of the wine;
 But let this inscription be writ on his grave:
He was not a Christian—he never forgave!'

I quote these lines, not merely because they are at once vigorous and unfamiliar, but also because they indicate one of the besetting sins laid to the charge of our landlords as a class. The charge is not wholly without foundation. And yet, in spite of all that has been done amiss and left undone, one is wont to echo

¹ A romantic incident which occurred at Ham House in the presence of Sir Charles Wheatstone and Mr. Babbage is related in *Safe Studies*, p. 157.

the piteous lament, *O patria, O divom domus Ilium*, if one lingers for a moment on the hateful foreboding that the country gentlemen and their stately traditions, and their church as a National Church, and all the dying embers of feudalism, nay, that the old England of Shakespeare and of Scott, will soon be as extinct as the dodo. An antidote, or perhaps a counter-irritant, to these useless regrets may be found in a strange old-world story, which my father related as true. At my old home in Suffolk there is an avenue of giant trees which can have changed but little during the last three centuries, and which seem to look down with lofty compassion as generation after generation of their puny owners passes from the scene. Beneath the shade of these 'monumental oaks', as Milton would have called them, Queen Elizabeth made her way in 1561, and crossed the Helmingham drawbridge, on a visit to Sir Lionel Tollemache, with the view of standing godmother to his child. The infant died; but, fearing to disappoint Elizabeth, the parents had the dead body duly christened! The lute given by the Queen to the child's mother is still an heirloom in the family; and the drawbridge is still raised every night, as it is said to have been for centuries. *Il n'y a rien de changé, sauf le personnel.*¹

¹ The narrative of the royal sponsorship and the *post mortem* christening of the child was unquestioned in my youth; and I regarded it as unquestionable when I wrote the foregoing paragraph. Recently, however, that unblessed sorceress, Modern Criticism, has set her withering hand upon it, as upon so much that is quaint and venerable. The Queen's visit is now said to have been paid, not to Helmingham, but to Hedingham, a seat of the Earl of Leicester. But, as my kind friend Mr. Grote is, alas! no longer alive to charge me with the sin of *lèse-vérité*, I leave the

It is, however, fitting that this farewell homage to the memory of my father should close with a reference, not to Helmingham, but to that other home of my boyhood which is, in a special sense, associated with his name. Inhabitants of Cheshire are familiar with the sight of the two castles on hill-tops, the old and the new castle which confront one another as if in anger, and which somehow recall to me the Cloughian hexameter :

‘ Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile ancient and modern ! ’

The modern castle, as perfect in its way as such an anachronism can be, was built by my father on one of the Peckforton hills. It stands about a mile and a half from two points which together are said to command, on a clear day, a view of twelve or thirteen counties. On a neighbouring hill is seen the grand historic ruin of Beeston, rivalling the new castle in beauty, and far surpassing it in interest.

It is, by the way, worth mentioning that in the forties, while the modern castle was still unfinished, my father went to America and returned thence to Liverpool. On the last morning of his homeward voyage, as he went on deck, being then in the Mersey, the first object that caught his eye was the rising wall on the Peckforton hill. Was he not at that moment the very personification of the *fortunati quorum iam moenia surgunt* ?

anecdote as it originally stood. In doing so, I shelter myself under the authority of Goethe, who remarks on such grand old tales as those of Horatius and of Scaevola : ‘ If the Romans were great enough to invent these stories, we ought to be great enough to believe them.’ Adapting another of Goethe’s sayings, I will add—‘Wen Schönheit betrügt ist wohl betrogen.’



PECKFORTON CASTLE AND BEESTON CASTLE BEYOND, CHESHIRE.

I have spoken above of the house at Peckforton, as built by my father; for, though Salvin was the architect, yet the neo-feudal conception and several of the characteristic details were, in great part, my father's own. Indeed, a high authority told him, perhaps not quite seriously, that no professional architect would have ventured on anything so quaintly original. A singular hue of antiquity is given to this 'John-of-Gaunt Castle' by the fact that, in the hall, the dining-room, and some of the passages, the walls of red sandstone are left bare; and it should be added that on those rocky walls the traces of *primaeval* waves are plainly visible. No flower-beds soften the ruggedness of the mock-fortress; but the wild ground, with its wealth of bilberries and broom, stretches to its very base.

The two small gardens are situated—not very conveniently—at the foot of the hill. One of these has a claim on our notice; for within it there rises—literally, as Virgil would have said, 'in the shade of an over-spreading beech'—a picturesque spring which goes by the name of Horsley Bath. The so-called 'bath' supplied the house with excellent water. Indeed, a Cheshire doctor once told my father that he and some medical friends, after careful analysis, found the water of that spring to be the purest in England, not excepting the water of Malvern. Of course this judgement is not to be taken for gospel. Nor, indeed, should I rely implicitly on the inscription over the spring, which bears date, I think, some time in the seventeenth century:

*'Obstructum reserat, durum terit, humida siccet,
Debile fortificat, si tamen arte bibis.'*

As a boy, I was puzzled to make out how water

could 'dry up what is moist'. But the Rev. W. E. Jelf explained to me that *humida* must here mean 'humours'; and, indeed, it is plain that the inscription altogether refers to bodily ailments. The non-classical or semi-classical reader should be told that the two first clauses represent the wonder-working spring as, so to speak, Carlsbad and Contrexéville rolled up into one.

Writing about this home of my youth, I cannot help mentioning that, as the venerable Bishop Durnford assured me, Bishop Heber, when first he caught a distant view of the Himalayas, was reminded of the Peckforton hills. A strange comparison certainly! But it will be remembered that an odd likeness between a small thing and a very big thing is the more striking by reason of the incongruity. To which it should be added that Heber, when he thought of the comparison, saw the great Indian range, as Tennyson might have said, foreshortened in the tract of space; and also that, being himself a Cheshire man, he may have been biased on the side of his native county, remembering, as it were, or fondly imagining, *parvam Troiam simulataque magnis Pergama*.

CHAPTER IX

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF FAMOUS MEN

‘A great thing is a great book, but a greater thing than all is the talk of a great man.’—DISRAELI.

‘Every public-spirited man who knows a Johnson would be a Boswell, if he could. Unluckily, however, Boswells are much rarer than Johnsons.’—*Times*.

I ONCE asked Huxley whether the difference between the natural intelligence of an Englishman or a German and that of a savage is not small indeed when compared with the difference between the natural intelligence of the savage and that of a chimpanzee or gorilla. He quite agreed with me; but he seemed to think that many savages would be unable to bear the strain of European culture. He, however, made the remark that the training of many savages is more quickening to the intelligence than the training of an ordinary London clerk; and he went on to enumerate some of the small things which a savage has to be constantly observing. I reminded him of the minute indications (such as that of short steps betokening old age) by which, in Voltaire’s romance, *Zadig* contrived to describe a malefactor whom he had not seen. He replied that this instance exactly illustrated his point.

He maintained a purely agnostic attitude in regard to the great riddles of life. ‘Any Sunday-school teacher,’ he said, ‘is by the way of knowing more about these things than I know.’ I found that in reference to the most practically important of the great riddles, Tyndall, when pressed by logic, was more inclined to definite negation than Huxley was.

Another distinguished man of whom I saw something was the late judge, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. I was introduced to him at *The Saturday Review* dinner in 1863, and claimed acquaintance with him nearly twenty years later at Biarritz. On this latter occasion he seemed much amused that, looking, as he did, like a thorough John Bull, he had yet been asked by a shy young Englishman at the table d'hôte, 'Pouvez-vous parler anglais, monsieur?' 'I ought to be able to talk it,' he answered, in his deep voice, 'for I have talked it more than fifty years!'

It was by his advice that I published a volume of essays originally printed for private circulation. We discussed together several passages, and one or two of his comments may be worth recording.

In reference to an incident related to me by Mr. John Forbes, who told circumstantially and repeatedly an extraordinary story, namely, that he himself heard Warren Hastings, towards the close of his trial, in answer to some accusation, call out, 'It is false!' whereupon Burke exclaimed aloud, 'What does that Jack-in-the-box say?' I had expressed my scepticism. Sir James, on the other hand, thought it probable that Mr. Forbes's statement was correct. He was of age at the end of Hastings's trial, and it seemed to Sir James unlikely that he could have invented so singular an occurrence. And Sir James added that, considering how *brutal* (I think that was his word) Burke was in his manner to Hastings, the incident did not seem to him antecedently incredible. Coming from so experienced a sifter of evidence, this opinion of Sir James cannot fail to carry weight.

In the same volume I tell how, according to

Charles Austin, Bentham used to mark theological works with the syllable 'Jug', as short for 'Juggernaut'. Stephen capped this anecdote by saying that the great jurist, whenever he heard of an unusually horrible accident, used to exclaim: 'How like Provvy [Providence]!' I see that the latter interjectional and not over-reverent abbreviation is cited by the cultivated villain in Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella*.

In my juvenile defence of euthanasia I mentioned the case of a kindly old Indian officer of past eighty, whom I asked whether he would like to live his life over again. 'Live it over again!' he answered, with an enthusiasm of which I had thought him incapable. 'I would live it five times over again. There is not a single day that I regret.' Referring to this incident in 1884, Fitzjames Stephen said, 'I cannot make the same boast as the Indian officer, for I am only in my fifty-sixth year. But, up to the present time, I have not spent a single day which I would not live over again.' Alas! would he have been able to say this eight or nine years later?

I reminded Stephen of an article in which he quoted somebody as saying (in effect): 'I think I know what becomes of the sheep and of the goats; but what about the alpacas?' He illustrated the sentiment by telling me that somebody had maintained that the difference between the last person in heaven and the first person in hell would be no greater than the difference between the 'wooden spoon' and the captain of the poll—in other words, between the last of the honour men and the first of the pass men. In both these instances may not the anonymous somebody whom he cited have been merely a masked *ego*?

When legal member of the Supreme Council in

India, Stephen was amused to find that some small idols which he had ordered at Benares reached him at Calcutta with the label 'Gods with care'. 'Quippe salus divom summa est mortalibus cura,' would be the comment of a modern Lucretius.

I stayed at Alderley many years ago, and saw something of Lady Stanley (*née* Dillon); but I can recall no characteristic remark of hers which I should feel at liberty to quote. One good saying of hers, however, I can give on good authority. An eminent divine tells me that he sat near her at the opening of Holloway College. He observed that she looked uneasy as her eyes wandered over the pictures of the founders of religions and other spiritual heroes which, as I understand, decorate the walls of the chapel. At last she exclaimed, with the directness of one accustomed to think aloud: 'I see no picture of Confucius. *Surely he had a finger in the pie!*'

Of Herbert Spencer I saw but little. As he spoke to me in friendly terms of my article on 'Historical Prediction', I asked him how far he regarded such prediction as possible. 'A forester,' he replied in effect, 'when he plants an acorn, cannot guess where each twig and leaf of the full-grown oak will find a place; but he can form a general impression as to what the tree, under favourable conditions, will be like. And in much the same way a wise man will deal in the widest generalities when seeking to forecast the future of civilization.'

The story of Herbert Spencer as a billiard-player has been represented by the ladies with whom he boarded as one of the mock pearls of biography. I will, however, give it as I have heard it told circumstantially by a friend of his, who ought to know. For

a month each year, while house-cleaning is going on, members of the United Service Club are received as guests by the Athenaeum, which faces it. Spencer was an enthusiastic billiard-player, and billiards was, I believe, the only game in which the philosopher indulged. He joined the Savile Club because the game, forbidden at the Athenaeum on Sunday, was there permitted. One afternoon at the Athenaeum he found himself alone in the billiard-room with a member of the United Service, and challenged the 'Old Cripple' (to use the familiar *sobriquet*) to a friendly game. His antagonist happened to be an expert, and went out in a couple of breaks, the score standing at a hundred to one (his own initial miss). As he laid down his cue, Herbert Spencer, showing the same unphilosophic weakness that Horace attributes to the Stoic with a cold in his head, exclaimed: 'Sir, billiards is a useful relaxation, but such proficiency in the art as you have displayed is evidence of a misspent youth.' Is it possible that, when the aged philosopher denied having said this, his memory may have played him false? Anyhow, the untimely rebuke has a Spencerian ring, and, on the strength of it, I am tempted to point a contrast between Spencer and Johnson. Boswell had been to see a man riding on three horses.

Johnson. 'Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances show the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shows what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope that, by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue.'

To what length might not such an apology for toil

some trifles be carried? But perhaps Johnson had in his mind the thought that life is woven of divers threads, and that its richness is measured by its variety.

I asked Spencer how he accounted for the *couvade*, that extraordinary and, not long ago, widely prevalent custom by which a mother, immediately after her confinement, set about her work, while the father went to bed with the infant. Spencer explained it by saying that, according to the *couvaders*, an evil spirit was lying in wait for the child, and, supposing it to be with its mother, never thought of looking for it elsewhere. Is it not strange that, if this was really their belief, they can have supposed him to be hood-winked, time after time, by this very simple and uniform stratagem? Certainly they did not credit the devil with the wisdom of the serpent.

I gathered from an essay by Spalding that, if one human being could be made in every molecule the exact counterpart of another, his recollections would be identical with those of his original. This paradox seemed to be incredible, and I asked Spencer whether it did not also seem so to him. He amazed me by replying to the following effect: 'I agree with Spalding; but I assume that the one man is the exact duplicate of the other, not organically only, but functionally.'

Professor Clifford thought it possible that there may be regions of space where mathematical principles do not hold. Spencer regarded this as the *ne plus ultra* of scepticism. Clifford, he said to me, practically assumed the universality of physical laws; and Spencer added that this was harder to prove than the universality of mathematical principles.

A friend asked him in my presence whether he did not consider the principles which underlie Evolution to exclude the belief in a supernatural act of Creation. 'If you believe in Creation,' he answered (in effect), 'you are in for all the rest.'

As he disbelieved in the supernatural origin of the material universe, he consistently rejected the supernatural origin of life. His views on the latter subject seemed to me identical with those of Professor Tyndall, who, however, expressed them to me more clearly. Tyndall told me that he had no doubt that, if the condition of things which immediately preceded the origin of life could anywhere be reproduced, the evolution of life would follow. All he maintained was that the experiments which had been designed to bring about spontaneous generation had failed.

Herbert Spencer once told me, when he was an old man, that he was sometimes glad that he had almost reached the end of his existence, and that he left no posterity. I think that a phrase to a like effect occurs somewhere in his writings. But, at any rate, as I once heard Tyndall remark, such pessimism is at variance with the main drift of Spencer's ethical philosophy. If there is more pain than pleasure in life, were not Hyder Ali and Napoleon, who put so many human sufferers out of existence, deserving of praise as beneficent heroes?

From this melancholy aspect of our great philosopher it is a relief to turn to a comic anecdote regarding him. Towards the close of his life he frequented a boarding-house; and, chancing to meet a lady who had often dined within earshot of him, I asked her if she could remember any wise sayings of his. After pondering for some time, she answered, 'I can remember one of

his remarks. He said that "making good melted butter is a lost art in England". This is like the story that Coleridge tells of the sage and the gooseberries. It also brings to my mind a passage in *Eothen* :

'Whilst I was at Damascus, I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there; and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots that deserved to be seen. I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn and adventures of St. Paul. "There is nothing in all Damascus," said the good man, "half so well worth seeing as our cellars;" and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long range of liquid treasure that he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth.'

A more suggestive parallel is to be found in Heine's account of his interview with Goethe :

'When I visited him in Weimar, and stood face to face with him, I looked involuntarily around in search of the eagle with the thunderbolts in his beak. I was on the very point of addressing him in Greek; but, as soon as I observed that he understood German, I related to him, in my own mother-tongue, that *the plums upon the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very nice*. So many long wintry nights had I thought it over, how many deep and sublime things I would say to Goethe when I saw him: and when, at length, I did see him, I said to him that Saxon plums tasted very nice!'

The late Sir George Bowen received direct from Bishop Selwyn a gruesome anecdote which I had heard before, but had always believed to be a 'Joe Miller'. A Maori chief notified to the Bishop that he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, and wished to be received into the Church of England. But Selwyn had learnt that the Maori was a polygamist; and, being less tolerant in these matters than Colenso is said to have been, he insisted that, before the appli-

cant could be baptized, he must get rid of all his wives but one. The Maori went away heavy and displeased; but, not long after, he called on the Bishop and assured him that the difficulty had been got over. 'I fear,' said the Bishop, sympathetically, 'that the separation between you and your wives must have been very painful. Where are they?' 'Here,' replied the convert, complacently patting his stomach.

Canon Isaac Taylor gave me some interesting particulars about the origin of the letters of the alphabet. He seemed to think that the most curious example is furnished by the letter M, which in its original form was an owl, the two angles at the top of the M representing the owl's ears and the angle in the middle representing its beak. It may be noted in passing that, in Egyptian hieroglyphics, alphabetical writing was not yet perfected; so much so that in them the symbolical owl was capable of standing either for the letter M, for such a syllable as *em*, or seemingly also for a real owl.

It was by the Canon's advice that some phrases occurring in my volumes were submitted to Dr. Murray, with the result that the following words of my coinage have found a place in his great Dictionary: *Crematory*; *euthanasiast*; *finifugal* (recoiling from the thought, not merely of death, but of minor catastrophes which may be suggestive of death); *foolometry*; *geomorphic* (applied to a conception of heaven analogous to an *anthropomorphic* conception of God); *malistic* (less strong than pessimistic). The word *after-glow* was certainly not invented by me; but, strange to say, it is not known, according to the Dictionary, to have occurred in any publication prior to the appearance of an article of

mine in *The Fortnightly Review* for February, 1873. The fact is curious as tending to show how little our ancestors can have cared for the grandeur and the charm of Alpine scenery.

One of my oldest friends was the late S. H. Reynolds, formerly Fellow of Brasenose and editor of Bacon's *Essays* and Selden's *Table Talk* for the Clarendon Press. His odd saying that Bacon was 'a scoundrel of whom human nature ought to be proud' has already been quoted in this volume. Two other specimens of his grim and fantastic humour may here be added. He had no belief at all in the political capacity of women, and but little in their sense of truth. And he used to illustrate this unchivalrous sentiment of his by means of an apologue, with respect to which he disclaimed originality, but which he, at any rate, made his own by the characteristic stamp which he set upon it. His primary object was to show what was expected of a model wife :

'A certain man had a wooden leg, and told his wife that he did not wish the fact to be known. But reports about the wooden leg got abroad; which the wife, whenever they reached her, indignantly denied. Thus far she had only done what any wife would do. But she proved herself to be a good wife by the circumstance that, although she unscrewed the wooden leg every night and screwed it on every morning, yet, when she denied that it existed, she firmly believed that she was telling the truth !'

Behold how good and wholesome a thing is the *sweet unreasonableness* of woman !

Perhaps the most generally popular of the sports of Reynolds's imagination is one which Lucian would have ironically entitled 'A True History'. The narrative bears record that there lately dwelt in one

of the colleges of Oxbridge a certain tutor who was also a priest. He was one who minded his own business; insomuch that he could not have been reproached with what Montaigne calls 'the wrong and unnatural course of abandoning a pleasant and healthful life to serve others'. It was his daily practice to breakfast on two eggs. One morning, at daybreak, the Angel Gabriel appeared unto him in bodily shape, and certified that, if he would forgo one of his eggs that morning, he himself indeed would profit not at all, but unspeakable blessings would be vouchsafed to his fellow men. Smothering his wrath at the presumption of his unbidden guest, the latter-day saint inquired: 'Do I understand that, if I consent to make this sacrifice, I myself shall obtain no benefit of any sort?' Whereto the angel made answer: 'None save that exceeding great blessing, the testimony of a good conscience.' This was too much for mortal man. So, turning his back on the exorbitant petitioner, the reverend gentleman cried hastily to his servant: 'John, bring up my two eggs.'

It may here be added that a kinswoman of Reynolds, having found some asphodel near Biarritz, and being attracted by its classical associations, asked a peasant what it was called in French. 'Je ne sais pas,' was the scornful reply; 'c'est quelque chose qu'on donne à manger aux cochons.'

Lord Houghton and Mr. Freeman.—The names of these two eminent men suggest points of contrast rather than of comparison. The contrast was well shown, though somewhat to the advantage of the historian, when it was my good fortune to meet them together at a London breakfast party in 1875. On

that occasion Lord Houghton, wishing presumably to throw down the gauntlet, propounded the audacious paradox that lay scholars ought not to study the Greek Testament; 'the Greek,' he said, 'is so abominable!' Freeman replied with unwonted moderation. Anxious, doubtless, to avoid having a contest on the brink of a precipice, he forbore to give the obvious theological rejoinder to the imprudent challenge. He preferred taking the comparatively safe, and to him familiar, ground that students of Greek literature should be made to follow it through all its successive stages. In this friendly passage of arms, both the combatants acted more or less characteristically. It was like Freeman to ignore the fact that ordinary students, having but a limited time to devote to Greek literature, must in the main concentrate their attention on that literature when at its best; and it was like Lord Houghton to pose as a Humanist, pure and simple. By taking this line he seemed of set purpose to be making himself out less serious than he was. It was perhaps owing to this tendency to self-caricature that he often failed to get credit for his many sterling qualities. It is said that Lady Palmerston, being asked why Monckton Milnes had never mounted higher on the political ladder, muttered something to the effect that he was not thought 'serious'. Was this a true bill against the future Lord Houghton? Was he then or at any time wholly lacking in seriousness? In my youth I met him at Cambridge House, and sometimes wondered how many of the celebrities and aspirants who thronged to overflowing Lady Palmerston's drawing-rooms and staircase on those well-remembered Saturday evenings took anything like so serious and rational a view of the problems

of life as was taken by that 'bird of paradox', who was often charged with want of seriousness. Not, of course, that Lord Houghton, or any one else, could solve the insoluble riddle. But he, perhaps, saw better than most men why and how far it is insoluble; and at any rate he could reject certain popular solutions of it as utterly inadmissible and fantastic. In other words, he was an exception to what Goethe meant by his sweeping generalization that 'every Englishman is without intelligence'.

But assuredly Milnes had the defects of his qualities. If he could deftly thread his way through a mass of metaphysical subtleties wherein the average Englishman is, as it were, a John Bull in a china shop, he was thereby impeded from going straight to a practical end. His native hue of resolution was sicklied, as well as silvered, o'er with the pale cast of analysis. Like the Halifax of the Restoration, he saw practical questions from too many sides. In fact, he had not what Bacon regarded as a condition of worldly success: he was not 'something of the fool'. Yet, for that very reason, he was charged with unwisdom, even by the most useful and admirable of all those persons—comprising the great majority of mankind—whom Bacon and Carlyle would have called fools and Heine would have called philistines. The sketches of him drawn by such worthies were at times anything but flattering. For example: my father, while still a member of the Lower House, was once admonishing me not to try my hand at poetry. He concluded with crushing emphasis: 'The only poets that I know are the greatest fools in the House of Commons;' and there can be no doubt he was especially thinking of Milnes. In a word, nearly all humourless men of action disliked Milnes's

seeming levity ; and probably between him and them no love was lost. *Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque iocosi* ('Wits hate the witless, witless hate the wits'). Yet he himself could be a man of action on an emergency. Charles Austin told me that he never admired Milnes so much as once when he went with him and others for a picnic ; the coachman was seized with a fit, and the so-called unpractical dreamer, first or alone of the party, became an extempore doctor and took all the measures which the case required. Austin's testimony was all the more valuable because, regarding Milnes as having been rightly nicknamed 'the Cool of the Evening' by Sydney Smith, he failed to appreciate the manifold charms of that genial and delightful friend.

An anecdote or two will serve to show the appropriateness of the nickname. Milnes was once spending New Year's Eve in the house of some kinsfolk of mine, but not of his own. When the clock struck twelve, he promptly got up, and, importing into England the French and Italian custom, he kissed his astonished hostess before all the party. On the occasion of another visit to the same house he joined a game of 'magic music', and was himself sent out. It was determined to give him a characteristic task. In playful allusion to his habit of lolling on a sofa when paying a morning call, two sofa cushions were placed on the ground, and he was expected to lie down on them. He soon found out what he had to do. Might it not have been said of him throughout his life, as of Scott in his earlier years, that he was, in very truth :

' a grandam's child
Who, half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd'?

A trifling incident may serve to show how he came to be charged with a sort of dilettante frivolity. In my sallet days I advocated euthanasia, and once tried to convert Lord Houghton to that simple yet drastic 'cure for incurables'. 'No, no,' he answered, in a careless tone: 'you can't trust the doctors;' and then he added, with greater interest, 'Have you heard what they've been doing in Japan?' He went on to say that a measure had been brought forward in the Japanese Assembly for the abolition of hara-kiri; and that this measure had been either carried or lost (I forget which) by a small majority. There was something, not so much in what he then said, as in the tone in which he said it, which left the impression that he regarded hara-kiri and euthanasia as two entertaining episodes in the universal comedy. At the time I was nettled by his seeming levity; but I now see that he was showing his wonted tact in thus playfully handling a scheme which, if not Utopian, at any rate lies far beyond the moral horizon of the present century?

It may not be amiss to add (or rather repeat) another illustrative example. A singular rebuke was addressed to me many years ago by Lord Houghton, when, in a fit of youthful impetuosity, I hinted that the Liberals ought to disestablish the Church. 'Don't suggest anything so dreadful,' said he. 'The philosophers would never be able to do it; it could only be done through an outburst of Protestant fanaticism, which would be a calamity indeed!'¹

¹ This uneccelesiastical *Apologia pro Ecclesia* recalls Charles Buller's trenchant paradox: 'Destroy the Church of England! You must be mad! It is the only thing between us and real religion.'

Among the many admirable merits of Freeman, tact certainly had no place. He was often instant out of season. A curious example of this inopportuneness of his occurred when I had the honour of making his acquaintance. It was in my undergraduate days (in 1858, or thereabouts) that I met him at the house of the late Mr. Parker, the Oxford publisher—the late W. H. Gladstone being also an undergraduate guest. Oddly enough, I had never heard of Freeman before, and I was fairly taken aback by this uncouth specimen of an Oxford don, who was molesting his orthodox host by detailing the discrepancies between the Elohist and the Jehovistic cosmogonies in Genesis. Presently he called out: ‘Parker, give me a Bible. See how the compiler has put the contradictory narratives side by side, without even attempting to reconcile them. And will you tell me that this clumsy piece of patchwork came from the same Moses who wrote those grand passages in Deuteronomy which come into my head whenever I think of Louis Napoleon?’ And he went on to spout, in his strident voice, interrupted now and again by a loud, exultant laugh, a series of verses which in no wise savoured of blessing—such verses as *Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out. Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field. The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thine enemies. Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword among all nations. Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.* The two undergraduates who heard Freeman thus declaiming were at their wits’ end to keep their countenance. But they were certainly startled, and W. H. Gladstone, I fear, was much scandalized. The British public, it

should be remembered, had not yet been educated up to the acceptance, or even to the toleration, of biblical criticism.

Nearly thirty years later, I had direct evidence that Professor Freeman, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical leanings, continued loyal to the higher criticism down to the close of his life. I ventured to call his attention to the article which Professor Mivart wrote in *The Nineteenth Century* in 1887, and in which, good Catholic though he was at that time, he granted to the critical spirit plenary jurisdiction over at least part of the Old Testament. Freeman's answer was on this wise: 'I have often thought that a Roman Catholic can, as I believe others do besides Mivart, afford to deal more freely with the Old Testament than a Protestant can. He is not in the same way bound to the worship of a book, just as he is not bound to the worship of a day; he has something behind both. Still the avowals are startling.' Matthew Arnold was of the same opinion. 'Mivart,' he said to me, *more suo*, 'is stupendous.'

It is with reluctance that I advert to a side of the historian's character which recalls Horace's description of Achilles:

'Irascible, inexorable, keen.'

That he was sometimes merciless in his chastisement of persons who, even unwittingly, infringed the laws of historical criticism, is well known. But it is less often noted that he was capricious in his administration of the stripes. We have seen that he was no bibliolater. But he was always indulgent to bibliolatriy. The result was that, in his dealings with sacred and profane literatures respectively, he was guilty of

an inconsequence strange in an historical critic, and especially strange in one who was wont to be a stickler for logical consistency. Venial errors in non-biblical criticism were in the wallet before his face, whilst grave errors in biblical criticism were in the wallet behind his back. He bade men strain at William Tell's apple; but he let them swallow Jonah and his whale!

Matthew Arnold has referred to Freeman as the critic who kept 'such jealous watch over the honour of our Saxon ancestors', and elsewhere as one 'who was so fond of the German element in our nation, and, indeed, everywhere; who ground his teeth if one said *Charlemagne*, instead of *Charles the Great*, and, in short, saw all things in Teutonism, as Malebranche saw all things in God'.

Renan has said of Josephus, 'Il a le défaut le plus opposé à la saine manière d'écrire l'histoire, une personnalité extrême,' and there would be an antecedent probability that such an historian as Freeman, with his overweening and crushing personality, would incur a like censure. I must leave it for my readers to decide whether Freeman did, or did not, deserve such a censure.

Instead of pronouncing judgement on the historian, I will relate an incident in his life with which his truly volcanic ebullitions of wrath may have had some connexion. It was only a short time before his death that the Committee of the Athenaeum elected him. Some years earlier, I had suggested in an influential quarter that so distinguished a writer ought to be admitted under Rule 2. But I received for answer that, if ever within the precincts of the Athenaeum Library Freeman chanced to hear a word spoken in

extenuation of the Bulgarian atrocities, that sanctuary of the Muses would be converted into a bear-garden. It might, peradventure, have been added that the members of a refined and peaceful society could hardly suffer themselves to be affrighted by a stalwart and bellicose intruder, who had ruthlessly assaulted some of them with his pen, and who, if opportunity served, might be tempted to assault them with his tongue. Even a bookworm may be trodden on once too often; and even a literary club must set limits to the unclubbability of its members!

The following anecdote, which purports to be authentic, may throw some light on the peculiarity of Freeman here indicated. He had given a dogmatic and combative address on the early inhabitants of Britain to a learned society. At the subsequent dinner, a member who was called upon to propose his health is reported to have paid him the wittily ambiguous compliment: 'Our best thanks are due to Professor Freeman for having so well illustrated the manners of our rude forefathers!'

My limits forbid me to consider how Professor Freeman and Lord Houghton, regarded as representative men, symbolized the jarring elements of which intellectual society is made up, and by whose inevitable and indispensable *concordia discors* it is maintained. Suffice it to say that the application to them of the Aristophanic antithesis, 'The one I think a clever man, but the other I love,' will seem to be a form of damning with faint praise, until it is remembered that it was on Aeschylus and Euripides that the faint praise was originally bestowed.

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).—The obituary notices of the man of genius who is best known as the

literary father of the Alices have agreed in calling attention to one great peculiarity which marked him. His mind had a twofold activity. He might be described—roughly—as made up of Euclid and La Fontaine fused together. To speak more precisely: as a mathematician, he did his work well; as a fabulist, admirably. The intellectual athlete who kept his balance on the rugged and bewildering heights of Conic Sections and Determinants could freely disport himself in a *waking-dreamland*, a land whose phantasmagoria

‘Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax
And cabbages and kings’

was interspersed with such ‘fearful wild-fowl’ as pedestrian oysters and plaintive mock-turtles. But the point to note is that his intellect, vigorous and versatile on these oddly remote and dissimilar levels, was unwieldy on intermediate levels. He could soar and dive far better than he could walk. This may partly account for his unreadiness in conversation. Not, indeed, that he was unable at times to talk brilliantly. With his ready command of homely and witty illustrations, he could hardly fail to achieve this. Indeed, I have obtained distinct testimony on the point from one of his intimate friends, who writes:

‘Of his brilliancy there can be no manner of doubt; but it was at the same time very difficult to define or focus. You ask me for some of his brilliant flashes; I am quite unable to give you any. All he said, all his oddities and clever things, arose out of the conversation—conversation quite of an ordinary everyday sort; to explain it at all you would want shorthand notes of everything that was said, and even then you would not follow it, unless you knew the people who

were talking, the peculiarities of this man, and the deafness of that, and so on. It was Alice, all kinds of queer turns given to things. You never knew where he would take you next; and all the while there seemed to be an odd logical sequence, almost impelling your assent to most unexpected conclusions. He had a great fund of stories; these again were never told independently, they were fished up from his stores by some line dropped down in ordinary talk. He always said he never invented them (and my own impression is that he did not), but that they had been read somewhere or told him by some one. He never told stories against people, was never bitter or cruel, never attempted to "score off" others.'

It may be instructive to contrast my correspondent's view of Dodgson's conversational powers with the view taken by another of his friends, a man of science. The latter tells me that, to his thinking, Dodgson was not a brilliant talker; he was too peculiar and paradoxical; and the topics on which he loved to dwell were such as would bore many persons; while, on the other hand, when he himself was not interested, he occasionally stopped the flow of a serious discussion by the intrusion of a disconcerting epigram. This glaring discrepancy of opinion may in part be explained as follows: The correspondent from whom I have quoted is orthodox, whereas my scientific friend inclines towards modern views. Now, I suspect that Dodgson's pleasantry, however seemingly extravagant, had a method in it; and that, even if none of his paradoxes had, like those of Mansel, a more or less clearly defined theological purpose, at any rate his wit would play with the greatest ease and effect among orthodox and sympathetic listeners. Nor is it likely that among such listeners his sallies would be rated at less than their full value. As a general rule, orthodoxy, combined

with brilliancy, is like glycerine combined with vaccine—it enables a little of it to go a very long way!

From a comparison of these discordant accounts it may be inferred that Dodgson was not a steady, or what may be termed a *safe* talker. He could not be relied on to bear his part in the give-and-take of serious conversation—to keep the shuttlecock flying at neither more nor less than the convenient height. Indeed, the greatest praise which his most partial friends could claim for him as a talker would be that which Wellington bestowed on Talleyrand, namely, that he was generally dull, but now and then said things which his hearers would never forget. Thus, then, we may conclude that he had no eye for the middle distance of the intellectual landscape. The lower generalizations of philosophy and the higher generalizations of daily experience, which together form the common ground where men of parts and men without parts can freely meet and converse—these *axiomata media* of discourse were almost a sealed, were (let us say) an *uncut*, book to our mathematical romancist.

He was, indeed, addicted to mathematical and sometimes to ethical paradoxes. The following specimen was propounded by him in my presence: ‘Suppose that I toss up a coin on the condition that, if I throw heads once, I am to receive a *1d.*; if twice in succession, an additional dole of *2d.*; if thrice, a further addition of *4d.*, and so on, doubling for each successful toss: what is the value of my prospects? The amazing reply is that it amounts to infinity; for, as the profit attached to each successful toss increases in exact proportion as the chance of success diminishes, the value of each toss will be identical, being in fact a halfpenny; so that the value of an infinite number of tosses is an

infinite number of half-pence. Yet, in fact, would any one give me sixpence for my prospect? This,' concluded Dodgson, 'shows how far our conduct is from being determined by logic.' The solution of this astounding paradox is of course that, in order to bring out his result, we must suppose a somewhat monotonous eternity to be consumed in the tossing process.

He told me of a simple, too simple, rule by which, he thought, one could be almost sure of making something at a horse-race. He had on various occasions noted down the fractions which represented the supposed chances of the competing horses, and had observed that the sum of these chances amounted to more than unity. Hence he inferred that, even in the case of such hard-headed men as the backers, the wish is often father to the thought; so that they are apt to overrate the chances of their favourites. His plan, therefore, was to bet against all the horses, keeping his own stake the same in each case. He did not pretend to know much about horse-racing, and I probably know even less; but I understand that it would be impossible to adjust the hedging with sufficient exactitude—in fact, to get bets of the right amount taken by the backers.

Two other 'dodges' of his may be mentioned here. He said that, if a dull writer sent you a copy of his books, you should at once write and thank him, and should add, with Delphic ambiguity, that you will *lose* no time in perusing them! Being a strict moralist, he must assuredly have meant so palpable an equivocation to be regarded as a mere *jeu d'esprit*. He was doubtless more serious in asserting that whenever a mother held up an uncomely infant for his inspection, he met her wistful gaze with the exclamation, 'That is a

baby!' Might not Falconbridge have condoned such an evasion in an extreme case as being, at worst, 'a virtuous sin'? To be frank would be a mortal offence; and to avert a mother's wrath, one might be tempted to invoke a principle of limited application, '*Salus amicitiae suprema lex.*' Better this than to set up the more widely applicable and therefore more abusable plea, '*De minimis non curat moralitas.*'

Dodgson had an ingenious *memoria technica* to impress and illustrate harmonic progression. According to him, it is (or was) the rule at Christ Church that, if an undergraduate is absent for a night during term time without leave, he is for the first offence sent down for a term; if he commits the offence a second time, he is sent down for two terms; if a third time, Christ Church knows him no more. This last calamity Dodgson designated as 'infinite'. Here, then, the three degrees of punishment may be reckoned as 1, 2, infinity. These three figures represent three terms in an ascending series of harmonic progression, being the reciprocals of 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, 0, which are three terms in a descending arithmetical progression.

After the foregoing manifestations of the riddling spirit which possessed this *ποικιλφδός* Oxonian Sphinx, we are not surprised to learn that, though he generally delighted children, he has been known to bore them with arithmetical puzzles. Also, his favourites sometimes complained that his interest in them passed away with their childhood. He related to me a quaint incident, which is said to be highly characteristic of him. He mentioned that he took no great interest in little boys, and that once on receiving a letter from a child with an hermaphrodite name, Sydney or Evelyn, he supposed the writer to be a boy, and answered

somewhat curtly. Learning afterwards that his small correspondent was a girl, he made his peace by writing to her with great cordiality and with a mock-serious playfulness. His letter concluded with the postscript: 'If you see Nobody come into the room, please give him a kiss from me.' Was he prompted thus to personify Nobody by the recollection of a famous scene in the *Odyssey*? At all events, being sorely perplexed as to the manner of bestowing a ghostly embrace on visible and incarnate nothingness, the poor child acknowledged her embarrassment in a charmingly naïve letter which he read aloud to me.

He spoke of the difficulties which he had to encounter before his *Alice* could make her appearance on the stage. Especially he dwelt on the corrections which were needed in *The Walrus and the Carpenter*. His intention had been that this farcical interlude should be represented in its original form. But he discovered that the tranquil massacre of the oysters was a catastrophe too tame for dramatic effect. Thereupon he conceived the happy thought of making the ghosts of the victims jump on the sleeping forms of their assassins and give them bad dreams. With pardonable—or rather with amiable—vanity he informed me that the spirit shown by the defunct oysters in inflicting this (somewhat mild) retaliation drew loud applause from the spectators.

Owing to the immense popularity of this fable without a moral, or with a queer moral (for, in very truth, the loquacious and companionable oysters are more like children bewitched into the shape of oysters), I am tempted to repeat a minute criticism upon it. Referring to the form in which it was originally written, I asked its author about its concluding stanza,

and especially about the line, 'Shall we be trotting home again?' The humorous fatuity of this line, addressed, as it is, to the eaten oysters, would assuredly tally far better with the unctuous and gratuitous wheedling of the Walrus than with the commonplace bluntness of the Carpenter; why, then, is it put into the Carpenter's mouth? Dodgson frankly owned that the objection had never occurred to him. He said something about the number of syllables in the first line of the stanza, but he presently remarked that this line might be written, 'O Oysters dear, the Walrus said.' On the whole, he left on my mind the impression that, if he had woven anew the quaintly and brilliantly variegated threads of the threefold wonder-tale of Alice (*Tergeminam Aliciam, tria virginis ora creavit*), 'a triune Alice, one fair maid in three,' this trifling blemish in its best-remembered, oftenest-quoted episode would have been removed.

My sketch of Lewis Carroll would be incomplete if I made no mention of his solicitude to avoid every form of pleasantry which could possibly give offence. Everybody remembers the triumphant conclusion of *Alice in the Looking-Glass*. After not a few singular adventures, the heroine crosses a fateful stream; whereupon a crown is set on her head; and, entering a stately mansion, she is welcomed with the rejoicings of her friends, rejoicings which are in no wise lessened by the infliction of a sudden and severe, if not capricious, punishment on a member of the opposite party. All this, ever since my first perusal of the book, has reminded me of the closing scene of that favourite of my boyhood, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. I mentioned this association of ideas to Dodgson; and I let him discern my curiosity to know whether the

coincidence was undesigned. He took the matter more seriously than I had expected. With evident annoyance, he assured me that the thought of imitating Bunyan had never occurred to him; such trespassing on sacred ground would have seemed to him highly irreverent; and, sooner than be guilty of that irreverence, he would have re-written this portion of the book. At the same time, he acknowledged that he had nearly been betrayed into an oversight which he would have regretted exceedingly. Mill was once provoked into saying that a certain wise man was remarkable, not only for seeing what ordinary men could not see, but also for not seeing what they could see. It was with a somewhat similar sense of anomaly and incongruity that I learnt that, without the least suspicion of profanity, such an accomplished man as Dodgson had, in the first draft of *Alice in Wonderland*, made the passion-flower do duty for a flower in a passion. Fortunately he showed the manuscript to a lady friend, who informed or reminded him of the sacred source from which that flower derives its name. The correction was at once made; and the passion-flower yielded its place to the tiger-lily.

Another circumstance may show how Dodgson hated anything that at all savoured of profanity. An authoress said in his presence that she brought up her children on 'faith, soap, and charity.' Not content with showing by his manner that he was shocked, he afterwards wrote to the lady a letter of reproof.

Canon Ainger, when calling on me, took up my copy of Tischendorf's New Testament. In that

volume, as is well known, the 'various readings' are in each instance placed at the bottom of the page, being separated from the text by a horizontal line. 'The notes,' said Ainger, 'are partitioned off (par Tischendorf).' This pun on a surname recalls his witty couplet in praise of Taine's work on English literature:—

'While English critics their dull wits were straining,
Lo, enter Taine, and all was entertaining.'

Mr. Lecky.—The following incident was told me by Lecky in somewhat whimsical illustration of his belief that, if religion were to die out of all other European nations, it would still survive in Holland: A Dutch peasant was in sore straits about the impossibility of making his hens observe Sunday. He came to his pastor with a present of eggs. He regretted, he said, that he could not prevent his hens from laying these on the Sabbath; but he made what amends he could by giving them to God's minister that they might be handed over to the poor and infirm.

Lecky commended to my notice a rare Memoir written by an Englishman who had visited Voltaire at Ferney. During his visit, his host told him that a stranger had called asking for some favour, that he himself was busy, but that he would be much obliged if the guest would interview the applicant and see whether he was to be trusted. The Englishman undertook the office. On his return, he expressed his conviction of the man's trustworthiness; for he stammered, and no stammerer could be an impostor. 'Nonsense!' exclaimed Voltaire. 'Did not Moses stammer?'

Mr. Lecky playfully told me that he felt a sort of interest in Charles II as the greatest miracle-worker in the world; for, according to the Court physician, he cured some 90,000 persons of the king's evil. In a like spirit he added that no evidence can be drawn from this odd miracle in support of either of the rival Churches; for credulous sufferers were touched by Catholic or Protestant kings with equal success.

The late Lord Aberdare had a story that, on the question being asked, 'What is the difference between a Writer for the Signet and an attorney?' some one astutely answered, 'The same sort of difference as that between a crocodile and an alligator.'

Was it not, by the way, Joseph Hume who brought some insulting charge against Lord Palmerston, which the latter, in reply, declared to rest solely on Hume's own allegation? 'My allegation!' retorted the irrepressible Radical. 'I can tell the noble lord that in this House there is no greater *allegator* than himself!'

Another of Lord Aberdare's stories referred to a case, tried before Lord Campbell, which arose out of a collision between a brougham and an omnibus. One of the advocates pronounced the word 'brougham' as a dissyllable, being evidently unaware that the name of the carriage, like the surname of Lord Brougham, is abbreviated into a monosyllable. After several repetitions, the judge became irritable, and exclaimed, 'Brother H., if you would say "broom" you would save a syllable and the time of the court.' The counsel took the hint, but bided his time for a retort. Presently the judge began to sum up, and had occasion to speak of the 'omnibus'. 'My lord,' interrupted the audacious advocate, 'if your lordship would only say

“bus”, you would save two syllables and the time of the court.’ The author of this sally was on very friendly terms with the judge, or he would hardly have dared to take such a liberty.

Lord Aberdare used to tell an anecdote of a Welsh clergyman who did not get on very well with his parishioners, and was made chaplain of a gaol. When preaching his farewell sermon to his parish, he chose the unfortunate text, ‘I go to prepare a place for you.’ This may remind one of the story that an Evangelical divine, having been with difficulty persuaded by his son, a priest of the most approved Ritualistic type, to preach in the latter’s church, selected—I suppose by accident—the too appropriate text, ‘Lord, have mercy on my son: for he is lunatick.’

Shortly before my father died, I spoke to Lord Aberdare of the strangeness of the order of the world, in which my father was broken down with age, while the oak trees in the avenue of his park probably looked much the same as they did when Queen Elizabeth, according to tradition, drove under them to pay a visit to the Sir Lionel Tollemache of that day. Lord Aberdare, in reply, quoted from memory a passage from Dryden’s *Palamon and Arcite* :

‘The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees ;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.’

After repeating these lines, which—partly perhaps through the application of the masculine pronoun to the oak—seemed peculiarly and pathetically suggestive of human growth, maturity, and decrepitude, he went on to say with emphasis: ‘Such a life as that would indeed be worth having!’

Lockhart, himself a sort of half-Boswell to Scott, spoke contemptuously of the real Boswell and of what may be termed the Boswellian class. Mr. Lecky, too, the last time that I had the pleasure of seeing him, showed no sympathy for those recorders of conversations and moral embalmers of the dead. Indeed, I only half-convinced him that Johnson ought to thank his biographer, if he chanced to meet him in the Elysian Fields. The views which I then expressed had been forestalled by Sydney Smith when he wrote to Miss Berry: 'Ah! if Providence would but give us more Boswells.'¹

The ruling passion is strong in death. Let me end as I began, with a classical tag—

'Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est.'

By a strange coincidence these familiar lines of Horace were construed by the late William Rogers of Bishopsgate (another Balliol worthy) in his last lesson at Eton, and I will add my last paraphrase:

'Enough of play—Odd Memories, old and new,—
'Tis time to draw the curtain; Friends, adieu!'

¹ It is with great hesitation that, in this volume and elsewhere, I so often cite Sydney Smith, whose wise and witty sayings have already suffered much from being overquoted and overpraised. Wit is like the wall of Jericho: at the approach of the trumpeter it falls flat.

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