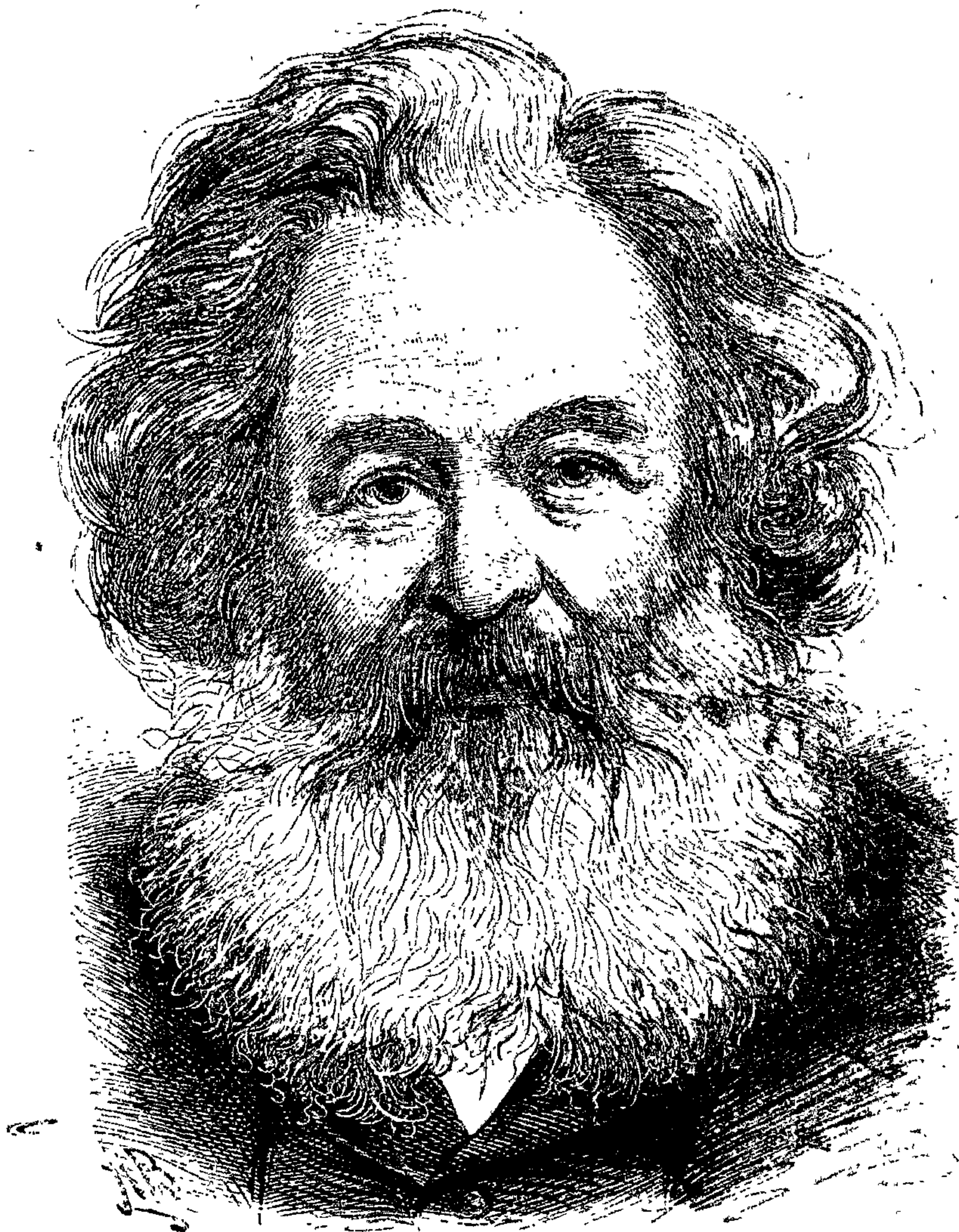


REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN



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The Old Bohemian

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REMINISCENCES
OF
AN OLD BOHEMIAN

Senex Loquax—OLD AGE IS GARRULOUS

DATA ENTERED

A NEW EDITION

Sa

LONDON
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE ST., STRAND
1883

Inscribed

TO

CTAVIAN BLEWITT, Esq.,

SECRETARY OF THE

ROYAL LITERARY FUND :

(Ac præcipuè pluribus pater et mihi)

AS A FEEBLE MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S HEARTFELT GRATITUDE TO
THE MAN, AND ADMIRATION OF THE SCHOLAR

PREFACE.

"But the book is *not* complete. Where is your Preface?"

It was some twenty-odd years ago, in an action brought by me against a well-known London publisher, and tried at Guildhall, that defendant's Counsel (now Mr. Baron Huddleston) put this question to me with an air of triumph, as if he felt quite sure he had me there, and I was out of Court.

However, I quietly replied that I did not hold with prefaces, not deeming them either useful or ornamental, and that I had never agreed to supply a preface to the book then before the Court.

The Judge—the then Mr. Justice Blackburne, a most sound and profound legist, and truly the most glorious gift ever presented to the British Bench by the late Lord Campbell—ruled that a preface could not properly be held to constitute an indispensable or essential part of a literary production. So the case was decided in my favour.

Well, why this Exordium then, if there is no need of a Preface? Why, simply that it affords me a most welcome and fitting opening for expressing in a few brief words my sincerest heartfelt thanks to the kind reviewers who have so indulgently noticed the *Reminiscences* of my life. Their benevolent appreciation of my humble efforts has shed brightest rays of comfort and joy upon the declining days of

THE OLD BOHEMIAN.

March, 1883.

REMINISCENCES

OF

AN OLD BOHEMIAN.

"I WRITE WHAT'S UPPERMOST WITHOUT DELAY."

REMINISCENCES, simply reminiscences—a few leaves culled from a long life's ledger, dipping here and there, almost at random, and without regard to chronological order—not an ambitious attempt at an autobiography, nor, indeed, least of all, "confessions," after the manner of Jean Jacques.

Of an old Bohemian.

Old—yes! Though I have for many long years fought hard against the admission, I make it here at once, fully and handsomely, in homage to truth and fact. Yes, I am an old man—old in years, older still in bitter experience and in suffering.

One's age, like all else in this world, is relative, and not to be reckoned by the mere tale of years one has lived; but, like military service in time of war, to be computed rather by the number of campaigns one has passed through in the incessant hard struggle against adversity that falls to the share of most mortals.

There are aged men of barely thirty summers yet, as there are sprightly evergreens of more than seventy winters. Of some it may be said that they have hardly ever been young; of others, that they seem never to grow old. I may, in a certain sense, claim to belong almost equally to both classes. Early misfortunes, losses, and crosses, had, ere yet my spring was fairly on, graven so many lines in my face, and ploughed so many furrows in my brow, that the winter of my life now finds but little room for additions.

A Bohemian—yes, in the fullest sense of the term. A Bohemian of the true old school, which is now fast dying out—the greater the pity, perhaps.

Of Bohemianism it may be said, as of greatness, that some men are born to it, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them. Now, as for me, I may truly aver that, though not exactly born to Bohemianism in the common acceptation of the term as applied in literary and artistic circles, yet I took to it naturally and kindly when circumstances thrust it upon me, and I found it, accordingly, a facile and pleasing task to achieve it.

It may savour of conceit in an obscure old man to wish to place the reminiscences of his humble life on record. However, as the most learned sage may find something new to him in the pages of a first spelling-book, even so may there be found something not altogether uninteresting in the plain narrative of a chequered career, albeit that he who tells the tale has all along travelled through the world's lowlands. Let this plead my excuse.

It is my earnest wish to be strictly truthful in narrating these reminiscences of my life, to the best of my recollection and belief; and I will endeavour to tell them in the simplest and chattiest way.

I have always been credited with an excellent memory; I am afraid, however, upon very insufficient and deceptive grounds. I only know that I have absolutely forgotten at least ten times as much as I can still, most imperfectly, remember. I have never kept a diary, nor have I ever noted down a single event in my life; and, with rare exceptions, I have hardly ever preserved a letter.

Memory is a capricious faculty—precocious and of rapid development in some, of tardy birth and slow growth in others; retentive* or the reverse; imaginative and inventive in most people, and in a great many tenacious or treacherous, as occasion may require or personal interest dictate.

* A very dear friend of mine is gifted with the most tenaciously retentive memory. He remembers events, conversations, letters, etc., to the minutest details, no matter after what lapse of time. I once maintained in his presence, in my paradoxical way, that a man had an indefeasible claim to the fullest liberty of action, and that even an intending suicide ought not to be interfered with, but should be permitted to do with himself as he listed. Many long years after I was striving might and main to persuade a slightly inebriate Bohemian—a right good fellow in the main—to let me take him home, telling him at last that his obstinate refusal to accept my friendly counsel and help was tantamount to deliberately wilful constructive suicide, which no true friend could stand idly by seeing perpetrated in his very presence. My friend with the retentive memory stood by at the time, with a pleasant smile on his

By way of illustration: Some years ago there was a witness heard, in an English Equity Court, in a case of disputed possession and title, who boldly laid claim to the most precocious and prodigious memory on record. He was a respectable gentleman, a J.P., whose bare word would before a bench of magistrates have outweighed the sworn testimony of twenty common people. Well, this gentleman remembered, verbatim and literatim, long and tortuous discussions on points of genealogy, which he stated on oath he had overheard at the tender age of two years and a half. Sad to relate, Sir Richard Malins, made sceptical, no doubt, by seeing overmuch of the dark side of human nature, bluntly rejected this witness's evidence as altogether unworthy of belief.

So I may, perhaps, claim credence when I own that the early impressions of my babyhood are simply a blank.

I have reason to believe, however, upon trustworthy hearsay evidence, that I was born at Trois-Rivières, in Lower Canada, a British subject, though of foreign, slightly composite, extraction, with a strange mixture of Italian, French, German, and Sarmatian blood in my veins.

The first event in my life that made a more lasting impression on my infantile mind, was a disagreement with my French nurse, in which an attempted demonstration of independence on my part, supported by my little fists, brought upon my frail frame a very hailstorm of cuffs, interspersed with painful pinches. It was my first introduction to conscious physical and mental suffering. It laid in me the foundation of that uncompromising hatred of all tyranny and arbitrary rule which has clung to me through life—perhaps also of that stiff-necked self-willedness, in the earlier period of my career euphemistically qualified by me as sturdy independence of character—which has but too often barred or marred my advancement in life.

Nurse coaxed me after, stuffing me with lollipops; and at night, before my parents she called me the sweetest little cherub. I have since then, in my way through the world, had to suffer many repetitions of this first infantile experience of mine—always barring the coaxing and the lollipops after.

This happened in New York; I was in my fifth year then. It was about three months—as I learnt at a much later period of my life, of course—before the outbreak of the right-of-search war

face. “Well, what of that, old boy?” he said. “Don’t you remember such and such a time when you were preaching a very different doctrine?” And he repeated exactly what I had said fifteen years before. I had forgotten it until brought back to my recollection. He quoted it verbatim. And I and many others have known him over and over again to perform similar feats.

between America and England, in which the latter country had magnanimously given way to American clamour—too late, however, the Americans pretended, to prevent hostilities. We were passing through the Empire City on our way to the old Continent, where my parents' presence was required by important business in connection with my maternal grandfather's recent death. This business involved also a most remarkable errand, to wit, to try to get a pound of butter out of a dog's mouth—said dog being no less an animal than the Almighty Czar of all the Russias and all the Russians, who, it would appear, had seized in his insatiate imperial maw certain property to which my mother—poor innocent!—thought she had an indefeasible claim. Had the friendship between Napoleon and Alexander continued, my father might have brought to bear some influence upon the latter; but, as the Franco-Russian war was raging when we reached Europe, that influence would certainly have told the other way. The war also compelled a delay of many months in the initiatory proceedings, which in its turn made all subsequent steps almost hopelessly difficult.

This was the beginning of my wanderings. I am afraid I must have been born with a mercurial temperament and a restless disposition. Still, had we but stayed in Canada, I might have grown more settled in time. Might-have-beens are fruitless speculations, however.

On our trip across the Atlantic I had to swallow, or, more correctly speaking, the reverse, the first extensive dose of sea-sickness, which most objectionable ailment has affectionately attended me ever since in all my maritime travels, making even a run across the Channel a formidable and painful undertaking to me, yet the dread of which has never had sufficient power over me to lessen my inborn restlessness and passion for roving. It was this restlessness that gained me, at a very early period of my life, the nickname of the "Wandering Jew."

A wanderer I have been through life, and a wanderer I am likely to remain until I reach the great universal junction where all wayfarers on earth have to change for the next stage on the never-ending road to the threshold of eternity.

Of the events of the next four years of my life I have only a most hazy recollection, save for one brief glimpse of fairyland, which, though but a passing, fantastic, and superlatively crazy dream, left a deeper and more lasting impression upon my young heart and mind.

All I can dimly discern in my mind's eye is a rapid succession of dissolving views of scenes and places we passed through on our apparently ceaseless journeyings through France, the British

Isles, and all over the Continent, including the dreary regions of Poland and Russia, until we fixed at last, though even then at first for a time only, upon a local habitation at Linden, which now almost forms part of the city of Hanover.

Here my father bought a charming country-house, with extensive orchard and garden; and here we had the good luck to engage as cook an accomplished blue ribbon, who had been high-soundingly christened Thusnelda Irma, but to whom my mother gave the plain and much more prosaic name Lise. Her I remember well. I was just about seven when she came to us, and she had been with us for close upon four years when she died. She had few foibles—very few indeed. She was free even from the failing so common among *great* cooks—an inordinate love for moistening the clay, to wit—and she did not take snuff—a most valuable negative virtue in a cook, which I learned to appreciate in later years, when circumstances brought me into familiar contact with some of the grandest adepts in the coquinarian art, craft, and mystery, who *did* take snuff, and would not mind a bit letting the effects drop into the dainty dishes their hands were deftly mixing and preparing. Our Lise possessed the four cardinal virtues of a good cook, to wit, an intelligent knowledge of the art, untiring patience, wise economy, and scrupulous cleanliness.

One of her very few foibles and failings was that she would not take kindly to the name of Lise, bestowed upon her by mother.

Now in all things concerning the sex I have, from earliest boyhood, cultivated a certain chivalrous feeling. So when, with the acuteness of a sharp young mind, I discovered that Thusnelda and Irma sounded more grateful to cook's ears than Lise, I made it a point to invariably address her by either or both grand names; and here, indeed, it was brilliantly shown that virtue is its own reward, for with a liberal heart and a free hand would Thusnelda Irma dispense to her "little gentleman," as she was wont to fondly call me—no end of tit-bits, dainties, and sops-in-the-pan, which Lise would most probably have been rather more chary of.

Not alone this: but quite against the traditional rooted dislike of culinary artists to trespassers on their domain who would pry into their arcana, she took a positive delight in instructing me (*ludendo*) in her noble art. I may as well state here, at once, that I have, from my earliest boyhood, been possessed by a passion for "cooking" in all its branches. I verily believe Nature intended me for a great cook, and that it was adverse fortune alone that spoilt my glorious chance of developing into an illustrious chef, a beneficent autocrat of the kitchen.

Be this as it may, the dear old woman loved to inculcate in my

receptive young mind the true nature of the processes of boiling, roasting, frying, and baking, and the scientific principles severally underlying them, to reveal to me the composition and the compounding, and the "doing" and dishing of her most recondite dishes. It was from her that I learnt the preparation of all sorts of salads and macédaines, and the mysteries of pickling and preserving.

She was truly great in her art, which with her had unconsciously developed into a science.

I have in after-life known Alexis Soyer and some other famous chefs. I gratefully acknowledge the many "wrinkles" I owe to my dear departed friends, John Brough, Thomas Littleton Holt, and James Lowe.

The late Dr. Karl Tausenau showed me once how to make bouillabaisse without red garnet. Horwitz, the chess-player and artist, was great in fish cooking. I learnt much from him in that special line of the art, more particularly the proper way of preparing carp à la polonoise—i.e., with beer sauce. Charles Sala showed me how to cook a bloater to perfection by a new system, professedly invented by him, which had only the trifling drawback of being a trifle expensive. It is easy to do: you take a large soup-plate and pour a quartern of the best whisky into it; you then lay two fine bloaters on the plate, set fire to the spirit, and turn the bloaters over and over again in the burning whisky. When the spirit is consumed the herrings are done to perfection. A good dish, but not economical—oh, no!—price of two bloaters, twopence, quartern of "fuel," eightpence—an expensive luxury—rather! I have also had the advantage of kitchening for a time with the renowned Madame Boileau, a first-rate Parisian purveyor of certain dishes, such as matelotes, sturgeon and salmon steaks, rognons sautés au vin de Madère—with *real* Madeira, actually in the dish, not in the cook's stomach—field-lark and field-fare pies, and most delicious pastry. Many a *chat de re culinaria* have I enjoyed with Godfrey Turner—*n'est-ce pas tout dire?* And last, though certainly not least, I have, in the course of many years interchanged many famous coquinarian receipts with my most esteemed friends Tegetmeier and Draper, both of them high authorities on all things pertaining to the kitchen and the dining-room. But not one of all of these ever could reach to the non-excelsior height of that grand old female Gamaliel at whose feet a kind fate permitted me to sit and learn in my early boyhood.*

* If any enterprising publisher feels inclined to go in for a really good cookery book, I am sure Messrs. Tinsley will be pleased to give him the "Old Bohemian's" address.

Speaking of my friend Draper, even as I write this the dear fellow sends me, per letter, one of his queer culinary conceits: "*Tomato Tart*.—Skin and slice the tomatoes as apples, only instead of sugar and cloves put pepper and salt and the merest trifle of grated lemon-peel and nutmeg, with a little butter—tart as usual. Add a spoonful of Worcester, or Harvey, or Chef, or Nabob for gravy, and dish. Let me know how this agrees with you." "What a splendid sight is now before me," the letter runs on; "your own favourite Bohemian glass mug, with the views of Munich and other sausage shops in enamelled ruby—*filled*—filled to the brim, with fresh sparkling ale in first-rate condition, rich gold in colour, frothing like milk newly-drawn from the cow, flavour that would send Olympus into ecstasies, and make the gods pitch their nectar into Styx—(my service t'ye, sir!)—Ha! Bonam beerum non facit malum Latinam! There, if that doesn't send you off to the nearest pub, I'll—never mind."

Food and drink are twins, that should be cultivated conjointly; the art and science of drinking and drinks is every whit as important to life and health as the art and science of eating and food. Were this profound truth but once universally understood in all its details and bearings, man would socially and individually have taken an immense step in advance; the momentous question of true moderation and real temperance would be finally settled, the extreme champions of hard drinking and total abstinence being both sent to the limbo of nonentities.

Of our glorious old cook it might truly be said, *omne tulit punctum*, for she was equally great in the liquid as in the solid department; and as she was my teacher in the one branch, so she was also—within certain very strictly drawn limits—my guide in the other. She taught me how to make good coffee, tea, and chocolate; and how to prepare a variety of pleasant refreshing beverages. From her I learnt the great secret of real egg-flip and spiced ale.

She taught me the theoretical and the practical difference between infusion and decoction, and a skilful combination of the two, by which the most delightful café au lait is produced. From her I learnt the art of brewing and bottling beer, from sweet "*Weizen Lager*"—a kind of Edinburgh ale, brewed from malted wheat—to light bitter and *Broihan*—a delightful non-intoxicant summer beer brewed without hops; also the production of a wholesome pure strong vinegar—for she was a rare domestic chemist, considerably in advance of the age in which she lived.

It was by watching her on the sly that I found out her *modus operandi* in mixing the various kinds of grog, punch, toddy, etc., and learnt the golden rule of always putting in first the lemon or

orange-peel, the pine-apple slices, etc., the spices (where needed), the acid and the sugar, then the water, and the spirit last. I had to watch her on the sly, for she was always wondrously anxious to keep me at a safe distance from anything in the shape of strong drink. Bless her dear memory for it!

It was only much later in life that I managed to acquire, gradually and progressively, that experience and skill in the brewing of a variety of cups, punches, grogs, bishops, cardinals, neguses, toddies, broses, and French burnt-brandy punch, for which, I think I may say it without vanity, I have so long enjoyed a flattering reputation among my friends.

Burnt-brandy punch I learnt to prepare from no less a personage than General Cavaignac's brother, Godefroi, with whom, before his lamented death, I did a deal of potation, and, in the earlier period of our acquaintance, a trifle of conspiracy against Louis Philippe *Smith*—as my friend de Godde-Liancourt slightly slubs him—for I was wondrously Red in those days. Poor Alfred de Musset taught me how to emerald the emerald poison (which chiefly killed him) by adding to the absinthe one-fourth part of Chartreuse verte. Of my ever dear departed friend Jacobsen I learnt to compound a stunning liqueur of cherry broth, Maraschino, and Kirschwasser. The father of Angus B. Reach, a jovial old crony of mine, cut out for a veritable chief in Bohemia, even more so than his genial son, taught me how to brew toddy to perfection, and how to sip it with a due regard for next morning.* An ancient mariner, whom I met casually at the Ship Tavern, in Edinburgh, initiated me into the mysteries of Athol brose. My ever revered old master, the great Raspail, of camphor and spirit of hartshorn renown, and one of the most accomplished chemists of the age, showed me how to brew cardinal, bishop, and other wine punches. In milk punch and egg punch, *par excellence*, I had the illustrious Arnold Ruge for teacher, the author of "*Die Loge des Humanismus*."

* Mr. Reach, the elder, was an enthusiastic admirer and a most excellent judge of good music and singing. I remember on one occasion, when Jenny Lind was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, I went with him to hear the great singer. The house was crowded in every part, and we could hardly secure standing room at the rear of the amphitheatre. It was an immense treat for my old friend. After a sweet simple ballad, sweetly fluted by the Swedish nightingale, he seized me by the arm in rapt ecstasy, his eyes suffused with tears, and literally dragged me from the place, downstairs into the street. He apologised to me, but told me that for the life of him he could not "ha'e bided anither minnit," as he would not for all in the world have the impression weakened which the singing of that ballad had made on his mind.

For my well-known skill in preparing real pine-apple cup I am indebted, in a great measure at least, to Johannes Ronge, of Holy Coat of Treves fame. My acknowledged super-excellence in "*Maitrank*"—that wondrous drink of Hock or Moselle, flavoured with woodruff (*Asperula odorata*)—I gratefully ascribe to the late Ludovicus Häusser, the historian, the famous president of the once renowned Heidelberg select jovial potatory circle, of which but few—very few, alas! are left—Professor Treitschke for one, and Joseph Victor von Scheffel for another, the delightful singer of the trumpeter of Säckingen, and other equally charming poems—*Tempi passati*. My talent for sparkling Burgundy cup and strawberry and raspberry bowl, I may, perhaps, be permitted to claim as inborn, or self-evolved. But I remember, a little overlate certainly, that self-laudation is no recommendation. However, I may venture to plead in extenuation that when one has to be one's own trumpeter, it is just as well to do the thing handsomely. Moreover, is it not natural that self should enter, say even a little unduly, in personal reminiscences?

It is my deliberate opinion, born of observation and ripened by manifold experiences in the course of a long life, that no system of education can properly be called liberal which does not comprise in its programme theoretical and practical instruction in the preceding important branches of the true art of living.

The proper and intelligent preparation of at least the common articles of food has always seemed to me as essential to man, as it is admittedly to woman. One clear half of the ills that flesh is heir to would have to take their departure if this truth were once fully and practically recognised. As it is, unhappily, how very few even of our girls are ever instructed in the merest rudiments of the great science of the kitchen and cellar. But this is a digression, the reader will say. I humbly admit it. I am afraid every act and deed of mine is somehow of the nature of a digression. Am I not, perhaps, myself a digression of Nature?

Another debt of gratitude I owe to dear old Li—no, hang it! dear old 'Thusnelda Irma; I will not snub her memory by dubbing her Lise. But of this hereafter.

I have stated already that our wanderings included the dreary regions of Poland and Russia. My parents, persistently bent upon their fool's errand to take their pound of butter out of the Imperial dog's mouth, were waging a desperate war against Russian rapacity and roguery, and Tartar thievery, and against the turpitude and venality of courts and judges in the blessed dominions of the White and Yellow Czar, which would occasion-

ally necessitate their presence on the spot. I was much too young then to retain any but the dimmest notion of what it was all about. However, later on I was told that it was a question of contested identity in a suit for restitution of certain estates wrongfully declared estreated to the Crown, in which suit said Crown proved so superlatively exacting that when my poor mother had at last succeeded in establishing the fact that she truly was her father's daughter, the proof of a negative was put upon her, to wit, that she should show, to the satisfaction of the court, she had not been changed at nurse! I verily believe it was something of the sort.

Questions of contested identity are ticklish things, you see. In cases where the law wants to hang a man alleged to be the real Simon Pure who has deservedly incurred the penalty, identification by a couple of hard-swearing policemen is deemed amply sufficient to settle his hash, and draw the rope pretty tight round his neck. But in cases of disputed succession to property, the matter is vastly different, as many an unhappy claimant has found out to his bitter sorrow. Possession is generally considered to be nine points of the law out of ten; but where the Crown holds it against even the most legitimate claimant, it is the full ten points and a trifle over.

There was, once upon a time, a family of some note in the free City of Frankfort-on-Main. *Eisenherz*—Ironheart—was the name, I think. Two members of this family went to other lands—the one to France, where he altered his patronymic, for convenience, to *Isnard*; the other to Geneva, in Switzerland, where he came to be called *Eynard*.

Some thirty-five or forty years after a very large fortune fell to this Eisenherz family. Well, it took the French and Swiss branches twenty-five years to establish their descent and identity, more than half the estate passing meanwhile into the great melting-pot of the law.

After a short stay at Linden my parents, hoping almost against hope that renewed personal presence and pressure might favourably promote their suit, betook themselves, with me, of course, once more to the Russian empire, only to be once more thwarted and disappointed at every step they essayed. As they were by no means altogether blindly unpractical people, their eyes opened at last to the true position of affairs and the hopelessness of all chance of success. So they gave up the unequal contest, in which they clearly saw now they were simply dropping their substance in vain efforts to snatch at a shadow.

But before they came to this wise resolution I had that brief glimpse of fairyland which made the first more lasting impression upon my young heart and mind.

It was in Moscow, just slowly rising from its ashes. I was going on for eight then. Here, in the old-new city, I first met her who, had I and she been but ten years older, might have proved my fate. She was a little fairy of seven, with golden hair, a milk-and-rose complexion, sweet hazel eyes with long silken lashes, and an audaciously impertinent turn-up nose. Her tiny feet were cased in dainty fur boots, that might have put to the blush Cinderella's famous fur slipper.* Her name was Olga. She was our little hostess, the party being given by her parents. One look into the wondrous depth of her eyes—and I felt I was undone. My little divinity graciously deigned to take notice of me. I think it must have been on account of my long curly locks, which she declared she admired greatly. Ere yet the evening was far advanced, we fell deeply in love with one another—at least I with her—as she professed with delightfully naïve frankness to be with me. In a sweetly demonstrative way she let me take a bite out of her apple; I, in return, crammed a whole pocketful of sweets into her sweet little mouth. They must have been unpleasantly warm; but what does true love care for such drawbacks? She ate them all, after which she gave me a doubly-sugared kiss behind one of the pillars in the saloon. On our way to supper we pledged our mutual faith in whispers, I swearing to her that she was the only darling I ever loved, should ever love, or could ever love, she answering ditto. We both solemnly vowed to keep the secret of our mutual affection jealously hidden from the ken of a cold, sneering world; nay, from our own nearest and dearest relations.

This seems incredibly absurd; in after-life it has often appeared to me an impossible farce. Yet it is strictly true. And why should it not be? Has not that most acute observer of human nature, that deep student of men and women, and of the affections

* *Vair* is the word, in Perrault's tales, not *verre*. Glass slipper is simply a blundering mistranslation. Yet learned men have been found, who, upon the assumed existence of perfectly flexible glass that could be woven into shoes and garments, have victoriously shown, to their own satisfaction at least, that the glass industry in our days is far less advanced than it was in the darker ages. It is to an unlucky substitution of *κάμηλον* for *κάμιλον* in the Greek text that we owe the spoiling of one of the most obviously intended and most beautiful similes in the New Testament. The error has been left untouched in the Revised Version.

and passions of young and old, the wondrous magician of Gads-hill, drawn some delightful word-paintings of the loves of children, notably that most charming story of the juvenile elopement. For six weeks I was permitted to serenely dream the dream of my first love. Then my beloved was carried off to Odessa by her cruel parents, whilst mine took me away with them to the city of the Ingrian swamp.

For one whole month I grieved and moped and fretted and would not be comforted. Then I basely broke my vow of secrecy to my beloved, and sobbed my sad tale into my mother's sympathising ears, and was consoled by that dear maternal parent's promise that Olga should be mine—in some sixteen years, should I then be still of the same mind. How the good lady must have laughed inwardly at my precocious folly!

Next day my father gave me a watch, which he strictly enjoined me not to open to look what was inside. He knew my disposition—no one better. Was I not simply a second edition of himself? The instant that I could steal away unobserved, I crept to my room, where I soon was busily employed in taking the works asunder, putting the wheels, screws, etc., in regular order, on a large sheet of paper, with the place of every part duly marked. Of course I unsettled the mainspring and could not put it to rights again. No matter; I now knew what was inside the case, which just then was to me of much greater importance than to be able to tell the time by the dial. And, oh, for the fickleness of man's heart and the fleeting nature of man's affections, all sweet remembrance of my own beloved Olga was crowded out of my mind by the one intense, all-engrossing thought how to restore the mainspring to what it had been ere I had meddled with it!

Some eleven years after I met my first love again. It was in Berlin, where I was a student then. She, fickle girl, had jilted poor me, and got married to a young man attached to her and to the Russian Embassy to the Court of Prussia, and she pretended not to remember me! It might be that, like Samson, I had then been shorn of my locks. I remembered her very well; but I had by that time come to look upon turn-up noses as snubs, and wondered much in my mind how I could ever have mistaken that Russian goose for a swan. Well, well! I met her first when she was a gosling; so, as I learnt after from Hans Andersen's sweet tale of the ugly duckling, I might well be excused for not knowing then what she might grow to be.

We went back to Linden, all three of us sadder, if not wiser; for, as for me, had not my watch been taken away to be repaired, and had it not been decided in the supreme family council that I was too young and too foolish and too disobedient to be trusted with one?

Now came the happiest time of my life—unhappily the only truly happy time I ever enjoyed—like unto a bright summer day without a cloud in view, and fanned by gentle breezes. I was basking in the genial sunshine of parental affection. Dear old Thusnelda Irma fondled and spoiled me as had I been her very own child, and everybody else around and about me loved, or professed to love me—which comes very much to the same thing, for the time being at least. I learned to speak German like a native of Hanover, which implies that I learnt to speak it in its melodious purity.

I was not called on at this time to learn much else. My parents held the sound doctrine that my physical and moral training, and the cultivation and development in me of the perceptive and observant faculty, were the things of the highest importance at my early period of life. The first school to which I was sent was the glorious school of Nature; I was let roam freely over hill and dale, and to paddle my own little canoe on the ponds. Boys, as a very general rule, are naturally unconscious of or insensible to the sufferings inflicted by them upon their humbler fellows in God's creation. I am sadly afraid I was in this respect very much like most other boys. I was passionately addicted to birds'-nesting, and I am sorry to remember now that it hardly ever occurred to me to leave even a nest-egg to partially console the unhappy parent birds for their cruel bereavement. I decapitated flies just to see how they would get on without heads. I was wofully hard upon the unlucky May-bugs that happened to fall into my little hands. I would knock their heads off, just to try whether the contents of the thorax tasted really like filberts, as I had been confidently assured by other small villains. I was an ardent collector of butterflies and beetles, and never felt troubled about how they liked having pins stuck through them. The squealing of a pig in its last agony had nothing in it discordant to my ear; and I even thought it rare fun to watch a decapitated hen vainly essaying to rush about. In short, I was a wicked little wretch. I feel acutely and regretfully conscious of this even now, although my excellent friend Tegetmeier, who is on familiar terms with bees, pigeons, and poultry, and knows all about the rest of animated nature, has consolingly assured me over and over again that the sensorium in insects and the other smaller fry of vertebrates is but very imperfectly

sensitive. As for the invertebrates, why, the whole boiling of them could not muster among them the realisation of an hour's toothache. *Non mens hic sermo*—mind; let Teg answer for it—and Darwin, who tells us that worms on the hook wriggle out of all proportion to their sufferings. Happily for me, my good mother lovingly took this branch of my moral training in her own dear kind hands so soon as she chanced to discover my cruel propensities. She weeded my heart and mind of these vile excrescences, and implanted in me instead that universal intelligent charity to all God's creation, the best and most acceptable of all prayers—the love of God's creatures both great and small—which forms the chief tenet of the true saving faith preached to mankind by the Divine Teacher. Bless her, to me, ever dear memory for it!

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt," says dear old Horace, as Hannay used to have it. When a fool drops a vicious habit he is apt to take up with its opposite. I have an uncomfortable notion that I must always have been a fool. In later life I have often been reproached with growing more and more mawkishly sentimental in my relations to animals. There may be some truth in this reproach; I may be running to the other extreme. The nearer the close of my own terrestrial existence is drawing in the natural order of things, the more sensitive I grow, not merely to the infliction of all suffering on the brute creation, but also to what I am bluntly told by my friends, I would morbidly, and in the very teeth of the plainest laws of Nature and the most obvious facts before my eyes, hold to be the inviolable sacredness of animal life. Even the wasp—nay, the bug—is pretty safe now from my destroying hands. I am as sturdy in my indignant opposition to vivisection as the great Spurgeon himself, and my philanthropic friend A. F. Astley, whose kindness of heart and feeling does not stop short at his own species, but embraces his humbler fellow-creatures on earth. And I loathe the very remembrance of Magendie, and his fellows and followers in that most cruel and—I maintain it, let who may gainsay it—at least most inadequately useful branch of the study of life and health, which I, indeed, conscientiously believe to be nearly altogether barren of sound fruit—the very high authority of Virchow, Owen, Huxley, and other men whom I deeply revere notwithstanding.

"A survey of what has been attempted of late years will prove that the opening of living animals has done more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views taken from the study of anatomy" (Bell's "Nervous System"). I most fully endorse this

deliberate opinion of Sir Charles Bell. I fearlessly ask what benefit has accrued to mankind from Magendie and "consorts'" truly fiendish cruelties perpetrated upon hundreds of unhappy rabbits, dogs, and other "lower" animals, as these great investigators are, in their overweening pride and the callousness of their hard hearts, pleased to call their wretched victims? Among other nice performances in vivisection, Magendie sliced away the brains of several hundred rabbits. Will anyone be kind enough to tell us what useful information has been derived from these most cruel experiments? *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is a favourite old saying with these ardent searchers into the secrets of life. One of them, Dr. Rutherford of Edinburgh, claims the right to torture his miserable victims under the worthless and vile plea that they are old and otherwise useless. And he puts them under the influence of *curare*, if you please—*curare*! a hyperæsthetic, according to Claude Bernard. Thirty-one old and otherwise useless dogs were despatched by this gentleman in one series of experiments, each vivisection lasting for hours, and all under the influence of *curare*! And, please, where will the *vilitas* be permitted to stop in the end? Have we not already had the question asked: Why criminals condemned to death should not be handed over to the vivisector? Why not? After the murder of Wallenstein, one of the great General's adherents, Count Schaffgotsch, was tried for high treason, found guilty, and condemned to death. The noble Austrian judges of these good old times deemed it expedient to obtain the doomed man's confession—most likely because they were not quite convinced of his guilt and had tender consciences—so they determined to put the condemned man on the rack, coolly arguing that the condemnation had of itself made him *servus pœnce*, and that he might therefore fairly be held a mere *cadaver mortuum*; so they tortured him to their hearts' content. What are condemned criminals in our own time, it might well be argued by vivisectioning enthusiasts, but *servi pœnce* and *cadavera mortua*? I had to listen the other day, with horror and disgust, to a lady—a strong champion of the rights of women—who boldly defended this identical view of the case.

Magendie, I am convinced in my heart, would have been delighted, if the chance had been given him, to extend his vivisectioning experiments to the human species—he was such a very eager searcher into the secrets of life and its processes. I shall never forget the row that was made over his unlucky prussic acid experiment, which laid low, at one fell swoop, eleven unfortunate epileptic patients, who had found themselves unable to stand a dose of 7 minims of the *acide cyanhydrique au troisième*—2½ grains

of anhydrous hydrocyanic acid! or, not to exaggerate carelessly, 1½ grain, supposing the acid *au siccome* to have been used. Of course, the great experimenter showed that it was not he who was to blame, but the stupid dispenser of the dose, who should have given Magendie's syrup instead of either of the more concentrated preparations. It was a great pity that there were not a few more epileptics handy to try the syrup upon *them*.

And what about the latest and most horrible feat of certain learned professors—to deprive an unhappy animal for life of the blessed senses of sight and hearing! And *cui bono*?

Oh, Science! what crimes have been, and continue to be, perpetrated in thy name!

Boys must have something to occupy and amuse their minds. I was always of an inquiring disposition. I believe I broke every toy I ever had given me, just to see what was inside. It was this spirit of inquiry that made me come to grief with my first watch. But the mere breaking of toys could not satisfy long a boy like me. From an early period of my boyhood I took passionately to what the illustrious author of "Alton Locke" used to call, rather sneeringly, "The bottle-and-squirt mania;" in which, however, by-the-bye, I have reason to believe the great writer himself loved much to dabble.

I never met Charles Kingsley, but I have had the good fortune of being often in the charming company of that most erratic genius, his brother Henry, who had as much zest for quaint or paradoxical remarks as Arthur Lillie has, and as my departed friend, Robert Brough, used to have. Arthur Lillie, in his "King of Topsy-Turvy," has, among other delightfully nonsensical sensible remarks, this:

"Don't make a golden bridge for a flying enemy. If he deserves to be an enemy, pitch him into the river."

Henry Kingsley, Harry Leigh, and my humble self were at Ashley's one day, discussing some question of the time; I had occasion to observe that it was a most un-English and inexcusable proceeding, to kick a man when he was down. Harry Leigh expressed his hearty concurrence in this sentiment; not so Henry Kingsley, who turned almost fiercely upon us. "What!" shouted he; "not kick a man when he is down! What nonsense! When can you have a fairer chance of kicking him than when he is down? Would you let him get up again to kick you when you have foolishly given him the opportunity? No, my boys! learn ye wisdom! Kick your enemy when he is down; trample upon

him, stamp the life out of him ! so shall you prosper. Reducing the number of your enemies is tantamount to increasing the number of your friends. This is the true practical wisdom of life, my boys. Don't cultivate spurious sentiment ! " Whether he meant what he was saying, I cannot tell ; I can only say that to me he looked terribly in earnest. Perhaps he had had some bitter experience of the danger of generous forbearance shown to a certain class of enemies.

An illustrious French political leader of the present day* some years since magnanimously saved the life of another French politician, who, in return, strove might and main after to destroy his noble benefactor socially, politically, and morally. And we are not without illustrative instances nearer home.

I vividly remember to this present hour the joy and pride that was swelling my bosom when I became the happy possessor of a Döbereiner platinum apparatus, or fire-generator—a scientific toy in which fire was produced by making hydrogen gas impinge upon spongy platinum.

This was in the venerable old days of the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, and brimstone match, ere lucifers, vestas, and vesuvians, or even *briquets phosphoriques* were yet dreamt of. I well remember the time when these latter came first into use, superseding at last the clumsy old way. These *briquets phosphoriques*, or inflammable match phials, consisted of a small phial of glass or lead, either with a bit of phosphorus inside, slightly oxidised by stirring it with a red-hot iron wire ; or filled with a mixture of cork-raspings, wax, petroleum, and phosphorus, fused together to a paste. Sulphur matches dipped into the phial would kindle instantaneously. After this the oxygenated matches came in—splinters tipped with sulphur (as a rule), which were dipped in a paste of powdered chlorate of potassa, flowers of sulphur, sugar, gum arabic and water. They were then thoroughly dried in a warm place. They would kindle on dipping them into a small well-stoppered phial with concentrated sulphuric acid in it, thickened with asbestos. Soon after the friction or instantaneous light match came in. Verily, verily, when I look back to the days of my childhood, with the tinder-box and the oil-lamp, the wax taper, the tallow dip and mould, or the still more primitive rushlight ; the rare, heavily taxed and slow journeying letter ; the cumbrous old stage-coach and the special express, forcing its speed actually up to nine, and even ten miles per hour ; the inexpressibly vile and horrible curative (!)

* Gambetta—he is now no more ! His *intrânsigeant* reviler survives him.

science and art; the old, old Berzelian chemistry of the period; and many other equally old things—I cannot but feel deeply grateful to the Almighty Power, who has graciously permitted the lines of my life to fall in the pleasant places of marvellous progress which mark this nineteenth century of ours. And yet, and yet: can it be truly averred that man is now more happy and contented; or, rather, less miserable and discontented, than he was in the time of my childhood; or, than he is ever likely to be, even though electric air-ships should convey him to the Moon, or to Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, or Mars? This is the true great puzzle, the unsolvable problem.

Gunpowder and explosives were my special delight—as they continue, indeed, to the present day. Before I was eleven I was pretty expert in pyrotechnics; but I was particularly great in artificial volcanoes, which I used to manufacture by mixing together powdered charcoal, nitre, iron-filings, and flowers of sulphur in certain proportions, and working the mixture into a heavy paste with water. This paste—some eight or ten pounds in weight—was then stuffed closely into a suitable iron pot, which, with a strong pig's bladder tied over, was put several feet into the ground, and covered with earth. In about twenty-four hours or so the mass in the pot, heating spontaneously, would burst forth like a volcanic eruption, throwing up the earth covering it, and sending forth a stream of lava—which it was a joy to behold!

Boys, as a rule, are fond of gunpowder, explosives, and pyrotechnics; so are a great many grown-up boys. My dear friend Draper remains to the present day passionately addicted to rockets and crackers, and Catherine wheels, and fire-arms, and Chinese and Bengalese fires.

Another esteemed friend of mine, Dr. Scoffern, a most excellent chemist, and a man of inventive genius, was always doing something in explosive bombs, etc. I remember on one occasion, when he had just invented a formidable bomb that would explode on striking against any hard body, we went to what is now the Alhambra, but was at the time just on the point of opening as the Panopticon. It was a kind of private, or press view, of the premises. If I recollect aright, poor Leicester Buckingham was one of us. In the midst of our glee and merry-making the devil must, forsooth, tempt Scoffern to whisk out from his coat-pocket one of these nice little destructive implements, and to attempt to explain their nature and use. He did not proceed far, however, for there was a general stampede and skedaddle, poor Leicester Buckingham leading the strategic movement to the rear with all

practicable speed of his long legs. I must confess I felt nervous. But I was soon reassured, and so were the rest, by Scoffern shouting at the top of his voice, "Why, you set of ninnies, you don't surely think that I carry it in my pocket charged? It is only the empty shell. I want to explain to you simply how it is charged, and how the explosion takes place." Poor Leicester was pale for three days after.

Dr. Scoffern was once on the high road to millionairism. He had excogitated and invented a new method of sugar refining, by means of sulphite of lead. The invention was patented and taken up vigorously by large capitalists and sugar refiners. Scoffern had to go to Spain and Cuba. He left me to see his work on sugar refining through the press. I had known him—and loved and admired him—for years. We had been working conjointly upon the *Pharmaceutical Times* and the *Chemical Times*. I thought my fortune was made, for a more noble-minded and generous fellow than Scoffern never drew the breath of life. Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Lord Halifax, was at that time Secretary for the Colonies. He submitted the new method to the investigation and judgment of another of my oldest friends, Professor de Vry. Unhappily it turned out that, although in the hands of an accomplished, careful chemist there was no danger whatever of the least trace of lead (from the sulphite) being left in the sugar refined by the proposed new method, that danger existed to a truly formidable extent, where careless or ignorant people—more particularly negroes in the West Indies—had to be entrusted with the working of the processes. De Vry made his report accordingly, and the affair collapsed. I hated De Vry at the time. I have forgiven him long since though, and we meet occasionally in our mutual friend Bullock's laboratory, where we clink and drink the social glass together, and talk of bygone old times.

Another of my acquaintances, who has long since joined the majority, was wondrously fond of dabbling in explosives. His name was Naundorff. He was a watchmaker by trade; but, bless you, he was the Duke of Normandy by profession, and the legitimate King of France. Louis Philippe was at the time, to all appearance at least, rather firmly fixed in what should have been *his*, the Duke of Normandy's seat. He explained this often to me, and I did not contradict him, because it pleased the poor fellow, who was a nice old gentleman in the main, with a strong Bourbon cast of countenance, and a real, or marvellously well-assumed, conviction of the justice of his claims and pretensions. Besides, I had no wish to interfere injuriously with his position

with another old friend of mine—still to the fore, fresh as a daisy, with close upon fourscore on his back!—dear old Joe Buck, who assisted the “Duke” generously in his experiments with explosives.

In 1851 the “Duke” brought an action in the French courts to recover the personal property of the Duchess of Angoulême. The affair ended in a nonsuit. What a king the “Duke” would have made, to be sure, with his gunpowdery and bombic propensities! *Dís aliter visum*. He died soon after; and I cannot help thinking that the gods were quite right to see the matter in a different light from what Naundorff would dearly have wished them to see it in. After all is said and done, everything is for the best in this best of worlds—although I could have wished success to the “Duke,” as he might have remembered me right royally. The “Duke’s” claim died not with him. Twenty years after his son, M. “A. de Bourbon,” an officer in the Dutch army, employed M. Laurent Rabier, a Paris advocate of some standing, to revive the claim—to no purpose, however.

Electric machines and electrophores ranked high in my affections. I used to take a special pleasure in charging a glass of wine and presenting it slyly to a lady. I danced with impish delight when the tiny spark popping against the rosy lip would amaze or disconcert the fair one.

Many years after I met an audacious quack at Lyons, who was making much good money by practising a new method of administering curative agents through the medium of electricity. This man was a curious compound of a Joseph Balsamo and a Mesmer, with a dash of the great Samuel of Coethen thrown in by way of make-weight. Beyond doubt or question he was clever, and by no means without solid acquirements. He might, indeed, have been an estimable physician of any orthodox school, had he not, for the sake of his pocket, preferred dealing in quackery. He knew excellently well how to act upon the imagination of those who came to consult him. He had hired a fine apartment on the Place Bellecour, where the consultants—as he was pleased to call them—were received, with due solemnity, by a venerable old man in black velvet, who passed them into a waiting-room, furnished neatly but with severest simplicity. From this a page in blue velvet ushered them into the doctor’s consultation room, where the great man sat at a large ebony table, with a ledger-like book before him, in which he entered the name, etc., of the consultant, the ailment, its symptoms, and the remedy which he thought best suited to the case. The fee had to be placed on the table, the learned physician declining to soil his learned fingers with the vile dross, which he simply condescended to accept in

return, for his advice and physic, to enable him to keep up his establishment for the benefit of suffering humanity. As this fee was twenty-five francs, there was but a minimum chance that any of his consultants would be likely to feel inclined to inquire too curiously. From the consultation room the consultant, supplied with a card of instructions for the dispenser, was ushered by another page, in green velvet, into the dispensary hall—a spacious saloon with a raised platform at one end. This platform rested on small glass pillars, about eighteen inches high, coated with sealing wax; it was carpeted all over with thick silk. In one corner stood a so-called homœopathic pharmacy, consisting of a number of Leyden jars, labelled severally arsenic, antimony, belladonna, castoreum, opium, pulsatilla, mercury, iron, and many more remedial agents used by homœopaths in infinitesimal doses. A large electric machine was placed near the pharmacy, and contiguous to a table with a number of crystal drinking cups upon it, and about a dozen carafes filled severally with water and various sorts of wines and liqueurs. The handle of the machine was turned by a boy dressed in crimson silk. The so-called dispenser was a handsome young man—a brother of the physician, it was said—dressed in a flowing black silk robe. Chairs were placed on the platform for the accommodation of the consultants, who had their ascent facilitated by a glass block about nine inches high, and coated with sealing wax, placed before the centre of the platform. The consultant having taken his seat, and handed his card to the dispenser, the latter gentleman would gravely pour the appropriate vehiculum (as a rule wine or liqueur, only occasionally mixed with water) into one of the cups, then take down the Leyden jar labelled with the name of the remedy prescribed, charge the jar at the electric machine, and dash one or several sparks into the liquid—the same as I had so often done in my boyhood for mere mischief.

Well, as I have hinted, the physician was a clever man; he confined himself almost exclusively to the treatment of nervous disorders; he gave most excellent dietetic advice; he discouraged frequent visits to his consultation room; and, I verily believe, with all his quackery, he did a deal of good to those who came to consult him. I was sent to inquire into his system and mode of treatment. I was candid with him and he was equally candid with me. It turned out that the whole staff of the establishment belonged to the same family—brother, uncle, and cousins of the great healer at the head of the undertaking which he called “Electric Homœopathy.” Well, well! I myself was doing in homœopathy at the time, and, as Byron says, “a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.” I made my report to MM. Des Guidi

and Desaix, who had sent me, and discouraged to the best of my power any hostile attempt on the part of these physicians against their clever competitor, who, after some six or seven weeks' stay, left Lyons with his establishment for fresh fields and pastures new. I wonder how a thing of the kind would do in London at this present time. I only hope that if the suggestion is taken up a handsome commission will be handed to me.

It was about the same time when my dear good mother, by her gentle precepts, caused me to drop my objectionable practices in pursuit of the study of natural history, that I had given me two other most excellent lessons, which I am happy to say have borne good fruit to me through life: Thusnelda Irma gave me one, my father the other.

My father liked a small glass of Chartreuse or Curaçao after dinner. In Russia he had acquired a *penchant* also—it was the only thing he ever acquired there—for *Naliwka*, the general name given to all sorts of fruit liqueurs, for the fabrication of which the south of Russia is famous, more particularly the city of Kieff; so he kept always a rich store of them in a large cellaret. This cellaret, and the evident delight with which father and his guests degusted its contents both before and after dinner, set agog the inquisitive and speculative faculty in me. Now my mother, in her maternal solicitude for my welfare, and in her apprehension lest I should take a fatal liking to these wondrously seductive drinks, had solemnly enjoined upon me never to touch one of them, not even to the extent of one drop. She told me they had dreadful effects upon children, and were even dangerous to grown-up people. With my perverse disposition, mamma's well-meant warnings acted on me of course simply as an additional and irresistible incentive to have a try; this, however, I found not easily practicable, as the key was never, by any chance, left in the cellaret. So I had perforce to rest content and bide my time for a chance.

Meanwhile I resolved to pump Thusnelda Irma upon the subject of the cellaret and its contents. Well, the old woman was as sharp as a needle; she knew my nature and disposition better than my own mother did; so she saw at once what I was driving at, and in her love for me she determined to give me a deterrent lesson in the matter of spirits and liqueurs.

"Would the darling little gentleman like to have a taste out of some of the flasks?" she blandly inquired. Of course, the darling little gentleman would. "Oh! ever so much! dear, dear

"Thusnelda Irma," I eagerly replied, giving her thus a double dose of flattery.

"Well, darling, to-night I'll coax a glass out of mamma for myself, which you shall have. But I must tell you, dear, I am afraid you will not like it much. I never can make out what great people find in the nasty stuff to make them drink it. I suppose it is habit. However, you will judge for yourself." And she fondly patted me on the cheek somewhat in the fashion of the Man of Karioth, as I found out in the bitter end.

I waited most impatiently for evening. I crept to the kitchen, where I found cook with a tall liqueur flask and a small crystal glass. She fondly patted me again on the cheek, asked me never to tell, and filled the glass for me. I eagerly tossed it off. It was like unto the book in the Revelation, barring that it was *not* sweet as honey in my mouth—by no means—the very reverse indeed; I have the taste on my tongue now. And the sad havoc it played with my unhappy inside would surely have been a caution and a half to the wickedest little sinner alive. At least it proved a caution to me: I was on the sick list for a full week, being dosed all the time with gruel and chamomile tea by the doctor, who vainly strove to make out what could be the matter with me, for of course I would not peach; I never yet could do that. In the innocence of my heart I did not suspect the trick that had been played upon me, but I manfully resolved to stick to wine and beer; it was only years and years after that I could overcome my repugnance to liqueurs, and I have never taken over kindly to them. What had the dear old woman put into the liqueur to disgust me from future degustation? I never exactly knew; but when I had become a student of medicine, and had to taste the horrid abominations of the *materia medica* of the old school, I guessed it must have been a nauseous mixture of aloes, jalap, valerian, and ox-gall. Fugh! yet how devoutly I wish all my evil propensities had been taken out of me, even though in a similar fashion!

My father was an inveterate smoker, who liked his weed strong, and had the meerschaum hardly ever out of his mouth, except at meals; yet he was always talking of the pernicious effects of tobacco, lamenting that he had ever acquired so deleterious a habit, of which he felt, however, he unhappily could not rid himself "at his time of life." He was about thirty-five then: not so very late in life surely—I had a notion in my sceptical young mind—but that he might have made an effort had he really meant it, which the placid contentment that would settle on his face whenever he was blowing a cloud was rather calcu-

lated to make me doubt. So I must, forsooth, take it into my confounded little noddle that I was bound in the simplest duty to myself to put the truth of the paternal asseverations to the crucial test of my own very small personal experience; which I determined to do accordingly.

With a view of carrying this most laudable purpose of mine into practical execution, I resolved to address myself to Fritz, our stable-boy, a lad of sixteen, with, I am sorry to say, more vices in him than he numbered years. Among other pleasant habits, he swore like a trooper, drank like a fish,* and smoked like a chimney. Master Fritz was a wide-awake lad, more particularly in matters where his own personal interests were concerned. He told his "young gentleman" that he, Fritz, would teach said young gentleman to smoke, on condition that he, the said Fritz, should be supplied with a few pounds of the young gentleman's gracious father's best American and Turkish weed—and no tales told.

At that time I had no very clear idea of *morals* and *virtue*. I had simply a hazy notion that all that belonged to me by any sort of legitimate right of possession was my very own; and that all that happened to belong to other people was rightfully my property also, to the extent to which I might wish to claim a share in it. So here I was actually standing on the very brink of two sad transgressions—pilfering, to wit, and indulgence in a vicious habit against which my father had impressively warned me by most obvious implication at least.

Luckily for me, father, who delighted to indulge o' nights in a

* I use the expression here in its generally received acceptation, not in its true actual sense. It is, however, occasionally applied in this latter way.

In one of the many anecdotes told of the famous Chitty, it is related how that wondrous luminary of the law once had to defend a gentleman who was sued in damages for defamation of character.

One of the upper servants of said gentleman, wishing to "better himself," had succeeded in getting the place of house-steward to a noble lord, subject to the result of inquiries into his antecedents, habits, etc. Among the questions asked by his lordship figured prominently "Does he drink?" To this the gentleman, who felt offended with his servant for wishing to leave him, with *malice prepense*, appended for reply, "Drink? Like a fish!"

Upon which the noble lord declined ratifying the engagement. The aggrieved man, who in sober truth had never in his life drunk aught stronger than water from the fountain or tea, brought his action. Chitty coolly pleaded that saying of a man that he drank like a fish "was truly the highest testimonial of sobriety one could give him; for fishes were naturally restricted to the pure element, and never yet, to his knowledge, had a fish incurred a charge of indulgence in spirituous potations."

contemplative semi-somnolent smoke in the garden, kept singularly alive and awake on the particular night when I was intent upon reducing his "American, etc., stores." So he pounced upon me *in flagranti*. He was a wise man, however, and a most loving father to me--*then*, when, next to his beloved wife, I was still nearest to his heart. He pretended to be unaware of my vile errand of abstraction. "Ah, Stannie,"* he said, "my boy! admiring my pipes, and smelling my tobacco? That is right. Would you like a smoke, my boy?" He said this in such a hearty way, and with such an air of bonhomie about it, that I was taken in completely, and eagerly cried: "Yes, papa, won't I? Will a duck swim? I want to try, papa, what it is like."

"All right; you shall, my child," said papa. "You see, dear Stannie, in smoking there are three classes of people--some who take to it naturally and kindly, and to whom it is meat and drink and life; others, like myself, with whom it does not agree, yet who are mostly forced to keep on with it if it has ever been allowed to lay a firm hold on them; and lastly, a third class, who cannot stand it at all, and whom it is sure to kill if they persevere with it notwithstanding. Now let us try you, my child." Here he took down from his pipe-rack a magnificent meerschaum with amber mouthpiece, which he proceeded to fill with the very strongest and heaviest Havanna. He then, with a demoniacal grin, instructed me how to do the trick, and lighted my pipe with his own paternal hand. The first few whiffs made me feel awfully sick, the next few made me fearfully ill; but papa stood over me calm as a judge, severe as fate, insisting that the test should be completely applied; to which end, he declared, it was absolutely indispensable that the first pipe should be smoked to the last shred of the weed in it. When I in agony pleaded for forbearance, he taunted me with want of pluck. This taunt sufficed. I smoked that wretched pipe to the very dregs, and nearly died of it. But the cure was complete in this instance also. I was disgusted with smoking for evermore. I dropped Fritz altogether, and I solemnly vowed never to take aught again without asking.

I have ventured to bring in here these two episodes of my

* An inordinate number of Christian names had been bestowed upon me at my baptism. Stanislaus was the favourite one with my father; my dear mother always called me Louis. In after years, when I found I was running considerable risk of having the old French saying, "*Plus de noms que de chemises*," applied to me, I dropped a batch of them--of the names I mean, of course, not of the shirts--keeping but three, mostly even two only; yet my old savage chum Tegetmeier will occasionally still send his missives to me addressed to "Dr. Alphabet ----," to the puzzled postman's intensest perturbation of mind.

early life, simply because I believe they may not prove altogether without some practical use to some reader at least.

Some sixteen months of my young life passed almost without break in this happy, tranquil way. I literally took no thought for the morrow, and I found, in serenest untroubled enjoyment, superabundantly sufficient unto the day the good thereof.

Then suddenly the clouds gathered, and the storm burst over me. I suffered the first true sorrow of my young life—the most scathing, the most poignant sorrow, the most irreparable bereavement. My dear mother, who had long been ailing, was taken from me. *Eheu!* It was only after I had lost her for evermore that I truly realised what I had lost in her. It is ever thus with man.

This was my first introduction to the dark side of life. It was an excellent, a most promising beginning.

My father was inconsolable for the loss of his dearly beloved wife, to whom he had truly owed the whole happiness of his life. In the first paroxysm of his grief he would have followed her into the tomb. Unhappily, my poor father's affections had too much of the demonstrative element in them to long outlast in full force and vividness the severance from their object. In his relations to my dear departed mother he had been the ivy much more than the oak, the twining tendril rather than the supporting tree; and tendrils unclasped from one stem or branch will soon strive to twine round another.

I have not mentioned hitherto that a young Frenchwoman had for the last six months or so been an inmate of our home, as a companion to my mother and a governess to me. I never acquired aught from her but her Bordelesian accent, which often makes French people, even to the present day, mistake me for a Gascon. But she professed to be passionately fond of me, and perhaps she was while my dear mother lived. The human heart is so strangely constituted.

Her love for me seemed to acquire still greater intensity from my most sad bereavement. She loved everything about me and belonging to me, particularly my father, in whom she soon took a most affectionate interest, which, with the artless ingenuousness of a candid mind, she took no care to conceal. Less than six brief months after the death of my dear mother, this clever young lady stepped into her late mistress's shoes. My father married her, or, to speak more correctly, she married my father; and she presented him in a month or so less than the usual course of time with a daughter, followed about a year after by a second edition of a similar female article.

I will here drop the curtain upon this section of my early life.

The subject is irksome to me. Suffice it then to say briefly that my earliest troubles in life dated from the time of my dear mother's death and my father's remarriage.

Madame continued to profess love for me; but her acts were in singular contrast with her professions. I believe my father loved me still as of old, but he dared no longer show his love as of old. To please his young wife, he would even occasionally assume the character of the stern Roman father—just to hide his lamentable weakness, poor man! The servants, as is usual in such cases, sought to curry favour with the new powers that were, by slighting the poor orphaned boy whenever they thought a suitable opening offered for their petty malice. May be that I had, wittingly or unwittingly, given offence to one or the other in the days when retaliation on their part was out of the question. Still, when I remembered how they had borne themselves toward me of old, their changed ways hurt my acutely sensitive feelings.

There was only one exception—one being left in what had been my happy home, who loved me still, and minded not a whit to show it just as openly as of old—ay, who, when she thought she saw that I was put upon too much, would dare to beard the lions in their den, telling Madame a bit of her mind, and upbraiding my father for his weakness. It was dear old Thusnelda Irma, who stood thus valiantly forth in defence of her dead mistress's son; and they had to put up with her brazen impudence, as Madame was pleased to call her attempted remonstrances, as they would have found it well-nigh impossible to replace her; for both my father and Madame loved first-rate cooking, and were inordinately proud of the fame of their culinary artist. I have in after-life known some famous chefs, but not one of them ever came up to her standard.

Of course, all these things came to pass in snatches, as it were, and by degrees. But I lump them together here, to use an expressive vulgarism, because I wish to have done with this part of my home life after my dear mother's death.

My school life had begun about a month before this sad event. I was a little over nine when I was sent to my first school. It was a preparatory establishment at Linden. The master's name was Meier. Herr Meier was a thoroughly good man and an excellent teacher; a pedagogue in the best and truest sense of the word—a guide of youth. He was gentle, patient, and indulgent. He treated the children entrusted to his care as beings endowed with mind and soul to be tenderly nurtured and intelligently trained, and with faculties to be developed—not as mere creatures with bodies to be tortured and tempers to be broken, as

but too many of our teachers persist in doing in the very teeth of the opposing experience of ages. His system was not like unto the fabled bed of Procrustes; it was not based upon the notion, so arrantly stupid, yet seemingly so extensively entertained by sham preceptors, that the same last ought to serve for all boots alike. He possessed in the highest degree the rare art of imparting knowledge to children. His moral influence over his pupils was surprising. It was based entirely on love and respect. He was a *vivâ voce* and blackboard teacher. The wildest and most recalcitrant urchin would keep quiet under him, and but for the voice of the master, you might have heard a pin drop in his class. I am sure it was chiefly owing to the admirable system of this most excellent teacher that a few months under his tuition sufficed to initiate me fully into the mysteries of reading, writing, and ciphering—at least to the extent of the four simple rules—and to give me a clearer elementary conception of the physical world, and of the outlines of the history of man, than is to be learnt in many more pretentious schools in half a dozen years.

True, my young faculties had not been stunted and crippled in their free growth and development by forced premature exercise. I had not had to throw away years of my young life upon the imperfect acquisition of a scanty stock of the merest rudiments of knowledge.

I was by no means a bright boy, nor a very painstaking one. I was naturally inclined to indolence, and loved play and idling and roaming about much better than learning. Yet, under the intelligent guidance of good Herr Meier—my warmest blessing on his memory!—the elements of knowledge fell to me almost without trouble, like ripe fruit, and I readily acquired the inestimable art of learning. Later on, I was introduced to the Latin tongue—not to the Latin grammar, mind; for Herr Meier, like the sensible man he was, held it to be most irrational to bother and burthen a child with long strings of unintelligible grammatical rules governing the mechanical construction of a foreign tongue, ere the child's immature mind had yet had time and opportunity given it to grasp even the most elementary conception of the language itself. He used to compare this way of trying to teach the classic and foreign tongues to the transparent folly of beginning the building of a church at the steeple. Herr Meier's mental organisation presented, indeed, a rare combination of strong practical sense with deep and varied learning.

I was a little over nine when I first entered the portals of the temple of knowledge under his guidance; yet before I had reached the age of eleven I had overtaken most boys of twelve and thirteen who had been at school since the age of six or seven.

Had I but been permitted to continue my studies with this most excellent man and sage instructor, I might have gathered an infinitely vaster store of knowledge than I can boast of now; and I am sure I might have grown up to be a wiser and a better man, and my evening of life might be more serene. But *Dis aliter visum*—it has always been thus with me through life. With perverse persistence the gods have invariably taken a different view from what I would have dearly liked them to take.

It befell one day, that on my return from school in the afternoon, I found that another heavy blow had fallen upon me; I had lost the only true friend I had till that disastrous day yet retained in my father's house. Thusnelda Irma was no more. She had died in harness, of an exceptionally heavy dinner—of the cooking of it, of course, not of the eating. I keened over her as had she been a near and dear relation; and I truly had occasion for it, as Madame, having no longer the fear of cook before her eyes, took it into her head to have me removed to a “higher” school. She, who had up to this always been complaining of the little progress I was making in learning, suddenly discovered that I was really getting too far advanced in knowledge to be left any longer at Herr Meier's small shabby school. Father, to do him justice, did not seem to like the notion to take me away from where I felt so happy, and was really getting on so well; but, poor uxorious man, he had to give way as usual. Only he declined sending me away to Paris, to the Collège Louis le Grand,* as suggested by Madame; so a compromise was effected, and I was sent to a private educational establishment at Burg, in Prussia, which was much more pretentious than the small shabby school at Linden—to speak with Madame—but was in every other way and respect vastly inferior to it.

The career of a true, earnest, loving teacher is, as a rule, but a brief span. There are, of course, cases of exceptional longevity in the scholastic profession. But Herr Meier was not one of these. He died about ten years after I left Linden School. He died in harness: a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his noble life, in the very midst of his beloved, sorrowing pupils, at the early age of forty-five.

* When, later in life, I came to know French schools and the system of education (!) obtaining therein, and more particularly made the acquaintance of men who had been dragged up at the Collège Louis le Grand, I devoutly blessed my stars that that truly awful infliction had been spared me, at least. I will say no more upon the matter in this place, as I may have occasion, in the course of these reminiscences, to remark at greater length upon so-called education in France, as it was in my time.

Many years after, in the summer of 1871, a most exceptional case of an aged schoolmaster fell within my own personal observation. It was that of Mr. Dietrich Heuter, one of the Masters of the Evangelical School of Viersen, who was celebrating his diamond jubilee! having been for *sixty years* a teacher at the school, without ever having been absent from duty one single half-day in the course of that long period, except in vacation times. He was then a fine, hale, hearty old man, looking likely to go on living and teaching for years to come.

The principal of the establishment at Burg, though a Doctor of Philology, was simply a shallow scholastic prig, who altogether lacked the art and faculty of teaching children; and there was not one of the assistant masters that could in intellectual calibre even remotely compare with the great and good man and teacher at Linden.

I suffered materially from the change. All true intelligent training was at an end, and so, correspondingly, was my progress in learning for the time, although I had the heaviest work literally heaped upon me. Our plan of lessons was truly formidable. Four days of the week we had eight hours in the schoolroom, the other two days, four hours; two to three hours a day were taken up with the preparation of our lessons, and the senseless cramming of our memory with long strings of rules of Greek and Latin grammar, verbs, regular and irregular, passages from the classics which we did not understand, biblical excerpts, lists of Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, etc., rulers, with the years of their accession and death or dethronement, and other trash of the kind, which could not possibly be of the least practical use to us in after life. Upon the teacher and teaching of history I have to say something more later on.

True, in my school days, there were not quite so many graphies, logies, and gnosies, as bewilder the minds of unhappy learners nowadays: but we were sufficiently bothered, nevertheless, with a variety of studies to make our lives a torment and a misery unto us. The very little knowledge I acquired at this Burg school, by dint of hard plodding and pegging away at my books, was crude in the extreme, and got so mixed up in my memory and mind that it was practically worse than useless to me. I say advisedly, the little knowledge which I *acquired*, for certainly I was not *taught* it at this Burg school—the masters finding it more convenient to make their pupils learn, than to teach them.

In trying to make me learn Greek, the Doctor literally essayed to build the steeple of the church before he laid the foundation.

Before I knew a single word of the language, he made my very life irksome to me, by stupidly striving to cram my poor memory with a string of, to me, at the time utterly unintelligible, rules on the accents. The natural result was that my progress in Greek was slow in the extreme, and that I would never after take kindly to that tongue, even when its beauties were becoming revealed to me.

Our mathematical master also, who, by a most curious cumulation of functions, was at the same time our religious instructor and our professor of history, was a stiff and starch pedantic prig, who would never condescend to address himself intelligibly to the immature understanding of children, or essay to explain to his pupils the why and wherefore of things, but would perversely persist in teaching axiomatically everything he fancied he knew. "It is so; you have to take my word for it," was the only answer he would ever vouchsafe to give. "A point has no dimensions—it has neither length nor width nor depth; it is non-existent, in fact, and here you have it," he would say, chalking a point or dot on the blackboard. We saw that the dot *was* there on the board before us, and that it *did* exist. But it was not the least use to ask the gentleman to explain the real meaning of the axiom thus placed before us. "Now you see, boys, I dot a number of points on the board. Imagine these points in continued contiguity, and you have a line, which is the beginning and the constituent of all geometrical figures. Look, here, you have it;" and with this he would chalk a line on the board. "You will see this line has one dimension—length, to wit—but it has neither width nor depth." Well, as for my own part, try hard as I might, I could not see it. In ciphering I had been taught by dear Herr Meier that no number of naughts could ever grow into aught, unless placed at the right hand of a common number. Here I was simply bid to believe in this, to me, incomprehensible axiom. It would have been so very easy to explain to me the why and wherefore, and make me take kindly to the study of this noble science. It was the same, or rather worse, in religious instruction. The gentleman was one of the densest and darkest and most bigoted of the Mucker community it has ever been my misfortune to meet. He was always striving to force upon us an unreasoning faith in the eternal divine truth of his own particular tenets, and the most damnable error and heresy of even the mildest dissent from his teaching and preaching. In his blatantly professed hatred of the Jews he was the typical forerunner of that blind zealot of the present day, Court Chaplain Stoecker. I keep strictly within the bounds of truth, when I state that this man, who with pseudo-humility would always

speak of himself as the humblest follower of Christ, and deal *ad nauseam* in protestations of Christian charity, brotherly affection, and neighbourly love, taught us as one of the leading tenets of his faith, that the Jews were an accursed race, accursed by Almighty God, and that it was like unto flying in His face not to hate, despise, and vex them to the worst of our small ability. In but too many of the boys, thus grossly mistaught by such wretched zealots as this man, the bad seed sown fell; unhappily, on a fruitful soil, which could not but bring forth in time a luxuriant crop of the rankest weeds, throwing Germany back to the Dark Ages, and permitting such men as Stoecker, Rüppel, Henrici, and consorts to act as a power in the State; whilst neither the Emperor nor the Chancellor seems to have the earnest will to put a stop to the truly dangerous vagaries of these gentry. Those who sow the wind, or permit it to be sown, may live to reap the whirlwind and the hurricane. The persecutions of the Jews in Germany were many and fearful in the Middle Ages. To give but one instance: in 1349, the so-called Black Plague was ravaging the free Imperial and Episcopal City of Strasburg. The lamentable superstition of the Christian inhabitants blindly attributed this fearful disease to poisoning of the wells by the Jews! Two thousand unhappy Israelites were, with true mediæval cruelty, burnt alive in their own churchyard. Berthold of Bucheck, the *enlightened* Bishop of old Argentorat, forgetting or neglecting to exert himself adequately to save the wretched victims from their horrible fate. What mattered it? Were they not of the accursed race? Well, we are travelling back rather fast to these glorious days of old.

And this self-same hollow-hearted, small-souled, and narrow-minded bigot, who thus grossly mistaught Christ's noble doctrine of universal charity that should tend to bind man to man in a holy brotherhood of love, was also our Professor of History! History, of all things! the science which, taken at its best, and handled by big-minded men, has been defined as a huge fabric of fiction, reared upon a sparse substratum of but imperfectly recorded and only half-understood facts, as a rule loosely and incongruously cemented together, and which, accordingly, imperatively demands, at least, a philosophic mind, able and willing to winnow and sift the grain from the chaff. And this man had not an atom of philosophy in his arid, sterile composition: besides that, beyond a bare collection of dry names and dates, he knew about as much of the living science of history as the mere anatomist can pretend to know of the living body of man.

Old Strauch's "Breviarium Chronologicum" was his historic bible, which he was incessantly striving to force down our throats. We were made to chew over and over again the worthless stuff of Dionysius Petavius and other learned Boeotians anent the time and season of the creation—in which year before Christ, and in what season of the year; and we were authoritatively bid to believe that the world was created on the 26th day of October, 3949 or 3983 B.C.—for in this last particular we were graciously permitted to go with the great Dionysius or with Scaliger, as we might list.

Hours upon hours of our precious time were foolishly thrown away upon an exhaustive study of the truly momentous question whether Adam and Eve saw the moon first cornicular before the first quarter, or whether they saw it first in its decrease! . . . as if it mattered a straw which way they might have seen it.

How all this was calculated to train a young intelligence!

Wherever profane history happened to clash with what he held to be sacred history, the former had to go to the wall. The Hindoos and the Chinese, we were told, were unmitigated liars; and what was impossible to reconcile with the commonest modicum of common sense he bade us swallow as an article of faith—*quia impossibile*. He hated all poets, but more particularly Shakespeare and Byron, of either of whom he certainly knew very little beyond the name; and Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Bürger, Wieland, and Schiller. His reading was rather limited, you see. Schiller's "Gods of Greece" he called a most blasphemous production, the author of which ought to have been flogged at the cart's tail. Voltaire was to him the incarnation of Antichrist; he used to piously and devoutly thank Providence that he had never read a line of the infamous writings of that horrid villain. This may seem incredible in its naïve stupidity, but it is strictly true. Many years after I had a hot discussion in London with a very dear friend of mine, now no more, upon the subject of Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," which said friend utterly and uncompromisingly condemned as blasphemous, obscene, infamous, lying, ignorant, and a full string of such-like epithets. I humbly ventured to dissent, suggesting that he had, most likely, only read an article here and there, and urging him to give the book and its author a fairer trial. "Read an article here and there!" my friend shouted indignantly; "why, sir, I thought you knew me better than to imagine I ever could or would read one word of such pestilential writings!"

My friend has now joined the ever-growing majority, but he lived to change his opinion upon this and a great many kindred subjects. He lived to swear by Auguste Comte, and died a confirmed Positivist.

Return we to our Professor of History. In his appreciation of the relative value of historic sources from the first times of Christianity, he was ecclesiastically orthodox. With him Constantine, although the murderer of his own nearest relations, including his eldest son, was the prototype of exalted goodness and piety; Constans, the cruel persecutor of Arians and Donatists, the shameless wallower in the lowest mud and mire of the dirtiest vices, was with him, as he had been with Athanasius and his crew, a blessed martyr! The monster Clovis, the wholesale slayer of his own kindred, he who in the pursuit and accomplishment of his ambitious designs trampled upon every law of God and Nature, whose murderous hands no feeling of pity ever could stay, no fear of retribution ever restrain, the worthy progenitor of a line of princes fit to take the proudest place among the highest aristocracy of crime, to put to the blush the Neros, the Caligulas, the Domitians, the Caracallas of imperial Rome, and to rank with the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, and the Tudors, was with our Professor a blessed instrument in the Almighty's hand to spread Christianity in the realm rapaciously stolen together by force and fraud. As a teacher of history this man was indeed a worthy follower of the worthy Bishop of Tours, who, while coolly recording the fearful catalogue of the crimes of his hero, piously informs us that success in all his undertakings was vouchsafed to Clovis by the Most High, and that his enemies were delivered up into his hands, because he walked with a sincere heart in the ways of the Lord, and did that which was right in His sight.

On the other hand, no inherent elevation of character, no innate goodness of heart, no unassailable blamelessness of public and private life would ever be permitted to shield a non-Christian prince or ruler, or, for the matter of that, even a Christian who had ever incurred the enmity of the Church, from the wildest and vilest aspersions of this man. Had I not, most fortunately, had the teaching of a better and wiser school after, I tremble to think what I might have turned out in the end. For I believe it is the nature of the teaching of the boy that mostly tends to make or mar the man.

Many years after a gentleman, apparently of most liberal mind and large views on social, political, and religious questions, placed the education of his son in my hands. The boy had been brought up at a so-called high school, where he had been taught very little indeed. The father trusted him unreservedly to my training, but he asked me on no account whatever to interfere in any way with the lad's religious belief. Now my young pupil, who indeed was brilliantly gifted, was of a most pertinaciously inquiring turn of

mind, and I found it very difficult to satisfy him upon certain questions. Thus, he would persecute me with his insistence that I should explain to him how the different races of man could possibly have sprung from one single original pair. To get rid of his importunities, I at last told him in despair that the assumption of the descent of the whole human race from one original pair was a postulate of reason. I had soon occasion to wish I had kept my peace, and told the lad simply that the matter was so, and that it was no use whatever to inquire too curiously into it; for I well-nigh lost the boy's teaching and the father's friendship—I was, in fact, grievously taken to task for having—thoughtlessly, the father felt generously inclined to believe—essayed to import reason into religion! Man is curiously constituted, you see.

Geography was taught at this school somewhat after the same fashion, though by another master. Here also the dish of instruction set before us had naught but bare bones on it—names and figures, figures and names, which we had to get by rote, I cannot even say to learn by heart, for we truly had no heart in the matter, and there was precious little learning in the teacher, who seemed altogether incapable of intelligently conveying to our young understandings intelligible views of the science he was supposed to instruct us in.

Goethe makes Goetz of Berlichingen ask his son a question concerning his estate of Jaxthausen, to which the boy briefly and glibly replies: "Jaxthausen on the Jaxt is a seigneurial manor which belongs to the lords of Berlichingen." "Who are the lords of Berlichingen?" asks the iron-handed knight. The poor boy is unable to answer the question—a plain proof that he has never been taught to think of what he is learning. We were taught geography after the same fashion.

Verily, verily, when I think of these things, I could weep bitter tears of regret over the few precious sowing years of my life, of which I was literally robbed at this school. It has not been all my fault that I have not yielded a richer and better crop in the reaping season of my life. I cannot help fancying sometimes that the vile, indigestible lumber that was forced into me at this sham school must have affected my brain with intellectual dyspepsia.

And, as if that delicate organ was not already sufficiently overburthened as things went, they must forsooth want to make me learn music and drawing, for either of which "indispensable branches of a liberal education," as they were pleased to express it, I had about as much natural aptitude as a cat has for playing

the fiddle. And I verily believe they wanted to commence in music with harmony and counterpoint!

Talk about one's school-days being the **happiest time of life!** True, I had a happy school-life before I came to Burg, and after I had left this sham school. Often in after-life have I in bitter grief cried, "*O mihi præteritos!*" but not these days at Burg. I would not live that part of my life over again—nay, not to be made young once more.

There was another branch of education which was grossly neglected at this school—instruction in writing. In my school-days caligraphy was at a woful discount in all classical establishments. We were, in fact, taught to look upon a fair and legible handwriting as a trivial, nay, even a vulgar accomplishment. We had a writing-master at Burg, a most painstaking man, whom, I remember it now with deep compunction, we boys drove well-nigh to despair by our stupid pig-headed disinclination to be taught to write even legibly. Were we not young gentlemen intended for learned professions? Why then should we strive to qualify ourselves for common clerkships? This was what our worthy principal and his equally worthy assistant professors were in the habit of telling us. It was a cheap way, you see, of flattering our foolish vanity. And I am sorry to have to add that even at the good and true Alma Mater, to which I was sent afterwards, the same low appreciation of a good handwriting unhappily prevailed almost to the same extent. How often, in after-life, have I had occasion to curse this folly! How many times have my crow's-feet and pot-hooks stood in the way of my advancement in life? Why, I might have been a famous author by this time, but that the readers to whom my manuscripts were referred would not take the trouble to decipher them. I might know the quartz to be auriferous, but *they* only found the stone inconveniently hard to crush. May I not attribute some, at least, of the misfortunes and disappointments of my life to the bitter curses heaped on my devoted head by unhappy composers doomed to set up my "copy"? True, printers like my writing when they once have been thoroughly initiated in its peculiarities—only it takes them such a precious time to accomplish the feat!

At Linden nearly all the boys placed under the tender and gentle guidance of Herr Meier were unceasingly taught the great lesson of bearing and forbearing, and to strive to cultivate mutual gentleness and kindness. The roughest urchin there was a little gentleman in feeling compared with the set of small bullies among whom I found myself suddenly thrust. So my first introduction into actual public school life was rough and painful, and caused me many a bitter pang. True, it took the milksop out of

me, and, with my natural pluck and the pretty notion I had of turning my little fives to the best account, I soon managed to shake and fight myself into my proper groove among my companions. But the process had the evil effect of lowering me morally. I lost much of my natural gentleness and chivalrous feeling, and grew imperious and domineering. Weeds grow apace, unhappily. It is your downtrodden slave who makes the worst tyrant. Look how an ill-treated fag will treat the unhappy boy who, in course of time, has to serve his turn of fagship to the emancipated slave.

As to monitors, prefects, prepositors, or by whatever name these vile excrescences of a most preposterously vicious system may go, there is barely one of them who is not a tyrant at heart, and also in deed, if not pretty sharply looked after. I happen to know a National School in a certain country-place in England, where the son of the master, æt. twelve, I think, a regular Wackford Squeers, jun., is entrusted by his father with extensive monitorial functions and powers, although he actually knows little more, if not even less, than the boys over whom he is appointed deputy-master. Much bigger boys have to "Sir" this brat, and he whacks them unmercifully whenever he gets a chance. They know they must not dare to retaliate, poor fellows!

Luckily, even here, in this school at Burg, with its objectionable system of indifferent, unintellectual teaching, and its cruel bullydom in full force and swing, there were two saving clauses, two redeeming features—to wit, the stupid, brutal, and brutalising rule of birching, flogging, cuffing, and pinching unhappy children into learning and good behaviour was strictly and absolutely prohibited here; and the still more monstrously hideous institution of so-called monitors, etc., was altogether unknown.

I would ask it to be borne in mind that this is not intended for an essay on education, but simply to give a few remembrances of my school life.

I had been here a little more than a twelvemonth when I was suddenly summoned home—to my father's deathbed. So nicely had Madame timed her summons to me that I arrived but just in time to see my only remaining parent pass away. I knelt by his bedside and covered his death-struck hand with passionate kisses and scalding tears. I saw an expression of intensest pain pass over his face; he darted an agonised, appealing look at Madame and strove desperately to speak; but his indistinct utterings were lost in the death-rattle. A few brief moments more, and it was all over; and I was an orphan indeed.

This sad event affected my prospects in life very materially.

Of course, at the time I had no conception of this. How, indeed, was a boy little over twelve likely to trouble his mind about questions of succession and testamentary dispositions, however nearly they might touch his interests. It was only years after that I could fully realise the extent of the injury done me by Madame.

My dear departed mother, in her loving trust, had at the time of her marriage freely and unreservedly handed her whole fortune over to my father, who had now left all he had died possessed of—except my dear mother's library—unconditionally to Madame, simply expressing his confident trust that she, who had always loved his son so sincerely and truly (!) would act fairly and justly by the orphan. My mother's library, which she had inherited from an uncle—a regular old bookworm—and which contained some valuable old works, was the only thing left to me.

Happily for poor me, I was not left absolutely dependent upon the loving justice and fairness of this woman, my maternal grandfather, who had died when I was barely four years old, having bequeathed to me the absolute reversion, after my mother's demise, of a handsome capital of £12,000, invested in the Prussian funds, more than amply sufficient to establish me comfortably in life.

When a distant maternal relative asked Madame to make, at least, a small additional settlement upon me out of my mother's fortune, to which she had succeeded through my father's lamentable uxoriousness, she absolutely declined, pleading that her two sweet babies had no maternal grandfather to leave them money—which was quite true.

Had my father but rested content with practically disinheriting me, no very great and lasting harm might after all have been done me; and the Pupillary Court would have appointed a proper guardian to watch over me and my interests; but, unhappily, he had appointed me a guardian of his own, or rather Madame's, choice.

The gentleman in question was a Prussian Privy Councillor of Legation, then on a diplomatic mission in Hanover, where he had first met Madame at a party.

Madame's showy style of beauty, her agreeable French rattle, and her pretty prattle in broken German, favourably impressed the Councillor, who being a handsome man in the prime of life, of solid attainments and elegant manners, doted on the lady.

Madame, though a frivolous Frenchwoman, and passionately fond of the pleasures of life, had yet the making of a devotee in her. The Councillor, a prominent member of the great Mucker Community, that looked upon him as a shining light of piety in

the land, speedily discerned this promising element in the lady. He found that Madame had considerable aptitude for religious development; so the acquaintance soon ripened into Christian intimacy; and my father, who was ailing then, and who only saw with his wife's eyes, was made to believe in the goodness and sincere piety of this much-professing gentleman, whom thus he came to appoint my guardian, giving him the most extensive power, in fact, absolute discretion to do as he might list. I had bitter occasion after to wish he had let it alone.

The funeral over, I was packed off back again to Burg, where I was kept at the old school until I had passed my fourteenth year.

Meanwhile the pious Councillor, moved no doubt by holy charity and gentle pity for the sad solitariness of the widow, the orphaned state of her children—perhaps also (*quis sine maculis?*) allured by her rich dower, manfully came forward to offer her his Christian heart to rest on, his pious hand to guide her through the perilous mazes of this wicked world in safety to the glorious inheritance of the just and righteous and strong in faith: and she accepted the offer; but to avoid the cavilling remarks of censorious society in Hanover, she transferred her Lares and Penates to Berlin.

My guardian, who, being a man of discernment, at least, saw that I was worse than losing my time at Burg: so he sent me at last to the famous Klosterschule in Magdeburg, which was conducted at the time by Provost Röttger and Professor Solbrig, assisted by first-rate masters, all of them gentlemen and scholars, and admirable teachers.

Instead of learning much at the sham school which I now left at last, the very faculty of acquiring knowledge had been impaired in me there. Indeed, I had been brought so low that I passed with difficulty into the upper fifth form of the Klosterschule, whereas when coming from Meier's, I might have gained admission to the upper fourth form (the forms were counted from Sexta up to Prima and Selecta). Here, under most able and intelligent guidance, I soon made up for lost time, moving a little slowly at first, indeed, but more rapidly after through the eight intervening forms, up to Selecta, and passing my Abiturient or University ripeness examination ere I had much more than completed my eighteenth year. However, while my rapid progress in learning gave thus the fullest satisfaction to the masters, and gained me the kind affection of the dear old rector, Professor Solbrig, my "behaviour," as they termed it in the "censures," sent to my guardian at the end of each term, was *uni sono* declared to be rather indifferent.

In fact, I am afraid I was a most mischievous young scamp. I know I somehow always was in hot water. I have a notion, however, that the recollections of most men brought up at public schools are pretty much to the same effect.

When I was a few months over fifteen—about a year after my admission to the Klosterschule—I was duly confirmed in the true Protestant faith of my forefathers by Dr. Dennhardt, of the Holy Ghost Church, a most eloquent preacher and learned divine, then on the high road to the highest ecclesiastical preferments. Alas! some ten years after, I believe the poor man made a moral mistake, and had to leave the Church, of which he was truly a most brilliantly shining light and ornament. Years after I casually met him at Erfurt, where he had been appointed, by a liberal-minded government, Rector of the High School. At a still much later period in life I was told that he had, in his rectorial capacity, and also as chairman of some grand choral union, had to welcome Her Majesty of England when she came over to Germany on a visit to Gotha, and that the unforgiving unco' pious German Mucker element had succeeded in poisoning Her Majesty's ear against him. I never learnt the rights of the affair. All I can say is that a better and a kinder-hearted man, and a truer Christian, than Dr. Dennhardt never adorned any Church; and that, barring his one unhappy transgression, his life was as pure, ay, purer most likely than that of most of his denigrators and assailers. I loved him dearly, and I deeply revere his memory.

When I was going on fast for sixteen, I was invited to pass the Michaelmas vacation with a dear young chum of mine, Karl von S., the son of a general officer in the Prussian army, who at the time held a command in Magdeburg. I joyfully accepted the invitation, as it would dispense me from the necessity of having to pass my vacation at my guardian's, in Berlin.

I had by this time come to look upon myself as a man, every inch of me. I had taken to braided velvet coats, and the regular College cap, with black, red, and gold border (which I had to wear on the sly), and heavy Cavalry Hessians with spurs, and a dress-suit, with extravagantly tall chimney-pot on Sundays; and I kept assiduously soaping and razor-scraping my poor chin, cheeks, and upper-lip, in the sanguine hope that something like whiskers, moustachios, and beard might be coaxed out of these unhappy sections of my face; also, I was a passionate Turner or gymnast, and warmly given to athletic exercises in general—and to the cultivation of beer.

Karl von S—— had an only sister, Amalia by name, a most charming girl of about nineteen, full of fun and frolic, and possessed with the very demon of mischief.

Since my first love affair with little Olga I had kept heart-whole: might be I was a little fastidious and high in my standard of female charms.

So soon, however, as Amalia rose on the horizon, to beam upon me in her resplendent beauty, I was once again undone; I fell head over ears in love with this new divinity of mine.

Ere eight days had passed away under the same roof with her, poesy's fine frenzy claimed me for her own, and I poured out the unrestrainable overflowings of my entranced heart in a couple of sonnets upon my angel's soft blue eyes and dark brows; another sonnet upon her raven locks; one upon her sweet mouth; one on her pearly teeth; one on her delicious Greek nose; and two more, to wind up, upon her rosy lips, upper and lower—one sonnet, as you see, for every day in the week, and two for Sunday. They were execrable compositions, vile attempts at sonnets. I know that now; but at the time I believed them to be the acme of poetic perfection, and indeed I thought but small beer of Goethe and Schiller, with their neutral, lukewarm prosy lays, by the side of me and my impassioned strains; and I am afraid Fräulein Amalia was somehow, approximately at least, of a similar opinion. Was I not singing the praises of her beauty? Pretty girls, you see, are wondrously conceited.

I marvelled much and contemptuously how a MAN like me could ever have seen aught to admire in a mere chit of a snub-nosed, red-haired girl. Poor Olga! she really had a pretty turned-up nose and golden hair, and I had no business to try to misremember her so grossly and so ungratefully. But then you see I had to sacrifice my first love, to the very recollection of it upon the altar of my new passion, and I thought I might as well do the thing handsomely while I was about it. Well, well! she served me out for it four years after, when she cut me dead in the Linden-tree Avenue at Berlin. Beyond my Petrarchian outpourings, I never told my love to Amalia. It was too delicate a flower to bear ostentatious display; and I was afraid, besides, Amalia might box my ears, as she sometimes would her brother's, most unmercifully. Yet I did not let concealment, like the worm in the bud, prey on my ruddy chubby cheek; but I looked my love, and I conversed freely upon the sweetly-entrancing subject with Karl, who pledged his solemn word to me that no one but myself should ever dare to aspire to brother-in-lawship to him.

My sweet mistress would occasionally reward my mutely-loud affection with a bewitching smile. She would stroke my long

locks, call me St. John, and hold out a promise to me that if I would but do all her behests she would give me her fair hand—to kiss.

Olga had been more liberal in bestowing tokens of affection upon me; but then Olga was only a chit of a child, whereas my Amalia was a full-grown young lady. My Amalia, alas! Mine indeed! In less than six months after, she jilted me, marrying an officer of twenty-five, if he was a day, who could not have composed a poem, let him try however hard for it.

O fickleness, thy name is woman!

Well, I did all the behests, even the most perilous ones, of this beautiful incarnation of the demon of mischief; and into many a scrape I got through her.

There dwelt at the time in Magdeburg, in a large house in what is now called Berlin Street, but was then known as Cow Street, an old maiden lady of irreproachable life, only somewhat given to speak ill of her neighbours. A dear friend of Fräulein Amalia had somehow come to be talked about in a shameful, or rather shameless, way among a set of old tabbies. Poor girl, she had had to be sent to Carlsbad for the benefit of her health. In this most simple and most harmless circumstance said old tabbies had sought and found material for the concoction of a scandalous tale. You see the world is the same all over its surface. When Miss Chudleigh complained to the Earl of Chesterfield that she, ay even she, had been made the subject of a gross calumny, and that her detractors had most liberally presented her with twins, the polite exquisite told her, by way of consolation, that he always made it a point never to believe more than half the world said. Now, these old tabbies preferred to believe and repeat more than twice as much as the world said. Fräulein von Görlitz, the old maid in question, was one of the leaders of the set. She happened to mention the little tit-bit of scandal before Fräulein Amalia, who indignantly took up the cudgels for her absent much-wronged friend. "Well, my dear," said the frumpy old trumpet, "there must be something in it, you know, else no one, surely, would invent such a thing without having some foundation for it at least." This much nettled Miss Amalia, who came home fretting and fuming, and on evil thoughts intent. Karl had gone to fish at Bukan, then a suburban village close to Magdeburg, and I had been at gymnastics, dressed in tight-fitting yellow nankeen unmentionables and gymnastic jacket.

Hardly had the young lady cast eyes upon me, when a wicked thought formed and shaped itself in her mind, and a wicked plot burst forth ready made from her busy brain, the same as Minerva

is fabled to have sprung fully armed from Jupiter's head. In a few rapid outlines she sketched her plot, and intimated to me her imperious will, which said will she made me pledge myself to execute promptly, diligently, and intelligently. She was resolved, she said, to give the scandal-mongering old maid practical proof that the wares she delighted so much to deal in could be manufactured literally out of non-existent materials.

So, having buttoned my gymnastic jacket over my college cap, I was speedily invested in one of Miss Amalia's old black gowns, which fitted me neatly, and had my long locks plaited Margaret fashion by my sweet mistress's fair fingers; I was then sent forth on my evil errand, with a poke bonnet on my head, and the demon of mischief in my heart.

The shades of evening were falling fast, as I wended my way trippingly and mincingly to Catherine Street, where Frau Winter dwelt, a reputed midwife.

I rang her bell; she poked her head out of the first-floor window, requesting to know the occasion of the ringing. I told her, in a falsetto voice, that Fräulein von Görlitz had been suddenly taken and required her immediate presence and assistance, and that Medicinal Councillor, Doctor Weinschenk—a renowned Magdeburg practitioner of the period—would feel obliged if Frau Winter would bring along with her a monthly nurse, and some baby-linen, as no provision seemed to have been made for the interesting event.

Well, the old lady nearly fell back with amazement and horror. What! Fräulein von Görlitz! No, it could not be it *must* be a mistake. "No," said I in falsetto with tears and sobs in my voice, "it is unhappily but too true. I have only this very morning entered the gnädigen Fräulein's service, and it is very sad for an innocent young girl like me to be sent on such errands. But make haste, dear Frau Winter. The doctor says there is no time to lose; and no wonder, considering her age." "Je, da muss man ja sein blaues Wunder erleben—Wait, child, wait—I am coming down. Du kannst meine Sachen tragen." And down the good woman came, exclaiming over and over again, "It is a blue wonder, a blue wonder," which it truly was, take it how you might.

Now, I had not bargained for attending the midwife on her way to Cow Street, and I would have bolted, but that I caught a glimpse of Miss Amalia watching us from the Broadway corner; so I stuck manfully to my colours, resignedly taking the bundle, and a formidable-looking Gampian implement, presenting the appearance of an exaggerated air-gun, which the midwife handed me to carry for her. Frau Winter called on the way

upon the monthly nurse, whom she bade to follow us incontinently with the baby-linen, of which that good lady kept a store on hand, it would appear.

Now, as mischief would have it, just as we were turning into Cow Street, and Frau Scharabatka, the monthly nurse, had come up with us, nearly out of breath, and I was preparing to hand her the things and to modestly retire, who should turn up, right in front of us, but the identical Fräulein Görlitz!

Frau Winter, as I was within an ace of finding to my cost, was a woman of rapid conception, and of equally rapid action. She, without the least ado or hesitation, made a vicious grasp at my pendent plaits, which I eluded only by a miracle.

Of course, I took instanter to my heels, with Frau Winter and Frau Scharabatka in full cry after me, like two raging fiends, leaving Fräulein Görlitz standing in the street, transfixed with amazement. Like Hippomenes, I got a trifling start by judiciously dropping, first the bundle, then the other thing, which pursuing Atalanta and her handmaiden stopped to pick up.

Now, Miss Amalia's gown was a very nice gown, no doubt, and imparted to me a look of prettiness and respectability combined; but it had a most serious drawback at this precise time. It impeded my running. So, determined not to be caught and cuffed by two furies, I manfully took and tucked the garment up to my waist, cutting along as it were for dear life, and in splendid style. Only the misfortune was, that deceived by the uncertain light of the oil-lamps, and misled by the dubious tint and the tight fit of my unmentionables, the passers-by took me to be an abandoned, shameless creature, and joined in the pursuit with a will. I tore down Cow Street like mad, up Piper's Hill and down on the other side into Holy Ghost Street, where I was nearly caught by old Schmidt, the precentor of Holy Ghost Church; I just managed to escape into the narrow opening to St. Ann's Hospital, a row of almshouses, leading from Holy Ghost Street to Cow Street, and skirting the cemetery of Holy Ghost Church. As I was flying along, a brilliant thought struck me. With the rapidity of this identical thought, I literally threw myself over the wall into the churchyard, and lay down as quiet as a mouse, but for the beating of my heart, in the protecting gloom of a tall tombstone. I heard my pursuers run through the passage, with wild shouts after the shameless hussy. I soon divested myself of my disguise, wrapped the poke-bonnet up in the gown, and stowed the parcel away close to the wall inside. Then, having taken my college cap from under my jacket, and put it on my head, I climbed over the wall, and seeing the coast clear, everybody being in Cow Street, I walked boldly forward to

join the crowd of excited people who had meanwhile gathered before the precentor's house.

Precentor Schmidt had no business to try to stop and catch a poor girl like me running away from her pursuers. Punishment was overtaking him now.

By a strange coincidence, just at the very time when the pursuing crowd was bursting through St. Ann's passage into Cow Street, the precentor's daughter was seen, rather hurriedly walking up to the open door of her father's house, to slip in and shut the door after her. As she wore a black gown, a poke-bonnet, and pendent plaited tails, she, poor innocent, became in the eyes of the excited crowd, mad with blind passion, the shameless hussy they all were in such hot pursuit of. Well, it took the father and Police Commissary Hennings, who had to be fetched, a long time to pacify the raging mob, and convince them that they were grievously mistaken. The police commissary could vouch for the fact that poor Miss Schmidt had been all that afternoon with his wife and daughters, and had, in fact, run home to fetch a roll of music. I looked on half-amused, half-sorrowful; I was struck with speechless amazement when I beheld Fräulein Amalia condoling—ay, condoling! with poor Fräulein Görlitz, who, having evidently been "told all" by Frau Winter, was crying as if her very heart would break. Nay, the wicked girl skilfully insinuated that it was one of the old maid's bosom friends that had played this nasty trick upon her; and the old maid believed it, and swore to be even with that false friend. So soon as the crowd had dispersed, and things had resumed their natural aspect, I stole back to the churchyard, took up my parcel, and went home with it, carrying it under my arm. As a bounteous reward for my sufferings, and for the jeopardy I had been placed in by the young lady, she graciously permitted me to press my lips on her alabaster hand.

Two days after we had to return to school. Through life I have had to bear my punishment for my share in the evil deed. I have ever since suffered from palpitation of the heart, brought on solely by my desperate run on that, to me, ever memorable night. The young lady, the contriver of all the mischief, was not punished at all. She had enjoyed the fun; others had to pay the cost. It is but too often thus in this world of ours. True poetic justice is meted out only in fiction.

I kept, a humble planet, stedfastly revolving—if that is not a contradiction in terms—round the sun of my adoration. All through autumn and winter I danced attendance on my divinity.

I got a new dress-suit made expressly, and then took preferentially to the chimney-pot of the period, that I might, when.

ever I was at liberty, pass by her house, to catch a glimpse of her beautiful face, and do obeisance to her, happy if I could but see her smile upon me. I then really believed she was smiling: I found out after that she was laughing at me instead. So long as the Elbe was frozen over, I was indefatigable in propelling her chair-sledge over the ice, and I stood no end of glasses of grog and punch to her. She bade me come, and I came: she bade me go, and I went. Ere March had fully run its course she became ANOTHER'S, and she invited me to the wedding! Well, I had to study hard at the time; so I got easily over my second disappointment in love. There is no balm so healing for a wounded heart as work.

A few months after I passed from Prima to Selecta. This was a great event in my life. I was proud of the achievement. I began to indulge in day-dreams of the happiness of University life, the glorious *Libertas Academica* of which I had heard so much, the independence of all control. Independence of control! the most ardent aspiration of boyhood. How often in after-life have I had occasion to bitterly curse that same independence of control! Had it but pleased Providence to leave me an affectionate father, a loving mother, or grant me at least a true-hearted kind guardian, how different might have been my way through life, and how different might have been its impending close! But, as I have said before, might-have-beens are fruitless speculations.

My guardian, who was a scholar at least, and took an interest in my scholastic career, graciously presented me with ten Dutch ducats, fresh from the Utrecht Mint. I had learnt by this time that everything provided for me by my guardian, under whatever head, was supplied from my own private means. Still I felt deeply grateful for the gift, and I grew at least ten inches taller in my own estimation, for that my transcendent talents and brilliant achievements had been thus highly appreciated by so competent a judge. What an insufferably conceited young puppy I was, to be sure!

On the evening of the great day that my worth had been so gloriously recognised and rewarded by my guardian, I sued for and obtained an outing permission for self and the other five Selectans of the institution, to whom I gave a grand spread.

I left my ten ducats behind, snugly reposing in my table-drawer, in a brand-new silk purse, expressly bought to keep them in. I looked upon these coins as so many orders *pour le*

mérite, and I would not have parted with them for five times their value in gold.

Judge of my sad surprise, then, and of my deep indignation and grief, when on my return I found them gone, the empty purse alone being left.

I kept awake all that night, fretting and fuming. Next morning I went, the first thing, to see the rector, Professor Solbrig. I told him what had happened. The old gentleman was thunderstruck. "Have you said anything about this wretched affair to anybody yet?" he asked me, almost tremblingly. "No, Sir Professor, I have not," I replied. "Then breathe not a syllable about it to anyone. I will investigate the matter. Great God! This touches the dearest interests of our beloved institution! That I should have lived to see such awful deeds done in my times and under my rectorate!" And the old man was actually wringing his hands. The sight of this good man's acute distress made an indescribable impression upon me. I devoutly wished the vile dross had been at the bottom of the sea rather than it should cause such grief to my venerated master. "Oh, dear Sir Professor," I cried, impulsively kissing his hand and bursting into tears, "Oh, dear Sir Professor, do not mind it; I do not mind it a bit; I do not, indeed, indeed! Let it rest where it stands." "No, no, my boy," replied the rector, shaking his head, "that cannot be. I cannot let the matter rest. It must and shall be investigated. If there is a black sheep we must not allow the flock to be contaminated. I am afraid, I am afraid—I suspect—but that is no business of yours, my boy. Will you solemnly promise me to keep this most sad business concealed within your own bosom? Do not even let a hint escape your lips. Perhaps—but never you mind."

I promised the dear, good old rector to be guided entirely and absolutely by his wishes and behests, and went on through the day as if nothing had happened.

After, when the affair was over, I was told in strictest confidence by the rector that one of the *alumni*, who had only been admitted last term, coming to us from another high school, had been detected in pilfering, and had been privately invited to leave, to avoid the disgrace of expulsion. The father, a landed proprietor, had entreated the kind-hearted rector of our institution, to afford his son a chance of amendment. The rector had consented. The father, to punish his son, had absolutely stopped his pocket money—a grievous mistake, as it turned out to be, for the temptation of my ten ducats had proved too strong for the unhappy lad, who, after some fencing and a faint denial, had ruefully confessed the theft to the rector.

Professor Solbrig found himself in a most difficult position. The lad's father was a school friend of his, and the poor boy, bitterly repentant, prayed for mercy in heartbroken and heart-breaking accents. Expulsion from a Prussian school was a fearful punishment in my school days. I know not what it may be now. It was a most solemn act. The whole school, masters and boys, had to assemble in the great hall of the institution, where the culprit was forced to attend, to hear a Latin fulmination hurled at him from the high pulpit, which, if I remember aright, ended in these words: "Abi ad tuos parentes infelices—abi cum infamia." I verily believe it is not too much to say that an unhappy lad thus expelled was practically branded for life. A man like our noble rector could not but feel this most acutely; yet what was he to do? What could he do? It was a fearful duty that devolved upon him; still it was a duty.

The titular head-master, Provost Röttger, being seriously ill at the time, the rector consulted with the pro-rector and the two chief assistant masters, who were generally called conventuals.

The pro-rector was an austere man; the first conventual was sternly severe where moral principles were concerned; the second conventual, though not harsh by nature, thought it incumbent upon him to vote with his two colleagues. Expulsion then was the sentence decided on, to be kept secret, however, while the requisite preliminaries were being arranged by the authorities.

So no one was permitted to know aught of the matter, not even the other masters. I saw that the rector's kind face was darkly clouded with grief and sorrow. To guard against premature publicity, the lad was sent home temporarily to his parents, upon the pretext of illness.

On the evening of the day after the dread resolution had been taken, I was at study in my room, when a lady, a stranger, came to see me—an occurrence almost unprecedented in our institution. She was the mother of the unhappy lad. From her trembling lips I first heard the distressing fact. She sobbingly entreated me to show mercy to her poor child. I felt utterly wretched. In my heart I cursed the vile dross, the *teterrima causa* of all this misery; and I cursed myself for my precipitancy in complaining of the loss of a few paltry pieces of coin. But what was to be done now? Was I not absolutely powerless in the matter? An idea struck me suddenly—a stupid idea. I was only a foolish child after all. I told the poor mother that I must see the rector, and asked her to await my return. I ran to the professor's house, through the private passage leading to it from our institution, and I rushed into the good man's presence with counterfeited glee in my face—"Oh, Sir Professor," I shouted, "I am so glad, so

happy." I then added, stammeringly, "I have found the money. It was—in—an—another—dr—drawer." You see at that time of my life a lie did not come easy to me. The rector looked at me half sternly and reprovngly, half softly. "Lie not, lad!" he cried, severely. "Lying is the worst of vices, the devil's cardinal sin, the true mother of all crimes. Never commit a wrong that good may come of it, in your foolish notion. The end never justifies the means—never!" "You meant no harm, lad, I know," he added in a softer tone; "you would save your unhappy fellow-pupil. Your motive is good, but your way of proceeding is execrable!"

I sobbingly made a clean breast of it now, confessing to the good man how I had been tempted to try my wretched subterfuge; and I entreated his forgiveness for my transgression, which he granted me freely, even bidding me be of good cheer: he would see whether something might be done still. He instructed me to bring the unhappy mother to his house, where he soon joined us, with words of encouraging hope. He had meanwhile invited the other members of the board—the pro-rector and the conventuals—to meet him in the Consultation Hall. He took me along with him, and instructed me how to act.

The rector introduced me to the board as a petitioner, and bade me state my case. I pleaded to the gentlemen present, my kind and good masters, to grant my earnest petition—that they would indulgently drop all further proceedings in this unhappy matter of my lost ducats. I could never again enjoy an hour's comfort and happiness in my life if I must reproach myself with having, however remotely and unwillingly, been the cause of moral and social ruin to a fellow-pupil. I got warmer as I proceeded; the deeply-excited, earnest feelings of my heart imparted the semblance of impassioned eloquence to my simple pleadings, and the pro-rector and the junior conventual declared for mercy. Not so, however, the senior conventual, who expressed his regret that, whatever the feelings of his heart, and however sincere and deep his sorrow, he yet deemed it his bounden duty—as he must crave permission to think that it was of his colleagues also—to carry out the resolution of the board, arrived at after mature deliberation. "Why, gentlemen colleagues," he said, "would you overlook the crime of this wretched lad? Why remit his most deserved punishment? Think you that mercy shown unto him will lead to his amendment? Has he not been spared before? How often, then, would you forgive him?"

My heart sank within me; but the noble old rector stood

forth the true disciple of the Divine Teacher. "Then came Peter to him," he quoted, with happy inspiration, "and said, Lord; how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven!" Then he wrestled with the stern man's scruples with the all-conquering force of heart-felt, heart-stirring eloquence. He victoriously refuted and overcame his specious objections; and he pleaded to him for the pardon of the unhappy lad as a father would plead to snatch the imperilled life of his own son from the stern avenger. "Let us show mercy, as we would wish for mercy," he cried. "Is there one among us without sin, without transgression? Nay, not one. Mercy, then, gentlemen—mercy to this repentant sinner! Mercy to his unhappy, crushed father! Mercy to his heart-broken mother, who is even now tremblingly awaiting our decision, that may send bright rays of gladness and hope into her sorely tried heart, or plunge her soul into the deepest depths of the darkest despair!"

Dr. H. was conquered. He gave way more fully even than the rector had dared to plead for with him. "Let us forgive the lad then," he said, deeply moved; "and let us extend fullest forgiveness to him; let us spare him even the intimation that he will have to seek another school." The other members of the board heartily responded to this appeal, the junior conventual repeating in a far-away way, semi-unconsciously, as it were, "Ay, indeed, who is there without sin?" A few brief years after, when I was a student at Berlin, I heard that *his* sin had found him out, unhappy man! He, the solid and brilliant scholar, the officer who had valiantly fought for his country in the Liberation War, had to leave the school and the land a deeply-disgraced man.

Many long years after, in 1866, after the Seven Weeks' War, I saw a gentleman in Berlin, a gentleman in a high official position, whose face evoked in my memory dim recollections of times long past. I asked the gentleman's name of my excellent friend, Professor Tellkamp, with whom I was staying at the time. "Privy Councillor ——" was the reply; and I marvelled much at the strangeness of fate—he and I—I and he!

Hey for academic life and liberty! Hey for that noble independence of all rational restraint and control, so sanguinely dreamt of, so eagerly, so impatiently awaited! I had the fullest measure of it meted out to me. The greater the pity! What did I do with it? I sowed folly, and I have reaped the only crop that grain ever produced—sorrow. I sowed tares; I have reaped tears.

My father had left the trusteeship of my funds absolutely in the hands of the man whom he had appointed my guardian, just the same as it had been entrusted to himself by my maternal grandfather. The one-third, if not even the one-fourth part, of the interest on my capital ought to have been more than amply sufficient to defray all expenses that could be properly and legitimately incurred by a young student. A word of kind advice, remonstrance, or less or more severe rebuke, where needed, might have sufficed to change the whole current of my after-life.

I was an extravagant young fool. I had a foible for fine clothes, richly-bound books, jewellery, horses, and a few more luxuries of a similarly tawdry stamp; kindly fostered by obliging tradesmen, who, had my guardian but been a true-hearted man, with the least affection for me in his heart, should have been checked—or checkmated—from the very outset of my academic career, but who instead found the Sir Privy Councillor always willing to redeem his ward's word, to honour his ward's signature, although that ward was an infant in law and an infant in sense. Ay, evil-disposed tongues were wagging with plain insinuations that the good man was in the habit of levying a large discount or premium upon the bills sent in to him by a vile set of traders upon my inexperience and follies; ay, I had afterwards reason even to fear that he had been more directly faithless in his trust. This is unduly anticipating; but I may as well have done with the noisome subject.

I will freely admit that my saintly guardian had essayed to gain me over to the true pietistic principles of the great Mucker community, of which he was so shining a light, so bright an ornament. Had I but properly responded to the call, things might have gone differently with me; but I did not respond. So the good man self-righteously resolved to wash his hands of me. The effort was made to win me to grace during my brief stay at my guardian's, ere I was entered as a student at Halle.

I have reason to believe that Madame—ay, even Madame—had remonstrated with her saintly spouse, earnestly entreating him not to let me go to rack and ruin altogether unchecked and unwarned,*but in vain. Tophet was to be my portion. Was not the death of all I had held dear a signal proof of the wrath of an offended, angry God? Yet I remained obdurate. Was it not clear, then, that I was foredoomed? And would it not be flying in the face of Providence to make further efforts to rescue me from predestined perdition? And if he must decline to interfere in future in any way with my spiritual affairs, would it not be a thankless and useless office to try to control in any way the

management of my so infinitely less important temporal matters? No, no; he was not going to stand between me and ultimate ruin. He would, instead, give me full swing and plenty of rope. The sooner such unregenerate wretches as I were sent to the devil the better.

I went first to Halle, however, to study—how to spend money to the least possible advantage, and the greatest possible harm to myself and others; how to drink beer and wine, and how to handle the rapier and the sword; also, to shoot with the pistol and to play billiards—nay, even for the period of my freshman-ship, to smoke, just to guard against the galling accusation of being a milksop. I gained a certain proficiency in this latter vicious habit, even to the achievement of the great feat of smoking two pipes or three cigars at one and the same time. Fortunately, however, I took no liking to it, and dropped it again, so soon as I had established my reputation.

My other studies were strictly desultory. By fits and starts I dipped here and there in the sea of learning, roaming, like a roving bee, from one branch of human lore to another, taking a sip everywhere, of honey or of poison, as the case might be. Now and then I luckily chanced to pick up a few profitable grains that bore fruit in later years. But for the most part I gathered and garnered a vast and varied store of empty chaff, of worse than useless lumber, with which I crammed mind and memory, to the exclusion of sound and solid acquirements.

The Kneipe (*caupona*) and the Fechtboden (fencing-room) had most of my time and solicitous attendance.

If Heinrich Heine had wished to send the long-striding angel Gabriel for me, as he did for his good friend Eugene, he might safely have given his heavenly messenger the same directions where to find me, to wit—

Such' ihn nicht im Collegium,
Such' ihn beim Glas Tokaier;
Und in der Kirche such' ihn nicht,
Such' ihn bei Mamsell Meier.

What a pity that youth should be so much given to ape its elders in their foibles, and emulate them in their vices! Well, well! it is an old saying that youth will have its fling. I had mine, ay, several of them—and they have flung me back on my back now, with sore limbs and aching bones.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.

For more than two years I pursued my "studies" after this fashion, first in Halle, then in Leipzig, without being able to

make up my mind to select a special branch for my career in life. Time enough, I thought, to think of that! I had not, of course, at that time, seen the great Richard Whately's sage advice, never to do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow, as the chances are that you will be able to do it so much better then, or that you may not have to do it at all; and Robert and William Brough, whom in after-life I had the good fortune of numbering among my best guides, philosophers, and friends, were not born yet, and could not therefore have bethought them of their projected "Emendation of British Proverbs," in which procrastination figured conspicuously as the soul of business.* But you see it is the proud privilege of great minds to foresee future events to come, as dear Jeff Prowse's Nicholas had it; so I acted intuitively upon the famous logician's advice and the B. B.'s amended proverb.

At one time I felt half-inclined for Cameralia, at another for the law. Even philology had some attraction for me, though it was far, very far, from my intention to ever tread the thorny path of the pedagogue. I did not then think of the noble healing art: the notion to trade and batten upon the ailments of my fellow-creatures was presented to my mind at a later period.

It was at this time that the *cacoëthes scribendi* first seized upon me. The wondrous tale of "Gloriola"; "Montezuma," a tragedy in five acts; "One Kiss, Three Kicks," a farcical comedy in two acts; "Arminius Liberator," a historic sketch; and other works, issued from my facile and fertile juvenile pen.

I was then a liberal patron indeed of the provision trade. Butter could afford to look up at the small shops in Halle and Leipzig, paper to wrap it up in by the ounce or the quarter-pound being plentifully supplied by me and other infants of genius. Ye gods! What fustian I used to send forth into the world in those halcyon days! at my own expense, mind; for I am quite convinced in my mind now, that no 'cute publisher would have spent

* Punctuality figured in this *magnum opus* of concentrated wisdom, to which I also contributed my humble share, as the thief of your own time for the benefit of another man's; a dead flea on the nail was said to be better than two live ones in one's shirt—(it was not a flea, indeed, but another apterous insect, which, though Sala once boldly introduced it in *Household Words*, I feel rather squeamish about letting it crawl over my pure pages). It must be a dirty shirt that will not bear turning; A bug in time breeds nine; Much washing weareth away the skin; It is a wise child that knoweth not its own father when he is grown old and feeble and helpless; Pickle the rod, but spare the child; Prosper—and you need not work; An' you but take care of the pounds, you may freely spend the pence; You cannot make a sow's ear out of all the silk purses in the world, etc.

a farthing upon my "copy;" and I never, no never, knew one of the craft that was not considerably more than 'cute.

I had fondly thought those sins of my youth were all of them long since dead and buried, when, imagine my amazement and horror, in one of my latest visits to Germany, a tattered copy of "Arminius Liberator" accidentally met my eyes at an antiquarian bookstall in Berlin, snugly reposing in a case along with many other books and pamphlets, no doubt of the same high stamp—the entire lot being marked at six pfennige (one halfpenny English) each. Now, one would fancy that I would be delighted to meet my old acquaintance, and to spend the halfpenny nobly, for "auld lang syne." I did nothing of the kind, however, but turned away confused—like a young maiden who pops unawares upon a discarded lover—and walked off fast, almost afraid lest the "liberator" should forcibly detain me, and expose my disgrace to the public gaze. I also took to walking the mimic stage buskined. I did Othello and Iago, Brutus and Cassius, Karlos and Posá, Karl and Franz Moor, indifferently—very indifferently indeed—and I impartially always murdered them both; which was, of course, what the author had clearly intended.

Many long years after, and many long years since, *cheer!* I murdered Moses, in the "School for Scandal," on a London stage; but it was done for a charitable purpose. So the benevolent British public was graciously pleased to grant me a bill of indemnity, and my dear old friend John Oxenford went so far in his amical indulgence, that he bestowed upon me a line of appreciation in *The Times*. The stage fever fit was strong upon me in those days of my hot youth, and there is no telling but that I might have stuck to the buskin or taken to motley, sobering down in time, perchance, to general utility, had it not been for an accident—a mere accident—which threw me into the arms of Æsculapitis.

Tired of Halle and Leipzig, I had just removed the seat of my studies to Berlin, when it happened on a certain day that two of my chums had an encounter with cavalry sabres, and one of them caught an ugly slashing cut over the face, which well-nigh severed his nose, and let daylight into his throat. The medical student (house-surgeon of the Charity Hospital), who was to have acted as "Paukdoctor," had somehow been hindered from attendance, and the duel (a mere wretched beer quarrel) had, foolishly, been permitted to come off notwithstanding.

When I found myself face to face with this formidable slash, and saw my poor chum bleeding like a stuck pig and on the

point of fainting, and saw all the other fellows standing idly by, uselessly lamenting, an inspiration came upon me to do on my own hook (to use an expressive vulgarism) what was so urgently needed in the case. How I came to do it I cannot tell to the present day, but I managed somehow to stitch up the wound and dress it temporarily, until we could take our damaged friend to the hospital.

Here the "great Councillor," the immortal Heim, an old man then, chanced to be present, who graciously condescended to approve of, what he was pleased to call, my presence of mind and my skill, and to warmly counsel me to embrace the medico-surgical career.

The great man—and truly he was one of the greatest as well as one of the best of men—had himself been fortuitously led to embrace the pursuit, on which he was shedding such glorious lustre. He was the son of a village pastor, if my memory does not mislead me. When about twelve he happened to be birds'-nesting with some companions. One of them, unfortunately, had a fall from a tree, and broke his leg. The boy Heim, acting under the instant inspiration of his innate genius for surgery, set the injured limb, and bound it up, "just the same as the most skilful surgeon could have done it"—as the district physician declared when the "case" was brought to him. That gentleman strongly urged the father to make a doctor of his gifted son.

Most young men are marvellously given to conceit. That wondrous Prince of Science—the great Heim, had condescended to take notice of me. This was enough: I almost looked upon myself as material fit to fashion a second Æsculapius out of, simply because I had stitched up a few inches of solution of continuity in a man's face. The rough rubs of life have taken the conceit pretty completely out of me; but in those days I was conceited; yet, surely, I had no cause for it. I need not have dreaded lest I should amaze and anger High Jove by any display of my skill: the *divulsa membra* of Hippolytus would never have been reunited had I been called upon to essay the feat. Still at that time I exultingly thought I had found my groove at last. Alas! how often in life have I fancied the same thing, with just as little cause for it!

The affair of honour (!) which led to this decision of mine had been permitted to grow out of a wretched beer quarrel, pushed beyond all allowable limits by the wrongheadedness of one of the combatants—of course *not* the one who had to pay the penalty. The inflicter of the wound was equally, of course, sorry, ay, deeply sorry, that he had obstinately persisted in forcing matters to this

unlucky issue ; he kissed the wounded face of his fallen foe, and bathed it with his tears—which simply served to inflict additional pangs upon the sufferer ; tears, as a rule, being no doubt a soothing balm for wounded hearts, but certainly not for wounded faces. Then there was this little trifle in the matter, that the poor face-slashed young fellow had to exchange the Church for the law. Now, in the former, a patron of his father's had promised him a presentation to a fat living, so soon as he should pass and be ordained ; whilst the law, on the other hand, had some ten years' semi-starvation in store for the young man, and at the end of that time a position and income less than half so snug and comfortable as the one for which the cut across the face disqualified him.

I may as well mention here another "students' duel," which took place in Berlin about fifteen months after the little affair above narrated, and in which I was also personally concerned in the capacity of assistant to the professional friend who attended as surgeon. In no other way had I to do aught with or in the matter ; yet the fatal issue of the affair made a most sad impression upon me at the time, which the many years that have elapsed since then have not yet had sufficient power to efface from my mind and memory.

A young fellow of Hermannstadt, in Transylvania, of Saxon descent, had come to Berlin to complete his studies. He was an only son. His parents were wealthy, and moved in a superior sphere of life. He was one of the best-natured fellows I ever met ; of a generous, noble disposition, only that he was a little hot and short-tempered, and perhaps unduly inclined to stand upon his dignity. Now we had in our more intimate set a law student—whom I will here call Reimar, to guard against the chance of giving pain to any surviving member of the family—the son of a distinguished Lutheran minister in Silesia. Reimar was a great favourite with all of us ; he was so full of fun and frolic, and so overflowing with wit and humour ; he was also wonderfully kind-hearted, only that occasionally, when in the vein, he would love to say caustic things, and indulge in biting sarcasm : he was, in fact, overmuch given to quiz foes and friends alike, little recking how they might take it.

One night—*nefasta nox*—he was on for chaff ; unhappily choosing for his butt our Transylvanian, who was even more than usually touchy on this unlucky night. So matters proceeded between these two, *crescendo* from harmless jokes to barbed words, from trifling irritation to red-hot passion, until somewhere about midnight we found ourselves face to face with an impending pistol-duel between these two right good fellows.

Well, some old Burschen, who saw that in the present temper

of both the intending combatants nothing could be done to stop the affair, sagely undertook the further management of it. We learnt afterwards in select committee that these kindly sons of our beloved *Alma Mater* had hit upon the same plan which the friends of Jeffrey and Moore had resorted to in the projected "deadly" encounter between these two great men at Chalk Farm in 1808, to prevent an untoward issue.

But there seemed to be an occult adverse fate at work in this unhappy affair. Everything went wrong. The duel came off a short distance from Berlin, on the road to Potsdam. Two heavy long-barrelled cavalry pistols were the weapons chosen; these were obligingly lent by a young student, who had surreptitiously "borrowed" them out of a collection of arms belonging to his father, a retired colonel of dragoons. The pistols were of a pattern anterior to the War of Liberation. To all appearances it would have been next to a miracle to hit anyone with either of them at twenty paces—the distance at which the combatants were placed by their seconds.

The two irate young men had cooled down to zero by this time, and it was easy to discern that they were heartily ashamed of their folly, and sincerely sorry. But they were lads of spirit, and punctilious upon the point of personal honour—and we were all of us but foolish boys.

So the preliminaries were duly proceeded with, and the weapons properly loaded by the seconds, with the trifling omission of the bullets. When the word was given, we all saw both combatants, like sensible, good-hearted lads, fired high up in the air, but, by a strange fatality, the Transylvanian's pistol exploded in his hand, shattering the barrel to pieces, one of which struck the ill-starred youth through the right eye to the brain. He uttered a piercing shriek, swayed one brief instant to and fro, then fell forward—dead.

I never, so long as I have life, shall or can forget the harrowing scene which followed. Poor Reimar threw himself frantically upon the dead body, wildly calling curses down upon his own head for the atrocious murder of the kindest and dearest and best of friends. It was, indeed, long ere we could dissuade him from an insane notion that it was the bullet from his pistol which, although fired upward, the dark Spirit of Evil had conducted to his adversary's brain. There is a strange superstition widely spread among Germans, especially Northern, that the Powers of Hell have the full and free direction of every shot fired in unholy strife. When we succeeded at last in proving to him that the ill-starred victim had been killed by the explosion of his own weapon, it made little difference indeed in his self-accusations

and self-revilings, which grew so fierce and intense that they actually made us fear for the poor fellow's sanity.

Two most delicate and difficult tasks devolved upon us now—the one, how to hush up this wretched affair, if it could any way be kept secret; the other, how to soothe poor Reimar's ravings. Well, Dr. Dieffenbach, who then held the high position of chief surgeon to the Charity Hospital, was a large-hearted man, who could feel for our extremely painful position. So when matters had been fully explained to him to the minutest detail, he nobly consented to throw over us the ægis of his personal responsibility. We all had to vow inviolable secrecy. Reimar was sent home to his parents in Silesia, to recover the natural tone and tension of his mind; and the ill-fated Transylvanian's name figured some three weeks after among the "deaths" at the Charité. According to the record, he had succumbed to acute inflammation of the brain.

Unhappy Reimar! He never recovered the shock to his high-strung nervous organisation. Within the year he died—died by his own hand. *Det veniam Pater.*

Several years after, when assistant-surgeon in the French Army in Algiers, I was detached to the Jardin du Dey Hospital, some distance outside the Bab-el-Oued, or Gate of the West, to assist in the division of Dr. Antonini, who had Barracks I. and II. under his care. One day I was mysteriously summoned to "Monstapha Pasha," the quarters of the Foreign Legion, to meet my friend Eichacker, surgeon to the third battalion of that noble corps.

Eichacker had sent for me to ask for my co-operation in a hush-up.

There had been a fatal encounter that morning between two great masters of fence, Sergeant Beck of the Legion, and the *maître d'armes* of the 67th Regiment of Infantry, generally called *Les Enfants de Paris*, the then latest and last regiment on the French muster-roll. Beck had acted in the affair simply as the representative of the *maître d'armes* of the Legion, who was ill, and had had to be taken to the Caratine Hospital the day before.

Beck was a splendid specimen of a fine young man, kind-hearted and high-spirited, who had endeared himself to all who knew him. It was said that he had been a lieutenant in the Baden service, but had been compelled to take refuge in France, in consequence of a fatal duel in which there had been some irregularity—not of his seeking or making, but attributable entirely to his ill-starred antagonist. Personally I knew nothing of this. We had, indeed, plenty to do with our duties at the time, without need

or leisure to indulge in mutual investigations of one another's antecedents. The tongue of rumour will, however, of course always be wagging. All I knew of him personally was that he was clever and accomplished, brave to rashness, and a perfect gentleman. He had volunteered to take the place of the disabled *maître d'armes* of the Legion, and his offer had been gladly accepted, as he was a finished swordsman.

Let none boast of skill or strength. Poor Beck was run right through the chest, to the horror and grief of the lookers-on, and of his antagonist, a good-natured fellow in the main, who vowed he would give his right hand could he but be permitted to withdraw the fatal thrust. *Semper idem homo*. Wickedness and folly first, vain regret after.

Well, the mischief was done beyond recall or repair, and no court or commission of inquiry could mend matters. It was judged expedient, then, to hush the affair up. I consented of course, and I obtained my own chief's, Dr. Antonini's, permission to do as I listed.

So we had the body of poor Beck taken to our mortuary in the Jardin du Dey, to be pitched into the quicklime pit next morning, along with some fifteen of our own "failures," for we had rather a busy time of it just then.

Poor Beck! He had not been quite two years in the Legion, yet he stood first on the list for promotion to the grade of sergeant-major, and he might legitimately hope to achieve the epaulet within another year. And now——

Well, no matter. A proper account of his decease had to be given, of course. Our bills of mortality had to be properly attended to; so I kept him on the book of Barrack I. for about three weeks, then I recorded his "death of fever." You see, it was all very simple, and saved a lot of trouble and annoyance to several most excellent fellows. In this wicked world of ours it is, perhaps, sometimes rather a good thing than otherwise that men should not be over austere. This very morning I read, with sorrow, of a minister of Christ's Gospel of mercy and charity, whose conscientious scruples will not permit him to sign a petition for the reprieve of a condemned man. Poor Pharisee! How I would pity him, but that in the wickedness of my heart I trust the Great Father who made us all, and who loves us all, will be equally merciful to both poor sinners!

In 1871 I was in Elberfeld, as correspondent of *The Aberdeen Free Press*, and to bring out a work on the double standard of valuation, written by my friend Ernst Seyd, now, alas! no more. In August I went over to Düsseldorf, on a visit to an artist friend

of mine. Here I met a young officer of the 39th regiment, the Nether Rhenan Fusiliers, a handsome, accomplished young man, evidently much beloved by all who knew him. He was apparently in perfect health, and I was told that he was in good circumstances, and had a brilliant career before him. Yet he looked to me deeply depressed. As he had seemingly taken kindly to me, I ventured to joke him upon the dolorous expression of his face, and I jestingly proffered my medical ministrations to him, when, with a look of ineffable sadness, he replied, "Ah! doctor, you cannot administer to a mind diseased." A few days after I was thunderstruck when my Amphitryon told me tearfully that Lieutenant Müller had blown his brains out. I was at his funeral on the 17th of August. It was shown that the unhappy young man had died by his own hand, in obedience to the stern dictates of honour (F), in pursuance of the conditions of one of those equally infamous and stupid American duels which are a disgrace to our boasted civilisation. He had dined for his young life and lost.

To return—

I took rather kindly to the great Councillor's suggestion, and went in warmly for anatomy, and physiology, and pathology, and therapeutics, and *materia medica*; the rest to follow in due course.

For about two years I worked with something of a will, and I made some progress accordingly in my studies.

Unhappily, the further I advanced in them the less I came to like the profession, notwithstanding the illustrious men who were then adorning it in Berlin—Heim, Hufeland, Rust, Wiebecke, Gräfe, Dieffenbach, Wolf, and many more of a similar high stamp.

The fact was, I, who had at first been very enthusiastic and ardent in my devotion to the healing art, soon came to lose all firm belief in it. I never was given to put faith in anything; I always would insist upon demonstration, upon proof perceptible to my senses, convincing to my reason; and here I found a lamentable lack of all tangible proof or demonstration. I may be permitted to plead, in explanation, if not in excuse of my scepticism, that at the time when I was essaying to enter, the humblest private, into the glorious ranks whom I then trustfully believed to be battling, as a united band of brothers, valiantly and intelligently with death and disease, the profession was split up, as it has indeed been from time immemorial—from mediæval times at least—in contending schools and antagonistic systems.

The followers of Brown were fighting fiercely with the

disciples of Broussais—the former with their high-flown, high-wrought, and “high-falutin” theory of sthenic and asthenic disturbances of the equilibrium of health; the latter with their, if possible, still more recondite “surexcitation and adynamia,” gastro-enteritic, Sangradian system. Bleeding, blistering, burning, and drenching, were the great, nay almost the only means, ever dreamt of by the immense majority of the faculty to combat all sorts of ailments.

Diseases, their nature, their causes, their effects, their more or less probable issue, were but most imperfectly understood then.

Centuries ago Paracelsus, and his even greater successor, Van Helmont, had apparently succeeded in overthrowing at last the old humoral theory of Galenus and the Pergamese school, which, strengthened by the powerful accession of Avicenna and Rhazes, the founders of the Arabian school of medicine, had long held supreme sway; and in establishing instead a new system of medicine based upon the more rational chemical theory. But it had once more come to this, that the work of these great men required to be done over again; careful observation and rational experiment had come to be dubbed empiricism.

Paracelsus had strenuously insisted in his time upon the indispensable and indissoluble connection between pharmacy and chemistry, maintaining that no one ignorant of chemistry and its processes could ever become a skilled and successful apothecary. How many “apothecaries” were there in my time possessing that intimate knowledge of chemistry which Paracelsus had declared to be so indispensable? Look at the receipts in the old pharmacopœias of that time, with their curious medley of *agentia*, *adjuvantia*, *corrigentia*, and *vehicula*, but too many of which show the most lamentable ignorance of the elementary principles of chemical combination. And what was chemistry in those days? What but a science yet in its first infancy, in Germany at least, where not one single university could boast the possession of that most indispensable of all requisites for sound and fruitful chemical investigation—a laboratory? The most glorious branch of the science—organic chemistry—was only just being truly created then at Giessen by the genius of the immortal Liebig, who had come there fresh from the teachings of the illustrious Gay-Lussac, Vauquelin, Pelouze, and other eminent French chemists of the period.

* Here I must crave permission to insert a digression anent Liebig, which, I trust, the towering greatness of the man will be allowed to justify.

Liebig was the son of a Darmstadt grocer. He was educated at the Darmstadt Gymnasium, conducted at the time by the learned Magister Johann Justus Storck. The boy, with his unconquerable predilection for the natural sciences acting overpoweringly on his mind, made but a poor hand at Latin, to the great distress and disgust of that stiff and starch pedagogue. Liebig was, in fact, one of the famous three dunces, solemnly declared to be so *ex cathedra* by the numskull head of the Darmstadt Gymnasium, the other two being the illustrious Gervinus and the famous Kaup, both of whom I had the honour of knowing at a later period of my life. Liebig left the gymnasium at fifteen; he was for the short period of ten months assistant to an apothecary at Heppenheim, where his astonishing laboratory operations so impressed his master and some friends of the latter that they procured his entry as a chemistry student at Bonn, whence he proceeded within two years to Erlangen. The Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse sent him the year after to Paris (in 1822), where the above-named great professors of the science were his teachers, and Dumas, later on Minister of Agriculture in France, and Mitscherlich, subsequently holder of the chemical chair in the University of Berlin, his fellow-students. Alexander von Humboldt, whom, as well as his only a degree less celebrated brother William, I had the privilege of knowing during my stay at Berlin, heard young Liebig's paper on fulminate of silver read, at the French Academy of Sciences, and straightway obtained for the wondrous youth the appointment of Professor Extraordinary of Chemistry at the University of Giessen, in 1824. Two years after Giessen afforded the almost unprecedented sight of a young man barely twenty-three functioning as Professor Ordinary of Chemistry.

Here in Giessen he established the first university laboratory in Germany, which soon attracted students from every part of Europe. Among Liebig's English pupils may be named Gregory, Johnston, Shenstone, Lyon Playfair, Sheridan Muspratt, Thomas Graham, late Master of the Mint, and my dear old friend Bullock, who is still to the fore, one of the most assiduous and intelligent workers in the arduous field, and one of the most modest and retiring men withal.

Liebig was indeed the genial creator, the loving father and patient fosterer of this new science of organic chemistry—a new science, almost undreamt of before his glorious advent; a new science, infinitely fruitful, abounding in the richest blessings to the whole world—the thoughtful practical student of Nature; the discoverer and revealer of many marvellous mysteries of the universal mother of all things created; the ingenious deviser of

an infinite variety of methods and appliances to enable man to pass even the most complex bodies through the alembic and the crucible, and to lead him thus, mayhap, through the portals of an all-resolving analysis into the sanctum of an all-forming synthesis; the profound philosopher, who may truly be said to have been the first to unite in indissoluble bonds chemistry and physiology, and to place agriculture upon a sound and solid scientific basis; the sage to whom the world is indebted for the dawn of rational views upon the all-important question of the nutrition of man and beast; the potent magician, who bade the decaying power of Nature halt in its course, expelling, by one of the simplest processes, the great agent of putrefaction, and interposing against its re-entry the slender barrier of a thin sheet of tin fashioned into a case, closed but with a little solder, yet as impassable to that agent as the fabled seal of Solomon was of old held to be to the genii confined under its impress; the beneficent inventor of the process of condensing and preserving milk, that most indispensable nutriment of infants, which by affording an unalterable and invariable and most perfect substitute for the secretion of the mother's breast, has been the means of reducing by more than one-half the death-rate of infants brought up by hand.

As I am writing this perhaps unconsciously long half-digression, I feel proud and happy that I have been permitted, in the course of my labours, to place before the British public a vernacular version of the great man's "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," and, by his own special desire, of the fifth and sixth editions of his great work on "Agricultural Chemistry."*

* Like every great man who comes before the world with new and strange views upon any given matter, Liebig was violently and obstinately assailed by even some of his greatest contemporaries in chemistry. Dumas and Boussingault, for instance, made merry over his "new-fangled" theory of nutrition, and spoke sneeringly of *la vache imaginaire de M. Liebig*. Berzelius assailed the Giessen Professor in unworthy terms in a series of articles entitled "Theories of Probabilities." Liebig could, and did, hold his own against these assailants. I took up the cudgels for him in my own small and feeble way. In England he was attacked chiefly—not always over-generously, nor by any means over-rightly or sensibly—by Messrs. Gilbert and Lawes, who at last stung him into a most cutting and biting reply, occupying some ten sheets of the preface to his "Agricultural Chemistry." I felt it *infra dig.* in the great man to descend into the polemic arena in this fashion, and I ventured to express my opinion to this effect to him, both direct and through Dr. Blyth of Cork, the nominal editor of the English version. I am happy to say that my remonstrances were received by the great man in a fair and indulgent spirit, and that he freely consented to have the objectionable part of the preface expunged.

But in the days when I was a student of medicine, organic chemistry had not yet come out of its swathing clothes. The vegeto-alkalies and their salts were barely dreamt of yet; so the wondrous science of dosology, which is promising such splendid results in these latter days, remained of necessity still hidden in the dark lap of the future. Surgery in those days meant cutting and slashing and amputating limbs that might well have been saved; ay, the time was not very far left behind yet when unfortunate sailors who had been heavily struck by ball or bullet in the glorious battles of the British navy had the bleeding stumps of their—in but too many cases unnecessarily—cut-and-sawed-off limbs plunged into boiling pitch to stop the bleeding, as a very old friend of mine, the late Mr. Watkins, Fellow of the London College of Surgeons, told me years ago.

The *methodus expectativa* was altogether out of favour in the treatment of diseases, except with comparatively few wise physicians. So-called “heroic remedies” were with the great majority of the profession the order of the day. Hahnemann’s “Organon of Medicine” had been published close upon twenty years; yet his new system might still be said to be only just rising then on the medical horizon—that semi-sensible craze, in which the formidable array of poisons of all kinds, forming the new, or rather the old, *Materia Medica*, modified and augmented, is more than thoroughly neutralised by the subtle conception of infinitesimals, and mysterious evolution of latent energy of action in medicinal agents by trituration and dilution, which in effect throws the *ars medendi* back upon the simple dietetic rules of Hippocrates, and gives to the famous Pindarean line, unmet the super-excellence of water, practically adopted and acted upon by the great healer of Cos, a new and much deeper and wider meaning, as, followed up to its last inevitable logical consequences, it makes water in the end the sole universal remedial agent—the so long and so anxiously sought-after panacea for all ills afflicting our poor mortality.

I am perfectly aware, of course, that it may plausibly be argued the fundamental doctrine of homœopathy, *similia similibus curantur*, has nothing to do with the theory of infinite aqueous dilution; but it appears to me the retort to this is obvious. Hahnemann, at least, in his system of homœopathy, has knit the two parts of his theory indissolubly together. Nay, I go further: I maintain that at the close of his career in Paris, when he would make a patient smell at a phial with a few sugar globules in it, moistened with a drop of the thirtieth dilution or tenth potentiation (!) of camphor, as an effective cure for a nervous headache, the old man had dropped the sanative principle of the *similia*

similibus altogether, and retained nothing of his original doctrine but the notion of infinite dilution. Really, he had had too much practice in physic not to know that in very truth the distinction between the apparently so extreme opposites of *similia* and *contraria* is a distinction without much of a practical difference, turning altogether upon the mere question of larger or smaller doses of medicinal agents, administered in concentrated or in dilute form. The merest tyro in physic knows that common salt applied dry on mucous membranes acts as a powerful irritant, whilst in a state of proper dilution it becomes a cooling and soothing sedative; that concentrated acids will curdle albumen, whilst in a dilute form they will act as resolvents upon coagulated white of egg; that certain poisons and irritants will in small doses act as gentle stimulants on the brain, whilst in large doses they may bring on paralysis of the organ, etc. etc.

And, after all this is said and done, is not this simple water or, if you will have it so, do-nothing system of Hahnemann, even when applied to the fullest imaginable extent, vastly preferable to the blue-pill and black-draught abomination? to your formidable drastics—your aloes and jalap, and other nastinesses? or, worst of all, your horrible croton oil, to which some practitioners will desperately cling to the present day?

A very short time since I became acquainted with the medical officer of a certain charitable institution, where the inmates are almost forced to avail themselves of his skill and knowledge, and to submit to his directions—a gentleman of sound acquirements in many ways, and kind-hearted withal. Well, this gentleman professed to me his devout and unshaken and unshakable belief in the efficacy of blue-pill and black-draught for the cure of most human ailments, and his profound admiration of croton oil as a sheet-anchor of salvation in desperate cases!

And is not the extremest *far-niente* system better than recourse to that worst master and worst servant in physic, mercury?

Even now I cannot think without a shudder of a certain abominable decoction of a bewildering variety of roots and herbs, originally compounded by one Zitmann, a full M.D., but assuredly no healer, which was almost universally adopted in my days by the faculty in Germany. In this blessed decoction, in which sassafras, sarsaparilla, bardana, serpentaria Virginiana, liquorice, and a variety of other so-called depuratives were ostentatiously paraded as a species of fair-looking front wall, behind which lurked a real “remedial” (!) agent, a dose of TWELVE grains of corrosive sublimate, to be introduced into the unhappy patient's frame within the brief space of nine days. Surely, surely, this was worse than downright murder.

And may it not be fairly asked whether frequent periodical spongings of the body with water, as now prescribed by the faculty in the treatment of typhoid, are not vastly preferable to the dreadful copper-poisoning system so much in vogue of yore? And will not openly professed direct Hydropathy achieve efficacious cures in very many instances?

In later years I had occasion to become more intimately acquainted with both the theory and the practice of Homœopathy; and as I may, very likely, have to say something upon the subject hereafter, I think I had better drop any further remarks upon it here, save this, that I looked upon Homœopathy then, as I continue to look upon it to this present day, as an immense and most beneficent stride in advance, compared to the thoroughly irrational bleeding, blistering, and drenching practice of the old school.

Not that there were not in my days brilliant exceptions from the general run, such as Heim, for instance, Niemeyer, the two Weinschenks* (father and son), Fritzsche, Dolhoff, Brüggemann, Wolf, Rust, Hufeland, Wiebecke, Krukenberg, and a host of other great men, who disdained to walk in the wretched beaten track of the schools, and were arduously striving instead for a better state of things.

Heim, more especially, shone conspicuously in this way, though he was then, most unhappily, nearing the glorious close of his beneficent career. He was one of the most enlightened physicians and truest healers of the times. Nature had gifted him with the subtlest sense of smell, such as I have never met with in any other man in the course of a pretty long life. This wonderful gift enabled him to distinguish unfailingly among the specific smells characteristic of the several so-called exanthematic or eruptive diseases—small-pox, measles, scarlatina, &c.

No end of marvellous stories used to be told about this keenness of scent in the "Councillor," as he was almost universally called in Berlin.

Some of them—for instance, the one immediately subjoined here, which I heard long after my departure from Berlin, and when the illustrious man had departed this life—were probably simply likely inventions upon the *bene trovato* principle.

When Prince Frederick Charles was a child going on for

* The younger Weinschenk, more especially, was one of the most rational physicians of his day. Oatmeal gruel and chamomile tea were about the only weapons with which he fought disease and death, leaving the rest to Nature.

three, he was one day suddenly seized with a most alarming illness. His father, Prince Charles (lately deceased), a brother of the present Emperor of Germany, in a fearful state of anxiety about his darling little son, rushed about half-mad in search of the old "Councillor." He found him at a gay party, and took him at once along with him to the sick child's bedside. The father's eyes were anxiously fixed upon the great physician's slightly excited face. Judge of his amazement and indignation when the oracle said, in brief accents, "Child is drunk, Royal Highness." "Drunk!" exclaimed the Prince; "drunk! It appears to me, Sir Councillor, that you must be drunk to indulge in such offensive folly!" "The very thing, Highness," replied the physician, quite unmoved by the Prince's angry voice, knit brows, and flashing eyes; "you see, by comparing the beat of my pulse with that of the child, making due allowance for the difference in age, I arrive at the conclusion that the poor little fellow is considerably more drunk than I am. Where is the child's nurse?" The nurse was called in at once—a pretty young girl in a state of great trepidation. "What have you given to the child, young woman?" inquired the doctor somewhat sternly. "Kümmel Aquavit (*Aquavitæ cuminis*, or caraway liqueur), I suppose?" Well, it truly turned out that the young lady's sweetheart, a sergeant in the guards, had let the child, playing on the steps of the marble palace, have several long pulls at his liqueur flask, to keep him quiet, whilst he was warmly discussing the old question of love with his young woman. In a couple of hours the child was all right again. "What a marvellous man you are, Sir Councillor, in your diagnosis!" said the wondering Prince. "One would hardly believe it possible to fix upon the true facts of the case, guided simply by the pulse!" "Pulse! Ha, ha!" laughed the old Councillor. "Why, Highness, I smelt the caraway the instant I entered the room." If this anecdote has a real foundation in it, the event must have happened three years before the Councillor's death; which makes one doubt the accuracy of the tale.

In his diagnosis Heim was indeed hardly ever at fault. His mode of treatment would have done honour to the most enlightened and accomplished medical rationalist of the present day. It was a favourite saying of his that, whereas the Æsculapian method might be open to the objection of "excessive simplicity," our modern ways were certainly open to an infinitely stronger objection on the ground of their "exceedingly excessive" complexity; and that whereas the great Epidaurian went about healing the sick and wounded, attended only by a dog to lick sores, and a she-goat to supply milk for the cure of internal dis-

orders, it would require at least a waggon with eight horses to carry the curative arsenal of some of our modern healers.

Heim was the most kind-hearted man I ever met with. In his charity he was truly catholic. He understood human weaknesses. He would indulgently bear being bored with long strings of imaginary ailments even, which he contended had almost always some occult disorder or defect in the system underlying them; nay, he mostly would manage to turn them to the best account for their treatment and possible removal.

There was a certain Countess, of ancient lineage and very great wealth, who, having nought to trouble her, took to the "vapours," and became a positive martyr to them. There was nothing really the matter with her, apparently, yet she seemed—and perhaps was—always ailing, and complained most bitterly of a bewildering variety of painful and dangerous symptoms. The eminent Hufeland, though he had written a textbook on the art of prolonging life (*Makrobiotik*), could apparently do nothing to prolong the noble lady's life, who declared herself to be pining away under that truly great physician's ministration. Well, Hufeland, tired out at last with incessant complainings of what he felt quite sure were simply the morbid imaginings of a woman disappointed in her married life—she was childless—bluntly told her a bit of his mind. There was nothing the matter with her ladyship, he declared, nothing but her own foolish fancies, and he must decline lending himself any longer to humouring her or her follies.

Well, the lady came to consult Heim, who patiently listened to all she had to say; then assumed a grave air, and declared her complaint most serious, and almost beyond the resources of the medical art. Still, he would do his very best for her; and if she would only promise him to obey him absolutely in every way, he might make bold, he thought, to promise her a perfect cure. He gave her—out of his own private pharmacy, for in desperate cases like hers he would never trust any apothecary—a small box of pills and a diminutive phial filled with a most potent medicine; the pills to be taken one at a time, upon an empty stomach, every morning, with one single drop of the mixture in a tumblerful of water to follow. On no consideration whatever must this dose ever be exceeded, on peril of fatal consequences. Strange to say, perhaps, her ladyship, whose formidable ailments even the eminent Hufeland had failed to assuage, got well—so well, indeed, that she declared she had never felt better in her life, which was most satisfactory to all parties. Only that a dreadful fear took possession now of her and her somewhat uxorious husband. Imagine the great physician, who was only mortal after all, should

suddenly die, without leaving the wondrous receipt behind. Why, where would the Countess be then in case of a relapse? It was a horrid thought. So the poor Councillor was well-nigh driven out of his senses by pertinacious applications for the receipt, until he confided one day to the husband, under a promise of absolute discretion, that the precious pills were chalk and sugar gilt, and the marvellous mixture a drop of attar of roses in a quart of water. A plentiful supply was given at the same time to last the Countess for the remainder of her life, upon a most handsome computation of chances. Well, more than a year after, the Count, thinking his wife was perfectly restored to health now, in a confidential mood told her all about it. The sad result was that the unhappy woman took to her bed with her old ailment, and, having lost her confidence in the great Councillor, succumbed to her "fancies" within a few months after.

In illustration of Heim's kindness of heart, I will venture to tell a last brief story here about this truly great and good man. On a pitch-dark, rainy, and stormy night, the Councillor was aroused from sleep, and urgently entreated by a working man to attend his wife in her confinement, as the midwife was afraid of a fatal issue. Heim went in his dressing-gown. He saved mother and child. The happy husband and father, overflowing with gratitude, thankfully offered the great physician any remuneration in his power. "I do not know," said the Councillor diffidently, "whether I am not asking you too much, my good fellow, on a nasty night like this; but as you profess your willingness to serve me—well, take your lantern and light me home."

This most eminent physician died in 1834. I was in Algiers then. He was a very old man; yet when the news of his demise reached me, I wept bitter tears of grief. I felt as if I had lost one of those nearest and dearest to me. His books showed that he had attended, without fee or reward of any kind, some four thousand patients annually. No wonder that half Berlin followed his mortal remains to their last resting-place lamenting.

Hufeland, the author of the "System of Practical Medicine," and of the "Enchiridion Medicum," who was Heim's junior by some fifteen years or so, if my memory misleads me not, was an almost equally great and glorious character, both as a man and as a healer. There was not a solitary branch of the natural sciences in which Hufeland was not *facile princeps*. He was a man of immense knowledge, and of truly amazing energy and restless activity. His subtle and acute mind had penetrated deeply into the mysteries of Nature. As a teacher he occupied the foremost rank; as a scientific writer he stood second to none. His "Enchiridion Medicum," more especially, the fruit of fifty

years' practical experience in physic, which was published some six years after I had left Berlin, is a veritable treasure of medical lore. He died about a year after Heim.

Then there was Rust, one of the most many-sided learned men of the day. He was Hufeland's junior by some thirteen or fourteen years, I believe, but he survived him only about five years. He had started in life as an engineer; subsequently, he had studied philology, the law, and other branches of learning; and had finally taken to medicine, in which he was destined to achieve the very highest distinction and dignities. He was an Actual Privy Councillor, Surgeon-General-in-Chief of the Prussian Army, First Surgeon and Professor at the Berlin Charity Hospital, Inspector-General of Hospitals; and about a year before I left Berlin, he had conferred upon him the supreme rank of President of the General Hospital Curatorium. Rust was a splendid teacher and most charming lecturer.

And while medicine had thus, even in this period of transition, in the deeply dark hour always preceding the dawn of another, better day, such bright and beneficent luminaries as these, surgery also was emerging rapidly and resplendently from the clouds of error that were then still obscuring its glorious orb. The night of mere cutting, slashing, and amputating was rapidly passing away, and the bright day of plastic and recuperative surgery was breaking fast. In Berlin, more especially, Gräfe and Dieffenbach were exciting the admiration of the world by their wondrous performances in plastic surgery.

Gräfe, who during the War of Liberation had been divisional surgeon-general, was afterwards raised to the position of staff surgeon-general, with colonel's rank in the army. He was Inspector-General and Administrator of the Berlin Hospitals, Professor of Surgery, and Director of Surgical Clinic. He was also one of the most eminent oculists of the time. He was of opinion that there was a last chance left of restoring to the late King of Hanover his eyesight, and he had made all necessary preparations for the great operation, which there could barely be a doubt in the minds of any who knew his immense knowledge of the organ of sight, and his wonderful operative skill, would have been performed with triumphant success by him, had not death carried him off suddenly a few days before the time fixed for the operation. He died at Hanover in 1840, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. With him died poor King George's last hope of ever seeing the blessed light of day again.

Dieffenbach also was one of my teachers. He was Gräfe's junior in years, his equal in world-wide renown. His successes

in plastic surgery were truly wonderful. He was appointed first surgeon to the Charity Hospital in the last year of my stay in Berlin—1830. He was then not much more than thirty-five. He was the most thoroughly practical lecturer and teacher I ever listened to. He also was unfortunately carried off at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. He died at Berlin in 1847. He expired in a strange fashion, seated on a sofa, a Berlin friend of mine wrote to me at the time; and his body remained warm and flexible for days after his apparent decease. If I remember aright, it was only on the eleventh day after that unmistakable signs of death could be observed.

I had the good fortune of being present at several of the most marvellous performances in plastic surgery of Gräfe and Dieffenbach.*

But alas! though I was thus privileged, as it were, to sit at the feet of such true Gamaliels, I was unable to profit practically by their splendid lessons. Nature had not endowed me with all the qualities that are absolutely required to constitute the true surgeon. I had the light hand, perhaps, and even the tender womanly touch and the manual skill. I had studied anatomy to some purpose; but I lacked the lion's heart, the calm self-possession, requisite to impart the indispensable firmness and steadiness to the hand that has to guide the operating instruments.

After my dear mother had once succeeded in eradicating my cruel propensitiés, I could hardly ever gain it over myself to inflict pain on others; and in my university days there were

* Many long years after the time I am writing about here, I casually saw a splendid specimen of plastic surgery, due to the wonderful skill of the most eminent successor of Gräfe and Dieffenbach—Langenbeck. An unhappy Prussian soldier had his nose carried right away, along with the sight of both eyes, by a gunshot at Sadowa, in 1866. Langenbeck could not restore his sight, but he made him a really fine-looking nose out of the frontal muscles. I saw the unhappy man on the day of the triumphant entry of the victorious army into Berlin. They had given him a prominent seat on one of the tribunes erected on the Pariser Platz by the Brandenburg Gate. There he was seated with his young wife. Everything within the power of man had been done by Langenbeck, and by the King, and the Crown Prince, to afford the sufferer some slight consolation that might aid him to bear his irreparable loss. The young man was a good musician, I was told; and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess had, with characteristic delicate kindness, presented him with a splendid piano-organ, that, in the words of Her Royal Highness, debarred from enjoying God's glorious creation through the sense of sight, he might yet find some compensation in treating his sense of hearing to the sweet harmony of sound springing forth under the creative touch of his fingers.

no anæsthetics. In short, *si parva magnis comparare liget*, I was somewhat like unto the great Hunter, who dissected the dead with wondrous skill, yet never dared approach the living body with lancet, bistoury, scalpel, or saw.

I could not even calmly look on to watch and study the *modus operandi* of the great surgeons of my time. I still remember with an involuntary shudder, the agony which I endured on one occasion, when Lisfranc, one of the most eminent French surgeons, was removing a large portion of one side of the face of a poor woman suffering from cancer of the part affected. It was a formidable operation, even for a man like Lisfranc. It lasted seven minutes by the clock, and necessitated the use of saw, chisel and hammer. The poor patient bore the operation with truly heroic calmness; a continuous low moan, and a nervous trembling all over, were the only indications she allowed to escape her of the fearful pain she must have been suffering, whilst I, a mere looker-on, nearly fainted. When a surgeon's assistant in the French army in Algiers, I had to nerve myself even for the performance of minor operations, and I am sadly afraid I was not quite as efficient an assistant at amputations and such-like serious operations as I might have been, had I had but a little more of the "lion" in me. My efficiency in this respect was by no means enhanced by the unconquerable conviction within me that, in some at least of our amputations, the poor fellows might safely have kept their limbs. I remember how awfully I was taken to task by one of my illustrious chiefs for an incautious remark of mine anent the cutting off of the lower extremities, considerably above the knee, of an unhappy sergeant-major who had been severely wounded in the capture of Bugia. The poor fellow bore the fearful operation with indomitable pluck, smoking his pipe all the time, and biting upon a leaden bullet, which was crushed into a shapeless mass by his teeth. He succumbed the day after, and I firmly believed at the time—and I believe so even now—that his limbs as well as his life might have been preserved, had my illustrious chief only been less renowned as a most skilful amputator. In the bitterness of my feeling I let an indignant remark escape me about the wanton cruelty inflicted upon the unhappy man. The *Infirmier Major*, or head of the male hospital attendants,* reported to the

* We had no Sisters then in our hospitals in Algiers. I must candidly confess my after-experience in hospitals in France, under the management of religious sisterhoods, was but rarely of a nature to make me wish for the employment of the latter in preference to male attendants, in military hospitals at least.

great man what I said, and the result was an indignant and most galling rebuke administered to poor me publicly by the angry chief.

Even many, many long years after, when I had got more case-hardened and less nice, and when the beneficent use of anæsthetics had stripped the most formidable surgical operations of considerably more than half their terrors, I felt an involuntary sensation of semi-sickness and faintness creep over me when attending, with my dear friend Edward Draper, some of the late Sir William Fergusson's most wonderful operations at King's College Hospital. There was one operation, more especially, performed by that truly great surgeon, which made me positively shudder and shiver; it was the removal of an enormous ovarian cyst, which happily turned out one of the very, very rare successes achieved up to that time, at least, in that special line of beneficent surgery.

I took my philosophical degree. I might as well have waited a year or two longer, and gone in for the *Utriusque Medicinæ* Doctorate and my *rigorosum*, or State examination, together. But I surely must have been predestined, from the very outset, never in my life to do the right thing at the right time. I was wonderfully vain then to be dubbed Doctor of Philosophy. I lived to see the utter hollowness of the empty degree, which I have seen tacked to the name of many a man that would have been puzzled to pass his examination for admission to the third, or even the fourth form of a second-rate German gymnasium. I may safely aver that the "doctor" has never yet put a meal into my mouth.

I am a curious compound in many ways and respects. Indolence and industry seem to be intermixed in me in about equal proportions. Strange enough to say, perhaps, I seem to take just as kindly to work as to idleness, and there is really a surprising amount of latent working energy in me, which will at times convert me from a listless idler into one of the most enduring hard-workers.

What follows here I have told once before in one of my numerous contributions to "Tinsleys' Magazine," with this difference only, that in my tale in the magazine there is a mist of weird romance wrapped about the weird form of the bare fact as it actually happened to me, and as I will narrate it here.

It was in winter, and it was very cold. I had one of my working fits upon me, and I was determined to get my anatomy practically up to examination point.

I had been hard at it for several days. Now, at that time,

and, indeed, even much later in life, I had a foolish habit of artificially stimulating my physical and mental faculties, whenever exhausted through forced overwork, with large draughts of strong black coffee, which would nearly always seemingly produce the desired effect—naturally at the cost of the healthy action of my brain—which, however, at that time, I unfortunately either had not sense enough to see and comprehend, or rather was perversely determined to disregard.

Our anatomical hall had just had a splendid windfall. A most beautiful young girl had died in our accident ward; she had been stabbed to death, we understood, by her own father, in a fit of frenzy. The murderer had committed suicide after. There were no relatives or friends to claim the body for burial, so the *cadaver* of the poor murdered child was left to us for the benefit of science. I secured for my share—*moyennant finance*, of course—the splendidly shaped right arm, to prepare the nerves—one of the most delicate operations in dissection.

As the body could not be removed to the hall until evening, and I wanted my work done before next morning, I bribed our *Anatomiewärter* (attendant at the dissecting hall) to let me stay all night. It was a most stupid thing to attempt delicate nerve-work by candlelight, but I was foolishly bent upon having my own way. So I got the attendant to bring up four candlesticks, with an ample supply of half-pound tallow moulds of the period, a can of the strongest infusion of coffee, to keep me awake, and a quartern flask of pure cognac, just to take a sip now and then to warm my inside, as the hall was really very cold; also some biscuits to eat with the cognac.

The attendant assisted me to place the body and the arm in the proper position, supporting the limb by strong silken cords attached to nails in the ceiling above the table at which I was working. He then left me, with a request that I would lock the door after me when I had done, and put the key on the hook outside his room door, downstairs.

I was alone—alone with the dead, and the *dissecta membra* of the dead, lying dispersed here and there on the tables and slabs of the spacious hall. They disturbed me very little indeed; I had even then in the course of my brief experience of life, seen so much of death, that neither the cause nor the effect gave me much trouble at the time.

I worked on for hours, only putting down the scalpel for an instant to snuff the candles, or take a draught of coffee, or a small sip of cognac and a bite out of a biscuit.

As I went on, wholly absorbed in my lugubrious task, I felt a curious sensation creeping over me. I suddenly seemed to be-

come aware of the development of a strange dualism within me. Two distinct consciousnesses, if the term is permissible, seemed to hold possession simultaneously of my mind; the one the clear perception of my actual surroundings, as conveyed to the brain through the senses; the other, a kind of hazy, dreamy delusion, which seemed to be desperately striving to confuse this clear perception with imaginary shapes and fantastic sounds.

There seemed to me to be a heavy struggle going on between these two opposing mental actions. As I was watching this struggle within me with intensest curiosity, I must have suspended my labour, and become wholly absorbed in the contemplation of this strange phenomenon; for when I suddenly started from my waking dream, the one consciousness within me found, in somewhat dubious and hazy way, that the candles had burnt down low, and that the long burning wicks gave an uncertain flickering light; whilst the other consciousness, which now seemed to assume more and more real shape and substance, strove to clothe all the dead bodies and fragments of deceased humanity with a horrible life and motion, causing them seemingly to advance threateningly upon me. Still, for a brief time I remained clearly conscious that this latter vision was simply a phantasmagoria—a delusion of my overwrought brain.

But soon this power of distinguishing between the reality and the delusion faded gradually from me. I suddenly fancied I saw the dead close in upon me, every severed limb or part now an entire and complete spectral body. I saw, as in a haze, how the flames of the candles were bending and twisting to reach the silken cords sustaining the arm suspended in the air; but I had seemingly neither the power nor the will to interfere in any way. I heard, as in a dream, how my fellow-students, returning from the Kneipe, annoyed most likely at seeing the light still in the dissecting hall, were shouting loud *pereats* to the desecrator of the dead, as they were pleased to call me. But to the other consciousness within me, which was now with every passing minute gaining greater force and distinctness, these sounds were transferred to the dead, whom I heard fiercely and furiously accuse me of desecrating their remains and keeping them from their rest in the grave. To my intensest horror they were closing nearer and nearer around me. I felt their icy breath upon my fevered brow. I had no power of motion to escape from them. I suffered terribly. It was like a frightful nightmare.

When the dead girl on the anatomical table before me had been brought into our accident ward, I had chanced to be there, and I had shown the dying child some little kindness. Now when the dread conviction was just becoming finally and indelibly stamped

upon my mind that all was over, and that I was doomed to fall a victim to the fury of the dead around me, I wildly imagined, in the unspeakable terror of that moment, to appeal with the energy of despair to the girl, whose body also seemed to have assumed life and motion, to shield and save me who had been kind to her in her own last agony.

Suddenly it seemed to me that she responded to my appeal. I saw her with uplifted arm wave back the horrible shadows. "Hence, away! You shall not touch him," I heard her cry, in the delirium of my senses. "I will shield him with my body!" Here, with the last gleam of my fast departing senses, I felt the uplifted arm drop upon my neck, when I finally lost consciousness, and fell down in a dead swoon.

How long I remained in this lethargy I cannot say, of course, as all was a blank, until I seemed to awake to a kind of confused consciousness, in which I knew by some marvellous innermost impression that the struggle within me between the real and the imaginary was fast drawing to a close. I had a hazy notion, as in a dream, that the door was opened suddenly and noisily, that someone came in and rushed out again, leaving me lying helpless on the ground, with the leaden weight of the corpse upon me, the dead girl's arm upon my neck nearly strangling me. There was an inexpressibly strange phenomenal sense upon me of being lifted out of myself and carried to an immeasurable distance, from which, however, I seemed to see and hear in some hazy way what was taking place around me.

In this strange state of what I think I cannot characterise more clearly than as "distant consciousness," I saw a number of indistinct figures rush in through the open door and crowd around me. I saw and felt, with an indescribable relief, how the corpse was lifted off me. I felt strong arms raising me from the ground. I felt how I was carried out of the hall, and downstairs by several men; how I was placed on a bed. Then my senses left me once more. When I awoke again to consciousness it was broad daylight. I found myself in the attendant's bed. Professor Wolf was anxiously bending over me. "Where am I?" I feebly cried. Then, taking in all at a glance, the full recollection of the terrible nightmare burst upon me. I shuddered; yet so blessed was the relief of my awaking, that I joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God! it was but a horrible dream!" The Professor's face cleared. "Yes," he said in grave accents, "you may thank Providence that you have been permitted to escape with a simple albeit terrible lesson. With your nervous organisation, it is indeed a mercy that the consequences of your rashness have not ended in madness!" I felt the Professor was right, so I held my peace,

glad and grateful indeed that in a few hours I recovered sufficiently to walk to my own place of abode.

I have lived many a long year since then, and I have tested the power of a variety of drugs to steal away or confuse the senses. I have smoked opium, inhaled laughing gas, tried sulphuric ether and chloroform, Château d'Yquem and Champagne (in pretty stiffish doses), even a combination of Markobrunner with Erlanger beer of extra strength—which feat I do not recommend for imitation, mind; nay, I have repeatedly taken hachich—the last time, I remember, in company with my most dear, now departed friend, James Lowe, then editor of the "Critic;" but never again have I experienced anything even most remotely approaching the awful delusions of that terrible night.

I was ailing for weeks, ay, for months, after. My nerves were wofully shaken. Acting upon the advice of Professor Wolf and of the great Councillor, who was pleased to take a warm and benevolent interest in me, I gave up all attempts at mental exertion of any kind. I was always just the sort of chap to do this negative work with a will, though it never would in the long run suit the natural restlessness of my mind. However, as I did not get well quite so fast as I wished, I determined upon travel, my favourite pursuit in life. Every year of the four which I had passed now as a student in Halle, Leipzig, and Berlin, I had devoted a little above four months to footing it through Germany in every direction, paying occasional visits also to the eastern part of France. I had walked to every German university, from Königsberg in the extreme east to Heidelberg in the far west. Even Strasburg, which was still politically and statistically placed in France, I had visited more than once.

A few years later on I took to walking through France in every direction, only rarely availing myself of a lift casually offered to the sunburnt wayfarer by some country gentleman or farmer, and even then rather for company's sake than to get a short rest.

I look upon foot-journeying as the only real travelling enjoyment man may have in life. The old stage-coaches, and the so-called French *diligences* and *messengeries*, as well as the postal conveyances, so much admired in days of yore for their rapidity and comfort, come next to it, though a long way after, in my estimation. The present mode of travelling by rail and steamer, though almost universally called travelling, is, in my humble opinion, not travelling at all, in the proper sense of

the term, but simply more or less rapid motion from place to place.

O ye gods! how I enjoyed my peregrinations over the face of the earth in the olden days! Talk of the wretched fate of the Wandering Jew! Wretched, indeed! Why, what pleasure can there be greater in this wonderfully jejune world of ours than to go anywhere you like and have to stay nowhere longer than you like? Long years after, I stumbled, in the course of my desultory reading, upon Geibel's "Wanderlied." Were I a poet, as Geibel is, I could feelingly have composed the concluding stanza:

O Wandern, O Wandern, du freie Burschenlust!
Da wehet Götter Odem so frisch in die Brust:
Da singet und jauchzet das Herz zum Himmelszelt;
Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite Welt!

When I came to Berlin to study, my guardian was at Copenhagen, on a mission to the Danish Court. From there he went to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, taking Madame and my half-sisters along with him. Had the family been resident at the time in Berlin, I would certainly not have gone there, but would have chosen Göttingen or Bonn instead.

I now was informed that the Councillor was coming back to the Prussian capital, where he was likely to stay for some years. This information decided me to go to Strasburg, Montpellier, and Paris, to study the noble healing art at those famous seats of learning. So I applied to my guardian for the necessary funds, which he at once supplied liberally, remarking at the time, with an ugly sneer, that I had arrived now at years of discretion, and must certainly be the most competent judge of what was best for me. He was happy to say, he added, that in another year I would come of age, when all his concern in my affairs would be at an end. He would only advise me to study hard, that I might have something to fall back upon in case of need. However, his sneers and the ill-feeling he obviously bore me troubled me but little.

Before proceeding to France, I resolved to take a run through Brandenburg, Saxony, Hanover, and Rhineland-Westphalia. I reached Aix-la-Chapelle in due course of time, in June, and took up my quarters at the Roman Emperor Hotel, in Ursuline Street.

In those days, and, indeed, for many years after, the burial city of Charlemagne had the privilege granted it of keeping a gambling hell—for the benefit of its poor.

Tous les goûts sont dans la nature—which I would translate,

rather freely perhaps, "The germ of every vice is implanted in man." I who, Heaven knows, have in me, as it is, already an amply sufficient assortment of the article, might also have developed in time into a very pretty specimen of a gambler, had it not been for a most salutary deterrent lesson, administered to me in the very nick of time.

As I was strolling about the ancient city on the morning after my arrival, I passed, or rather paused, before the place where the municipal fathers had spread their net, for the benefit of the poor.

I had at the time some £200 in gold in my pocket, so I could not look upon myself as quite poor; and I ought therefore to have seen that said net was not spread for my benefit exactly, rather the other way.

Well, I had never yet tried my hand at a real game of chance. I had always manfully confined my playing to billiards, whist, and solo, and always for very low stakes; as I had, thank God! sufficient brain and heart to know and feel that most of those against whom I pitted myself in these games could not afford to lose.

Moved now by my unconquerable wish to try and test all things, I boldly walked into the place, to try my luck in a small way at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. Strange to relate, perhaps, I won. I won stake after stake. I played high, as high as the bank allowed. I won largely. I went to the *roulette* table, and there also I added considerably to my winnings. When the time arrived for closing the hall—or hell, whichever way you like to take it—I left the place with carriage erect, step elastic, and mien elate, and some nine hundred louis d'or clear winnings in my preternaturally extended pockets. Altogether, I had thus close upon a thousand pounds available in my possession.

I always was a wise child—in intention, as I have shown in my life over and over again, and as I brilliantly demonstrated on this occasion also. Of course I was not going to try fickle fortune again; I was determined to stick to my winnings. But, having read in my Byron that there were in gambling two pleasures for one's choosing—the one being winning, to wit; the other, losing;—and as I had now enjoyed the pleasure of winning, I thought I might as well have a try for the other pleasure—on a small scale, of course. Should fortune choose to balk me in my wish, there would certainly be no harm done, as I should be only the richer for it.

So I left my money in the hotel, carefully locked up in the cabinet in my room, and proceeded with only twenty louis in my pocket to the hall, open now for the afternoon session. I dropped

my twenty louis very fast, and might have been satisfied now with my twofold experience.

But it so happened that when the last louis had been raked in I mentally staked twenty louis upon the next deal, which I won, and forty louis upon the deal after, which I won also; then twenty louis again upon the third deal, winning again, and so on seven times running. Of course, as the bank did not hold against mental stakes, my marvellous luck brought me nothing; but it was an unmistakable proof to me that, had I but not left my money at home, like an idiot, I must have won largely again. So I went back to the hotel—Need I go on?—Before the clock had struck eleven that night, when the cursed hell closed, I had lost every louis of my morning's winnings, together with every louis in my pocket, and my watch and chain, rings and studs, and sleeve links to boot.

You see I was wondrously fond of jewellery in those days, taking in this after my poor father, who would occasionally look like a perambulating jeweller's show window. In after years I got rid of this propensity also, owing, in a great measure, to the sensible example set me by a friend of mine, a London stock-broker, a member of the Exchange, who made it a point to dress rather shabbily, and to eschew the least display of jewellery. His watch he carried in his waistcoat pocket, without chain; and I hardly ever saw him take it out in company. He told me frankly that a man in his position, who had of necessity to gamble a good deal, might often come to be hard pressed for money, and that if he had a fair store of jewellery about him, he might have to raise money upon it; and in that case everybody would, of course, remark the absence of chain, rings, diamond studs, etc., and draw therefrom conclusions damaging to the party's credit. "You see, my friend," he said to me, "as I am known to be pretty well-to-do, my shabbiness is taken for eccentricity. So when a bad speculation cripples me, as will now and then happen to members of the Stock Exchange, my credit remains unimpaired, and I have a chance of recovery." Dear old boy! the railway panic broke him; and though he manfully stuck to his colours to the last, he had, in the end, to waddle off, a lame duck.

He once surprised and amused me much by a most daring financial *tour de force*. It was at the time when the Government were asking for tenders for the eight million pounds sterling Irish Famine Relief Loan. I met him accidentally in the City. He was in a very excited state of mind; he asked me to lend him a shilling. Unfortunately, I had come out without my purse, as the saying is, to speak with Mrs. Brown. I offered, however, to run to the translation office, where I was working at the time,

and get him the money. "No time, my boy, to wait for that," cried he; "so here goes—come along." And he coolly walked into the nearest pawnbroker's and took off his waistcoat. He raised a shilling on it; bought paper, envelope, and stamp for a letter, and went into a coffee-shop, where he sat down—and offered the Government to lend them eight million pounds sterling on a very low tender. "I have calculated the matter to a nicety. I think," said he, "that most likely there will be a full per cent. premium in a few days, and I easily can get Rothschild to take the burden off my shoulders, and allow me a quarter per cent., which will be a nice little sum of twenty thousand pounds in my pocket. You see, my boy, there is a deal of chance in financial operations; but there is calculation too, and I think you may trust me for calculating power."

Well, my poor friend's tender was only one-sixteenth per cent. above Rothschild's—so the latter got the loan. Had he just tendered one-eighth per cent. lower, he would have had the loan, which some three days after stood not merely one, but one and a-half per cent. premium in the market.

But as matters had turned out against him, he had to waddle—poor fellow! He tried his hand at many things after. Life is a game of chance and chances; and the dice fell always against him, somehow. He is now at rest—*sit terra levis*.

I had to borrow money of the hotel-keeper to go to Frankfort for a fresh supply of funds from my guardian, who happened to be there still. He gave me, without demur, what I asked, contenting himself with telling me grimly that I was going fast, faster even than he had thought I would go. However, that was my look-out, not his.

It was a costly lesson rather; but it was a very effective one; it proved a caution for life to me. I have never gambled since, although I have been in no end of hells—occasionally even with fifty or sixty pounds in my pocket. Twice in my after-life I have been to the *trente-à-quarante* and *roulette* tables, with a personal interest in the game, but with no stake of mine in it.

"I write what's uppermost, without delay," is the initiatory motto of these reminiscences, which I have said at the outset are simply loose leaves from a long life's ledger, culled here and there, almost at random, and without strict regard to chronological order. Chronology is no doubt a very material part of history; still it does not of itself constitute the science, which may even stand independent of it, in a great measure at least.

career as they occurred, I never took notes of them. Having never kept a diary, then, I cannot well be expected to write these reminiscences diary-fashion, and must even crave permission to insert here a few episodes of later years, which happen to bear more or less upon the subject of gambling and speculating.

I know not whether many of my readers remember poor Gale, the *aéronaut*, who met his death some thirty years ago in a balloon ascent at Bordeaux, and whose body was half eaten by wild dogs in a neighbouring forest.

I knew the lieutenant very well indeed, and about a year or so before his last fatal trip, I had devised a magnificent scheme for our joint benefit, as well as for that of a dear young friend of mine who has since then achieved greatness and renown, and ranks now a star of the first magnitude in the literary sky of England. I will not name him here, as I do not know whether he might not object to it. Why, even members of Parliament, who are, as a rule, rather given to court notoriety than otherwise, sometimes do not like to be named. The matter stood this wise: Gale's balloon was in pawn; a Semite gentleman had lent money on it upon rather onerous conditions. The bailee, or pawnee, of the *aërial* article was a veritable Shylock, it would appear, who, by way of securing the receipt of his interest for the money lent, would often make arrangements profitable to his own pocket for balloon ascents, and would then send the unhappy pawner up under the most perilous circumstances for a "dirty brace of quids," as poor Gale used to call the paltry wage, in the bitterness of his heart.

Now, it occurred to me, what a fine thing it would be to pay the Jew off, and then the three of us to travel all over Europe with the balloon, and in the balloon—at all events, under the balloon.

To secure the requisite sensation at starting, we were to fly first right across the Channel, from Dover to Calais. We were quite aware, of course, Pilâtre de Rozier had attempted to cross from Calais to Dover, and had come to grief. But, in the first place, this had happened as long ago as 1785, in which very year, moreover, Blanchard and Jefferys had made a successful trip to Calais; and had not Green's great Nassau done the trick since? Besides, Rozier had attempted to cross in a *Mongolfière*, and was not our *aërial* vessel a *Charlière*, after the fashion of Green's balloon?

The only trifling difficulty in the way was how to pay the Jew off; and this difficulty was fully provided against in our programme.

We were to travel all over England, etc., in the usual way,

delivering in every city, town, and borough of the United Kingdom lectures on Aerostatics, illustrated by diagrams, and rendered attractive by the exhibition of toy-balloons with toy-cars attached to them—cars with gray and white mice in them and miniature kittens—to be sent right across lecture-halls from one end to the other, with a Chinese lantern underneath, to throw a light upon the subject. Why, the deuce must be in it, indeed, if we could not realise money sufficient to redeem our balloon, and start on our great expedition.

“Gentlemen of the Jury,” says the learned Serjeant Buzfuz, in the ever memorable case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*—“Gentlemen of the Jury, the late Mr. Bardell had been a single man, so to single men Mrs. Bardell appealed.” Gale was a mariner; he had been a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. To mariners, then, he resolved to make his first appeal for generous support. “I know Hull,” he said to me, “and I believe in Hull—so we will go to Hull first.”

And to Hull we would have gone, the three of us, but that funds were rather low, and a translation was offered to me which promised to add a matter of eight or ten pounds to the common stock. You see, we were rearing a magnificent oak—of the future; but the acorn of the present was disappearingly small.

So Dædalus went, attended by Icarus alone, and Mentor was left behind. To guard against hostile criticism, I beg to state here that I am perfectly aware Dædalus knew nothing of ballooning or of flying through the air; the wings which he is fabled to have made being simply the sails invented by him, which materially aided his escape from pursuing Minos; and that there is really no warrant, classic or other, for attempting to connect Mentor with Icarus.

Having by dint of hard, very hard, labour succeeded in completing my task, I was on the point of starting to rejoin my partners at Hull, when I had a thunderbolt hurled at me in the shape of a letter from Icarus, which imparted to me the sad news that Dædalus and he were then actually detained at an hotel in Hull, for sundry moneys owing and due by them to divers Hullites.

Which had come to pass in this wise:

Full of pluck and hope, and unrestrained by the wise man they had been compelled to leave behind in the metropolis, they had rushed madly into a speculation, without having first duly examined the ground.

They had taken a spacious lecture-hall, and given orders for the gas to be lighted therein. They had expected a rush to the

them, for the all-sufficient reason that they had no cash for it, and no credit could be got in Hull for this most indispensable article.

An enterprising Orangeman (no political allusion intended) had contracted with the junior partner for the exclusive privilege of supplying the public with refreshment. Sixpence was the general price for admission; reserved seats, one shilling. The Orangeman had paid down seven shillings and sixpence for his most valuable privilege, which the two partners had joyfully spent in refreshments, to invigorate frame and mind for the performance of the arduous task before them.

Well, the evening came. The aeronautic chief prepared his diagrams and toy balloons, gray and white mice and all; and rehearsed the little introductory speech I had written down for him before he left London. The junior took his seat in a little box at the entrance-door to the hall to receive the admission money. Alas! Admission money! There was no luck about *that* particular house; there was no luck at all!

There was one boy, a small boy, who, evidently having no clearly defined notion of the value of money, actually came in with his sixpence—a real sixpence; and one old sailor, who declared he was determined to give the lieutenant a lift, came in *gratis*, free, for nothing.

But nobody else came except the Orangeman, who waxed very wroth, assailing the unhappy junior, shut up in his money-taker's (!) box, helpless and hopeless. The objurgations of this party were fearful to hear. "D——n and blast you, you swindlin' villain! What do you mean by it? Give me back my seven-and-sixpence. Hairy horse station ye call it, do you? D——n ye and yer hares and yer horses! You wants to give yersel' hairs, do you? It is in the perlice-station ye ought to be. Give me back my seven-and-sixpence. Hand 'em over, afore I spifflicate ye." It was in vain that the unhappy young man in the box generously offered to cede the entire proceeds of the night's takings to the irate, disappointed refreshment speculator. He kept vociferating for his seven-and-sixpence, until the gas was turned off, and the chief, who was rather strong in the arm and short of temper, came resolutely to the rescue of his unlucky young friend. Well, there was the hire of the hall, the gas, and the hotel bill. All I could do was to take my partners out of pawn and bring them back to London. So the beginning of this gloriously promising venture was also the premature end of it.

This was in 1849, if my memory does not mislead me. Some time after, poor Gale went to Bordeaux with his Shylock, where he fatally met his death in an ascent. There is reason to believe

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that the unhappy man had nerved himself for this venture—it was on a most unpropitious day—by an extra tumbler of grog. He took his flight, however, in the orthodox fashion, and was coming down all right in a field near Bordeaux, where a number of peasants were congregated. These laid hold of the rope, most likely in a clumsy way, and Gale, rising in the car, excitedly vociferated to them in his own choicest vernacular. Poor fellow! he was absolutely innocent of French. They must have mistaken his wild gesticulations, for they suddenly let go the rope, and the balloon went up again like a shot. Some days after they found his mangled remains, half-eaten by wild dogs, in a forest near Bordeaux. How he came by his death has never been ascertained. Perhaps he had inhaled some of the inflating gas, which had stupefied him, making him thus lose all control over the guidance of his air-ship.

I had one other opportunity offered me to achieve aërial fame. It was close to the end of August, 1871. The subjoined extract from a letter of mine to the *Aberdeen Free Press*, a paper which I had the honour of specially representing abroad at the time, will show how the affair came off, or rather did not come off in so far as I was therein concerned:

“Elberfeld, August 28th, 1871.

“One of the great men of the age is in our midst at present, and a Briton to boot—a man, it is true, of most flighty disposition, yet of stable mind, and tenacious firmness of purpose, from which neither the cries of an excited, impatient multitude, nor the fierce blast of tempest-bearing winds, nor even the red lightning-darting hand of Jupiter Tonans can move him; a man who looks down calm and impassive from vertiginous altitudes upon us miserable *adscriptos glebæ*, and who, in the event of an eternal crash and smash cataclysm of our globe, might wing his way aloft to carry the tale to other spheres; in short, the Bismarck of the Empyrean—COXWELL, the intrepid aeronaut.

“I had not seen the king of the air since his famous ascension with Mr. Glaisher on the 5th September, 1862, when these bold explorers reached the stupendous height of some 30,000 feet, exceeding by one clear third the highest altitude ever reached by Gay-Lussac, Barall and Bixio, John Welsh and others. Here he made his first ascension from the Johannisberg on Wednesday last, with his large balloon ‘Express,’ which measures about 40,000 cubic feet in extent. The ‘Express’ has seen much hard service, and bears numerous honourable scars, gained in bold warfare with the elements.

obstacles to an 'easy descent.' It was Mr. Coxwell's avowed and loudly-proclaimed intention to 'go up' on Wednesday attended by six companions, including his own English assistant and the fat proprietor of the *Johannisberg*. Advances had been made to me to induce me to join in the aerial expedition, but knowing only too well that I am what the Germans call a *Pechvogel*, or 'unlucky bird,' I prudently declined to venture upon flying through the air. What security had I that my chance companions might not, in case of threatening accidents, have looked upon me as the Jonah of the expedition, and treated me like a bag of ballast? The operation of filling did not seem to make very satisfactory progress on Wednesday afternoon, and it became clearly apparent, towards half-past five o'clock, that there remained yet a considerable void in the monstrous ball, which the hour still left—the excursion had been announced for half-past six—could not possibly suffice to fill up. The weather had been rainy and stormy all day, which might be supposed to interfere with the filling, and it was also intimated that the gas company had not put on sufficient pressure. Coxwell, who evidently did not like the look of things, resolved at the time upon a fresh inspection of his ship; looking in from below, through the open valve, he discovered to his intense dismay that the 'Express' had sprung a leak—a neat little rent in the top sheet, through which the gas streamed out again almost as fast as it was coming in. Coxwell quickly determined upon his line of conduct. The public must not be disappointed, his intending companions might be; so he craftily and cunningly took his stand in the car with perfect calmness, and told his people to slack the rope for a trial of the ascensional force of the balloon. Mr. Küpper, the proprietor of the *Johannisberg*, stood by on the ground with a huge basket of eatables and champagne, and lots of overcoats and shawls by his side; and most of the other 'parties' were also gathered there, ready for the start. Coxwell, who stood in the car lightly clad, with a thin cap on his head, seemingly intent only on the trial flight to the rope's end, blandly intimated to those who held the rope to let it go once more; then suddenly, before anybody could guess his intention, threw out two sandbags, released the rope from the clump, and floated away into space. There was at first great disappointment felt by the public assembled in thousands to witness the sight of the departure of the car properly filled with its human cargo; but it became soon clearly apparent to the meanest capacity that it would have been impossible to take up a greater load than that of the skipper himself alone, for the balloon rose at first very slowly indeed, remaining soon stationary, with a seeming tendency to drop. The navigator promptly threw out the

single bag of sand he had taken with him as ballast, letting down at the same time the anchor, thus prudently providing for the chance of a premature descent. A few minutes after he was lost in a cloud. In about an hour's time he safely effected his descent near Beyenburg, at about three hours' distance from here. At eleven o'clock on the same night he returned to the Johannisberg, where he explained the cause of his abrupt departure, and showed that had he not gone off there and then, as he had done, there would have been an inevitable disappointment of the public. Rather a plucky thing to do, to go off in a balloon with a rent in it."

It was in 1850. One of the most truly patriotic and most thoroughly British Ministers whom Britain ever could boast of, the glorious predecessor of our own glorious Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, had just been snatched away by an envious fate, at the very time when the gross blunders of the incapable set that had been permitted to supplant him—permitted so through the shallowest tricks of political huckstering—had well-nigh completed preparing his triumphant return to power. My dear young friend started a new half-crown monthly magazine, under the distinguished editorship of another much valued old friend of mine, the late (*ehou!*) Thomas Littleton Holt—Sir Thomas L. H., Bart., some of his friends would have it. I know he never claimed the title, but I believe he was fully entitled to claim it. To the first number of this new magazine, to which the proprietor himself contributed one of the most charming little gems of a story, and which, in my opinion at least, was full of really good material, I contributed a brilliant diatribe upon the true proximate cause of the great departed statesman's so bitterly lamented death,* in which I am afraid I came down rather heavily upon poor Sir James Clark, who had some years before literally essayed to tread on my toes. The paper was signed "A Country Surgeon." I know not how it was, but this venture also came to a premature end. The first number was also the last number of the magazine, to which Thomas Littleton had given the name and style of "The Conservative Magazine." What would you have? The Conservative party seemed at that time struck with fatal blindness to its own truest and best interests. It stupidly repudiated the brilliant new organ, which one of the older self-asserted weekly, and truly weakly, mouthpieces of effete Toryism ventured to brand as a "libel upon the party whose name it assumed."

* It was in the same year, 1850; I intimately knew a gentleman of the name of Townsend (or Townshend—I really cannot exactly remember now) the son of a deceased captain in the British navy

He was a most promising acquaintance, having discovered an infallible martingale, marvellously simple and easy withal—a true Columbus's egg. After the salutary lesson which I had received in days of yore I was wonderfully distrustful of winning systems, infallible or otherwise; but my friend Townsend demonstrated the infallibility of his martingale so many evenings running, playing for imaginary stakes of course, that even the most sceptical could hardly help being convinced. The system had this promising peculiarity about it, that you could only rely upon winning a moderate sum by it every day, as you played only for small stakes, and at once gave up playing upon the occurrence of the very first hitch. You might make ten or twelve pounds a day; the only condition of continued success was, not to try beyond; which means simply to avoid the perilous snare of success, a condition rather difficult of fulfilment to an ingrained gamester.

My young friend—I must continue to speak of him by this designation—had at the time a small capital in his possession. He saw Townsend at work clearing no end of imaginary stakes. He thought there could be no harm in having a trial at real play. An arrangement was come to between Townsend and him, and I was invited to undertake the somewhat onerous duty, as I soon found out, of watching the active partner winning, and keeping him from falling a victim to the snare of success; in other words, making him leave off play when winning.

Well, we went to the very scene of my former disaster—to Aix-la-Chapelle.

For two days all went on and off most swimmingly. We realised our hotel bill and something like clear eight pounds a day besides, and I really began to think we had truly found a kind of philosopher's stone.

On the third day—*nefastus dies, cheu!*—Townsend, who had been winning already more than twice the sum to which he was strictly limited by his own sacred promise, must take it into his confounded noddle to fancy himself in a vein of luck; so he kept on playing and winning, despite all my mute appeals to him to stop and come away. Well, after having kept on winning for a time, and having bagged a hundred or a hundred and twenty pounds, his luck took the usual turn the other way, and in about twenty minutes he had to rise cleared out. Fortunately the stock entrusted to him was only ten pounds. Had he had a thousand or ten thousand pounds in his pocket at the time I am sure he would have lost every penny of it, as he was playing wildly and without the least system. He pleaded hard for another chance, but I resolutely set my back against it. Then he

turned upon me fiercely, imputing his mischance to the disturbing influence of my demoniacal face glaring upon him from the opposite side of the table. It was this, and this alone, that had confused his mind and spoiled his play. We were sleeping in the same room. In the middle of the night the unhappy man manifested an ugly intention to cut my throat. He didn't though, being apprehensive, most likely, lest I should object to the proceeding.

Next morning we sent him back to London, whilst we proceeded to Paris.

So this third venture also came to nought. The gloriously promising beginning was also the premature sad end of it.

In autumn, 1875, I was living at Strasburg, one of the very few green spots in the sandy desert of my wandering life. Here I had made the acquaintance of a distinguished geologist, a Dr. H., who, finding that I possessed some trifling knowledge of the science, kindly invited me to accompany him on a geological excursion to Sitten or Sion, in Switzerland, where he purposed to buy largely of a minister in a mountain village near Sion, who was said to possess one of the richest and rarest collections of Alpine specimens. He was amply provided with funds. I consented to go with him. We started from Strasburg towards the end of September. We had most delightful weather, more like the beginning of summer than of autumn. We passed rapidly through Basle, Berne, and Lausanne, and might easily have reached our business destination by the 28th of the month, had there not been, unhappily, a temptation, most alluring to my companion, placed right across our road, near the very goal to which we were bound.

Saxon-les-Bains is the last station on the line to Sion. It is a small, rather primitive Swiss village in the valley of the Rhone. It lies at the foot of the Pierre-à-Voir, one of the finest cones in the Bernese Alps. It is surrounded by high mountains. The scenery is charming, and the air most pure and invigorating. The waters, which largely contribute to make it a health-resort, are strongly impregnated with iodine, and are considered most salutary in glandular and kindred affections. This my excellent travelling companion told me with much insistence, as he wished me to stay with him in Saxon for a few days. It was in vain that I told him I did not like iodine water, the less when I found it, like the Saxon *fons salutis*, rather largely impregnated with bromide of sodium. I told him I would as lief drink sea-water. I also pleaded that I had no glandular or kindred ailment about me;

but he insisted that the salubrious air of the place and the mountains around would do me great good.

However, I soon discovered that it was not the *fons salutis*, nor the pure mountain air, but a very different attraction, which held him spell-bound to the place. The gaming tables, expelled from Baden-Baden, had found a temporary refuge in this most primitive, and, I have no doubt, before their advent and after their involuntary departure a few years after, highly moral Swiss village. Yes, there they were, hotel, casino, one *trente-à-quarante* and three *roulette* tables, croupiers and all, under the general management of a limited company.

I remonstrated with my friend most warmly, telling him my own experience, and urging him earnestly to persevere in our original intention. I might as well have preached to the rocks that were frowning down upon us. In the end I had to give way, and I had to stand by and see my friend, for whom I entertained the sincerest affection and the highest esteem in all respects except this one fatal foible, pass through the ever-changing chances and emotions of the gaming-table.

Dr. H. was by no means an ingrained gamester, and, happily, he never completely lost control over himself. But he was determined to "woo fortune," as he called it, and he generously promised me the clear half of his winnings; besides defraying the cost of our journey and our stay in this Armida's garden. I told him I thought my watch-pocket would afford ample space to hold all his winnings, even though they were changed into copper tokens. He laughed, but he persisted.

There were at that time three monster bells left in Europe—Monaco, to wit, Bagnères, and this blessed Swiss village.

The tables were kept in full swing from noon till eleven at night, the whole four of them almost incessantly (except during the dinner hours, from five till seven) surrounded by double and treble lines of people seemingly possessed by a frantic desire to be parted from their money. They belonged to all nationalities; the female element strongly predominated, and among the ladies there were many old stagers, gamesters by profession. The French *demi-monde* was largely represented, so was also what may be delicately termed the "quarter-world,"—ladies who would not scruple to ask you to give or lend them a few coins to try their luck once more, after having played and lost their last available stakes, and who would not blush to waylay you even outside the Casino, where they evidently thought they had the better and freer chance to work upon your good nature. One day Dr. H. would insist upon forcing me to try my luck, even

with a five-franc piece, which he handed me for the express purpose. I told him I was firmly resolved not to fall into the clutches of that particular Satan again. So, to his annoyance, I generously gave the five francs to one of these poor suppliants. I went to Sion, to see whether there were letters for us at the post-office there, for Dr. H. had delicately abstained from letting his young wife, then in an interesting condition, know that we had stopped at Saxon—to gamble. On my return at night, I learned that my gift had borne rich fruit, the young lady having cleared 2,000 frs. at *trente-à-quarante*, which gave me sincere pleasure; but what gave me greater pleasure still, was that she had gone clean off with her winnings. Well, if my gift was the means of snatching that unhappy young brand from the gambling Tophet, I think I may lay claim to at least one meritorious deed in my life.

Dr. H., however, did not look upon it in that light. He upbraided me rather severely for having “thrown away my luck,” as he termed it. Gamesters are wonderfully superstitious, you see. I replied to his fierce animadversion upon the “glaring folly” of my conduct, simply that winning was the very thing I was afraid of. It was by that end, I told him, the devil generally laid hold of a man.

It was a sad sight to me to see highly respectable matrons and innocent young brides on their wedding trip (as I did see them there) seated or standing cheek-by-jowl with *cocottes*. I used to watch with some interest a young Polish Countess—I always had a sneaking liking for Poles—very pretty, and remarkably vivacious, gambling away her husband’s money with the most daring equanimity of temper, playing high stakes, even to the maximum, at *trente-à-quarante*; whilst her husband—good, easy man—was playing, not without success, a steady douzaine game at the *roulette* table. The maximum at Saxon, when I was there, was 3,000 frs.=£120, at *roulette*, the minimum two francs; whilst at *trente-à-quarante* the highest stake which the bank would hold was £160, the lowest four shillings. Still, even at these comparatively moderate rates, large sums of money would keep wandering, as a rule, from the pockets of the player into the insatiate maw of the bank, kept at the time, as I have already mentioned, by a limited company, to which, in my private opinion, a Bonazet or Blanc would have been vastly preferable.

An individual, no matter what his character, position, or line of business, must always be somehow guided and restricted in his actions by certain considerations; whereas a corporation, having proverbially no body to be kicked nor a soul to be saved, is quite free to perpetrate any moral, or rather immoral, villany.

Thus, for instance, the old hell-keepers used to present their insane victims, when cleaned out, with a small percentage of the sums which the bank had swallowed, that they might at least be enabled to betake themselves decently to their homes. Fame used to relate how the prince of the fraternity, the late M. Blanc, whose daughters are princesses now, was wont to go so far in his delicacy of feeling in this respect, that certain confidential servants of his had general instructions to search the woods around the Casinos over which their employer held sway for possible suicides, and eventually to put twenty pounds or so in the pockets of the dead, so that it might appear that despair over gambling losses had not been the determining motive of the rash deed.

But our Casino corporation at Saxon-les-Bains—which, thank Heaven, was kicked out some years ago from its Swiss asylum and last refuge—would have thought it rank madness to indulge in anything like such delicate generosity to the living or the dead. When an unhappy punter or puntress, as the case might be, had dropped his or her all into the voracious jaw of these vile cormorants, the Administration would present the unlucky individual, upon application in due form, with a *bon* from the railway office, entitling the bearer to a third-class ticket—value about eight shillings—to Berne, Geneva, etc., and to the munificent sum of sixteen shillings in addition, receivable at the place of destination. Well, I was told that victims thus charitably sent home by the Administration had been known but too often to come back with fresh supplies, in the which case they were, after repayment of the twenty-four shillings granted, readmitted freely to the privileges of the Casino—notably, of course, to the high privilege of dropping their money once more. In the event, however, of a victim being cleaned out again, the Administration would sternly refuse to repeat the munificent loan of twenty-four shillings—the so-called *retraite*. A case of this kind occurred at the very time when I was at Saxon. A young student of the Strasburg University, a North German, the only son of a widowed mother, had been in Saxon in the preceding month (August) for the benefit of his health. He had not been able to resist the allurements of the tables, and he had, to his great misfortune, been so “fortunate” as to clear some four hundred pounds on the first day of his initiation into the mysteries of *roulette* and *trente-à-quarante*. The demon of play had thus at once secured a firm hold on him. Before eight days were gone he had lost every farthing of his available cash, and deposited every article of value in his possession in the hands of the porter of the *Hôtel des Bains*, a most accommodating fellow, who would lend you

cash upon every description of valuable property. I suspected this grinning hyena with his shark's teeth to be one of the directors of the Administration. In fact, everybody about the Hotel, as well as in the Casino, seemed to belong to the Corporation.

The ruined young gamester, cleared out to his last coin, had to leave his trunk in pledge for two days' hotel expenses, and apply for the *retraite*, to get back to Strasburg.

Here, it would appear, he borrowed money to go home to his mother, who was dotingly fond of him. He had brought with him to Strasburg a small but select library, which his father had left him. He made the poor lady believe that a judicious outlay of a few hundred pounds upon new purchases to complete sets, would more than treble the actual saleable value of the collection, and that he would find it easy then to dispose of it at its enhanced value. So it was stated, at least, afterwards by the unhappy mother, who, trusting implicitly in her darling boy's assurances, sold out part of her small capital in the Prussian funds.

The result was that when we were at Saxon, in the beginning of October, the lad made his appearance there once more, with some three hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, besides his jewellery, etc., redeemed.

I knew him slightly, poor fellow—I used to meet him at dinner in the Café de l'Espérance, on the Schifflentstaden, in Strasburg. When I saw him insanelly bent upon ruining himself at *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir*, I took the privilege of age to remonstrate with him upon the folly of his conduct. Dr. H. also, who had a large store of sound sense at the disposal of his friends—so large, indeed, that he seemed to have kept an insufficiency of it for his own private use—did his best to give the greater force to my lecture. But it was all in vain. Every penny the young fellow had went to the d—; beg pardon, the bank. Ashamed evidently to look us in the face, he applied once more for the *retraite* to take him back to Strasburg, but only to be sternly denied on principle; yes, even so, on *principle*! The Administration could not, and would not, encourage relapses. To what strange uses the word “principle” may be turned, to be sure. It is almost as useful a claptrap as the word “religion.”

Dr. H. gave the poor fellow the means to return to Strasburg. He vowed by every saint in Heaven that he would never—no, never!—gamble again. I felt almost inclined to trust that the double lesson he had received had cured him of his folly. On our return to Strasburg, about eight days after, I heard casually that his library was for sale. In March following, when I was back in London, I read in a friend's letter to me from Strasburg,

that the wretched youth had blown his brains out. "There, but for the grace of God, goeth Thomas Morus," said one of England's wisest and best men, when he saw an unhappy culprit led to execution. The saying recurred to my mind as I dropped a tear over the memory of the suicide.

To return to Saxon. We stayed there a few days longer. I have already stated that Dr. H. was not by any means an ingrained gamester. He *could* pull up in case of need, though he was obstinate, and had a notion that perseverance would make Fortune change her frowns to smiles. So when he had dropped something like two hundred and fifty pounds over the experiment—Gracious! what a lot of stones might have been bought for the money!—he turned rusty, and would have no more to say to Fortune.

To my intensest relief he paid our hotel bill, and we left for Sion, just too late to do any good; for next morning, when we were on our way at last to the mountain village we were bound for, a fierce snowstorm drove us back, and we had to return to Strasburg *re infectâ*.

Dr. H. also had a system, an infallible system to win, based upon the most patient and careful study of the doctrine of chances. Some fifteen years at least, before this Saxon episode, I chanced to have a discussion with Thomas Littleton Holt, whose name has been mentioned before, and whom most of my readers will affectionately remember, with his truly lordly presence, his splendid head, his magnificent flowing beard, his solid attainments, and his wonderful kindness of heart—a true Prince of Bohemia, such as Henry Mürger would have delighted to shake by the hand and as Balzac would have loved to draw.

In his exuberant humour Holt would often indulge in sly tricks at my expense. He would pretend to consult me upon some knotty question, placing posers before poor innocent me, which I would gravely set to work to solve in a satisfactory way; when he would coolly tell me, his fat sides shaking with laughter, that I was altogether wrong, and prove it, too.

On the occasion here in question, he asked me what were the chances at *trente-et-quarante*, if red had turned up seventeen times running, against the same colour turning up the eighteenth time; and supposing there happened to be an old ailing man of eighty and a new-born healthy infant in the same room, what were the chances that the latter would outlive the former, or *vice versa*?

I was setting out mentally upon most intricate calculations of chances, when he stopped me, telling me with a smile of

superiority, that the chances, however infinitely great or small they might appear to be on either side when embracing an extensive series of events, were exactly the same in any two individual cases pitted against one another. There was, he said, in the cases in point, just the same chance for red as for black, for the old man as for the infant. Of course, calculating the chances upon a thousand deals and upon a thousand cases of old men and newborn infants, the matter was vastly different.

A very little reflection showed me that Holt was quite correct in this view of the case. I have often since thought that this curious equality of chances, which must be admitted to exist in every and any individual case—where, for illustration, red is pitted against black as it were—must necessarily materially affect the infallibility of the most infallible system of computing chances at the gaming-table.

This was one of my dissuasive arguments with Dr. H. He would not see it, however, at the time when he was bent upon trying his system: He seemed to see it afterwards though, when weighted with the loss of £250 good money.

Having travelled thus far out of the beaten track of chronological order, I would have liked to have added here a few characteristic touches, to give a slight sketch of Thomas Littleton Holt. But I fear this might be thought an unconscionable digression; I will therefore postpone this part of my reminiscences to a later period.

Ho! Westward Ho! I took my first walk to Paris. The recollection of that first great walk through part of France stands pleasingly out from even the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. What a blessed land is France! and what a fine, lovable people the French are after all, despite their Grandomania and other foibles!

It was an exciting time just then in France. The land was passing, in some parts semi-unconsciously yet, through the first throes of the great revolutionary heave that was so soon to cast out, *for evermore*, the impossible element of the elder branch of the Bourbons—that monstrous anachronism in the politico-social fabric of the nineteenth century. The famous two hundred and twenty-one had been triumphantly returned again, and Polignac and his foolish master were cudgelling their poor brains to devise means to meet and repel the imminent onslaught of the opposition in the newly-elected Chamber upon their cherished mediæval system of government.

I reached the French capital on the 24th of July, in the afternoon. I took a stroll through the Palais Royal. Here, as

good luck would have it, I came upon Godefroi Cavaignac, whose acquaintance I had made by the merest chance the year before, when we were both on a flying visit to Strasburg. We had taken up our quarters at the same hotel, the *Maison Rouge*, where my friend Schneegans was kind enough to introduce me to the distinguished young Republican chieftain—for so he was, emphatically—though my senior by no more than six years. I may, in fact, say of the crowd of professing Republicans—and most of them sincere in their professions withal—whom I came to know in France in the course of time, to my mind there were only two that were cast in the true antique mould of freedom—Godefroi Cavaignac and Armand Carrel; both fated, alas! to die long before their cherished aspirations had even transiently taken the semblance of form and substance—Armand by the bullet of a clever, unscrupulous political hack and huckster; Godefroi of hope deferred.

I think this is the proper place to mention that I was once a member of the once famous *Burschenschaft*, an association of enthusiastic young students, who were sanguinely dreaming the sanguine dream of a united Germany, a free Germany, and—some of them at least—universal brotherhood, freedom, and happiness all over the world. My guardian, on the occasion of my last visit to him at Frankfort, asked me what business I, an alien in Germany, had to meddle with the inner affairs and institutions of that land. He sneeringly dubbed the *Burschenschaft* the great bib-and-tucker society for the radical reformation of all ills and abuses, and for the general regeneration of the human race; and he told me, in his insulting way, that it was but idiotic conceit for young fools like them to trouble their small minds about weighty matters of State—young fools who were displaying real aptitude only in making ducks-and-drakes of their private fortunes, and who were most successfully intent upon misgoverning their own small affairs, and wrecking their best prospects in life. I remember how these sneers stung me to the quick at the time, and how I hotly retorted that I had some German blood at least in my veins, and that I had thrown in my lot with the great and glorious people of Fatherland, so grossly and vilely deceived by their rulers, to keep or replace whom on their tottering thrones they had expended their best blood; that the German Confederation was rotten to the core, and ought to be destroyed root and branch; and that it behoved the generous academic youths of the land to stand forth boldly as the redressers of the wrongs inflicted upon the people by the princes, and to upset the wretched rule of pharisaical muckerdom and a petrified bureaucracy. I flattered myself at the time that I had the best of the argument, for my

good guardian grew as wroth and red as an irate turkey-cock. At this present time, more than half a century after, when I come to reflect seriously upon this episode of my life, I must confess I feel a little ashamed of my wondrous conceit in those days. My guardian *was* a Mucker and a Pharisee, and an unscrupulous self-seeking man, and a drybone Bureaucrat; but I feel compelled to admit now that he was not altogether wrong in his slighting depreciation of the "bib-and-tucker" movement. I cannot help smiling when I try to think seriously of the extraordinary hallucination which then held possession of my mind—to bring the matter to a personal issue—that I was a species of heaven-born statesman. Well, I was very young then, and knew no better—which now I do.

However, in 1829 and 1830 I was a most enthusiastic Burschenschaftler, of that more select section of the Society which had the fraternal federation of all free peoples for its ultimate special object.

It was, partly at least, as an emissary of this section that I visited Strasburg in 1829. So it was but natural that Godefroi Cavaignac and I should soon discover the close affinity of our ideas and aspirations. The fact was, at the time, the strongest hope of the advanced party of what I may call the Cosmopolitan Republicans of Germany rested mainly upon an upset in France.

I was that very night (July 24th, 1830) introduced to two of the biggest men of the day—Armand Carrel, whose name I have mentioned already a few pages back, and Louis Adolphe Thiers, then joint-editors of the *National*, which the two had started, in conjunction with Santelet, the publisher, on January 1st, 1830, and which had in less than seven brief months shaken the artificial, plastered-up, rotten old fabric of the Bourbon *régime* to its very foundations.

To the philosophical student of men and manners and events the very different after career and ending of these two men, then so energetically and harmoniously working together to overthrow the wretched rule of the elder Bourbon branch, is fraught with pregnant instruction.

On a certain occasion Albert Smith said to Douglas Jerrold, "You see, Jerrold, we are rowing in the same boat." "Yes," replied Douglas, who could never leave a smart saying unsaid, even for the sake of the best and dearest friend—"yes, my boy, but with very different skulls."*

* * My friend Draper tells me that the witticism was originally applied by Douglas Jerrold to the late Gilbert à Becket in connection with Lamartine, and that it was Albert Smith who used to tell the anecdote.

So it may be said of Thiers and Carrel, that though they also were certainly rowing in the same boat, and embarked in the same enterprise, it was with very different dispositions and widely divergent views.

Armand Carrel was an austere Republican, a Roman of the best period, a single-minded patriot. He had at an early age freely made the sacrifice of a brilliantly promising military career that he might not be forced to do violence to his convictions. He had valiantly fought in Spain under Mina, and had, indeed, only narrowly escaped death by the hands of his French captors in a desperate encounter. France was then under the apparently firmly re-established old *régime*, which had sent an army under the Duke of Angoulême to coerce the unhappy Spaniards who had risen against the wretched seventh Ferdinand of Holy-Virgin-petticoat-embroidering fame. As is usual under similar conditions and circumstances, the powers that were looked upon a Frenchman fighting on the other side as a most damnable rebel who deserved to be shot. It is always thus with the powers that are. "*L'état c'est moi*," said Louis XIV. "Love and serve your country, *quand même*," ever say the powers that are in temporary possession in France, adding, however, invariably, "And we are your country, and if we catch you dissenting from our views upon that point we'll ram them down your throat with powder and lead if we have the chance."

Armand Carrel escaped narrowly on *that* occasion.

I am proud to say that I knew another noble Frenchman, of half-Scotch (Campbell) descent, young Rossel, a truly antique character, who was basely murdered by the "Versaillists," in 1871, because he had fought valiantly against them. Thiers, who through life preferred expediency and opportunism to principle, had voluntarily ceded his prerogative of mercy to a Commission *ad hoc*. Yet he might have saved Rossel, had he not been selfishly intent upon what he, foolishly enough, considered his personal interests. So he contented himself with a half-lachrymose appeal to the *feelings* of the bloody-minded Commission created by himself. Of course, the appeal went for nothing. The brave General Cissey insisted upon the execution of the "deserter and rebel." Had the Commune but been victorious in the struggle, the brave General Cissey, and the equally brave Vinoy and Gallifet—who mercilessly murdered the poor conquered Communards without even the extremely simple formalities of a drum-head court-martial—would have been among the first to crave position and pay under the victorious Commune. And, forsooth, that chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, the great Bazaine, stood nobly forward

on the occasion to advocate a policy of just and rigorous severity against traitors! History is a sickening study, occasionally.

Different men will often look with different eyes upon the notion of country and patriotism.

In the Fall of 1871, a Paris publisher, M. Abel Pilou, brought out an illustrated work on the late Œcumenical Council, with portraits of Pius IX., the eleven popes who have held councils, the sixty then living cardinals, the five hundred fathers of the council who attended, fac-similes of their signatures and autographs, etc.

In looking over this most interesting work, I found, among other curious sentiments, one of the strangest ever placed on record, I believe. It was the autograph and signature of the late Bishop of Strasburg, the Very Reverend Father-in-God Andreas Raess. It is written in Latin, and bears date, Rome, 16th May, 1870. The English version is as follows: "Wherever thy fatherland be, it is a valley of tears. It is ridiculous to cling to it with obstinate fond affection. One's country matters nought for good nor for evil (*Nullum patria bonum, nullum facit malum*)."

Yet this man called himself the "patriotic Bishop of Strasburg," in his Jesuitical machinations and intrigues against the German Empire. But these were dictated, of course, by his intense Romanism.

To return to Armand Carrel. I had reason to believe, nay, I may go further and say that I had reason to know at the time, that splendid offers of office were made by the Lafayette-Lafittists to the brilliant young journalist—he was then only thirty—which he disdainfully declined, preferring to protest with all the energy of his nature and all the fire of his convictions against the trick practised upon France. He opposed the Government of the King of the Barricades—the Roi Epicier, as he dubbed him—*ab initio*—and Louis Philippe knew that he could not possibly have a more formidable enemy than this magnificent incarnation of the very principle of integrity, combined with transcendent talent, and it was from no fault of *his* that the noble Carrel was not placed before a court-martial after June 5th, 1832.

Carrel was decidedly against the April rising in Lyons, in which the Republicans and the silkworkers fought side by side—and wondrously hard, too—for five days, and were only with difficulty overcome even then. I was in Algiers at the time, but I knew all the details afterwards from Godefroi Cavaignac. Although this rising had been resolved upon against Carrel's wiser counsel, yet he boldly and uncompromisingly took up the

and gels for the vanquished party. He mercilessly assailed in his glorious paper (which I had sent to me regularly in my Algerian quarters) the old senators, the marshals, and high legal officials of the empire who now sat in the Chamber of Peers in judgment upon so much better and more honest men. The responsible editor of the paper was condemned for these fearless attacks to two years' imprisonment, and four hundred pounds fine. Carrel combated desperately against the application of the famous infamous September laws. From this time forward he treated the Government with contemptuous disdain.

After my return from Algiers, when, in spring, 1836, I came for a short time to Paris, he was kind enough to give me employment on his paper, to translate from the German and English journals into French. I was in Lyons when Emile de Girardin's systematic scurrilous attacks upon the noblest Frenchman of the day—attacks but too obviously inspired by the Tuileries—led finally to the fatal duel of the 22nd of July, 1836. Two days after France lost her then greatest son. I remember well the burning indignation with which I and thousands upon thousands in Lyons learnt the particulars of this—political duel-murder.

Very different was the career of Adolphe Thiers, that thorough incarnation of expediency. But this is matter of history, with which I have no call to meddle, the less so as since my first meeting with the great little man, on the 24th of July, 1830, I saw him only casually, and generally from a distance. After all, he was a wise statesman, and a patriot in his way, albeit self-seeking.

An amusing little anecdote of the earlier times of his political career may not be deemed altogether out of place here.

Who that has ever pursued the noble avocation of a writer for the press has not had occasion, now and then, to call warm blessings upon the heads of compositors or readers, for some accidental or malicious muddling of his productions, some untoward substitution of wrong words or letters, some awkward transposition of lines? The great *Morning Advertiser* did suffer much in this way in the palmy days of the author of "Random Recollections." Nay, even the leading organ of the world has had to bemoan, on one occasion at least, a compositor's unlucky confounding of two words. Such little mistakes of the press are often calculated to afford the reading public vast delight, whatever the feelings of the writer of the muddled article, or of the editor of the paper may be.

Well, it was in the days of Louis Philippe, on the occasion of one of the rather over-frequent Ministerial crises which marked

the "Constitutional" career of that great political meddling and muddling see-saw practitioner, who, in spite of Thiers' axiom, "Le roi règne : il ne gouverne pas," would insist upon trying to govern, most likely because he knew not how to reign. Thiers had had to be sent for. One morning there appeared in the *Constitutionnel* the following startling paragraph : "His Majesty the King received M. Thiers yesterday at the Tuileries, and charged him with the formation of a new Cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the King : 'I have only one regret, which is that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's.'" A few lines lower down there was another paragraph running to the following effect : "The efforts of justice have been promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-fer has been arrested in a house of ill-fame. Led at once before the Judge of Instruction, the wretch had the hardihood to address that magistrate in terms of coarse insult, winding up with the following words, which amply show that there remains not a spark of conscience or right feeling in this hardened soul : — 'God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally to the best of my ability.'"

The printer had just cleverly managed to interchange the two addresses. The cream of the joke was that it was universally known how very little love there was lost between the King and the Minister.

To return to the night of the 24th of July. That night and the day after I saw many other men then rising to fame.

In times of great political excitement acquaintances, and even friendships, are readily made, and Cavaignac's introduction was a general passport to me.

It would be ridiculously presumptuous in me were I to volunteer the least supplemental contribution to the history of the July revolution, which has been written over and over again by infinitely more competent hands.

However, I think I may crave permission to state the impression made upon my mind by what I saw and heard around me during the two days preceding the critical twenty-sixth.

A numerous and, at the time, highly important and influential section of the Opposition—men like Odilon-Barrot, then President of the famous Society, "Aide-toi et le Ciel t'aidera," Montalivet, Secretary of the same Society, Guizot, Duchâtel, and others—barely contemplated even the possible overthrow of the elder branch, and certainly had no notion of the substitution of a republic for the established monarchical form of government. All

they wanted, apparently, was to infuse a modicum of constitutional freedom into the charter and the interpretation thereof, which they sanguinely hoped to attain by moral force alone through the new Chamber. Odilon-Barrot, more notably, strove desperately to save the Bourbons. I have reason to believe that as late as the evening of the twenty-fifth he insisted with his friends that resistance to the Government should be restricted within the narrowest limits of absolute legality. Godefroi Cavaignac and his more intimate friends' hopes and aspirations went very far beyond this neutral-tinted programme. Blanqui, whom I came to know afterwards, consistently rejected and combated to the death all and every system but the extremest socialistic republic, as his life-long political martyrdom has abundantly demonstrated.

Carrel was, like Cavaignac, a Republican *pur et simple*, so were Armand Marrast (then on the staff of the *Courier Français*), Cormenin, the two Garnier-Pagès, Dupont de l'Eure, Audry de Puyraveau (within certain bourgeoisistic limits), and some others. Armand Barbès was an extreme Republican; but I think he came to Paris after the July days; besides that he was very young at the time, being, if I mistake not, some two or three years my junior. Ledru-Rollin also was still very young, and I do not remember hearing him spoken of before 1832, when he wrote his famous opinion against the state of siege declared in Paris.

Then there were the Elders of the movement, the men who had seen revolutions before in their time—Lafayette, Lafitte, and others; and the important section of the *Politicians*—the Casimir Périers, the Dufaures, the Delesserts, the Martins, the Testes, the Gasparins—to which section the good Adolphe Thiers was only too ready to rally.

The Bonapartists were prudently resolved to bide their time. Moreover, many of the old marshals and generals of the Empire cared but little under which *régime* they might have to serve, so long as their position, pay, and pensions remained intact and safe.

Altogether, to sum up briefly, up to the morning of the twenty-sixth, when the *Moniteur* gave the result of the King and his Ministers' deliberations and hesitations, there were but few who thought as yet of carrying the decision of the long-pending contention between Crown and people into the streets. On the contrary, it was almost universally taken for granted that the battle of the Constitution was to be fought in the newly-elected Chamber.

But so soon as the rash *ordonnances* made their appearance in

the official journal, matters assumed a truly threatening aspect—a whiff of 1789 passed suddenly over Paris.

“Le roi fait les règlements et ordonnances pour l’exécution des lois et la sûreté de l’état.” In this vague article of the Charter, Charles, Polignac, and Marmont had apparently found sufficient warrant for them to arbitrarily annul the late elections, put down the press, and order a new mode of election, deemed by them calculated to supply the Crown with another *chambre introuvable*.

With the *ordonnances* for their groundwork, Carrel and Thiers found it no difficult task to get forty-two more of the leading journalists to sign their own dignified, though pretty vehement, protest against this equally vile and rash attempt to ride roughshod over the dearly-bought liberties of France.

What came after is matter of history—how the Royal Guards, who were the worthy successors of the old Royals of the time of the first great revolution, began the fray by firing upon the people at the Palais Royal; how barricades sprung up as by magic; how the braggart Polignac and his boastful crew of nonentities ran away frightened when they found that the troops of the line refused to act against the insurrection; how these brave patriotic soldiers at last left Marmont, with his Swiss mercenaries and his Garde Royale, to fight the battle by themselves, if so they listed; also, *ehou!* how, when the victory was won, the old *meneurs* and the politicians stepped in to filch the fruits of that victory from the people, who had so hotly contested for it, and to palm upon unhappy France another, perhaps even worse, edition of royal misrule.

No doubt Lafitte, Lafayette and Odilon-Barrot (who, when he found that nothing could save the elder branch, rallied to the younger), Casimir Périer, and others, were honest and well-meaning in their acts and intentions. It required the bitter lessons of dire experience to teach some of them, at least, the futility of the best-intentioned attempts to make constitutional silk purses out of royal pigs’ ears.

What I did in the *trois journées glorieuses*? Well, I joined in the fray, although I must admit that, strictly speaking, I had no call or business whatever to do so. As an alien I had no right or claim to meddle even to the least extent of my very small capacity. You see, I felt, somehow or other, that I was a representative youth—was I not a cosmopolitan Republican? I also could not help remembering instinctively that I had a quart or so of French blood in my veins. So I went to the barricades with the rest of them.

My recollections of these exciting days are more like a fleeting

phantasmagoria than aught in the shape of seizable and palpable reminiscences. They are floating this very instant before my memory like the dim outline of a dream or vision, of which I in vain strive to fix the details. I have a hazy recollection of combating to the best of my ability, but being speedily called upon to serve the cause in the nobler capacity of attending the wounded, which I trust I did assiduously and diligently. I remember that I was associated in these ministrations with an earnest young man, a student of medicine, whom his friends called Nélaton. Both the fact and the name had for long years slipped my memory, when the famous case of the detection of the bullet in Garibaldi's foot by the great French surgeon Nélaton brought it all back to my mind. I know not to this present day, and I shall never know now, whether the young man who worked so earnestly by my side, on the 27th of July, 1830, was identical with the prince of science, who had achieved a world-wide fame when death carried him off too early for suffering humanity. In 1865 my friend Yapp, the *Daily Telegraph's* Paris correspondent, kindly promised to introduce me to Nélaton, whom he invited to meet me at his apartments in the Place Wagram. Unfortunately, an urgent case kept Nélaton away on the occasion, and I had to leave for London almost immediately after.

Lafitte and Lafayette's most unconstitutional action, and the establishment of the *bourgeois* throne to which it led, hugely displeased all sincere Republicans, and, for the matter of that, all true friends of France with their senses about them. I had reason to know that Godefroi Cavaignac and Armand Carrel would rather have kept Charles X., as the less glaringly patent evil of the two. They would gladly have waited a few years longer.

Yet I have reason to believe that in August, immediately after the accession of the Citizen-King, "some one" disinterred from the tomb of the Cent Jours "certain addresses to the French people" by one Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, in which that noble prince of the blood royal of France most solemnly and vehemently vowed unswerving loyalty to the illustrious branch of the elder Bourbons, then more immediately embodied in the slightly unwieldy *augustum corpus* of the Eighteenth Louis, and swore by all he held sacred that no inducement could or should ever induce him to take his seat on the throne of France, unless the most dire fate should befall him to live to see the extinction of that illustrious branch, of which he proclaimed himself the most faithful subject. It was audacious infamy to ascribe to his loyal heart guilty wishes and perfidious aspirations. Well, "some one" suggested to Carrel and Cavaignac the opportuneness of

having this address reprinted and distributed all over Paris and France—with a rider to it declaring that the new King's present profession, "La Charte sera désormais une vérité," would turn out just as hollow and deceptive as this exuberant and extravagant protestation of loyalty to the Bourbons, placarded all over Paris in June, 1815, after Waterloo. The two noble chiefs of the Republican party declined. "C'est une arme sale dont nous ne saurions nous servir pour notre sainte cause," said Carrel. "C'est une arme émoussée," added Cavaignac, "qui nous ferait défaut. Cela pourrait trouver une place tout au plus dans une nouvelle édition du 'Dictionnaire des Girouettes.' "

Cormenin protested impetuously against the trick played upon the country. He emphatically declared that the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France was a flagrant infringement of the sovereignty of the people. He never rallied to the Government of July, and became a sharp thorn in the side of Louis Philippe, whose many acts of paltry meanness and dishonest grasping he exposed in his famous "Lettres sur la Liste Civile," of which the first made its appearance as early as 1831, on the occasion of the debate on the Budget. Cormenin rallied, however, at a later period to the Bonapartist *coup d'état*—a tergiversation which I, for one, could never have believed possible of him.

General Lamarque also, one of the brightest glories of the French army, and many other men of note, disapproved strongly of Lafitte and Lafayette's action. But, unhappily, it was too late. Matters had gone too far for any possible successful opposition to the accomplished fact which saddled France for eighteen years with a corrupt Government of political hucksters and tricksters.

So the Republicans decided to submit for a time to the force of circumstances. They set at once to work, however, to organise for future action. It was Godefroi Cavaignac who took the lead in this. It was by his impulse and under his direction that democratic clubs and societies were formed all over Paris and in many parts of France. He and many other sincere Republicans found their way into the National Guard (Cavaignac as captain of artillery), where they strove might and main to leaven these citizen soldiers with their own Republican ideas and aspirations. But Lafayette and the *bourgeois* element proved too strong for Cavaignac and his friends and followers in the National Guard, so the risings attempted in the fall of 1830 came to nought. Cavaignac was put upon his trial for sedition, but he was triumphantly acquitted by the jury.

I venture to throw these few historic notes on paper here, as all these things passed within my own personal ken and observa-

tion, and may thus be permitted to figure among the reminiscences of my life.

I remained in Paris up to spring, 1831, engaged in desultory studies of my profession, and in equally desultory conspiracies. It would have been better for me, of course, to think seriously of my examination; but, as usual with me, I thought any time would do for that. I knew that I wanted still a deal of hard study and practical preparation before I could venture to face a State examination in Prussia. But I found it so much more pleasant to take several delightful walks through France instead, stopping now a few months at Strasburg, then a few months at Lyons or at Montpellier, for a little hospital practice: with a hurried run to Berlin, just when a cholera visitation was frightening that gay city out of all propriety; but upon the whole leading an idle life, and throwing my days away as had I thousands upon thousands of them to spare.

In the French hospitals, wherever my peregrinations led me, I found Broussais in the ascendant; and what I saw made me less and less in love with my chosen profession, and less and less eager to take the requisite steps to start in practice for myself.

Besides, with all my extravagance, I thought that I could not possibly spend so much but that there should be left standing still a good round sum on the credit side of my account. And really, comparatively speaking, I had lived almost economically on my journeyings through France; so it did not matter much, after all, if I enjoyed life a little longer in the *dolce far niente* style to which I had almost exclusively taken of late.

Having come of age now, I went back to Berlin in the beginning of spring, 1832, to have a settlement with my guardian, whom I found alone, madame and family being away on a trip to the country. I was prepared for much, but I must freely confess that I felt staggered and faint when the austere, pious, honourable man to whom my poor dead father had so blindly entrusted the care of my person and fortune, coolly explained to me the actual state of my affairs. With a demoniacal grin on his saturnine face, he laid before me voucher after voucher to show how I had, almost from the commencement of my academic career, eked out the interest, insufficient to supply the insatiate demands of my blind extravagance, by encroaching upon the capital, which of course had again led to a reduction of the interest, and so forth in the vicious circle. I had receipts laid before me, signed by me, for much larger sums than I remembered having received. Heaven help me and my folly! In those days I hardly ever

cared to look at aught save the bright coins, and I would blindly put my name to almost anything laid before me.

I say in those days—I may go further: the same foolish carelessness has run, like a damnable black thread, through nearly every business transaction of my life, and I have had to pay heavy penalties for it over and over and over again. I may conscientiously aver I never suspected anyone of trickery. Many a time have I consented to do translations at half and third prices, upon a bare promise of second and third editions, which afterwards never came to be published under my supervision except when they happened to be so thoroughly rewritten in the original that they might fairly pass for new works, the translation of which would involve too much labour for dispensing with my assistance. I once did a couple of grammars for an eminent publisher, at twenty pounds apiece upon the distinct understanding that I was to be paid five pounds in addition on every new edition. I had neglected to have a written agreement, so I never saw a penny of the promised cash, although I saw several new editions. Yet the lesson profited me not. Years after I translated a book for another great publisher at a low rate of remuneration. In this instance the publisher insisted upon a written agreement. All I had to do was to put a half-crown stamp on it. But why should I do so? Why, indeed? Well, I had to recover my paltry pay by an action at law, and it was only to the indulgence of the Inland Revenue Department that I was indebted for the successful issue of that action.

And how often have I had to work literally *pour le roi de Prusse*, because I would blindly neglect the most common precautions to ensure me the reward of my labour! Yet, on the other hand, I must say that these sad instances were exceptions; as a rule, I have had to deal with honourable men and women whose word was their bond. And truly I know not whether, with all my experience on the darker side, I should even now much care to act differently were I permitted to live my life over again. Better, far better, even foolish universal trust than worse than foolish universal distrust of one's fellow-men.

As for the folly of signing papers of any kind without first reading them over, it seems almost too self-evident to need elucidation or illustration. Yet I had occasion in after-life to see an almost incredible instance of it. I had a friend of the name of Goetze, the son of the beautiful Madame Zanolli, of the Farina firm of Cologne, by a former husband. Goetze was in the prime of life when I first knew him, one of the most handsome and accomplished men I ever met in the course of my career. He was

under a cloud, it was said, at the time when he came over from Cologne to London, where, however, his talents and acquirements speedily procured him an excellent position as foreign corresponding clerk to one of the largest corn firms. He was a very good linguist.

Goetze thoroughly understood the corn trade, and he had a deeply-rooted notion that, had he but the capital to start in it, he would speedily realise a large fortune.

Unhappily the head of the house in which he was employed soon came to repose the most absolute confidence in him. He was authorized to open all letters, and his chief signed blindly all and every paper placed before him by this most trusted clerk. This led Goetze to form a plan of establishing a large corn business of his own upon a self-created capital. Not daring to trade in his own name, he entered into an occult partnership with a Dutchman, who applied to a number of firms in the Baltic and at Odessa for cargoes of corn, referring them for his respectability and solvency to Goetze's principal. Of course the replies were satisfactory. Goetze expected a rise of some four to six shillings a quarter. Large orders were given. Of course this could not all be done upon references and credit. Considerable payments had also to be provided for. Goetze's principal blindly accepted bills to the tune of some ten thousand pounds. It came to pass afterwards that corn *did* rise in the market; and all would have been well, and perhaps no one ever the wiser for it, had not the Dutchman been an arrant rogue, and had not Goetze been compelled to accompany a member of the firm on a voyage to Hamburg, just at the critical time when the first cargo came in.

Master Dutchman seized the opportunity to sell this cargo, and to mizzle with the proceeds. He kindly informed his unlucky confederate, per telegram, that the game was up, and advised him to take care of himself. The telegram, by misadventure, fell into the hands of Goetze's chief, and the poor devil only owed his chance of escape to America to temporary hesitation on the part of the latter. I have never seen or heard of Goetze since; I only heard it rumoured some ten years ago that he was established at Baltimore. His daring speculation brought ruin upon the unlucky firm in which he had been employed in London.

To return to the settlement with my guardian.

The sad upshot of it all was that I found, and was forced to admit, that more than five-sixths of the ample fortune left me by my maternal grandfather was clean gone—squandered in senseless extravagance in less than six short years. And now it dimly dawned upon me for the first time what a handsome substantial

fortune it had been, and how happy I might have been in life. It was truly a *mauvais quart d'heure* for me when I realised my position in all its naked reality. But I was never overmuch given to crying over spilt milk; besides that I felt perhaps instinctively that, if there was cause for crying, it was rather over my ill-spent youth than over my squandered fortune.

With the innate folly of my disposition, I sought and found consolation in the truly stupid reflection that, after all, things might have been even worse, and that there still remained to me some twelve thousand thalers, and my library, upon which I had spent much good money—chiefly in providing worse than useless rich binding for the rare old tomes left by my maternal grand-uncle.

My guardian was kind enough—may be to appease his conscience—to advise me to sell my books and to invest all that remained to me in the French funds, where he hinted somewhat sneeringly, as was his wont, it might be safer than within easy reach of the Prussian authorities, who might perchance feel disposed to punish my foolish seditious agitation by the beautifully simple process of confiscating everything belonging to me within their province.

Had anyone else advised me to the same effect, I might perchance have acted upon the advice. But it was my guardian, whom I now thoroughly hated and despised, that counselled me to this course of proceeding, and this was of itself sufficient to make me contemptuously disdain what was most likely meant for my benefit. May be also that, with all my political predilections and prejudices, I had a firmer faith in a Prussian than in a French investment. I had no notion yet of the truly marvellous extent and elasticity of the resources of France, which, indeed, would seem to defy the maddest extravagance of even the most densely and hopelessly incapable government to absolutely ruin. So I left my cherished library still in the care of my friend Dr. Tuchen, who had kept it for me since my first departure from Berlin; and I appointed an agent to watch over my investments in the funds, and to remit to me abroad the interest and such portions of the capital as I might require in addition.

My last interview with my guardian was stormy in the extreme. I am afraid I was not very polite to the gentleman, and he was kind enough to send me to—well, to Hanover—in return. He was such a loudly professing Christian, and he must have felt how much he had injured me—morally much more seriously even than materially.

I think I had an impression that, if I had to travel that way, I might as well smooth the path in the old-established

fashion, and I supplied accordingly material for a few miles of paving. In sober earnest, I formed a great many most excellent resolutions which, had I but acted up to them, would even then still have given a different turn to my after-career—but I simply did not. I went back to Strasburg instead, and renewed pretty much my former course of life—only that I strove to be a little less profuse in my expenditure.

About the middle of May, 1832, I received a letter from my friend Wirth, one of the intensest Germans I have ever met with in life. He invited me to a great gathering of patriots to be held towards the end of the month at Hambach, near Neustadt-on-the-Hardt, in the Bavarian Palatinate. Of course I went.

It was a grand affair altogether. The patriotic assemblage numbered above thirty thousand, among whom there figured older and younger students from every German university. Strasburg too had sent representatives; there were also numbers of Frenchmen present, some of them my own intimate friends, and a powerful contingent of Poles. The black-red-gold banner of Germany was raised, and enthusiastic speeches delivered. My friend Wirth spoke, so did Siebenpfeiffer and others. I also—ay, even I—felt moved by the spirit to deliver an oration. Next day another meeting was held at Neustadt, where a number of resolutions were carried that ought to have made every individual member of the condemned German Confederation shake in his Imperial, Royal, Grand Ducal, or Princely shoes and stockings—only they did not. On the contrary, the Confederation replied by the wretched coercive resolution of the 28th of June, and ordered the prosecution of the principal speakers at the Hambach festival meeting.

I was back in Strasburg in the first days of June. I intended to go on to Paris, to walk the hospitals there, and work hard to prepare for my examination. Alas! this was also doomed to turn out nought but another magnificent paving-stone for the road *ad inferos*, in this one particular instance not altogether by my own free choice and seeking. On the 5th of June, the funeral of the great and good General Lamarque, the ever-consistent opponent of elder and younger branch alike, had led to an attempted insurrection in Paris, speedily suppressed and stifled in much good Republican blood; and I was warned by my friends to give Paris a wide berth for the present.

I might, of course, have very well managed to study in Strasburg, which at the time happened to be the, to me, nearest medical faculty in France. But, somehow or other, I thought Montpellier the better school of the two. You see it was a

delightful, June, and the weather was really too warm for hard study, and it would take me six weeks at least to lounge up to the southern university, which was so much idle time to the good. So, of course, I made tracks for the south.

I naturally took Lyons on my way. Lyons! What sweet memories of the past the name brings back to my mind! It was there that I afterwards lived many of my happiest days.

This was the first time I came to that blessed oasis in the sandy desert of my life.

In the fall of 1831 there had been a most formidable insurrection of the *canuts*, or silk-weavers, of the Croix Rousse, which had raged from the day of its outbreak, November 21, to the day of its final suppression, December 3. It had held its own for close upon nine days against all the forces at the disposal of the Government and the municipality; and it had taken the great Marshal Soult himself and the eldest son of Louis Philippe, backed by twenty thousand men of the army, to put it down at last.

Yet, six brief months after, all the traces of this truly fearful struggle had vanished! In France, the land and the people have the recuperative faculty developed to the highest degree. What would prove irretrievable ruin to any other land and people, passes over France and the French as a mere distempered dream, leaving at the most, on awaking, faint traces of remembrance behind.

It is thus that France, after two centuries of twice restored Bourbon rule—since the death of Henry IV.—eighteen years of Orleans' corruption, a blood-spilling Empire, and a debased lower Empire; the sad excesses of one Republic, and the equally sad blunders of another—many ruinous wars, and several most fearful and destructive Communist risings—still remains at this present time, under the Third Republic, the most blessed land on God's fair earth.

I had been in Lyons about six weeks, and was just beginning to contemplate the desirableness of moving on to Montpellier, when the firmness of my resolution to complete my studies without further unnecessary delay was suddenly and over-severely tested by an alluring proposal made to me by a wealthy Marseillais, whose acquaintance I had accidentally made at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

He was a M. Legros. He intended to embark his large capital in some manufactory or other, and he wished to inspect the industrial establishments of Great Britain. Like most Frenchmen, he was absolutely innocent of any language but his native tongue—and the Provençal dialect. So he invited me to accompany him, upon the understanding that he was to pay one half of my

expenses ; in other words, he engaged to pay three-fourths of our joint spendings on our voyage. This seemed fair enough. Only had I reflected that everything in this world is relative and comparative, I should certainly have inquired first a little into his habits, ere I had consented to this agreement. I should have reflected also that I had no business whatever to inspect industrial establishments in England, but was, on the contrary, imperiously called upon to complete my studies and start on my career in life. However, I strove to persuade myself that this voyage would prove most instructive to me; and what was to prevent me from frequenting the hospitals in Great Britain, thus turning my visit to that land to the very best and most profitable account? But no matter how I took the affair, I accepted and went. It was my first visit to England since the days of my earliest childhood, when I was there with my parents.

We visited London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Portsmouth, Bristol, Newcastle, and a great many more places in England; and Edinburgh, Paisley, Dundee, and Glasgow, in Scotland; and I had a hard time of it, as M. Legros turned out to be a perfect cormorant for information upon the details in every factory we visited. In fact, he wanted to know much more than the owners of the establishments were willing to communicate to strangers. However, we managed somehow to get on pretty well, and, no doubt, I picked up a good deal of miscellaneous information.

It may seem a curious statement to make, but I have always, at some time or other, found a practical use for every scrap and wrinkle of information I ever gathered in the course of my career.

So also with regard to this particular voyage of inspection through Great Britain. Many long years after, Messrs. Morgan Brothers, proprietors of the *Ironmonger*, the *Chemist and Druggist*, the *Grocer* (of which I was the first editor), and other publications, employed me to write a series of descriptive articles on manufacturing and other processes, etc. I then found my merely casual experience of some thirty years before of great value to me. In 1867, Messrs. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row, republished these papers of mine, together with others contributed by my friends Quin, John C. Brough, Thomas Archer, W. B. Tegetmeier, and W. J. Prowse, in a volume, under the title of "England's Workshops."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," says Keats. A thing of utility, you see, may become a source of profit beyond the instant occasion.

London and the other places which I visited in the latter half of 1832 made a deep and powerful impression upon me.

London, which then numbered close upon 1,700,000 inhabitants, looked to me like a veritable leviathan of a city. I thought *then* that it *must* have attained its highest possible point of development. In fact, I thought it was fearfully overgrown.

Being accustomed to the comparatively small cities on the Continent, the size and the teeming industrial population of most of the British manufacturing and commercial cities impressed me much.

My companion Legros would not, perhaps could not, see matters in the same light. This gentleman was intensely French, and Southern French to boot. He knew only three places in the world—Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. He would admit that Bordeaux and Lille might claim to be named along with these. As for London, he confessed it was rather a largish place, but, bless you, Paris would soon run up to it, and beat it in a canter. As to naming any of the British commercial and industrial centres which, moreover, it was easy to see with half an eye were on their decline, in the same breath with the chief towns of France, no one but a conceited Britisher would ever dream of such a thing.

Poor Legros! he has long since been gathered to his fathers—and London has kept on growing until it more than doubles Paris in population, and quintuples it in extent. And as for the British and industrial commercial centres, why, Glasgow nearly equals the joint population of Lyons and Marseilles; and Liverpool, Manchester, and Salford are on the high road to the same achievement; whilst Birmingham is larger and more populous than either Lyons or Marseilles; and Sheffield and Leeds are fast growing to equal these two chief cities of France, after Paris.

Glasgow, which I may say I saw in 1832 almost in its teens, is positively a marvel of surprising growth. It has very nearly achieved its six hundred thousand souls. Indeed, there is but one place in the world, I believe, not even omitting the American cities, which spring up like substantial and enduring giant-mushrooms, that outstrips aught else in marvellous expansion—the capital of Prussia, which has more than quadrupled its population since 1830, and is going on fast for one million and a quarter! Berlin thrives, as it were a modern Palmyra, in the midst of a sandy desert, apparently without any of the generally admitted indispensable elements of a great centre of population about it—not even possessing a respectable river, but merely a species of brook which stagnates its slimy slush painfully and

laboriously along with the aid of artificial sluices—yet showing an increase within the last half century vaster than that of mighty London, in the proportion of eight to five—of mighty London, with its splendid river and its unrivalled natural site!

However, at the time of which I am writing, this was not dreamt of even in the wildest visions of imagination run mad.

One million and a quarter looks handsome enough, one would think. Yet, some eleven years ago, in December, 1871, Thiers, in his passionate appeal to the "Committee of Initiative" to restore Paris to its natural position as the capital of France, pleaded as one of the chief reasons that should decide the committee to grant his appeal the "fact, that Berlin, which before the war of 1870 had numbered only 800,000 souls, had doubled its population since!" This affords a curious proof of the lamentable ignorance of even the cleverest men in France, and of their absolute lack of calculating and computing power.

This seems to me the proper place to put in an illustration or two of the brilliant talent of ignorance which so many Frenchmen would seem to make it a point to cultivate.

Dr. Blanchard, of the French Academy of Sciences, was engaged some ten years ago in deep researches anent the *Ureox*. In the course of his investigations he addressed himself for information, among others, to Professor Brand, of St. Petersburg. In his notes upon the animal the Professor stated that the *Auerochs*, or *Ureox*, is found in Lithuania, also in the Caucasus in *Rudeln*, which is simply the dative plural of *Rudel*, signifying *herd* in German. Well, the eminent French Professor incontinently gave the world the interesting information that the *Ureox* is to be met with in the Caucasus, in a locality of the name of *Rudeln*! "Dans une localité du nom de *Rudeln*!"

I cannot exactly call to mind the year in which the Archbishopal Palace at Bourges was burnt down. I only know it must have been after 1870 and before 1876. There was a most bare-faced assertion published then that an important document, a most invaluable heirloom of the La Tour d'Anvergne family, had perished in the conflagration, no less a document, in fact, than the "Order for the Execution of Jesus Christ!" A copy of it was given: "Our Lord Herod, Lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea," the precious piece of humbug began. The fact that Herod Antipas was simply tetrarch of Galilee, and that Pontius Pilate was the Emperor's lieutenant in Judea, might be urged as a trifling objection to the authenticity of the document. But this was nothing compared to the dates given—the 22nd and 23rd day of the Ides of March! What notion could the would-be forger of

this "historic document" possibly have had how the Romans counted the days of the month? It is perfectly clear that he knew naught of Calends, Nones, and Ides. Yet this precious piece was given as "authentic" in even respectable French journals, and our own *Pall Mall Gazette* copied it without a word of comment!

My visit to England, though it paid me well years after, was certainly not profitable to me at the time. It was, indeed, one of the most foolish acts of my life. It took away some six months of my precious time, and, owing mainly to my companion Legros' expensive habits, cost me much good money, which might have been employed more wisely.

The beginning of March, 1833, saw me back in Paris, where, in a fit of discontent with myself and my late proceedings, I set to in earnest to complete my medical studies at last, by attending lectures and frequenting the Charité, the Hôtel Dieu, and other hospitals.

The medical faculty of Paris could boast then of such men as Dupuytren (alas! to be removed so soon after), the two Andrals, Orfila, Royer, and other famous professors. There was also my revered master Raspail, the medical philosopher, the justly renowned chemist, whose philosophical system of medicine I introduced some twenty years after to the British public, by his own desire. Dumas was Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, where, among other famous men, Cousin was lecturing on philosophy, and Villemain on classical literature. Here, surely, was a last and a splendid opportunity afforded me to complete and perfect my medical and general education; and I had mustered at last the firm will to do so—at least, I thought I had.

Unhappily, a few weeks after having honestly buckled to work, an imperative summons reached me from Germany.

The academic youth of the great Fatherland had resolved to reply in the sternest fashion to the stern measures taken by the Confederation against all aspirants and aspirations to freedom; notably, to the resolutions of the 28th of June, 1832.

I obeyed the summons, of course.

I do not wish to write the history of the attempt of the 3rd of April, 1833. It was a wretched affair. I feel heartily ashamed of my share in it. I had the good luck to make my way back in safety to France. But the Prussian Government, apprised of my participation in the attempted rising, sequestered the balance of my capital in the funds, upon information furnished, I had subsequently but too much reason to fear, by my saintly ex-guardian, who also, I learnt many years later on, literally purloined my library

—the last remnant of my maternal portion—the friend, to whose care I had entrusted it, having had to flee for his life, being implicated in the Frankfort affair. I say he had to flee for his life. I am quite aware, of course, that no one was executed, and that an amnesty was granted some five years after; but at the time matters looked very critical and perilous for the poor fellows who fell into the hands of the frightened and enraged Confederation.

In 1840 the sequestration was taken off my investment in the Prussian funds. Allured by offers of larger interest, I placed the remaining balance in a Hamburg house. The conflagration of 1842 made me lose the far greater part of it, and the rest I found it but too easy to spend.

So all I had once called mine was gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream. I was awake now, indeed, though unhappily never wide-awake.

I was back in Paris by the middle of April, with about a thousand francs in my pocket, *pour tout potage*, for sole resource.

Typhoid and marsh fever, euphemistically termed paludian, happened at the time to be rather rife in Algiers, the last glorious conquest of the Bourbon restoration, and the *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed by the elder branch to the younger. As the experience of the last half century has abundantly proved, these delightful favourite twin-daughters of gaunt death, and their grim sister dysentery, have an ugly partiality somehow for the North African coast, where they would seem to be always rife wherever the French pitch their tents.

In 1833 things were very bad that way, and the French Intendance was put rather hard to it to provide a sufficient staff of medical officers—not to combat with death exactly, but to certify and register it. I say the Military Intendance, for, strange to say, perhaps, the French army is destitute of an independent Medical Department, the management of the surgical service in the army being placed entirely in the hands of the Commissariat, which, unhappily, is also the worst conducted branch of the military administration.

Upon my return to Paris, I had a notion that, as I was now thrown upon my own exertions, I might, perhaps, find literary employment, which might enable me to continue and complete my studies, and to start somewhere in France as a medical practitioner. My thousand francs I hoped would keep me until Cavaignac, who was kind enough to take an interest in me, might find me employment on some journal or otherwise.

But when I mentioned the matter to M. Andral père, he pro-

posed to me instead that I should go to Algiers as Under-Assistant-Surgeon; he, Bouillaud, Lisfranc, and Honoré, kindly certifying to my capacity. All these gentlemen pointed out to me how a few years' stay in Algiers, though even in the most subordinate surgical capacity, might serve to pave the way to speedy advancement in after-life. The extensive experience I was safe to gather there in camp and hospital must of necessity facilitate my future examination; and, with the prestige of the experience gathered, I need not fear but that my career in practice would be successful.

So, in June, 1833, I embarked at Toulon, along with fifteen other young men, who could not—nay, not one of them—even boast the very small modicum of medical knowledge and of chemical experience that I had managed to gather in my desultory studies; but who yet, as well as myself, found themselves within a couple of months after our arrival in Algeria placed in most difficult positions, such as might have taxed all the skill and knowledge and readiness of resource of experienced old practitioners. Indeed, these were awful times in the new French conquest, and soon told disastrously upon even strong constitutions. Some two years after I was the only survivor left of the sixteen—and I was almost a wreck.

Upon my arrival in the colony I was assigned first to the Foreign Legion, with Surgeon-Major Cecaldi for my more immediate chief. I had been wofully sea-sick in coming over, and my new uniform had been sadly damaged by the sea-water. This Italian gentleman saw a direct insult to his high dignity in my appearing before him in tarnished regimentals; and he bore me malice from the first to the last day of our acquaintance, and strove to the best, or rather the worst of his ability, to make the service irksome to me. Luckily, I was mostly detached on hospital duty, except for a few months, when I had to attend at Moustafa Pasha, and at Camp Kouba; also, for a short spell, at the Infirmary, where, however, my friend Eichacker was my immediate superior. When I was detached, as would sometimes occur, upon an expedition into the Metidjah, or to Blidah, I was my own master, ruling the roast pretty absolutely in the small realm of disease, wounds, and death around me; so that, after all, Cecaldi had it not in his power to work me much injury. On one occasion I gave that gentleman cause for dissatisfaction, but it was unwittingly.

It was just after my return to camp service from the Caratine Hospital, in the City of Algiers, in the Rue Bab-a-Zoun, when I had to make a report to Colonel Bernelle, the then Commanding Officer of the Foreign Legion, whose residence was just outside

Moustafa Pasha. Colonel Bernelle was one of the six sons of General Bernelle, an officer of some distinction in the time of the First Empire.

The Colonel was a fine man and an excellent officer, albeit, perhaps, over much given to martinetism. When I came before him with my report, he was in an awful humour, and exceedingly irritable. The fact was he was suffering agony from a *panaris*, or whitlow. I do not know how it was, but I asked him to let me look at the affected finger, which evidently took him rather by surprise. Still he stretched out his hand, and let me undo the bandage. I saw that the swelling was very close upon ripeness, and I asked his permission to open it. After some hesitation—it is a strange thing how men who will bravely face death will often shrink from encountering pain—he consented. It was not an easy matter to overcome my disinclination to perform the smallest operation inflicting pain. In this instance, however, I reflected that the momentary pang was safe to put an end to the atrocious pain of the whitlow, and made a bold cut. The Colonel made a slight grimace, then cried joyfully, “I am in heaven,” and warmly thanked me when I had dressed the wound.

Unhappily for me, it turned out that it was Cecaldi who had attended the Colonel, and had not judged proper to lay the abscess open with the knife; for which sin of omission—for it was in that light Bernelle looked upon it—the Colonel now told him a bit of his mind, and imprudently mentioned to him that I had volunteered to perform the operation. Well, I thus speedily became indebted to that small cut for orders to dance attendance every morning upon the road-making detachment—which was a tiresome and tiring job, involving for some six long weeks a three hours’ march every morning.

Colonel Bernelle was grateful for the small service I had rendered him, and he wished to give me practical proof of his gratitude, which consisted in his advice to me to leave the surgical department, and enlist in the Legion. He gave me his sacred promise, should I consent, to push me up the first rungs of the ladder of promotion. No doubt promotion was rapid in the Legion at that period. There were instances of men who had risen within three years from the ranks to a lieutenant’s commission, and, with so powerful and influential a protector as the Colonel, I might have had the same good fortune. I am dazzled even now when I think to what height I might have climbed in the military hierarchy of France. Why, I knew Négrier and Duvivier as majors or commandants. They were both full generals thirty-four years ago, when they fell, along with several other old Algerian acquaintances of mine, in the

frightful days of June, 1848, when striving might and main to put down the formidable Socialist or Communist Insurrection then raging in Paris—the first of a disastrous series, a second of which shook Paris to her foundations in 1871—and of which a third may be closer upon us than even far-sighted politicians can as yet discern.

Lamoricière, also, who in after years, in his proud self-consciousness, spoke so slightingly of Italian generals and Italian troops, and finished a glorious career so lamentably at Castelfidardo, was still a simple chef-de-bataillon when I knew him first in Algiers. Changarnier was a captain then; so was Eugène Cavaignac, after the days of June chief of the French Republic. Bosquet, who, in 1855, shared in the glorious laurels of Inkermann, was in 1834 a simple lieutenant in the Algerine corps of occupation. All these men rose to high distinction—why not I? Had I but taken the Colonel's well-meant excellent advice, and trusted my star, surely I might perchance have lost the battle of Reichshofen; I might have surrendered Metz, after a run of the most astonishing blunders ever known in the history of war. I flatter myself that I might just have turned out the sort of general to lose a great battle under the most propitious circumstances, like M'Mahon; or to surrender the strongest fortress in the world garrisoned by a powerful army, considerably outnumbering the besieging host, like Bazaine. But it clearly was not to be. I always was a *pechvogel*, or lack-luck; so I declined the Colonel's kind proposal, and manfully stuck to the lancet and gallipot. You see I have but too often permitted my native diffidence to stand in the way of my advancement in life.

The "Légion Etrangère" was a fine body of men in the main, gathered from nearly every part of Europe. It was formed for service in Algiers, in 1831, at the end of which year it numbered 1,500 men rank and file, which number had at the beginning of 1833 risen to 3,500. In 1834 we had 5,000 legionaries under arms in Algeria. And there were, besides, a few thousands whom we had snugly underground by that time; for fever and dysentery played sad havoc among the ill-fated human cattle shipped from France to the North African death-stores.

There were then seven battalions of the Legion—four German, which included many other nationalities; one Polish, one Italian, and one Spanish battalion. The latter was generously ceded to the Queen Regent of Spain, after Valdes' repeated defeats by Zumalacarregui. Some time after the entire Legion went

the same way—to share pretty well-nigh the same sad fate with the English auxiliaries led to the aid of Maria Christina by General de Lacy Evans. Omelets cannot be made, of course, without breaking eggs; but there are really some omelets that had better not be made at all—and this Maria Christina-Isabella Segunda omelet was surely one of them. There are also some eggs that might be used for better purposes than omelets after the French fashion—*aux déconfitures*.

The men of the Legion were, as a rule, brave to excess—a set of dare-devil fellows. Many of them were above the common herd—men of birth and education, political refugees, for the most part; some had blundered into social sins, offences, and crimes, and had sought and found a refuge from the pursuer without, and the pursuer within their own heart and mind, in a soldier's venturesome life, and in the excitement of fierce strife. There was a notable instance of a Bavarian officer who had made a mistake about the ownership of the regimental cash-box, which he found out a little late in the day, when part of the cash had been spent by him. He had joined the Legion in '31, as a private; yet by the middle of 1834 he was a full lieutenant, with every prospect of a brilliant career before him. He was a full captain when he fell fighting in Spain, in 1836, I believe.

To use a vulgar expression, most of the unhappy legionaries had brought their pigs to a pretty market—at least for so long as they belonged to the mere rank and file. The life and position of these men might be summed up briefly, in a general way, as harassing marches and killing marsh fevers, hard work and harder knocks, small pay and scanty fare, with microscopic chances of rare, telescopically distant loot.

I think the pay and rations of a full private in the Legion were about eightpence a day, with one pound and a half of doubtful brown bread, half a pound of still more dubious meat, about a pint of light Spanish wine, a pinch of salt, an occasional handful of rice, and wood for cooking. On entering the service, the Ministry of War graciously bestowed upon the recruit about £1 12s. in articles of clothing, etc., which constituted his kit. This was called "*la première mise*." To keep himself up in shoes, shirts, etc., one penny per day out of the eight was paid into his so-called "*masse*;" every five days he received the munificent pay of threepence-halfpenny to provide himself with tobacco and other luxuries. One halfpenny, I think, went for washing; the remaining fivepence were spent in the purchase of white bread for the soup in the morning, and onions, potatoes, beans, macaroni, vermicelli, lard, etc., for the afternoon's meal. It was not, perhaps, quite so extraordinary then as it may look, that these

men should occasionally try to do a bit of looting on a small scale on their own individual account, and that they should develop a tendency to walk off now and then o' nights with a fowl or a sheep belonging to a "friendly" Arab, who would rush into camp in the morning complaining with clamorous lamentations of his grievous loss, and cursing the rascally thief as loudly and deeply as his archiepiscopal Eminence of Rheims cursed the purloiner of his ring—to very little good purpose, however, as it was next to impossible to "identify" the guilty party with an efficient staff of "alibi-provers" always ready to hand; and as the officers mostly partook of the dainty fare thus surreptitiously provided, it stood to reason that no very strenuous effort was ever likely to be made to bring the offender to condign punishment. I crave permission here to offer a philosophical remark of deep truth: there are certain states and conditions in life, in which nothing can taste sweeter than stolen fowl or purloined mutton—properly cooked—*experto crede*.

Algiers has, indeed, from the very beginning, been a *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed to France by the elder branch of the Bourbons. Clauzel, who was sent by the Government of July to succeed Bourmont, gave it as his deliberate opinion that the best to be done with the new conquest was to restore it to the hands of its former owners. As an alternative, he proposed a *sensible* plan of colonisation. Of course the men of July dared not follow either counsel, and Clauzel had to be recalled. Savary, Duc de Rovigo, who ruled the roast from 1831–1833, tried the iron hand without the velvet glove, and failed most signally. His cruelty, his harshness, his overbearing haughtiness—in brief, his arbitrary despotism, drove the unhappy natives to rise in insurrection. They found an excellent leader in Abd-el-Kader, who actually compelled the proud invaders to acknowledge his absolute sovereignty over the whole of Western Algeria, including all Arabian tribes up to the river Shelif. This was in February, 1834. War soon broke out again; but that is matter of history, which does not concern me here.

In 1833 I had, however, to go on service with more than one expedition into the Metidjah, a well-watered fertile plain south of Algiers, measuring some fifty English miles by twelve. We had some fighting there. On one occasion we got rather severely handled, having twelve men killed and about sixty wounded more or less severely—in fact, I have a notion we rather got the worst of it. I was slightly amazed, somewhat amused, and not a little indignant, when I read afterwards in the French papers a glowing account of a severe brush with the Arabs, in which we were stated to have inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy, suffering ourselves

very little indeed—only two men wounded. *Sic semper*—"Rien de si menteur qu'un bulletin." It was the same with the accounts of the health of the army, which was almost invariably reported to be good, at the very time when fever, dysentery, and diarrhoea—and Broussais—were clearing our hospitals at a rare rate.

It is always thus with the French—maximising their successes, minimising their reverses. With us in England the case is very different. We are over-apt to run into the other extreme. We maximise our reverses. An ordinary repulse with us becomes a "disgraceful defeat," and when we lose men by sickness we have a tendency to double the loss instead of striving to conceal or extenuate it or gloss it over, as the French invariably do. It was so in the time of the Crimean War. Ever since Sterne invented the phrase, the English have had an unhappy habit of exalting the way in which matters are supposed to be ordered in France, and of disparaging the English way of doing things. In the Crimean War, English journalists could hardly devise terms of reproach sufficiently severe to mark their indignant sense of the wretched shortcomings of every department of the British Army management, whilst pitching the key very high indeed in their adulatory strains in praise of the admirable manner in which the French were ordering these things. I, who by experience knew this view of the case to be based upon the merest delusion and deception, used to laugh—but it was a bitter laugh. I can only say that in my time there was not a worse-managed commissariat to be found anywhere (I verily believe) than in the French army; and from what I have had occasion of late to see in France, there remains much to be done there yet to screw things up to the present British standard. I may conscientiously affirm also that although the general sanitary condition of the English army is certainly not always what it might be, the health of the French army, as a rule, leaves still much more to be desired.

The greater part of my time I was detached as assistant to the hospital surgeons, such as Doctors Marjolaïs and Payen of the Caratine, the elder Moneras or Monneras,* of the Salpêtrière, Fleschus and Antonini, of the Jardin du Day, and a few other gentlemen of less note in the medical service.

All these sons of Æsculapius, whom I had to attend as assistant, were—more or less, but generally more—followers of Broussais, and the amount of lanceting and leeching perpetrated

* My memory in matters of names is occasionally slightly phonetic, especially with reference to the men with whom I came in contact at this period of my career.

under their truly Sangradian sway was something "awfully" appalling.

Many long years after, and many long years since, a friend of mine started an albumen factory in St. Pancras, the technical management of which he entrusted to my hands. We got our "first material" from the London slaughter-houses, but we soon found the price run a little too high for profitable working. So we gave up this sanguinary business. Had we but had something like the Algerian military hospitals in my time to fall back upon for our raw material, at the low estimate in which human blood was held there, we might have driven a roaring trade.

In the medical code of these distinguished men blood was the peccant matter that had to be removed—and it was removed at a rare "gyann ghyte" gait. The patient, too, was generally removed, but that was no business of ours, so long as he was properly expedited *selon les règles*. And that reproduction of the sap of life might not interfere with the process of depletion, this latter was supplemented by a somewhat arbitrary graduated scale of starvation, ranging from semi to total. One of my chiefs for instance, the elder M. Monneras, of the Salpêtrière, would on the fifth or sixth, nay, on the eighth or ninth day, when the fever had seemingly left the patient—I verily believe, sometimes, because there was not sufficient blood and vigour left in the poor fellow to work out a regular fit—graciously order "*la moitié d'une pomme cuite le matin, diète le soir*," which gave half a baked apple, two cupfuls of weak broth, and a quart or two of lemonade for whole and sole daily sustenance. Another chief of mine, Dr. Antonini, of the Jardin du Dey, had gained for himself the nickname of "*régime maigre*," because he used to tack these words almost invariably to the order of "*diète absolue*," sternly enjoined by him for the first week or so in nearly every case under his medical care. The nourishment supplied to "convalescents" recovering despite fever, etc., depletion, and starvation, was meagre in the extreme. It ranged from four ounces of white bread, divided into two portions for morning and evening, a small basin of soup (rice, potatoes, vermicelli, etc.), and a sip or two of wine, up to one pound and a half of bread, half a pound of boiled beef, and a pint and a half of wine per diem, which was the so-called full portion, as a rule only given on the patient's last day in hospital. The gradations intervening proceeded from the so-called quarter portion to the half and three-quarters portion. Besides this rich fare, each patient had about a pint

and a half or a quart of broth. For drink, the fever patients had about half a gallon of lemonade, occasionally with a glass of wine added (*limonade vineuse*); those suffering from dysentery or diarrhoea had rice-water instead, sweetened, and with gum arabic added (*eau de riz gommeuse*). Patients who had attained the three-quarters had *plisane commune* (decoction of liquorice root) for drink.

One of the most truly beautiful features of this "rational" (!) and "physiological" (!!) system of treatment was, that the poor devils who could not take kindly to starvation had to part with part of their kit (shirt, shoes, etc.), to buy food of the *infirmiers*, or of their fellow-patients in an advanced state of convalescence, now, in their turn, compelled to sell the very food and wine ordered them with a view to the restoration of their strength, that they might thereby procure the means of buying back the shirts, shoes, etc., with which they had parted under the pangs of hunger. For a man who condemned and abominated this vile, cruel folly, it was hard indeed to stand by quietly to see constructive murder perpetrated before his eyes. I found it occasionally so, and I was not always proof against the strong natural temptation to interfere in my small way. On one occasion (as, Heaven pardon me all my transgressions, on many other occasions) I had thus given food and drink on the sly to one of Monneras' patients--that is, I thought I had done it on the sly--but a wretched *infirmier* had detected me, a sycophantic villain, who reported his discovery to the chief. I was *consigné*--i.e., confined to the precincts of the hospital--for eight days, to teach me not to meddle with my chief's system of treatment. In the bitterness of my heart I wrote on the wall of my room, as high up as I could reach, standing on my camp bed :

Perturbateurs du genre humain,
Qui êtes sans miséricorde :
Bussiez-vous au cou la corde
Que vous tenez toujours en main !

This soothed my ruffled feelings.

I wonder whether this silent outburst of my righteous wrath may still be extant. If I have a chance I'll go and see.

Our general pharmaco-medicinal armoury was not over-richly stocked,* our chief sheet-anchors of salvation being, in a great

* Not that I mean to say we were not amply supplied with all the staple aids of disease and death, which, at the time I am now speaking of, made up our glorious pharmacopœia, but that, as a rule, we dipped only here and there, and rather sparingly, all things considered. And, a fact to be placed to our credit, we eschewed complex prescriptions.

measure, confined to sulphate of quinine, a few preparations of antimony, mercury, copper, etc., a small assortment of acrids, narcotics, and narcotico-acrids, rhubarb, and a few so-called bitter tonics, cantharides, mustard, linseed, ointments, liniments, lotions, etc. All these were provided and administered in their various ways by a stiff and starch routine, from which no departure was allowed. I remember how wofully I got snubbed when I once took upon myself to substitute camphor for sulphur and mercury in certain ointments. I was strictly enjoined never to try that new-fangled trick again.

Quinine was of course our great, I may say our only, febrifuge. It was given in doses of from nine to fifteen grains of the sulphate as a rule; pretty stiffish, I think; though I myself, at a later period, have foolishly taken twice and even three times as much at a go—and have suffered for it accordingly.

Blood was drawn by the pound—"Saignée de seize onces," was rather a familiar order to me. In those days many Frenchmen would still obstinately decline dropping the old popular denominations, at least so far as larger weights, etc., were in question.

Leeches, these interesting pretty creatures, whom Harry Leigh so sweetly and affectionately invites "to drink," were ordered in batches of fifteen or twenty on the brow and the temples, and up to thirty and more upon the epigastric region. I do not exaggerate; only that in my division, and in the wards of some other foreign assistants, we juniors, who practically were—at least we thought so—in a better position to judge of the true state and condition of the patients than our chiefs, who saw them only twice a day, and had to trust to our reports, would often take upon ourselves to mitigate the severity of our orders, and let a poor fellow off now and then with a loss of four instead of twelve or sixteen ounces of his precious blood, and with four or five leeches instead of twenty or thirty. The chiefs rarely cared to see whether their orders had been obeyed; and we had, in case of need, always the capricious obstinacy of the leech to fall back upon, which will often refuse to bite.

In the course of my career through the world, I have had occasion to observe that virtue is generally its own truest reward. Leeches are rather an expensive item, and the liberality with which the Intendance allowed us to expend them upon our patients was a brilliant proof of the solicitude of a paternal government for the well-being of the men who had to fight the country's battles.

Now, as I have just stated, we juniors differed from our

chiefs with respect to the expediency of large leechings. The leeches had to be ordered, however, as they were put down in our books. Now the question naturally arose, What was to be done with our rather fast accumulating stock of *hirudines*? We could not well eat them: they are not nice in a stew even, along with snails; nor will frying along with onions make them a palatable dish.* To throw them away would have been an inexcusable waste of valuable matter. So we simply sold them back to the *officier comptable* of the hospital at third and half price—a proceeding satisfactory to all parties concerned; the administration getting the required supply of leeches at a moderate fixed rate, the *officier comptable* netting a nice little profit, our chiefs having the satisfaction of ordering a handsome number of leeches in honour of their great master, Broussais, their poor patients having at least some chance left them of recovering, and we ourselves reaping the reward of our “virtue” in a by no means trifling addition to our rather scanty pay.

Dr. Fleschus, one of the two chief surgeons of the staff of the Occupation Corps—Dr. Stephanopoli being the other—secured my valuable services for a time in the officers’ ward at the Jardin du Dey, over which he himself presided. Lieutenant-Colonel Neumann, of the Foreign Legion, came in with a damaged leg, and I had the high honour of specially attending to the case of this distinguished officer, who was a German Alsatian by birth. So, for the matter of that, was my chief, whose real name, I verily believe, was Fleischhaus (Fleshhouse). But many Alsations were at that time rather ashamed of their honest German patronymics, and tried to recast them into French.

This has been a human foible at other periods of time as well, more especially in the Middle Ages, and more particularly in Germany, among the learned. In the time of the Reformation, Luther was about the only great man who did not even transmogrify his honest commonplace patronymic by tacking to it a Latin termination at least. His great fellow-reformer in the faith, honest Philip Blackearth (Schwarzerd), must, forsooth, don the name of Melanchthon; Chauvin latinized himself into Calvinus; Königsberg (King’s mount) into Regiomontanus; good plain Hausschein (Houseshine) fancied he’d shine more brightly as Œcolampadius; the excellent mathematician Rauch-

* To try and prove all things is a time-honoured injunction. Do not try leeches, I say, except to a very limited extent, in local inflammation and painful swellings. But, whatever you do, do not try them as an article of food. THEY ARE NASTY. *Experto crede.* The gray garden snail makes a delicious dish, the frog is an acknowledged delicacy—but the leech—Faugh! and avaunt!

pass (Reekfoot) essayed to throw dust into the eyes of the world, instead of smoke, by taking upon himself the grand Greek style of Dasypodius. Why, then, should blame attach to Dr. Fleischhaus for passing himself off as Fleschus?

No matter whether Fleischhaus or Fleschus, he was the second chief surgeon of the Staff, and a very great man indeed, and most sound on the Sangrado-starvation theory of the treatment and cure of disease. The Lieutenant-Colonel had some little knowledge of me, and it was by his special request that Dr. Fleschus asked Dr. Antonini to cede me to him for the time of the Lieutenant-Colonel's illness.

Dr. Fleschus was wonderfully stiff and unyielding upon the point of his absolute sway and command of his own wards, and he would brook no remonstrance against his most arbitrary edicts. While an officer was sick and under his care, he insisted upon being obeyed by him in every way.

Now, poor Colonel Neumann found that the damage to his leg did not interfere with his desire for food and drink, but the autocrat of the ward held that eating and drinking, until he thought proper to allow it, would be death to his patient. He told the starving officer roundly that he was quite aware that he was the proper man to command a regiment, or, for the matter of that, an army; but he knew nothing of the treatment of disease, and so, until he got better, he would have to command and restrain his appetite.

About the third day of my attendance, Neumann began to fret so much, and to crave so intensely for sustenance, that I was afraid it might injuriously affect the cure of his leg. So I resolved to risk braving the ire of the Jupiter Tonans of the ward. I roasted a chicken in the hospital kitchen, where I was a frequent visitor, shoved the article, along with a loaf of bread and a litre of wine, into my field-bag, and made the Colonel as happy as a king. Fortunately, he was waited on by his own servant, so there was no danger of betrayal. From that time forward I was the Colonel's regular purveyor. He remained altogether six weeks under the care of Fleschus, who he swore to me would have starved him to death in less than one-third of the time. Indeed, even in the last fortnight of his stay at the Jardin du Dey, the doctor would not allow him more than half a bottle of light wine, with a small modicum of food a day. Fleschus was quite proud of his success in this case. He over and over again told the Colonel, in my presence, that had he eaten and drunk as he wished, he would be a dead man by this time. He also told the Colonel that to ensure his orders being strictly

introduced into the Colonel's room surreptitiously. We were quite aware of this fact, as the sergeant of the guard had once kindly warned the servant not to make any attempt of the kind. Fleschus never suspected me; for by that time I had learnt the wisdom of howling with the wolves, and I professed to swear by him and his mode of treatment. It was hard, though, to keep from laughing outright when the dear old man was thus conceitedly bragging, whilst the Colonel was making faces at me. Had it not been for my "gross dereliction of duty," as it might be termed, from a strictly moral point of view, I should like to know what would have become of the unhappy patient in the hands of this blind theorist. Not that it mattered much in the end, for poor Neumann fell afterwards in Spain.

In the fall of 1834 my connection with the Legion was altogether severed, and I was assigned as fixed assistant to my chief, Dr. Antonini, with whom I had become a great favourite, and who promised me that I should at no distant date be promoted to a full acting surgeon-assistantship. But it was not to be.

I found myself suddenly prostrated by a formidable attack of the worst form of fever. My chief gave me his very best care and attention. A special *infirmier* was appointed to wait upon me, which I would gladly have dispensed with, as his constant presence in the room, and his unremittent watchfulness, hindered the *pharmacien*—a good-natured fellow—from supplying me surreptitiously with food and wine, for which I had a fearful craving. Antonini, in his truly murderous kindness, restricted me for days to a few spoonfuls of wretched meagre broth, and half a gallon to three quarts of lemonade a-day—much too little to assuage my unquenchable thirst. In this one particular, however, my *infirmier* yielded to my supplications, and brought me himself another half-gallon or so of lemonade a-day.

I was bled three times within five days—twenty ounces, and sixteen, and twelve ounces. Antonini, with his own skilled hands, put on thirty lively leeches, and kept pertinaciously by my bedside, until the bloodthirsty wretches had all of them had ample time to bite, without my being able to take even one of them off.

Antonini gave me large doses of quinine, and in my anxiety to get rid of this dreadful fever, I managed to procure and to take still larger doses, which I was quite sure the chief would never have sanctioned, had he but known it. It was all in vain—and I simply added quinism to the effects of the fever.

The abdominal viscera swelled beyond all reasonable bounds; my muscles shrank more and more; dropsical swelling of the

legs set in, and there were ominous signs of a tendency to anasarca. My appetite, erst so fierce, grew less and less, until I at last lost the very desire for food. My strength fell off day by day. I suffered from the most distressing dyspnoea. The wretched fever would now and then cease for a brief period, only to come back again to fall upon me with redoubled force.

In a few short weeks I was a mere wreck of my former self. Antonini decided to send me to Toulon as a last chance of salvation. He really had a liking for me, and I in return loved the man though not the physician. When we parted, we both wept. It was a parting for ever, for we never met again. He was a powerful-looking man. Besides the nickname of *régime maigre*, they used to call him also *le brasseur*, the brewer, on account of his large frame and robust appearance. Yet he also succumbed, as I was informed years after.

Algiers has at all times since the conquest been but a charnel-house to the French. If they could only bring their pride down to the point of giving it up altogether for a bad spec! Why, they are always talking of *revanche* for 1870. Let them offer their brilliant colony as a free gift to the Germans: if they accept, the French will be more than amply revenged upon their hereditary foes.

In Toulon, matters did not mend with me for a time.

To break my back altogether, a humane administration thought it the most merciful course to dismiss me the service, so that I might no longer need worry my mind with anxious thoughts about returning to my duties. There was clearly no more juice left in this particular orange: why not then throw away the useless peel?

The game seemed indeed to be up with me.

It is not an original remark, but it is a true one: I have never feared death, which to me is simply an inevitable incident in life. *Janua mortis porta novae vitae*. But I dread dying, and I have an unconquerable objection to being buried, no matter where, on principle; but at this particular time I abominated the very notion of a grave in Toulon.

At this juncture Dr. Hermann, who had served in the Legion, was passing through Toulon on his way to Paris. He enjoyed the private friendship of the Maritime Prefect of Toulon, whom he had several years before cured of a grave disorder.

He came to visit the hospital, where he saw me—and took compassion upon me. I had been for five weeks his assistant at Camp Kouba, and had given him satisfaction.

Dr. Hermann was a kind-hearted man and a skilful physician.

He held Broussais in utter abhorrence, which, indeed, was the main reason for his quitting the French service, as he was at daggers drawn with Cecaldi and the other leaders of the "physiological" school.

He carefully studied my case. The upshot was that he strongly advised me to take arsenic, which will succeed occasionally in desperate cases where even quinine fails, and which is certainly the most efficacious agent against quinism. *Esperito crede*—for, though it might seem a risky remedy to take, I unhesitatingly went in for it. I took it in the form of arseniate of soda, which I, for my own person, prefer vastly to the solution or liquor.

The effect was truly marvellous. By Hermann's advice I took the comparatively large dose of one-eighth of a grain just before my fever paroxysm was due. It remained due, and has remained due now for over forty-seven years, and I devoutly wish the debt may never, never be discharged. And this certainly could not possibly be twisted into a case of *post ergo propter*. It was the direct effect of that truly wonderful agent. Hermann at once reduced the dose by one-half—one-sixteenth of a grain, to wit. The second day I began to feel again that my abdomen was not altogether merely a huge liver, but that I had other portions of my digestive apparatus left me. In one week's time my appetite rose to the point of "ravenous." As a general rule I have through life been a delicate eater, rather choice in the selection and preparation of my victuals; but at this juncture, with the fierce arsenic-born craving for food upon me, all was fish that came to my net—all eatables were gladly taken in and done for. They gave me what I asked for, and I am afraid I had hardly ever done asking for more. Poor little Oliver Twist would have been nowhere had he entered into competition with me just then. The distressing dyspnoea left me, and I could once more breathe freely. The swelling of the liver subsided, all traces of anasarca vanished, almost as by magic, and my denuded bones began fast to put on a renewed fleshy covering. I gained strength apace. I could come forth once more from my gloomy sick-room, to walk out into God's all-beautiful temple of Nature, to bathe in the limpid air of the bright Mediterranean shore, to bask in the life-giving beams of the all-glorious mother of our earth. The sensation of recovery from a long racking and sapping illness is indescribably pleasurable. It may seem paradoxical, but I truly believe that people who have never had an hour's illness in life pay a heavy price for the exemption in missing the most exquisite bliss that can be dispensed to man by an all-beneficent Providence.

But now, with the hope of life revived within me, came the racking reflection that I was bankrupt in purse, and that many months might pass ere I could reasonably hope to be readmitted to the service; for in that fierce fight with death my constitution had been so broken and shattered, and my prostration of body and mind had been so entire, that I felt instinctively my convalescence must be slow. What should I do then, what could I do to sustain the life yet barely restored to me? In my distress I cast about for ways and means in every direction. By Hermann's advice I memorialised the administration to permit me to go back to the Jardin du Dey, to recover health and strength, and to give my services gratis meanwhile. Antonini, to whom I wrote upon the subject, warmly supported my petition. It was of no avail. I received the usual official regrets, along with a cool intimation that it was strong, healthy, active young surgeons they wanted in Algiers, not broken-down invalids (I had been invalidated in the zealous and fearless discharge of my duty—but no matter); that perhaps hereafter, should I be able to show a clean bill of recovered health and strength, my application might be taken into consideration. Nay, in the heartless impertinence of official officiousness, I was kindly advised to complete my medical studies at Montpellier, a most favourable place for convalescents, pass my examination, and petition the Home Secretary for authorisation to practise in France, pleading my services in Algiers in support of my request.

Balzac makes his Gobseck say to Maxime de Trailles: "*Ce n'est pas du sang qui coule dans vos veines; c'est de la boue.*" From my experience of men and their acts and deeds, in the higher and highest official regions in France, I could swear that, in my time at least, it was certainly not the warm life-blood of man, but a sluggish mixture of fish and snake blood with snail slime, which was stagnating through the red-tape and indiarubber circulatory system of the officials.

What ransom will not a man readily give for his life? After a hard inward struggle I resolved to put my pride in my pocket. I sent an urgent appeal to Madame. The reply came—it was from my saintly ex-guardian. That exemplary man wrote that, although after my disgraceful and ungrateful (!) behaviour at our last interview he would stand justified before the forum of his own conscience were he to act upon his original resolve never again to hold communication with me, yet as an earnest though humble follower of "Him who both preached and practised forgiveness"—oh, the sickening hypocrisy of these sham-creed-mongers!—he would for this once, in compliance with the earnest wish of his dear wife, depart from that resolution; and in merciful

consideration of my present urgent need he forwarded me a draft for 1,000 francs, with the distinct explicit intimation that this must positively be the last time that I ventured to "annoy" them with "begging letters," as no notice whatever would be taken of any future application.

I was in an exceptionally irritable mood when this precious epistle reached me; so, of the several courses I might have pursued in this affair, I selected the very worst. I sent back the draft, torn in pieces, and I wrote to Madame and her saintly spouse separate letters couched in the bitterest language, and accusing them without circumlocution of having cruelly despoiled and robbed me—in brief, closing every avenue to the remotest chance of future reconciliation or reconsideration of our relative positions. I was always wrong-headed, always acting upon the foolish impulse of the moment.

As I said before, Dr. Hermann was on terms of friendship with the Maritime Prefect of Toulon. On the evening of the day when I had so hastily sent off the letters above referred to, he came to tell me that the Duke of Orleans had just arrived in Toulon, where it was likely he would stay for a few days. He advised me to appeal to his Royal Highness for reconsideration of my case. He had already, through his friend the Prefect, secured an audience for me.

The Prefect was kind enough to introduce me to his Royal Highness, who received me most affably, and expressed his sympathy with me and my sad state. He graciously promised to intercede for me with the authorities. The result was that a few days after I received six months' pay, etc. (about £40), and a promise of future reinstatement in the service, conditional upon my perfect recovery.

The Duke of Orleans was then in his twenty-fifth year; he seemed to have the most brilliant prospects before him. He was noble and generous, and the most liberal-minded and open-handed of the family. But for the fatal accident of July 13, 1842, there is a probability that there would not have been a revolution in 1848, or, if there had, it might have eventuated simply in the substitution of the son for the father, and the inauguration of a true constitutional government in France—so that that glorious land might have been spared the horrid nightmare of the Lower Empire.

It was spring, 1839. In the round of my peregrinations through France I had again come to Paris. Though still connected with the Republican party, and often employed on Republican papers, notably the *National*, to translate from the

English and German journals;* I troubled my mind but little about active politics. In literature and journalism I found ample occupation to give me, despite rather indifferent pay, sufficient means of subsistence.

My spare time I passed mostly in the Charité, in the division of the junior Dr. Andral, still with a view to ultimately taking my degree.

One day the Duke of Orleans came to visit the hospital, when I happened to be there. His Royal Highness, who had an excellent memory for facts and faces, remembered that, and also where, he had met me before. He was kind enough to congratulate me upon my vastly improved looks, and inquired how it was that I had not been reinstated in the service yet. I told the Prince, in reply, that I was still studying for my examination, as I preferred to go back with my full degree. Andral, who was always most kind to me, benevolently remarked on the occasion, that it was my diffidence alone which stood in the way of my going up to pass.

I observed that the Duke looked careworn and that there was a shade of anxiety on his brow—certainly not altogether without cause. Indeed, things did not look particularly bright for the Citizen-King, although it could not well be said that the Republican party pure and simple gave special cause for anxiety just then. Armand Carrel had been dead some two years and a half. Godefroi Cavaignac was in London, where he had sought and found a refuge since July, 1835. Heinrich Heine had since 1836 become a

* In the course of my long career I have been employed on journals of every shade of opinion—from Republican to Absolutist. But in the case of any except Republican and Liberal papers, it has always been simply in the capacity of a translator, excerptor, or summarist. It was wholly and solely in this capacity that, at the instance of my friend Hippolyte Baillière, I consented to work on the *Observateur de Londres*, a reactionary weekly, started in London in 1848, by Herr von Klindworth, one of the most active and most capable political agents of the period, then a refugee from France, where he had been Councillor of State and one of Guizot's right-hand men. It was Prince Metternich who found the £2,000 to start the paper with. It did not take, however, and had soon to be discontinued for want of funds. All I did for it was to write, for meagre pay, summaries of English and German news, dressed up in vernacular French.

A few years after, some of the ultra-austere and immaculate Republican refugees in London used to throw this into my teeth as a high crime and misdemeanour. Even some of my best friends blamed me for having worked on the paper. Had I been the editor and manager of the *Observateur*, I could not have been hauled over the coals in worse fashion. Yet I had at the time actually declined an alluring offer made to me by the Prince through Klindworth.

pensioner on the Treasury of the Foreign Office. Ledru-Rollin, who had made his mark in 1832 by his famous legal opinion condemnatory of the state of siege then proclaimed in Paris, remained still a simple popular pleader and a rising oppositionist. Louis Blanc had not yet dealt his damaging blow of the "*Histoire de dix Ans.*" Lamartine had not even quite accomplished his progress from Conservatism to Liberal-Conservatism; besides, he was more of a poet than of a politician. Armand Marrast, then chief editor of the *National*, the only Republican leader *en présence* whose talent and energy might make him formidable to a shaky government, was *bourgeois* to the very marrow of his bones.

I say Lamartine was more of a poet than of a politician. He was a thoroughly honest, well-meaning man, by no means of the very highest order of genius. He was also, in a great measure, weighed down by financial difficulties. He never was a truly dangerous political antagonist. Judged as a poet, I, for my own part, must candidly confess that, with the solitary exception of "*Jocelin*," which I read in the fall of 1835, when in full convalescence, when everything looked bright and beautiful to me, I liked his poetic effusions but indifferently well. I was repeatedly in his company, and I know that he thought no small beer of himself in any line. I verily believe he was possessed by an unalterable conviction that he was first chop at everything—but notably at oratory and high statesmanship. Like Armand Marrast, he was the very incarnation of Philistinism, in the German acceptance of the term. He perpetrated, among other poetic offences, a Fifth Canto of *Childe Harold*!—a lycopodium flash essaying to emulate sheet lightning. Well, there is no accounting for the vagaries of men. Did not the late Chevalier de Châtelain attempt Shakespeare? I do not know how far he went with his version. I think I once came across a translation of "*Macbeth*" supposed to be by him, which was fearfully and wonderfully done. To give an instance, as far as I can call to mind upon the spur of the moment, the

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold! enough,

was transmogrified somehow into an invitation addressed to Macduff—I have a violent suspicion it was to M. Macduff—by the murderous thane, to come on "*à la bataille*," with an intimation tacked to it that the first to give in should be held a "*vile canaille*"—which certainly made a pretty rhyme. Being on this theme, I remember I once stumbled upon a choice bit of French quotation from Shakespeare. It was in a *feuilleton* tale by Uchard, based upon the career of John Law, the wondrous Scot

who scotched France, the skilled financier who but for lack of success would have turned the Father of Waters into a Pactolus. The distinguished author of this tale rendered "Frailty, thy name is woman"—by "*Fragilité, c'est le nom d'une femme.*"

To return. Notwithstanding this favourable conjuncture and apparently smooth and tranquillising aspect of affairs, things did not look particularly bright for Louis Philippe.

The King's petty huckstering personal policy and his pertinacious meddling and muddling had in the end made it difficult to find a Ministry that would tamely submit to the Crown's interference in and with everything. And whenever an administration had been formed upon the tacit understanding that the chief of the State was to have it all his own way in the Cabinet, such administration could not command the confidence of even Chambers elected upon the narrowest franchise and by the grossest corruption.

Thus the Ministry presided over by that subtle and supple statesman, *si jamais il en fut*, Count Molé, was forced to give way in the face of a strange coalition of the *doctrinaires* with the *tiers-parti* and the Left.

Molé's forced resignation led to one of the very gravest Ministerial crises in the history of the Orleans rule.

It was terminated provisionally on the 1st of April, by a temporary *provisorium* which truly bore the peculiar character of its date. Some of the small wits of the Boulevards contemptuously dubbed it "*le ministère des poissons d'Avril.*"

Day after day the crisis continued, and week after week. It was a complete block, and even sedate politicians began to contemplate the expediency of the substitution of the Crown Prince for the King, when suddenly an act of sublime folly changed the face of affairs. Two madmen in politics—honest, stubborn, ever-blundering Auguste Blanqui, and hot-headed Armand Barbès—took it into their confounded noddles to have a Brummagem rising of their own, upon the very smallest scale and in the very worst fashion ever yet attempted anywhere in the world—not even excluding the Frankfort folly of 1833—which would have been contemptible even in a community of the size of San Marino. I knew both gentlemen—for gentlemen they were, ay, every inch of them, and thoroughly honest and well-meaning, and with a world of sympathy in their noble hearts for the lowly and oppressed. Blanqui I had first met in 1830. The acquaintance of Barbès I made only years after.

Barbès was a handsome fellow, a French creole, of Pointe-à-

Pitre, in Guadeloupe. He was wealthy, and had a most charming sister. Both Blanqui and Barbès were utterly unpractical and impracticable men. I had learnt a little wisdom in my career. I was no longer the insensate enthusiast of 1833, who could meditate the overthrow of a confederation of powerful rulers by a few score students and a few thousand peasants.

I esteemed the two men, nay, I loved them, but I distrusted their judgment, and I smiled at their exaltation; they, on their part, liked not what they were pleased to call my cynical ways. So they gave me little or none of their confidence, and I had not even seen either of them for months, when they insanely raised the cry of "Vive la République!" on the 12th of May, 1839, trying their prentice hand at a republican rising, which of course ended in overwhelming defeat and calamitous failure.

The immediate effect of this act of worse than madness was the termination of the crisis, and the formation of the Soult-Duchâtel Ministry. Louis Philippe found himself firmly re-seated on his throne, and was thus permitted for nine years more to prepare the upheaving of 1848, so disastrous to France in its deplorable results and consequences.

Barbès and Blanqui were tried by the Peers, and sentenced to death. At the intercession of the Duke of Orleans that sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. How both regained their freedom in 1848, and how they used it to destroy the young Republic by the insensate attempts of the 17th March, 16th April, and notably 15th May, is matter of history.

I was in Paris two years ago when Auguste Blanqui died, still conspiring, at the age of seventy-six—poor, honest, impracticable, with his heart to its last beat pulsating with intensest compassionate love for the suffering proletarians. He had in the end grown so secret in his movements that he would not even let his intimates know his private address, and his death was accelerated at least by an exhaustive night-walk on his return from a meeting, as he obstinately refused to get into a vehicle.

Armand Barbès was sentenced to deportation after the 15th of May. He was imprisoned in Belle-Isle-sur-Mer. Besides being a revolutionary agitator by temperament, he was one of the rankest Chauvinists I ever knew. In 1854 he wrote a letter anent the Crimean struggle, in which he ardently prayed for success in the war against Russia, even though the Second Empire should thereby be consolidated in France. Upon this Louis Napoleon set him free. He died in the year of the overthrow of the Second Empire.

I have already stated that I had not the remotest connection with this absurd playing at revolution by Blanqui and Barbès.

Yet the affair affected me personally in an injurious and uncomfortable way.

I was living at the time in the Rue Richelieu. I was working for Dr. Jourdain, the editor of a great number of French versions of German books, notably on homœopathy.

I had been hard at work a fortnight upon a portion of Rau's "Organon," I think.

The doctor was a kind of literary contractor for Baillière. I worked for him for years.

After a fortnight's close application, I sorely felt the need of air and exercise. So, on this identical Sunday, the 12th of May, I left my lodging early in the morning for a long country ramble, from which I returned late in the evening, thoroughly tired with walking. I had not the least cause to suspect that anything had occurred that day out of the common run of events.

When I reached my home, in joyful anticipation of a good night's rest, I found the police in possession. They had ransacked my effects, and seized my papers.

This I had no need to mind much, as I have through life made it a point to burn papers that might compromise me or others. In fact, I may say that I have a tendency to destroy letters and papers in general, which I find now is just as foolish an extreme as the indiscriminate keeping of all correspondence can possibly be, for I am thrown solely and entirely upon my recollections for these reminiscences of mine.

I was whisked off unceremoniously to the Rue de Jérusalem, where they kept me in close confinement for three days, when, finding no just or sufficient cause against me, the noble Louis Philippean authorities declared that I was a crafty and dangerous revolutionary, an alien who was ungratefully abusing the generous hospitality extended to me, and sternly bade me to "get out of *that*," meaning France, where I was doing pretty well at the time.

The *mens conscia recti* may be an excellent theoretical consolation; but I must say it does not answer in the hard practice of life. I felt awfully cut up. I had done no injury to any, either in act or intention. Yet I was driven from France.

I lived to see Louis Philippe an exile in England.

I elected to take my way over Rouen and Havre, as it was the longest, and therefore the most convenient, route for me and my settled purpose to disobey the order of expulsion.

I had by this time found out that, with some pluck and a little

savoir faire, and a dash of brass, it is not so very difficult a feat to defy and defeat the authorities of a great country. I coolly stopped at Rouen, where some excellent friends of mine, notably Doctors Gros and Delzeuges, and Pastor Paulmier, of the Protestant Church, obtained for me the position of Professor of History and English, at the institution of the Parc des Chartreux, then conducted by M. de Virmontois.

Here I held on for eight months, when an accidental distant meeting in the street with a "Jerusalemite" from Paris, whose eye I caught "upon me" as Haynes Bailey has it—a kind of Javert, who prided himself upon his vigilance and energy of action—made it so unsafe for me to stay where I was, that I left rather suddenly, making tracks for Havre on my way to England.

Et bien m'en prit, for my friends informed me afterwards that the Rouen police had been communicated with at once, and that I should certainly have got into trouble had I not taken time by the forelock.

Some thirty months after, thinking, not unreasonably, that the recollection of the May affair had faded away, I boldly ventured upon a long visit to Paris, where I arrived on the 14th of July, the day after the fatal accident to the ill-fated Duke of Orleans. It is not mere idle profession when I say that I felt deeply shocked and sincerely grieved. Since his first great kindness to me I verily believe I could hardly have brought myself to join in any hostile manifestations or intrigues against the dynasty of which he was the chief prop and brightest ornament. It was this very consciousness which made it so galling for me to be driven out. Now I thought of our last meeting in the Charité, and again upon how, only seven brief years before, I had first seen him in the prime of earliest manhood, with every auspicious star apparently shining brightly upon him; and when I recalled the indulgent smile of sympathy with which he had asked me to state my case unreservedly to him, and mentally compared then and now, when he lay a shattered corpse, I confess I wept bitterly.

To return. When the kind intercession of the Duke of Orleans came thus most opportunely to my aid, I was, as I have already stated, rapidly progressing on the road to convalescence. I seriously reflected on my position and prospects. I clearly foresaw that I must not hope to be readmitted to the army medical service for eighteen months or perhaps two years to come; and I resolved accordingly to turn the little knowledge which I possessed to the best account meanwhile, not neglecting my hospital attendance whenever a favourable opportunity might offer.

I have a certain springiness in my composition which I verily believe nothing will ever lastingly tame—a buoyancy of temper and disposition which nothing can long subdue.

I took kindly to literary and journalistic work, and to public lecturing. Yes, Heaven forgive me, I went wandering about France like a travelling tinker with my “intellectual” wares, lecturing, I am ashamed to confess, upon a variety of subjects of which I knew about as much as Jean Jacques Rousseau did of music when he first took to giving lessons in it. But what of that? What I lacked in knowledge at the time I amply made up in self-reliance, *vulgo* cheek, which truly is a blessed gift, so long as it is adequately supported by blissful ignorance. It is truly surprising with what ease and freedom people will speak or write upon almost any given matter of which they know nothing, or next to nothing.

With a little knowledge comes a deal of diffidence. I do not deliver lectures now, not even upon cookery and education, which are hobbies of mine. I only wish I could find my pristine cheek again. I used to make rather a good thing of lecturing in those days; whilst now, when a little chance income from that source would be such a blessing to me—— Never mind; there is Nature’s most beneficent law of compensation to fall back upon. If my present store is limited, I have but few teeth left.

For the matter of that, only two wretched stumps—worn-out old servants, to whom I continue to give the asylum of my mouth for auld lang syne. I have suffered fearfully from tooth-ache in my life. At first I had recourse to extraction; but after losing nine teeth in this fashion, I resolved to bear the pain manfully, and keep my ivories. Had I gone on with extraction, I should not have had a tooth left at thirty, whilst by clinging to my cutters and grinders I managed pretty well up to some four years back, when I found myself reduced at last to three stumps, and even the alveoli began to basely take French leave of me.

Well, well! I have no reason to complain. Has not my excellent friend Richardson kindly supplied me with a complete and perfect set of splendid teeth, which I am, even at this present time, ardently striving to get used to! They fit excellently well, and are, in my opinion, the closest imitation of Nature ever yet achieved in the dental line. They are perfect for articulation, and, should the *dea dira duræ necessitatis* ever again drive me to the lecture hall, they will enable me at least to enunciate distinctly and intelligibly. I have tested their masticating capacity, and they have stood the test given to the extent of a small piece of almond rock, a delicacy to which I was much

addicted at an earlier period of my life, and which I continue to affect even to the present day. I have put myself now into a systematic course of training for the wear and tear of my Richardsonian ivories, and I trust in the course of a few months more to give that most excellent friend and dentist the pleasure of dining with him, to our mutual satisfaction.

In the fall of 1835 I found myself for the third time in Lyons—dear Lyons! I had been there first in 1832, and had passed through it again in summer, 1833, on my way to Toulon.

When I came back to the great Rhône-and-Saône city in 1835, the traces of another formidable rising—that of April, 1834, in which Republicans and silkworkers fought side by side for five days against the combined strength of the Government and the Municipality—had nearly disappeared, all but the line of eighteen detached forts erected on the left Rhône and right Saône bank, to overawe the turbulent population of stout old Lugdunum Celtarum, that has so often defied the powers seated in Paris.

When I was in Lyons, the remembrance had not died out yet of the fearful days of 1793, when the Lyonnese had risen against the Convention, and made short work of their Jacobin Municipality. The Convention—that truly Titanic body which had so greatly dared to fling the severed head of the King as a gage of defiance in the face of coalesced monarchical Europe, and was then combating victoriously abroad and at home—sent one of its improvised armies against the revolted city, which offered a stubborn resistance, but was captured in little more than two months. Old Madame Paillot, a lady of singular intelligence, whose acquaintance I chanced to make in 1838, told me appalling tales of the horrors that had succeeded the capture. She told me how thousands had been slaughtered—among them the nearest and dearest to her; and how she herself had only escaped as by a miracle. She described the Commissioners of the Convention, Couthon and Collot d'Herbois, as raving and raging maniacs; Fouché, as a fish-blooded incarnation of Satan. When she spoke of the horrors of that time, and of the men who had wrought them, she rose erect, and, with the air of a Pythoness, fiercely denounced their ever infamous memory, and frenziedly devoted their immortal part to the everlasting torments of hell. I have heard Rachel, in her finest moments, heaping imprecations upon Rome, and I have been awed by the concentrated boundless passion of her

*Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être la cause, et mourir de plaisir!*

Yet even she might have drawn a still deeper intensity of execration and exultation from the fierce flaming ire of this old lady's

outbursts. Madame Paillot told me, with a strange mixture of burning indignation and ineffable contempt, how the three Satanic emissaries, not satiated with the precious blood of thousands of butchered men and women, had, in their petty anger, taken to assailing stones and bricks, and timber, and Gallic mortar and Roman cement, decreeing the demolition of the most venerable mementoes of the glorious past—ancient edifices, princely residences, and fine mansions—all through the doomed city; how she had seen that vile actor—“acteur à faire pitié, Monsieur; je vous donne ma parole, et que j’ai sifflé moi-même, moi que vous parle”—lame Couthon, carried about in a sedan-chair from condemned building to condemned building, to devote them to demolition one by one, with a blow of a hammer which he held in his hand.*

Yes, the Lyonnese had hissed Couthon, and this was the disgraced actor's way of avenging himself upon them; and the mean scoundrel did it in what he probably considered dramatic fashion.

This was the way of the Convention to deal with revolted cities. The Government of July proceeded very differently. Far from indulging in such wanton destruction, the powers in Paris endowed conquered Lyons with eighteen substantial forts all along the left bank of the Rhône and the right bank of the Saône. And, as it turned out in the long run, both Convention and King equally to the same little purpose.

It was in 1838 that I knew Madame Paillot first. I lived then for a time in the Cours d'Herbouville, on the right bank of the Rhône. She was my landlord's mother.

I have, unhappily, cause to remember the Cours d'Herbouville. A fire, which broke out one fine evening in the house where I

* *Relata refero.* This was what old Madame Paillot told me, who professed to have been an eye-witness of the fearful events of the Girondino-Royalist insurrection and its subsequent suppression by Couthon and Doppet. History—I am perfectly aware of it—tells a slightly different tale in so far at least as refers to Couthon. The Convention had, indeed in a moment of fierce anger, decreed the destruction of Lyons; but Couthon contented himself with the mildest and most purely theoretical execution of the terrible decree by striking with a silver hammer a single edifice on the Place Bellecour. This we have equally upon the authority of professed eye-witnesses, who place the fearful atrocities of the national vengeance wreaked upon the doomed city chiefly to Collot d'Herbois and Fouché's account. Well, Couthon had enough to answer for in all conscience without having the burthen of other men's crimes laid upon his shoulders. So we may readily give him the benefit of the doubt.

lodged, burnt my personal effects, and consumed my papers—an irreparable loss to me. I would willingly—nay gladly—have given five years of life to save and secure them; I was indemnified for my other losses, but that was very little consolation indeed to me.

Madame Paillot was a superior woman, of surprising knowledge and vast experience of life; she was of strong conservative tendencies and opinions, with a decided leaning to Imperialism. Her son was an ultra-radical; she would mercilessly chaff him on his affectation of Republicanism as she called it. In matters of faith she was altogether given to freethought. She had no trust whatever in medicine. At allopathy she sneered; at homœopathy she laughed; and she often made me wince by her uncompromising caustic remarks upon the professors of either or both systems of murder by commission or omission, as she expressed it. She held vaccination in utter detestation.

She had a little granddaughter, a charming cherub of four, with whom I used to romp, and to whom I was warmly attached. Judge of my horror when I was told one day that Madame Mère—for she affected the Imperial style in her household—had taken the poor child to the hospital for the express and explicit purpose that she should catch the small-pox from a young girl there who had the disease in a mild form. When the good lady returned with my pet, I indignantly remonstrated with her upon the monstrous enormity she had, in my opinion, been guilty of. She listened quietly until I had done with my objurgation; then she told me, without the least shade of anger, that she freely forgave me the impertinence of my uncalled-for interference for the sake of the affection I bore the child; but she would thank me if I would kindly abstain from intruding my opinion and advice in a matter of which I could not by any possibility know and understand one tithe as much as she did. She bade me look at her sons and daughters, who had all of them had the small-pox, and who were handsome and healthy accordingly. She took the exanthematic diseases, especially small-pox, to be Nature's great prophylacticum. She had had small-pox in her childhood, and she had never since felt even a finger-ache. Only it was indispensable that the disease should be taken between the ages of four and seven, if possible, but at any rate before the period of puberty, and that the child should be in good health at the time.

I was shut up, of course. Soon after the child was laid up with small-pox. No physician was called in: Madame Mère took the case into her own hands. She, the mother, and one of the aunts of the child, watched the little patient unremittingly with

the tenderest care. When the pustules drew to a head, these three women were unceasingly engaged in opening each pustule with a sharp-pointed gold pin, and squeezing it gently with a cotton pellet. Chamomile tea and elder-flower tea constituted the whole and sole medication. An ample supply of pure fresh air was kept up in the sick room. The usual mode of living was not changed. Everything was done to amuse the little patient whilst awake, and she was carefully watched when asleep. When the itching threatened to become intolerable, relief was afforded by tepid water compresses. The child recovered speedily and thoroughly, and six months after there were but few marks or traces left of the attack, and it was easy to see that these also would disappear in a few years.

It was a lesson to me and a wrinkle. It is many years now that I have ceased to swear by Jenner, as my great master Heim had taught me in my University days—Heim who had been the first to introduce vaccination in Berlin.

To return to 1835. I took up my quarters at my old place, in the Rue St. Dominique, near the Place Bellecour, at the house of a M. Peyrade, whose acquaintance I had made on the occasion of my first visit to Lyons, in 1832. Godefroi Cavaignac had procured for me from a friend a letter of introduction to Peyrade, who had received me kindly, giving me a tip-top apartment in his house—a garret, not to put too fine a point upon it—measuring twelve feet by twelve feet and eight feet.

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans ! and at thirty and forty, for the matter of that. How little one minds the number of steps that lead to the lofty roost, so long as one can take them three or four at a leap ! As one advances in years, the joints are apt to grow less supple, until, in life's fall, one finds the climb not quite so genial as one was wont to do in its spring.

Peyrade was a character. He was an accomplished *gourmet*. There was barely a vintage known that his wonderful nose and palate would ever fail to detect. But he was more than a simple *gourmet*; he was absolutely a "creator" of vintages, known and unknown. The vulgar process of blending had, in his skilful hands, gradually developed into the dignity of a fine art; whilst his inventive genius, powerfully aided by a most intimate theoretical and practical knowledge of every branch of the subject, had effectively devised a sound scientific basis for the many complex and intricate operations and the delicate manipulations necessary to the successful cultivation of this very special branch of flattering Nature. Is not imitation the sincerest form of flattery ?

I know something of the great Hamburg vineyard, in which so many sorts of wine are made to grow that are innocent of the remotest connection with the juice of the grape. I have been at Cetté and at Bercy—*c'est tout dire*. It has been my good or my bad fortune, take it as you will, to watch the fabrication of "fiz," in certain parts of the Palatinate, and I have been specially privileged to see the most gripeful of all gripy wines that I have ever attempted to drink, the famous Silesian Grüneberger, turned indifferently into Duc de Montebello or Heidsieck Monopole, or anyone's Carte Blanche or Carte Noire. But never and nowhere have I met M. Peyrade's match. I truly believe there was not a vintage that he could not "produce;" and his success in ripening and aging young wines was simply marvellous. His immutable principle—and herein lay perhaps the secret of his success—was to confine himself rigorously to the scientific blending of natural vintages, without addition of spirit or any other foreign ingredient, except small quantities of certain aromatic essences, in the preparation and use of which he was a perfect adept.

He somehow took a fancy to me, and we soon became intimate. I had a smattering of wine-lore, and knew something of chemistry, which enabled me to give him advice occasionally in doubtful cases. He was pleased to admit me to the freedom of his cellars, and to let me into some of his secrets. He would even take me on a trip to Burgundy, where he used to buy grape-crops on the vine, to have them cut, etc., under his personal direction.

To give an instance of his marvellous skill in the "production" of famous vintages from inferior growths. He bought on one occasion a grape-crop grown between Beaune and Nuits, which in due course of time grew in his skilful hands into Romanée Conti! Ay, and he sold it too, at a stiffish price, to real connoisseurs of the article! Had I not been cognisant of the matter, I also would have sworn it was genuine Romanée Conti.

When I knew Peyrade first, in 1832, he was a man about fifty, with a pleasing frank countenance, and a merry twinkle in his dark eyes. He was by birth a Massilian or Marseillais, with a plentiful drop of Greek blood in his veins, which might account for the "Greek" element in his moral composition. He was a well-bred, well-educated man, a Bachelor of Arts and Sciences in fact, and endowed with great natural gifts in many ways—among others, with no mean histrionic ability. He was cheerful and jovial, and, although he had a keen eye to business, and would always take care of his own interest, his natural disposition was generous and liberal.

He was *ancien régime* all over, and had no love for the events

of 1789 and 1792, and their outcome, although he made no display of his opinions and feelings, and was always intent upon keeping on good terms with people of all parties.

It was to his kindness that I was indebted for an introduction to M. Vautrinier, through whose influence I obtained pretty remunerative employment on the *Censeur de Lyon*, then the chief Liberal paper of the Rhône Department. At a later period he introduced me to Douiller (or Doullier), a leading Dijon publisher, for whom I translated several homœopathic books into French.

Douiller subsequently recommended me to Dr. L. de L., an allo-homœopathic physician, of Dijon, for whom I translated Hartmann's "Homœopathic Therapeutics." With this gentleman I became rather intimately acquainted. He was an excellent physician. He, to my certain knowledge, disdainfully ignored Hahnemann's infinitesimal craze; and would occasionally give even energetic agents in allopathic doses, though he kept carefully dark about this heresy of his, fearing lest he should run counter to the convictions of his homœopathic clients, who, just at that time, placed blind faith in the German prophet of the new medicinal creed, and in the Italo-French Elisha, whom the great master had found ploughing the allopathic fields, and upon whom he had cast his mantle—Dr. Des Guidi, of Lyons.

Once upon a time, a certain Dr. S., a German, believed he had found an infallible cure for stammering, which he was, of course, ardently desirous of promulgating at home and abroad, for the benefit of those afflicted with this distressing defect. Being no linguist, he deemed it expedient to engage, for his projected visit to England and France, a companion fully qualified to act as his general interpreter and mouthpiece in these countries. I know there must be many still alive in London who remember Dr. S.'s professed cure for stammering—which, if I recollect aright, consisted simply in a strictly enforced system of slow syllabic enunciation. I have reason to know that Mr. Thomas Wakley, Coroner for Middlesex, was an enthusiastic apostle of the system, and I verily believe he had lists of stammerers made out in the several parishes of his province, simply that he might have them summoned on inquest juries, to try the efficacy of the cure upon them.

Well, in the course of their professional tour, the two Germans came to Dijon, where Dr. S. was taken ill. Dr. L. was called in to attend him, but his ministrations were of no avail. Dr. S. died.

Now there were some suspicious circumstances in the case,

which led to a judicial inquiry by the French authorities. The deceased's travelling companion was arrested on suspicion of having poisoned his friend with copper, as chemical analysis detected the presence of that metal in the dead man's stomach and intestines.

It would appear that there had been for some time a want of harmonious feeling between the two travelling companions. Most likely Dr. S. had presumed a little overmuch upon his position as chief, which Dr. R. had resented, as was clearly apparent from certain passages in a private letter sent by R. to a friend in Germany, which was produced in Court to testify against him. There was one particular passage in this letter laid hold of by the prosecution. It was to the effect that S. fancied he could ride rough-shod over him, but that he would put a spoke in his wheel. "*Ich werde ihm aber die Brühe versalzen,*" were the words in German; literally they mean, "I'll oversalt his broth," an expression which is very often used, and which figuratively means, "I'll spoil his game," or "I'll put a spoke in his wheel," but which, by a stretch, may be interpreted in a much less innocent sense. The official translator stretched even the stretch, and deposed that the hidden meaning of the passage was, "I'll poison his broth for him," "I'll do for him."

Copper having been found, it was taken for granted, of course, that R. must have made true his threat, and poisoned his poor friend with copper. The defence suggested that copper might have been medicinally administered, as was, indeed, admitted by Dr. L., only that he deposed he had given it in infinitesimal doses. How the matter might have ended it would be difficult to say, but on the evening of the second day of the trial (I think) the tide had considerably turned in favour of the accused, and an acquittal was anticipated, when the unhappy young man hanged himself in his cell. The true cause of this lamentable suicide was a heartless letter which the ill-starred R. had received that very night upon his return from the court, buoyed up with the hope of acquittal next day.

The letter was from his betrothed, to whom he was most warmly and sincerely attached. It informed the poor fellow, in cold "business" style, that the lady, after long and anxious deliberation and consultation with her family and friends, had come to the unalterable decision to break off her engagement with him, even though he should be triumphantly acquitted, which, of course, she most devoutly wished and hoped he would be. Even the most absolute acquittal would have no power to alter her fixed resolve to have done with the "inauspicious" connection, for, said the lady—copying, unwittingly, most likely,

Cæsar anent his wife—her future husband must never have been even suspected of such a fearful crime as that laid to his charge. She appealed to his manliness and to his love for her (!) to let this be the last communication between them. She entreated him not to break her tender, loving heart (!) by essaying to address her again in any way. Should he, however, cruelly disregard this most earnest appeal to his good feelings, her dear parents would know how to shield her from all obsession and importunity.

It was a sweet letter for a "tender, loving-hearted" maiden even to copy and see forwarded to one in a desperately critical position. She surely might have awaited the event, before she put pen to paper to stab her ill-fated lover to the heart. Well, the letter did for him; so you see it saved a world of trouble. Had the victim been a wiser man, he would most probably have, considered himself very fortunate in getting rid decently of his engagement to this singularly tender-hearted and most unselfishly loving young woman. Well, well! love is a strange passion, and men—and women too—are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The analysis of the remains of the dead body of S. had revealed the presence of minute traces only of copper, such as might have resulted from an allopathic dose of the poison. Dr. L. affirmed he had only given homœopathic globules. From what I had occasion to know of the practice of some allo-homœopathic physicians, notably of Dr. L. himself, I felt more than half inclined to attribute the presence of the copper to an allopathic dose of the metal—administered, perhaps, in this instance, by inadvertence. I felt equally disposed to impute the cause of death simply to typhoid fever, as maintained, in fact, by the defence. It was a very sad affair, take it as you may. Even to this present hour I have never been able to divest my mind of a more than half-conviction that the ill-fated R. should not even have been put upon his trial for the offence imputed to him upon insufficient suspicion, which might surely have been explained and cleared up on more than one other at least equally admissible theory.

However, the accused committed suicide. So there was an end of him and of the case.

There would seem to be a curious affinity between love and suicide. Even from my own limited experience of life I might adduce several instances in support of this notion, more particularly one which happened in the early part of the spring of 1839, in Paris, and which I will give here, as it made a most sad and lasting impression upon me.

I rented a small apartment in the Rue Richelieu, *au quatrième*

au-dessus de l'entresol, tantamount to the fifth floor. Immediately underneath, on the fourth floor, lived a young law-student, with whom I soon became intimately acquainted. He was handsome, clever, and accomplished, and about twenty-three years old. He was what is called in France a *fils de famille*. His father owned a small estate, some twelve miles from Paris. We had barely known each other four days, when he made me the confidant of his joys, and griefs, and sorrows, and anxieties.

Poor Jules—I omit his patronymic, for obvious reasons—had what is generally known as a *passion malheureuse* for a pretty girl in an advanced state of emancipation, who had very considerably crossed the narrow boundary between grisettism and *loréttedom*. This young lady, who could proudly boast of having several wealthy beaux to her string, after being Jules' *bonne amie* several months, suddenly found that, as she felt no real love for him, the connection was simply disgraceful. So she dropped the poor *fils de famille*, to take up instead with a *père de famille*, a peer of the realm, who could afford to raise her to the position of a *dame d'voiture à quatre chevaux*. This drove Jules well-nigh out of his mind.

I had been introduced to the young lady just before this latest exchange of "lovers." She was wondrously pretty and attractive; but, as it seemed to me at least, thoroughly heartless. Why, in the very presence of the man who would gladly have laid down his life for her (alas! he actually did afterwards), she had the hardihood to invite me to a *tête-à-tête* supper *sans façon*, which made the poor young fellow thoroughly unhappy, even with all he knew of her.

I had a shrewd suspicion that all this was done by the woman in pursuance of a fixed purpose and well-defined plan of hers to entangle Jules in a matrimonial engagement. She told me herself that she was tired and ashamed of the life she was leading, and that she was sure she could take kindly to anyone who would woo her *pour le bon motif*, and make a proper marriage settlement upon her.

Now Jules was so absolutely and blindly infatuated, that, to call her all his own, he would certainly have married her, had the French law only permitted it. But in France, no marriage is recognised as legal and binding which has not the express consent of the parents or their lawful representatives. This rule is rigorously applied till the age of twenty-five, after which the party desirous to contract marriage may, if opposed still by his or her parents, serve upon the objectors three *sommations respectueuses*, declaring his or her fixed purpose to contract the union objected to.

Jules was only twenty-three, as Mlle. Madeleine knew perfectly well; she knew also that he was solely dependent on his parents, and that a marriage settlement was altogether out of the question without their consent. But she knew that his parents were passionately fond of their son, and she hoped that he might succeed in persuading them to consent to the marriage with her, if he would only be sufficiently earnest and urgent in his supplications; and to stimulate him to the utmost exertion in this direction, she essayed by every means to inflame his passion and excite his jealousy.

All these elements of the drama I learnt from Jules, as much as from Mlle. Madeleine herself.

I tried the power of reasoning upon my friend. I essayed to open his eyes to the truly sordid nature of her whom he worshipped. It was all in vain. He even quarrelled with me for daring to speak ill of his divinity. Still, as he could not do without a confidant, his ill-humour lasted only a day, after which he came back to me, to tell me his latest and bitterest grief. He had had an explanation with his parents. They, and his two sisters, most charming girls, to whom he had introduced me, had categorically declared to him that on no consideration whatever would the family ever consent to the disgrace of an alliance with a woman of Madeleine's stamp. His father had even threatened him with his parental curse, and that he would cast him off if he persisted in his insane attachment. He had also had an explanation with Madeleine. He had offered her a secret marriage—the ceremony to be performed in England—and that he would marry her once more in France after his legal emancipation. He would meanwhile secure to her four thousand francs a year out of the ample income allowed him by his father. It was no use whatever; the young woman simply laughed in his face. She impudently told him that her present admirer thought little of making her an allowance more than six times that which he (Jules) so generously offered to her.

The poor fellow was driven to the verge of madness between the two. I made another endeavour to bring him to a more sensible view of the position. The more I argued, the more he raved. Nothing would do to calm him. He swore to me at last that, as his parents had declared that they'd rather see him dead in his coffin than bring this indelible disgrace upon their ancient honourable family, he would take care they should see him dead in his coffin—and pretty soon, too. I took this threat for the mere idle ravings of a half-lunatic.

This was about the middle of April, in the morning. When I came home in the afternoon, as usual, I knocked at Jules' door on

my way to my own apartment, as was my wont. He was rarely out at this time. Receiving no reply, I turned the handle of the outer door, which opened freely. In trying to open the inner door leading to his sitting-room, I found that the opening was resisted by some heavy weight on the inner side. By a desperate effort, inspired by a dread foreboding, I succeeded at last in forcing the door back and my way into the room; and there, to my intensest horror and grief, I beheld the dead body of my unhappy young friend, suspended from a hook fixed in the wall close to the ceiling.

My first impulse was to alarm the house; I thought better of it. With my dagger-knife I cut the body down, and placed it on the couch. I undid the rope and anxiously essayed whether life might still be lingering. Alas! it speedily was but too plain and clear to me that the body had been dead at least an hour.

My next most anxious thought was what had best be done to spare the unhappy family as much horror and suffering as might be possible under the circumstances.

I knew the *commissaire du quartier*—not very intimately, indeed, still sufficiently to have reason to think him a kind-hearted and sensible man. I went to see him, and he at once returned with me. At first the red-tape routine of his office made him upbraid me almost harshly for having dared to take upon myself to act without first communicating with the authorities, and awaiting their arrival. I replied that I had hoped my poor friend might still have life in him, and that I wished to spare the bereaved family the additional horror of publicity. Then the *official* made his exit and the *man* came in, and a true man he turned out to be. He took the entire conduct of the matter into his own hands, and looked to every detail himself. Through his action and influence the cause of death was officially and medically declared to have been serous apoplexy.*

* The ancient Saxon institution of coroner's inquest is practically unknown on the Continent—at least in the English sense of the term.

I remember—not the 5th—but the 9th of November, 1851, when I attended a great meeting of German exiles, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, in memory of Robert Blum, done to death three years before, at Vienna, by Prince Windischgrätz. It was a public meeting. Dr. Arnold Ruge, one of my oldest and dearest friends, was in the chair. Dr. Tausenau had just delivered a brilliant English oration, and the meeting was beginning to promise being a great success, when suddenly Captain Atcherley (I think I am correct in the name), an eccentric gentleman, who used to go about in those days striving to ventilate, in and out of season, a certain lamp-of-life and various other crazes, pounced upon the meeting with an address upon the ancient institution of coroner's inquest, which, he maintained at disastrous length, had it

I will not attempt to describe the harrowing scene when the bereaved father stood by the side of the corpse of what but a brief space of time before had been his living son—so full of promise then, and now—— And the stricken old man was raving and raging against himself for his rash and impious threatened imprecation upon his unhappy boy. He had wished him dead in his coffin rather than wed with a courtesan. Now he was lying dead before him, and he called frantically upon his Jules, his love and pride, to come back to life, and he should have his way.

I thought it incumbent upon me to acquaint the true cause of all this misery with the awful catastrophe. The callous wretch showed very little emotion indeed; nay—which may seem barely credible—she actually congratulated herself upon her lucky escape from a lunatic, who might perhaps have killed her in a fit of jealousy. “Il s’est pendu, Monsieur—*eh bien! tant pis pour lui, tant mieux pour moi!*”

Ay, a thousand times preferable to see the young life extinct—to see the body dead in the coffin—than that he should have made this woman his wife. This I said to the bereaved father when I told him of my interview with this Magdalen of the Paris gutter; and the old man was comforted.

existed in Austria, must have saved Blum’s life, or at least avenged his death upon his murderer. It was a sad thing for the committee, who had contracted with the establishment for the supply of one hundred suppers, I believe, at five shillings a head. As the captain would not respond to the chairman’s passionate entreaties to “shut up,” and as it was not thought expedient to expel a free-born Briton *vi et armis* from a professedly public meeting, the lecturer triumphantly held his own; but the audience gradually melted away, and at least fifty expected partakers of the supper ordered and paid for by the committee did not come back, so that the unlucky members had to pay some twelve to fifteen pounds out of their pockets for the maniac captain’s whistle. However annoyed by this madman’s interruption of the proceedings, we were all of us present most willing to admit that a coroner’s inquest is a great institution; and I, for one, thought that it would be practically impossible for a death not clearly due to natural causes to happen in England without a coroner’s inquest being held.

I thought so up to within the last few months. In one of the fierce autumn gales the year before last a boat approached the Kentish coast, with two unhappy men in it, shouting louder than the fierce blast for help in their extremity. The shouts were heard, and the look-out of the coastguard was eagerly appealed to. In the plenitude of his imaginary wisdom and pretended extensive experience, this individual pooh-poohed the appeal. He thought it was all imagination; so the two shipwrecked men were quietly let drown. No coroner’s inquest was held. Why not? Simply, perhaps, that it was feared a verdict might be found censuring the coastguard.

Many years after, in 1850, I was in Paris with George Augustus Sala. We took rooms in the Hôtel d'Espagne, Rue St. Jacques. Just as we were entering the portals of the hotel, a coffin was carried out, pauper fashion, attended by a *sergent de ville*, as solitary (official) mourner. On inquiry of the servant, that damsel told us, in the most unconcerned manner, that it was the funeral of a Pole who had killed himself with charcoal fumes. "Il s'est asphyxié" (astfissié, she called it), "Messieurs; *eh bien! tant pis pour lui.*" This was the poor Pole's funeral oration. Sala was disgusted and angry with this callous heartlessness. So was I.

Later on Madame Bresson, the proprietress of the hotel, told me that deceased was a Polish officer, who owed her two months' rent, and had behaved very indelicately to her, and most ungratefully. "For," the good woman said, "not satisfied with swindling me of the rent due, he must, forsooth, bring discredit upon the place by committing suicide in his room, instead of drowning himself in the river, as a person of proper sense and feeling would have done. *Mais ça n'a pas de cœur, ces Polonais, voyez-vous, Monsieur; c'est un tas de vauriens.*"

Poisoning cases have always had a powerful attraction for me. In the Lafarge case I took a special interest, because my revered master Raspail was connected with the scientific part of it. Marie Cappelle was married in the French fashion—which means without having her heart or affections consulted in the matter—to an ironmaster in Corrèze, a M. Lafarge, a man antipathetic to her in every way, and who on his part only cared for her dower, to repair his shattered fortune. The marriage took place in 1838. He brought his young wife home to his old seigneurial mansion, where everything was gloomy—including a more than gloomy mother-in-law. In December, 1839, Lafarge went to Paris on business. His wife sent him a cake from Glandier—a cake baked by her. I think it was intended for a New Year's gift. Lafarge fell ill. He returned to Glandier, where he died January 15, 1840.

The family, conscious, most likely, how much cause the widow had to dislike and detest every member of it, and more especially the dead man, who had made and had let others make his unhappy wife's life miserable, imputed the cause of death to poison administered by the wife in the cake she had sent her husband to Paris.

Marie Cappelle Lafarge was arrested on suspicion. A post-mortem examination was made, with full chemical analysis.

Four gentlemen, who fancied themselves physicians because

they had acquired the right to write M.D. after their names, gave it as their deliberate opinion that deceased had been poisoned with arsenic, of which metal they professed to have found notable quantities.

The friends of Marie Cappelle submitted the matter to Orfila, the great toxicologist, also one of my masters, who found that the four M.D.'d gentlemen ("des hommes qui se parent du titre de docteur," he expressed it) had made a mull of it, as, with their superficial and accordingly lamentably defective knowledge of chemistry, they had used antiquated and doubtful methods of detection, and had *fancied* they had found arsenic where there was none.

This looked bright and cheering. But the prosecution now had recourse to a clever move: they placed the analysis in Orfila's own hands.

Orfila was honest, and he was, perhaps, over-eager in his desire to prove himself honest. He made what he believed a most careful chemical investigation, which resulted in the discovery of a minute trace of arsenic in the remains of the late Lafarge. The doom of Marie Cappelle was sealed with this discovery, the more so as a female friend of her youth came forward to fasten a robbery of diamonds upon her, which, of course, could tend only to strengthen the bias of the jury against the unhappy widow.

But my revered master Raspail was coming to the rescue. He had taken the trouble to trace the zinc wire with which Orfila experimented to the shop where the great toxicologist had procured the article, and he found that the said zinc was impure, containing arsenic enough to account for much more even than Orfila had detected by his analysis! Orfila had used Marsh's test, which, if arsenic is present, terminates in the production of an arsenical mirror—an infallible test, provided the sulphuric acid and the zinc used as reagents in the process be perfectly free from arsenical admixture, which they only too frequently are not.

Raspail, having placed his singularly extensive and profound knowledge of chemistry, and his discovery of arsenic in Orfila's reagent, at the service of the defence, was on his way to Tulle, where the assizes were being held, when an accident delayed his progress; and the unhappy Marie Cappelle was found guilty meanwhile, and sentenced to hard labour for life.

Raspail arrived a day after the fair. Still he strove to save the condemned woman, and to redeem the wrong cruelly inflicted upon her by a mere mischance. I remember how hard he strove. He pointed out the admitted fact that

arsenic has not unfrequently been found in the human body without having been administered as a poison. He indignantly protested against the use of doubtful reagents in medico-legal analyses, and he caustically remarked that, with reagents such as Orfila had made use of in this sad case, arsenic could easily be detected anywhere, even in the leg of a wooden chair.

The "noble profession" at once laid hold of this. They triumphantly asked what reliance could be placed upon the statements of a chemist who professed he could find arsenic in wooden legs. It was revolting—but, bless you, it was after all in human nature: the ignorant smatterer will assail and try to run down the profound scientist.

Here, strange to relate perhaps, I have reason to believe that Orfila, who was a loyal gentleman, fairly admitted his error, and joined Raspail in a professional report to that effect. Now, one would think that, after this admission by the principal witness for the prosecution, the case would have been reconsidered. No, nothing of the kind. They have a Court of Cassation in France, to which an appeal lies in criminal cases; but alas! the appeal lies only where certain formalities prescribed by the law have not been duly observed. Thus, should it, for instance, turn out in a case of murder that the principal witness upon whose evidence the accused has been found guilty, has been totally mistaken, or that he has committed the grossest perjury, the party convicted and condemned upon that evidence may be guillotined for aught the Court of Cassation will or can do to save him; whilst the least disregard of any little matter of form prescribed by the law will suffice to vitiate the proceedings, and send the case back before another tribunal. You see, they order these things, like everything else, of course, so much better in France than in other lands. So, in the Lafarge case, though the judges in Cassation were told that the poison supposed to have been found in deceased's body had really been in the zinc wire used by the chemical expert, it made no difference. There had been no default of form, and the verdict and sentence must therefore stand; and poor Marie Cappelle had to pass five years of her wretched broken life in the Montpellier House of Detention or Correction, after which the Government graciously permitted her to suffer on in the convent of St. Rémy. In 1852 they set the unhappy victim free at last. Had they only waited a few months longer, her death would have saved them the trouble and the inconvenience of a partial admission of a judiciary mistake; for in France they are still more reluctant than even in England to admit that proverbially blind Dame Themis will occasionally fatally blunder. Look at the

most lamentable case of the *Courrier de Lyon*, where it took the family of the legally murdered man some sixty years, I believe, to force from the reluctant authorities even the paltry concession of the rehabilitation of his memory.

Justice is but too often a mocking misnomer, and, like law, occasionally worse than a lottery—a hazard, indeed, played with loaded dice on the side of Dame Themis.

In the year 1845, John Tawell, a member of the Society of Friends, was charged with the wilful murder of his mistress, Sarah Hart, at Salt Hill, near Windsor, if I remember rightly.

Tawell had been an apothecary at one time. In the earlier part of his life he had committed an offence which had led to his deportation beyond the seas. He had made some money in Australia, and had, in due course of time, returned to this country, where he got entangled in a fatal connection (as it turned out in the end) with the woman Hart, which weighed heavily upon him, more particularly after his marriage with the widow of a member of the Society of Friends—a Mrs. Cuthbert, of Berkhamstead. John Tawell had, after his first transgression, been excluded from the Society of Friends. After his return to this country he strove eagerly and perseveringly to obtain his readmission; his marriage with Mrs. Cuthbert placed him in the position of a tolerated member on probation.

Tawell was emphatically a weak man. Sarah Hart, who had two children by him, threatened him, it would appear, to reveal his connection with her to his wife, and to the Society. Nay, she did worse. I had evidence placed before me to show that she had obscurely instigated him to the murder of his wife. I never had any call or desire to examine into the question of John Tawell's guilt or innocence of the crime laid to his charge. What I was concerned about, was simply the glaring insufficiency and untrustworthiness of the medical and chemical evidence upon which the man was convicted and hanged. This insufficiency and untrustworthiness it would, in the opinion of many men qualified to judge, have been easy to demonstrate at the trial. Indeed, the defence had present in court at least seven professional experts of the highest reputation and attainments, such as Professor Graham, later on Master of the Mint, and others of equal eminence. Why were these witnesses not called? That is a most difficult question to answer. Tawell was defended by one of the most eminent of English barristers, subsequently a distinguished judge, who, in his discretion, declined calling these witnesses, electing instead to rely upon a pathetic speech, a few theatrical tears, a white pocket-handkerchief,

and an ingenious, though, unfortunately for his client, slightly untenable theory of the conversion of harmless apple-pips into a deadly poison—a theory, mind, advanced before one of the acutest and most clear-headed and logical judges that ever graced the British bench—the late Lord Wensleydale, then Baron Parke.

I had, upon application to me, given an opinion on the chemical evidence adduced by the prosecution, an opinion which I was ready and prepared to defend and uphold in open court. However, as I have just now stated, no professional evidence was called by counsel for the defence.

After the trial and verdict, the defence resolved to make an appeal to the Home Secretary, then Sir James Graham, and I was asked to write a pamphlet embodying my views of the case, duly supported by fact and argument. I wished in this pamphlet to confine myself within the strictest professional limits, to avoid touching in any way or respect the question of the guilt or innocence of the condemned man, and to take my stand simply upon the just maxim that a conviction on a charge of murder should be arrived at only upon the very clearest evidence, and upon the self-evident proposition that, if people were to be convicted and hanged upon such insufficient and fallible evidence as in this Tawell case, no accused man's life and honour would be safe, no matter how innocent he might be.

It was, however, pointed out to me that a purely platonic expression of opinion, as contemplated by me, must naturally carry much less weight with it than if supported by an affirmation of my firm belief in Tawell's innocence of the crime of which he had been convicted. I argued that an expert should never act as an advocate; but I was over-persuaded. It has but too often been thus with me: *Meliora vidi, deteriora secutus sum.*

So I wrote my pamphlet accordingly. It would be unbecoming in me to dwell upon its contents here. But I may be permitted to say that there were in it asseverations of certain facts and circumstances which ought to have been investigated. For instance, Baron Parke had in his summing up dwelt with considerable force upon the extremely minute dose of prussic acid—the poison said to have been used by Tawell—that suffices to kill—the one-seventh of a minim or grain of the acid, the learned Baron informed the jury, taking his stand upon the notorious case of Magendie's eleven epileptic patients, who had all of them succumbed to this very minute dose, as reported by Dr. Taylor, then and for years after a murderously high authority in medico-legal cases.

Now, knowing something of prussic acid, and of the case of the epileptics, the assertion rather startled me. Upon re-

ference to Taylor's work, I found that he had simply made a barely excusable blunder in his English version of the fact as stated in French. The dispensing apothecary had given the unfortunate patients the *acide cyanhydrique médicinal au sixième*, in lieu of Magendie's syrup, and so every one of the eleven victims had had administered to him ONE AND A THIRD GRAIN of pure anhydrous acid—that is to say, more than nine times as much as Baron Parke, upon Taylor's authority, told the jury was a killing dose!

I had reason to believe at the time that my pamphlet was laid before the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, along with the concurrent opinion of Professor Graham and three other eminent chemists, and that there seemed to be a hope of a favourable consideration being given to the matter. However, the judge's opinion was adverse. Baron Parke, I was informed by a gentleman who took a deep interest in the case, and who had had a personal interview with him—whilst admitting that there had been grave laches in the prosecution, and that the professional evidence might not have been absolutely faultless—yet he, who had the whole case before him, with the strongly corroborative collateral evidence, had, after the most anxious consideration of all the circumstances, come to the conclusion that the verdict and sentence ought to stand.

So the law was let take its course.

I had occasion to go down to Berkhamstead on the eve almost of the fatal termination. I saw the unhappy man's sorrow-stricken family. It was a most harrowing experience to me. I had not unfrequently seen men about to die a violent death. Had I not had to attend military executions in Algiers? But never yet had I beheld the agonising grief of an affectionate family about to lose by the dread process of the law a beloved member. And that John Tawell was dearly beloved by his family, and by his servants, and liked by his neighbours, I can conscientiously affirm from personal observation.

After the execution the chaplain of the gaol stated that the condemned man had made to him a confession of his crime, which he, however, refused to produce, rather electing to lose his position as gaol-chaplain. Lord Nugent, one of the county magistrates, affirmed afterwards that the confession had been communicated to him, and he imparted it to the broken-hearted widow, and to the brother and sister of the dead man. This confession, I was given to understand, whilst admitting the killing of Sarah Hart, completely negatived the theory of the prosecution and the professional evidence given in support of it, as to the mode of the administration of the poison.

After this unhappy affair, my friends were kind enough to bestow upon me the style and title of "the poisoners' advocate."

Years after occurred the famous Palmer case. Before the trial came on, my friend, T. L. Holt, introduced a gentleman from Birmingham to me, the solicitor for the defence, who wished to engage my services, offering me a fair remuneration. However, in this particular instance, I had no doubt on my mind of the accused's guilt. So I declined, frankly explaining to the legal gentleman how, with my convictions all the other way, I knew that my advocacy of his case would be worse than useless to his client, which, I think, ought to be held to show how little I deserved the name of the poisoners' advocate. In this case also the chemical evidence was not free from blunders, which might, indeed, have led to a miscarriage of justice.

Again, years after, there was another famous alleged poisoning case, that of Miss Isabella Banks, in which Thomas Smethurst, a surgeon, was put upon his trial for wilful murder, convicted and sentenced, and within an ace of being legally done to death on the gallows, upon evidence so obviously tainted with suspicion of blundering, gross carelessness, lamentable ignorance, and most unfair prejudice against the unfortunate accused, and so full of contradictions; that no considerate man would have consented to see even the lowest our hanged upon it.

In Tawell's case I had been moved simply and entirely by the defectiveness of the professional evidence brought forward against the accused. I could not bring my mind to believe in the statements and opinions of men who, with the revelations of the post-mortem before them, could go on testing for arsenic, opium, corrosive sublimate, and of all things in the world, sulphuric acid! and who only tried for prussic acid upon the suggestion of the chemist who made the analysis under their direction and supervision. But here in Smethurst's case, all my sympathies were roused, and my burning indignation, when I saw the unhappy man put in jeopardy of his life and fair fame by professional ignorance and conceit, by every conceivable wile and dodge of an unscrupulous prosecuting counsel, and—alas, that it should have been so!—by the barely disguised adverse bias of the presiding judge. I make no hasty or inconsiderate charge here. I am ready to prove every word of this before any fair and competent tribunal. I say it deliberately and advisedly, had Smethurst been hanged, it would have been an indelible stain upon the administration of justice in this country.

Happily, there were many others who felt with me that a

judiciary crime was about to be committed, and who deemed it every true man's duty to strive might and main to save an innocent life. That mighty engine for good—albeit, unhappily, occasionally also for evil—the Press, with the *Telegraph* and the *Star* in the foremost rank, stood nobly forward in defence of right and justice, and many of the leading members of the medical profession voluntarily placed their opinions on record in refutation of the medical and chemical evidence upon which the unfortunate accused had been convicted and sentenced.

Several brilliant writers on the *Telegraph* and the *Star* held nightly consultations at the Lyceum Tavern, in the red room, which had at one time been temporarily used for the convivial meetings of the famed Beefsteak Club, but was then rented by the Savage Club, of which these journalists were prominent members. They were pleased to believe in me, and to take from me such information on points of science and practice as it was in my humble and imperfect power to give.

I also ventured to take an independent step at this most critical juncture. Years before I had given lessons in German and French to many ladies and gentlemen, among others to the present Sir Gilbert Frankland Lewis. I had thus had occasion to become known to that most excellent gentleman's elder brother, then Mr. George Cornwall Lewis, who had more than once done me the honour of conversing with me upon history, statistics, and other subjects with which he was kind enough to think I was tolerably well acquainted. He was, at the time of Smethurst's case, Home Secretary.

Well, I addressed a memorial to him upon the case, carefully reviewing every part of it from beginning to end, extenuating nothing, nor setting down aught in malice.

I have reason to believe that the Home Secretary gave his very serious attention to the facts averred in this memorial, which was, along with other documents, transmitted to the illustrious Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, after mature consideration, gave it as his decided opinion that the professional and scientific evidence was glaringly insufficient to support the conviction.

The Home Secretary therefore granted Smethurst a free pardon—for not having committed the crime imputed to him. I have reason to believe that an important personage suggested, nay, urged, a commutation of the sentence to the next highest punishment in the scale—an act of monstrous injustice which Sir George indignantly declined to perpetrate.

I never knew Smethurst; I never even saw the man either before or after the trial; and I certainly derived no personal benefit whatever from my exertions in the case: the very reverse.

In Tawell's case a very highly-placed legal gentleman took me severely to task for "turning," as he was kindly pleased to express it, "the talents which it had pleased the Almighty to bestow upon me to the very worst account, by misusing them in the interest of murderers." The same gentleman, having chanced to hear of my connection with the Smethurst case, of which he unfortunately took a most prejudiced and absolutely wrong view, ungraciously declined, at a subsequent period, interesting himself in my behalf in a matter of great moment to me. Yet the proud consciousness of having contributed to the best of my small power and ability to save an innocent man's life was, and is to the present day, my sweetest reward.

In the early part of July, 1864, this giant metropolis of ours was suddenly startled from the dull decorous routine of everyday life by the report of an atrocious murder committed on the North London Railway. The dead body of a gentleman named Briggs was found on the line murdered somewhat in the same fashion as Mr. Gold was the year before last by Lefroy. Franz Müller, a German journeyman tailor, who a few days after the murder had taken his departure for America, was suspected of the crime, brought back to England, tried, convicted, and executed. I followed the proceedings with some attention, without, however, taking the least personal interest in the matter, except, perhaps, in so far that I could not help remarking the almost universal bias of the public against the accused, and the somewhat glaring defects and mistakes of the defence.

A few days after Müller's condemnation I was on the point of starting for Paris, when, on the very eve of my departure, a deputation from the German Legal Protection Society, consisting of Dr. Juch, Baron Von Erlanger, Mr. Osterroth, Dr. Bizonfy, Mr. Hegewald, and others, called upon me at the Gordon Hotel, Covent Garden, to request me to write a pamphlet in defence of the condemned man, with a view to a revival of the trial. I represented to the deputation, which took me completely by surprise, that I knew no more of the case than what I had read in the newspapers, and that I had not that absolute conviction of the condemned man's innocence which they seemed to have, and lacking which I was afraid I could not write anything that would carry conviction into the minds of others; besides that, I was quite sure that all the pamphlets in the world would avail nought at this stage of the case, even though they should be written by much bigger, and cleverer, and a hundred-fold more influential men than I

could pretend to be. I told the gentlemen also that I had made all my preparations to start that very night for Paris.

They insisted, however; they powerfully argued with me, and placed before me a vast amount of oral and documentary evidence calculated to give the case a different complexion. I strove hard to get out of it. I urged anew all my objections upon them, and I pleaded the shortness of the time left me for the task. It was no use; they persisted, they even accused me of sharing the general prejudice against the condemned man. Well, it has been my weakness through life to give way before pertinacious pressure. So I consented. It would be untruthful and mean in me to disguise the fact that the offer of thirty pounds in hard cash for my work may have had some slight influence with me.

So I buckled to at once; and with the aid of a tub of cold water to keep my feet in, and about half a gallon of black, strong coffee, made from my own mixture and prepared after my own receipt,* I achieved within twenty-four hours a pamphlet extending over some fifty pages in print, which was at once submitted to the committee of the Society, and approved of.

It seems hardly credible that the prejudice against that poor journeyman tailor was so general and so strong, that three printers refused the committee to have anything to do with the pamphlet, and that I had to find a printer willing to take the job. I left at once for Paris, with my thirty pounds in my pocket—the largest sum I was ever paid for twenty-four hours' labour in the course of a working career extending over half a century now.

I was subsequently informed that the committee found the same difficulty in procuring a publisher for the pamphlet.

The end was what I had foreseen; Franz Müller was hanged in front of Newgate. The German pastor who attended him to the drop stated that, at the supreme moment, with the death-cap drawn over his head, Müller had muttered a few words in

* Take of perfectly dry old Mocha six parts, of Jamaica Mountain and Java five parts each. Bring the Java and Jamaica to the same state of dryness as the Mocha, by heating the raw berries gently on a porcelain plate. Roast the mixture to the bursting and scattering of the silver skin; grind hot in a good fine mill. Place the powder in a double muslin bag, and suspend the latter in a coffee-pot; pour boiling water over it, and let the extraction proceed a minute and a half. The proportion of coffee and water depend, of course, upon the strength of the infusion desired. I use one ounce and a half of coffee powder to a pint of boiling water. But twice the quantity of water will still give a cup of excellent coffee. Always roast and grind your coffee fresh. Do not spoil the infusion by sweetening. Use cream or a teaspoonful of best Swiss milk (prepared in Switzerland) to a half-pint cup of coffee. If you take cognac in your coffee, burn it over the coffee. Do not use too much cognac, and sip the delicious beverage hot.

German, implying a confession of his guilt. Dr. Juch told me however, afterwards, that Dr. Cappel, the clergyman in question, had subsequently admitted to him he *might* have mistaken the import of the condemned man's indistinct mutterings, as he himself was at the time in a state of highly nervous excitement, and perhaps over-eagerly bent upon obtaining a confession in some shape or other, to save at least the immortal soul—*Relata refero*.

The Müller pamphlet was a *tour de force* of mine, of which I was capable in the olden days—

Ere age, with his stealing steps,
Had claw'd me in his clutch.

I had to pay for it though: for the unnatural nervous excitement, which alone had enabled me to achieve the task, would not be calmed down at will and pleasure, but persisted in keeping me two days and two nights after its completion in a state of extreme liveliness.

I had returned to Paris after one of my long rambles in the south of France—I had been away for about four months, enjoying myself rarely in the *dolce far niente* of roaming from place to place, longer, indeed, than I had intended and was prepared and provided for—to find that I had for the nonce repeated, on a small scale, my old feat of outrunning the constable. I sanguinely expected to find my usual employment in Paris at once; but, instead, I found, to my bitter disappointment, that neither Baillière nor Dr. Jourdain had occupation for me just then. Lessons could not well be picked up at a day's notice, and there was, to my intensest regret, no vacancy for translations on the newspapers for which I occasionally worked. A half-Bohemian friend of mine, Dr. Rother, who would now and then give me an article to write for some medical or scientific publications with which he was connected, had himself but little to do at the time. He kindly volunteered, however, to advance me fifty francs upon future work, reading me at the same time a most serious lecture upon my folly in spending all my means, trusting to good luck for the replenishment of my emptied purse. He had known me in the ancient days of my grandeur and splendour; and he himself was just Bohemian enough to sympathise with me in my altered fortunes, yet not enough so to pass over without reproof my light-mindedness and thoughtlessness. I promised him that I would strive to mend in future, and I meant to keep my promise—another paving-stone.

I took a small room at the Hôtel du Nord, in the Rue de la Parcheminerie, Faubourg St. Jacques, for the modest rental of ten shillings a month. I had a dinner every other day at the hotel—charge 7½*d.*, inclusive of discretionary bread, which, I am ashamed to say it, I ate with very little discretion indeed. You see, breakfast and supper would have been luxuries in which I had no call to indulge, particularly as I always had a breakfast on the off days, when I dined luxuriously upon ½*d.* fried fish, ½*d.* bread, ½*d.* fried potatoes—oh! weren't they nice and crisp!—and a bottle of the best Paris beer at 1½*d.* Said off-days' breakfast I got at a small *crêmerie* near the old Morgue, long since removed to more commodious quarters. The place was called Café de l'Économie, which was not a misnomer, as 2*d.* sufficed to pay for a cup of milk-coffee and a (very) small roll—butter the wise Bohemian eschews, for his scientific education teaches him the fearful and wonderful components and composition of that staple article of food. The roll was *rather* small, as I have already insinuated, but you had the splendid chance afforded you of taking off half your appetite by a visit to the Morgue, before partaking of the frugal meal, or of consoling yourself there for its shortcomings after by the contemplation of the nothingness of all things human and terrestrial.

Then there were my social expenses, and my *menus plaisirs*, or small amusements, to be provided for. For I had of course to go into the fashionable society of the Boulevards and the Champs Élysées, which necessitated a daily outlay of 1½*d.* for the glass of absinthe, which in the olden days—gone, alas! now, never to return—would enable a man to luxuriate an hour and a half or so in the gay panorama passing before him, and to improve his mind by reading the papers nobly provided by the proprietor of the café.

The total absence of all amusement is apt to make Jack a dull boy. Now I have a natural antipathy to dulness; so I had my ½*d.* at *Guignol*, and another ½*d.* with the strong man who used to break stones with his fists, and lift a quarter-ton weight with his teeth or with a lock of his hair. I watched this marvellous man assiduously for several weeks, trying to find out his *modus operandi* for the latter trick—for I saw at once, of course, that it was a trick; yet there seemed to be no doubt about the weight, as he invited the bystanders freely to essay to lift it off the box on which it rested. I, for one, tried, and failed lamentably. At last I fancied I heard a slight clicking sound whenever Hercules put down the weight, and that he seemed to fumble about the fore-part of the box whenever he set to to lift it. So I came to the conclusion that it was simply a hollow case, locking with

catch and spring to the actual weight in the box. Well, I did not peach, nor even did I impart the secret of my observations and conclusions to the poor performer, lest it should make him nervous. But I continued to give my halfpence nobly, fully satisfied with the pleasing thought that I had detected the trick.

This, with about ten shillings a month for washing, boot-cleaning, and almsgiving—none so poor but there are still poorer—brought my expenses up to two guineas a month—just about two guineas too much for me, who was then positively earning nothing.

Now, in these olden days I was still a very primitive Bohemian—a mere first-stager, in fact—living as yet in truly paradisiacal ignorance of the bliss of *credit* and the torture of *debt*.

Oh! the cruel torture of *debt*. To be painfully—nay, agonisingly—conscious that you owe what you *cannot* pay!

Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht,
Der Übel ärgstes aber ist die Schuld.

“Life is not the highest of blessings, but the worst of all evils is indebtedness!” This is not the true rendering of the citation; still it may be so translated.

There was clever, bright Henry Newt Barnett, now no more, a member of the Savage Club, a man of singular ability, originally a Baptist or Independent minister, who had left the Church for the literary career, an acute reasoner, a clear and logical writer. He was Bohemian to the backbone. It was a pity, but he was married, and had a family. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven: now, Bohemia is certainly not heaven; so when a denizen of that land marries, he should, in my opinion, make up his mind to emigrate to more fertile fields and fatter pastures.

Poor Barnett was in permanent pecuniary difficulties. He was a big powerful-looking man, and it gave me the shivers one day when he cried before me like a child, grievously lamenting that his debts would not let him sleep. Just then one of his creditors pounced upon him in the very club-room. I shall never forget the unhappy man's pathetic outcry to the bloodsucker, an eighty per cent. bill discounter. “Gracious heavens, sir, were it possible to coin the agony of mind I have undergone through that cursed bill, there would be ample funds to pay you and your whole tribe a hundredfold!” I cannot say whether this cry, wrung from a tortured mind, made a very deep impression on Mr. Eighty per Cent., but he contented himself, for the nonce at least, with murmuring something about wanting only

what was fair, and he yielded to my rather pressing invitation to leave the club-room, where he had no business. I learnt afterwards that it was all about a thirty-pound bill, discounted originally at twenty per cent. for three months, and renewed six times, with total payments of close upon forty pounds, yet leaving the unhappy acceptor still indebted to the full tune of the original thirty—of which he actually had got only twenty-five.

Alas! at the time when this occurred, my own paradisiacal innocence of debt had long, long been lost. So I could fully and acutely sympathise with my brother Bohemian and sufferer.

There was Johnny Clarke, as fine and thoroughly natural an actor as ever trod the stage, and as good-hearted a fellow as one could wish to meet anywhere. He had once been on the high-road to most brilliant success in life, when a sad accident laid him on his back for many months. When he arose at last from his couch of suffering he was lame—he, one of the most accomplished stage-dancers, the “king of the breakdown!” Yet this did not stop him in his career, in which he soon achieved even a higher and more solid and legitimate reputation than ever before.

Well, somehow the dire goddess dogged his footsteps. He fell into difficulties and debt. I remember meeting him once in Covent Garden, walking like one abstracted, and with deep lines of care in his kind funny face. It grieved me to see him thus, and I essayed the soothing spell of Bohemian sympathy upon him. He told me how the vulture of debt was preying on his vitals; how he had fallen into the hands of bill-discounting bloodsuckers, and the whole lamentable tale which I knew but too well; how he had been advised to apply to “companies” (limited and unlimited); and how they had well-nigh driven him now to the verge of madness, by exacting life-insurances, and no end of collateral securities, in addition to the solid guarantees offered by him. He was then on his way to an Advance and Discount Company, whose secretary we both knew as an amateur actor of no mean talent. A few days after I met Johnny again—radiant and happy. He had succeeded at last in finding “loaners” who were not skimmers by profession.

But, as I have said, in those olden days I knew nought of borrowing; so when, after some weeks’ patient waiting in Micawber fashion for something to turn up, the only thing that did turn up was my landlord’s polite request to settle the month’s rent, I had to look up my relations. Had I been in London, I should have gone to my uncle. In Paris I had to cultivate my aunt, who came nobly to my assistance, only asking a pledge of my affection in

return. There is a difference between uncles and aunts—the former are more open-handed, as a rule; the latter less extortionately usurious. In the olden days twenty per cent. was the London uncle's charge for taking care of your deposits; I understand it is now twenty-five. Aunt in Paris is satisfied with nine per cent. On the other hand, she is apt to put a very low estimate upon your intended pledges of affection.

I once had occasion to ascertain the deposit value of a dress suit. I found it to be three guineas in London to fifteen shillings in Paris.

So, you see, with *Amita Lutetiana*, I had to make large inroads upon my personal property, just to raise the wind to blow me over a few months.

After nigh upon four months' enforced idleness in this most unsatisfactory fashion, it was becoming rather close running with me, and I was getting uncomfortably near the end of my tether, when one morning early Dr. Jourdain knocked at my door like unto a messenger bringing tidings of comfort and joy. He had work for me—hurrah!

It was that gentleman's habit to divide a book into six, seven, or eight parts, as the case might be, and distribute these parts among the same number of trustworthy competent translators, reserving for his own share the general editing of the book. In this way Baillière, for whom the doctor worked, was enabled to bring out in a few weeks translations of brand-new foreign works.

On this occasion the doctor brought me the sixth part of a pretty stiffish volume to do, asking me at the same time whether I could recommend some other competent translators for two more sixths to be done in a fortnight sharp. I proposed to take the half-volume, faithfully promising it should be done in time. After some demur he consented.

I set to work there and then. I got in coffee, spirit of wine for my little boiler, oil for my lamp, and a tub of cold water to put my feet in.

Nought else I needed. Eating and drinking draw the blood from the brain to the stomach, interfering thus injuriously with the operations of the higher organ.

I sat down to my work about nine in the morning, and continued at it for thirty-seven consecutive hours. It was ten o'clock in the evening of the second day when I had actually accomplished close upon one-third of my task. I felt my brain in a whirl; the pen dropped from my cramped fingers. An irresistible impulse seized upon me to rush forth into the street; and nothing would serve me but I must make my way to the Rue

de Bourgogne, where Jourdain lived, and ring his bell at eleven o'clock P.M.!

The valet was rather staggered when he saw me; so was his master, who came out in dressing-gown, slippers, and nightcap, marvelling much what could possibly have brought me there at such an unconscionable hour; which just then dawned upon me, and made me feel and look more than embarrassed. He was a sensible man, however, and kind-hearted withal. "I suppose you need money," he said, to my great relief. "Reverà," I cheerfully replied, "rem acu tetigisti." He handed me two hundred and fifty francs, with which I rushed away as madly as I had come.

Sleep, in my then state of *surexcitation*, being out of the question, I sat down again to work, and continued without intermission till two P.M. next day. It was only then that I thought of going in for an afternoon's rest and recreation.

I felt more than peckish, I was downright ravenous for food; and no wonder; I had tasted nothing but coffee for some sixty hours. I had ere this been obliged occasionally to dine upon a penny loaf and a vivid imagination; but coffee, as an article of food, must yield the palm to the staff of life.

James Hannay came one day to the club in a high state of classicity. "What do you think, boys, I dined on yestere'en?" "The princely turbot or the royal salmon," I replied at a venture. "No, sir, nothing of the kind—no fish, no flesh, no pulse, no cereals: upon the second satire of that grand old poet Horace—'Ambubaiarum collegia.'" "Take anything with it?" asked Draper, the only other member present besides me. "Take anything with it, sir? No, nothing; yet it was a glorious feast." "A satire and nothing with it don't look to me a great feast, Hannay," cried Draper. "Now, we at home dined upon a paradox to-day, but we had green peas with them."

For my own part, I must candidly confess that I would rather soberly dine any day with a sensible Amphitryon, like Draper, upon a pair of ducks with green peas than gloriously feast with a classical nuisance upon the very best satire ever written—which would look to me a satire upon feasting.

On this occasion I was, as I have already intimated, downright ravenous, for something solid and substantial—yet was I mindful of my promise to my friend Rother, then away from Paris on a long visit to Normandy, to recruit his somewhat impaired health—so I wended my way to a tiptop restaurant in the Palais Royal, where all the delicacies of the season, wine included, with dis-

cretionary bread, might be enjoyed at the moderate charge of two francs.

I felt quite proud of this noble resolution of mine to forbear going in for luxurious and extravagant expenditure.

Just then I unexpectedly came across a dear old chum whom I had not seen for more than a twelvemonth—Baron Bronikoski or Bronikoczki, a Polish refugee, whose acquaintance I had made at Leipzig, when we were both students there. He was an orphan then and his own master, with an estate in Lithuania which brought him in something like four thousand pounds a year. But he passionately loved old Sarmatia's white eagle, and he execrated the White Czar. He fought with Bem at Ostrolenka, and was Uminski's aide-de-camp when the insurrection was finally drowned in blood by Paskewitch, that most overrated of Russian commanders, who could not possibly have achieved the feat with twice his host and three times his capacity, but for the criminal folly, the wretched self-seeking, and the petty rivalry and jealousy of the Polish leaders.

The baron had to seek safety in flight, leaving the noble Nicholas to nobble his estates. He made his way to France, where the Government allowed him 100 francs a month. It was years after I had parted from him in Leipzig that I met him again at Dijon, where he was working at press as a journeyman printer for Père Douillier; and now I met him unexpectedly once again—evidently in a state of slight dilapidation as to his toggery, which looked suspiciously like approaching that last stage of the shabby-genteel when the genteel is clearly on the point of departing, leaving the shabby behind.

He told me, with his customary charming naïveté, that it being close upon the end of the month, his money had run out, and that he had had a frugal breakfast the day before, and nothing since. I knew that he was as proud as Lucifer, and would never accept assistance even from his intimates, nay, not even from Adam Czartoryski, whom he revered, and who greatly esteemed him. Still he was always open to an invitation to dinner by an old chum, which he would scrupulously insist upon returning in some shape upon the first opportunity that might offer.

Now was it at all likely that I, with golden coin in pouch, should take a dear old friend and whilom brother-student to a low two-francs restaurant? The thing would not bear thinking of. So the *par nobile fratrum*, he and I, went to claim—*moyennant finance, bien entendu*—the fraternal hospitality of the "Trois Frères Provençaux," and we had a nice little dinner, at the trifling charge of forty francs for the two.

Just when we were stepping forth from the portals of the famous brothers, arm in arm, and perhaps slightly elated, who should pass by and spot me but my friend Rother, just come back from Normandy, whose reproving glances I caught pretty plainly and unmistakably? It was something like the Devil meeting Brothers the prophet in Tottenham Court Road, when—

The Devil saw Brothers the prophet,
And Brothers the prophet saw him.

And I daresay Brothers the prophet did not like it. As for me, I'd as lief have seen the devil just then as my accusing conscience walking about in the shape of Dr. Rother. Yet, how *could* I have helped it?

Before we parted, my Polish friend invited me for the approaching first of the month, when his allowance fell due, to a little dinner *en famille*, in his own "apartment," Rue St. Denis. He confided to me the exact state and condition of his domestic arrangements, and how Mademoiselle Aglaé, a young modiste, "*qui avait des bontés pour lui*," would kindly consent to act as hostess.

Punctual to appointment, I presented myself at five P.M. sharp at the baron's somewhat lofty residence—*au sixième*, in fact, in a mansion of very humble pretensions.

Bronikoski received me in full rig—braided coat and all. He had, of course, that morning had the first of the two customary monthly interviews with his kind aunt of White Cloaks Street.

He looked resplendent. He was descended on the mother's side from the Niesvicz branch of the Radzivils, who have always had the reputation of singular courtliness. The baron did the fullest honour to this reputation. He received me in his humble (very humble indeed) apartment with the same stately grace as had it been in his old seigneurial castle in Lithuania.

He was, indeed, a worthy representative of the glorious Sarmatian nobility. Fallen from fortune to penury, he never was guilty of an act of meanness—he was, in fact, incapable of it—to better his position. But he would nobly eke out by the labour of his brain and hands the small pittance granted him and his companions in misfortune and exile by the French Government. At Dijon I found him working at press. Here in Paris he was giving fencing lessons, being a most expert swordsman. Only just at this juncture his pupils were out of town.

In genuine old Court fashion he introduced me to two very pretty little *grisettes*—Mademoiselle Aglaé and her friend, Mademoiselle Héloïse—who had been expressly invited to meet

me, that we might form a snug little *partie carrée*. The baron intimated hurriedly to me in German that Mademoiselle Héloïse was in search of *une passion sérieuse*. Forewarned, forearmed, I thought; and I resolved to be strictly serious with the young lady, but quite unimpassioned, as semi-marital entanglements, in my then position and with my roaming disposition, could not possibly have suited my book.

Well, we went all on very well together, and I passed a most happy day, though I had some slight misgiving at first.

There could be no doubt but the baron was very poor at the time, and the pretty hostess, I was informed, had been indisposed and out of work a month or so. Well, in the matter of dinner-parties, poverty, they say, will make people acquainted occasionally with strange table services, and Bohemia is not Belgravia. So I was ready and willing to make the most liberal allowance for shortcomings in the matter of plate and plates and platters; but I must say I was not quite prepared to find the soup served in the wash-hand basin, and the salad mixed in an improvised bowl with a still more suspicious look about it. However, as the two damsels assured me that "*la vaisselle avait été lavée à l'eau bouillante et à trois reprises*," I let the water wash away a deal of natural squeamishness, and Christian charity cover a multitude of repellent reflections, and I allowed the young ladies to help me to soup—ay, even to salad.

We had six litres of the very best red and white wine that could be procured, in those glorious days of cheap living in Paris, at eight sous the litre. Alas! nowadays you pay double the price, and you get muck—*liquid sourcrout*, as a distinguished Hibernian lady friend of mine used to call it, with a gesture of ineffable disgust, when we were in Paris the year before last.

The empty bottles made splendid candlesticks afterwards for the solid moulds laid in by the baron, which gave our supper-table later on a most resplendent aristocratic appearance.

I mixed the punch and the spiced wine in the soup-tureen and salad-bowl, with the most perfect freedom from any squeamish association of ideas. In Bohemia one gets soon accustomed to things as they are. We sang songs and spouted sentiments. Czar Nicholas caught it hot, you may be sure, more especially from the young ladies, who seemed to have a notion that he had horns and a tail.

Poland was exalted to the highest skies, and Russia damned to the lowest depths of Pluto's realm, though the damsels, I verily believe, had not the least idea of the whereabouts of either country on the world's map. Some young students joined our jovial party about two in the morning, when the fun grew fast

and furious, and the *quatrième* and *cinquième* sent up indignant protests against our "drunken riot," as they, in their selfish desire to sleep, termed our happy little party. At last, about five in the morning, we were peremptorily summoned by the *concierge* to separate and depart. It was perhaps all the better, for me at least, for Mademoiselle Héloïse was growing alarmingly affectionate. I was beginning to call her "mon petit chou," which she but too eagerly reciprocated doubly by claiming me as her "gros chou-chou"—

The baron gave a party;
Where is that party now?

And where are they all that were gathered there? In the grave—all, except myself. But I hate being sentimental.

I have been destined in my travels along the highways and byways of life to meet with many *desdichados*.

Once upon a time, many long years ago, I lived in one of the small Walcot Cottages, off the Kennington Road. Next door to me lived, in two rooms measuring together some 250 square feet, a gentleman descended on the father's side from Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile, on the mother's side from the Knights of Glyn branch of the Fitzgeralds.

His name was Gustavus Butler Hippisley. He was the head and the chief representative of his family (see Royal Red Book), so that, to make an extreme and most unlikely yet not absolutely impossible supposition, had all and every member of the Guelphs, Plantagenets, etc., been swept away, before his own demise, he might have been king of these realms! Yet he was then vegetating upon the bounty of a distant relative, and upon his literary contributions to magazines. Many and many a time have I seen him perambulate the small square of the cottages in dressing-gown and slippers, *vestes cæteræ tubulo*, the rest of his toggery being up the spout. At certain fixed periods of the year he would walk forth in full rig into the great world of the Upper Ten, to dine with a wealthy relative.

His father, he told me, had spent a fine fortune in the service of the South American republics, having raised at his own expense a full regiment of soldiers to fight for liberty and fame under his personal command. He, Gustavus Butler, the eldest son, had bravely taken his share in the fighting, and in the ruin ultimately brought upon the family through the non-fulfilment of the republican engagements. It had been even worse for him than for his father; for having outstayed his two years' leave of absence, he had lost his commission in the British army.

During the time of my acquaintance with Colonel Hippisley—he ranked as lieutenant-colonel in the South American and in the Spanish service, having fought in Spain under Evans—I had a windfall of a few pounds. So I thought a nice little dinner to my neighbour Hippisley and a few more friends would not be a bad move to show my gratitude to fate for the unexpected favour. A distinguished general, whilom in the Portuguese service, but of Irish descent and wondrously Irish ways, used to visit the colonel. I understood he also was under a cloud at the time. I invited him. Then there was another rather distinguished friend of mine, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange, who had at one time stood possessed of a quarter of a million, and had unhappily come down to an allowance of one pound a week, settled upon him by an old friend.

He had introduced me some time before to another stray of fortune, a gentleman of the name of Sutcliffe, if I remember aright, an ex-admiral in the service of Peru or Chili, I could not for the very life of me say which. I only was told that P. or C., as the case may be, had diddled him out of a ship which had cost him some fifteen thousand pounds sterling, and out of three years' pay. He had come over to England to attach certain funds of the republic lodged in a London bank. Some months after I was told by a mutual friend—the ex-Stock Exchange member—that the poor man had elected to accept 1s. 6d. in the pound, and his reinstatement in the naval service of the republic, in full discharge of all claims and demands! What else could he do, poor fellow! as he was growing old and had no other resources? I know that at the time when I made his acquaintance he was so hard up that small loans of lowly coins would be acceptable to him.

There were five of us assembled, then, in my grand dining-saloon—14 feet by 10—five men who had seen better days, to put it in a very mild way. Yet, I verily believe, the five of us could not there and then have raised among us a five-pound note, nay—not to save our lives! And how jolly we were, to be sure, and how the magic of a few bottles of wine carried us back into the glorious past, to revel in the remembrance of what had once been. *Eheu! tempi passati*—even these, for me—again the sole survivor. The general, the admiral, the colonel, the quarter-millionaire are all gone to their last call and account: the old Bohemian alone is left.

To return once more to earlier days:

In the fall of 1836 I went on a lecturing tour from Lons-le-Saulnier, over Besançon and other places, to Strasburg. Years

before my friend Johann Heinrich Schnitzler, then a young man, had half jocularly, half seriously advised me to take to that pursuit. He was a great historian and statistician, as the world-wide fame achieved by him subsequently in these important branches of human lore has amply established, and he was indulgent enough to give me credit for some proficiency in these favourite branches of his own studies. Well, Schnitzler expressed his belief that I might advantageously lecture upon these subjects.

By a strange coincidence I happened to be in Strasburg, as correspondent for the *Aberdeen Free Press*, when my old friend suddenly died, in the seventieth year of his most laborious, most useful, and most gentle life. It was in November, 1871; I had not seen Schnitzler for many, many long years, though I had heard how the Russian Czar had bestowed upon him the highest Orders of the Empire, such as the St. Vladimir, the St. Stanislaus, the St. Anne set in brilliants, etc., and how, had he but chosen to stay in St. Petersburg, the highest offices in the State might have been open to him. He was not only a splendid historian and statistician, but one of the most elegant and correct French writers it has ever been my good fortune to know; and, what is most rare in an Alsatian who has acquired a perfect mastery of French, he handled German also with easy grace and fluency, such as is not often found even in German writers of the highest standing, as his innumerable contributions to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, extending over many years, amply testify.

A few weeks before his lamented death, I met this great scholar and brilliant writer accidentally at President Möller's, when he was kind enough to recognise my humble person, despite the ravages which years and suffering had wrought in me. He even accosted me with a hearty—"Herr je! alter Knabe, lebst Du denn auch noch?" We had in days of yore, in a moment of mutual expansion, drunk brotherhood, as the Germans have it. He was, in fact, one of the three with whom, to the best of my own recollection, I ever performed that ancient rite, Bronikoski and Dr. Joseph Hamm being the other two. I met Hamm in 1851, in Paris, along with Carl Schurtz, Braun, Eugene Oswald, and a few more ardent Germans—good and genuine fellows all of them, but more especially Brother Joseph Hamm—and, alas! I know not lives he still or has he also since been absorbed in the ever-growing majority.

Well, Brother Johann Heinrich had, half in joke, half in earnest, advised me to take to the lecturing line, which he assured me was not by any means a difficult nor altogether an unprofitable pursuit, if the lecturer could but manage to attract an audience,

and put himself in thoroughly harmonious accord with that audience—a comparatively easy task, he said, if the lecturer would only bear in mind the golden rule that he should never attempt to lecture his hearers, but lecture to them, or rather address them as a special pleader would a bench of judges, striving to propitiate their goodwill by judiciously humouring their likely likes and dislikes, their patent predilections and prejudices.

Schnitzler was a wise man of Alsatia, up to snuff in every way, as the vulgar saying hath it, and a large pinch above. He knew the French thoroughly and all their little foibles; yet he loved them dearly, and would compassionately tolerate their shortcomings—somewhat in the fashion as a sensible good-natured husband, though he may be over-painfully conscious of the faults and follies of his beloved wife, will yet indulgently humour them.

So he cautioned me most emphatically, should I ever have to lecture to a French audience upon French history, notably upon French wars, never to let facts stand in the way of the very largest sympathetic appreciation of the sublime grandeur of the great French nation, the supreme strategic genius and exceeding tactical skill of French commanders, and the all-conquering irresistible valour of French troops, particularly *à l'arme blanche*, in bayonet charges.

"Always bear this in mind," he said to me, "that the French do not like being beaten. They can stand defeat, indeed, when there is positively no help for it, and when no ingenuity will serve to explain it away; but what they cannot and will not stand, is to be told of it to their faces, more especially if the party checking them thus expects to be paid for the information."

Being now absolutely thrown upon my own resources, I remembered Schnitzler's advice, and acted upon it to the fullest extent, and I may say I was fairly successful. But, ye gods! what sad havoc I made of the facts of history! what awful liberties I took, to be sure, with the fame of anti-French commanders! I may claim the proud distinction of being one of those who managed to inflict a defeat upon Vilainton at Toulouse, and I would have beaten him at Orthez too—nay, for the matter of that, at Salamanca and even at Vittoria—but that I found this *too hard a nut to crack*. Shade of the great commander, forgive me! You had gained so many glorious victories that I thought you might generously afford to spare me one or two of them to make the pot boil. As for Blücher—or Bluckaire—I despoiled the great Marshal Forward even of the right pronunciation of his honest name, you see—he was nowhere. He never won a victory over the French, nay not even at the Catsbrook or at Möckern. It was simply that Macdonald and Marmont threw away these

battles through their insensate blundering and remissness, and *ce sacré Prussien* (this always draws with the French ; it is a capital trump card to play for a lecturer who would place himself in perfect harmony with the feelings of a French audience) was left to pick them up. No, no ! he had not *won* these battles ; the French commanders had simply *lost* them, which was truly a distinction with a difference, doing credit at least to my thorough appreciation of Brother Schnitzler's counsel.

As for Waterloo—why, of course, had it not been for Napoleon's strange "unconsciousness" of the fact that he had inflicted a *crushing* defeat upon Blücher at Ligny and St. Amand, on the 16th, and for his inexplicable delay in despatching Grouchy to Wavre to finish despatching the routed Prussians there ; and had it not been for Grouchy's treacherous refusal "*de marcher sur le canon de l'Empereur*," and for various other untoward circumstances ; and last, though certainly not least—which, however, from a proper regard for the sensitive feelings of my hearers, I prudently omitted to mention—for the unreasonable obstinacy of the thick-skulled and dense-brained Britishers, who could not be made to understand that they were thoroughly defeated, *selon les règles*—why I managed to make it appear as plain as a pikestaff, had it not been for all these little things, there surely could have been no doubt but that the great Napoleon would have marched triumphantly to Vienna and to Berlin, and to ever so many other capitals, not even excepting London, that gloriously "lootable" city, as old Lebrecht of Wahlstadt proclaimed it to be ; for, of course, the Emperor would then have availed himself of the American Fulton's steamers to carry his victorious legions across the Channel.

My peroration to this grand "historic" lecture I boldly and bodily stole from Æschylus. It was not England and Prussia, Wellington and Blücher, who overthrew France and Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo ; but it was Fate, which broke the beam of the balance, and made the coalition's scale sink.

Anent the alleged unconsciousness of Napoleon of the *crushing* defeat and total rout he had inflicted upon the Prussians on the 16th of June, as even certain English historians, with the true facts of the case, and the Duke's famous despatch of the 19th of June to Bathurst before their eyes, brazenly venture to assert, it may seem most strange, but it is nevertheless true, that Blücher himself also had not the least notion how very badly and crushingly he had been beaten, and that the great Duke equally shared in the absolute unconsciousness of this—French fiction. In his despatch he says, *totidem verbis*, "The Prussian army maintained

their position" (at Sambref, with Ligny and the village of St. Amand in front) "with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers." No doubt the old marshal lost heavily in men, as he was fearfully outnumbered, his fourth corps, under Bülow, not having joined him at the time. The Duke continues in his despatch, "Although Marshal Blücher had maintained his position at Sambref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest, and he determined to fall back and concentrate his army upon Wavre, whither he marched in the night *after the action was over*"—which certainly does not look much like a rout—nor does the marshal's promise to "support the Duke, in case he should be attacked, with one or more corps, as might be necessary." Surely, surely! some people ought not to take upon themselves to write history. To *lecture* upon it is of course quite a different thing: "verba volant, scripta manent."

It is a trite old saying, that men's views, impressions, and opinions of other men and their doings, and of things in general—nay, even of the most patent facts—will differ, there being, generally, two sides to them, the objective and subjective; and it is but in human nature that the latter should somehow override the former. Oliver Goldsmith, if I mistake not, was to that prince of coxcombs, Horace Walpole, nought but an inspired idiot! Gracious heavens! the immortal writer of the immortal "Vicar," the sweet singer of "Sweet Auburn," an idiot! inspired, true; but still an idiot! Porson, whom I somehow believe to have known Greek better than his mother tongue, sneered at Gibbon's English!* but then Porson swore by David Hume, I have heard.

The late Mr. William Whately, Q.C., who was a pupil of mine in German and French, told me that he looked upon Lord Brougham as one of the greatest lawyers that ever sat on the woolsack; while Sir Bernard Bosanquet, another pupil of mine, expressed to me his hearty concurrence in the bitter criticism passed upon the great Harry by an eminent rival of his—Lyndhurst, I believe—viz., that he was the merest sciolist, with a smattering of well-nigh everything—except the law.

Mr. Whately was a sound scholar, an acute legist, a learned

* Spurgeon made a caustic and most cutting remark the other day upon the recent Revision of the New Testament. Translators, he said, in his sly, humorous way, should possess a perfect knowledge of both the language from which, and the one into which, they translate. Now it seemed to him that the revisers, who were most likely excellent Greek scholars, had but an indifferent knowledge of English.

jurisconsult, and an adroit, eloquent advocate. He was a kind friend to me. He told me many amusing stories of the law and lawyers, more particularly of the famous Chitty—how that bright legal luminary had, in his sharp fishings for flaws in indictments, successfully urged upon courts the 'cute distinction between a duck and a drake, between a living and a dead sheep; how he had got a murderer off by an appeal to ordeal by battle, based upon an unrepealed statute of King Edward I., and other similar *tours de force et d'adresse*. He told me also a little achievement of his own. He was counsel in a case in which the defendant, his client, was called upon to answer, *inter alia gravamina*, a charge of having spit in plaintiff's face. Both parties were Pershore men.

In the course of his address Whately urged that, as to the spitting, however objectionable it might appear from an æsthetico-ethical point of view, yet it was, after all, but a time-honoured Pershore custom, as a monkish historian of olden time plainly told us: "*Homines de Pershore cum irritati seu exasperati, inter se salivam expuere solent.*"

It would appear the quotation answered its intended purpose.

When he told me the story, I must needs ask him, with the ingenuousness of innocence, to vouchsafe me some further information anent the said "monkish historian." Well, he gave me *such* a look. I must plead guilty to an inconvenient foible that way—I always want to know more. However, I am not the only one afflicted with this objectionable habit. Many years ago I told my lamented friend William Brough the story of the Emperors Francis and Alexander and the King of Prussia; how they, in 1814, taking an early walk through the streets of Paris unattended, met an urbane gentleman, who obligingly constituted himself their cicerone, simply asking for the names of the three gentlemen whom it had been his good fortune to meet on this auspicious morning. François, Empereur d'Autriche; Alexandre, Empereur de Russie; Frédéric Guillaume, Roi de Prusse, was the reply severally given with the utmost apparent simplicity. The Parisian, convinced in his mind that the strangers were ungratefully making fun of him, ironically congratulated them upon their agreeable occupation in life, and walked off slightly ruffled. Alexander called him back, to ask him to whom he and his two friends were indebted for so much courtesy. "Who I am? Why, the Great Mogul," capping thus the three jokers, as he thought them to be.

Well, William told this little tale to a Scotch gentleman, who listened attentively, nodding approvingly; then, after a brief

pause of pondering, asked with anxious eagerness, "And was he the Great Mogul, Mr. Brough?"

Mr. Whately also told me some anecdotes illustrative of the marvellous skill in imitating handwriting for which Sir Frederick Pollock was famed—then Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer; for instance, once upon a time Sir Frederick had audaciously perpetrated a legal opinion in Sir William Webb Follett's handwriting, but couched in the most outrageously obscure and involved phraseology, which being subsequently submitted to poor Sir William for "reconsideration," that brightest of legal luminaries could not, for the life of him, account for the strange state of hallucination in which he must have penned the precious document.

On one occasion, Mr. William Whately entertained as guest a leading solicitor from Liverpool. He took this gentleman to Westminster Hall with him, to the Court of Queen's Bench, where the Attorney-General (Sir Frederick Pollock) was just then conducting an intricate law case. At his visitor's urgent solicitation, he sent a slip to Mr. Attorney, asking him for a sample of his skill in imitating handwriting. The gentleman from Liverpool appended his name to the paper. A few minutes after, the slip was returned, with a few words added, expressing Sir Frederick's regret that he could not just then comply with the request.

Coming out of court after, Mr. Whately and his provincial friend met Sir Frederick in the Hall, who, to the two gentlemen's intensest surprise, smilingly asked them how they liked this sample of his skill, producing at the same time the original slip sent up to him, which he had so closely imitated that neither Mr. Whately nor his friend had the least suspicion of the fact.

Andrew Halliday had a pretty talent of his own that way. He could also imitate any handwriting at a moment's notice. I once defied him to imitate mine. A few days after Jamie Grant took me severely to task for certain breaches of the laws of orthography in an article sent in by me to the *Morning Advertiser*. Upon my indignant denial that I had sent in even a line, the copy was produced. That wretch Halliday had perpetrated one of his vile forgeries; yet I could have sworn to my own handwriting.

My connection with the *Morning Advertiser* extended over many years, and it was almost uninterruptedly of a pleasant nature. Jamie Grant, with his little foibles, which were all of them excusable, and most of them harmless, was a right good fellow in the main, and by no means over-exacting as an editor. Mr. Smalley, the Secretary, was an excellent man, with an in-

telligent appreciation of the occasionally pressing wants of literature; and my much-lamented dear friend Colonel Alfred Bate Richards, was emphatically a gentleman.

Under his editorship I worked on the paper at home and abroad. The biographic sketches of men who have made the new German Empire appeared first in the *Morning Advertiser*. The Colonel was a very old friend of mine. I knew him when he was editor of the then newly-started *Daily Telegraph*, poor Sleigh's unlucky lucky venture, to the starting of which the great Richard Cobden had contributed certain funds—a fact but little known, with which I became acquainted through my friend Julius Faucher, then Cobden's Secretary, an eminent German political economist and leading free-trader later on, and up to the time of his decease in Italy a few years back, a distinguished Progressist Member of the Prussian Commons. The *Star* was in gestation then, and Dr. Faucher advised Cobden to help Sleigh to start the *Telegraph* as a *ballon d'essai*. Wheels within wheels, you see.

After my lamented friend Richards' death, a new editor of the *Morning Advertiser* was appointed—a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, nor cared to know him, so my connection with the journal ceased.

To return.

Why, I have even heard the immortal Milton spoken of rather slightly, and Byron exalted to the highest of all skies, by no less a personage than Dr. Maginn, the very man who had assailed the Childe's Don Juan, and other high-class productions of the noble bard, in the very bitterest vein of hostile criticism.

It was many years' ago, *Eheu! fugaces anni labuntur*—when I was with the late James Fraser, that I made the acquaintance of Dr. William Maginn. His charming and most amiable daughters were among my pupils. Poor Fraser, one of the kindest and best friends I ever met in life, was then dying, slowly but surely, of an English gentleman's ferocious brutality. It was on a glorious summer night when there were assembled in the parlour behind the shop in Regent Street, the proprietor of the establishment and of the then famous *Regina Magazine*; that noble Irish Corinthian, glorious Father Prout, William Maginn, Charles Ackerley—Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the lords of the land—who had run over from France on a flying visit, in bold defiance of a host of sheriffs' officers on the look-out for him; the future sage of Chelsea, with the budding honours of "Heroes and Hero Worship" still fresh and green upon him; Thackeray, that wondrous luminary, one of whose resplendent rays was just

then bursting upon a pleasingly dazzled world of readers, brightly reflected from the polished facets of the great Hoggarty diamond; and my own humble self: specially retained on the occasion to prepare an iced cup, for great was my fame in those days for this noble branch of practical ethics. It was a glorious night, a blessed night, which will ever weigh heavy in the scale of my most blissful reminiscences. Poor James was exceptionally bright and sprightly; his saccharometer had that day given him hope and happiness. Nimrod told adventures of field and flood in his own inimitable way. The Father gave us his famous receipt for brewing a bowl "fit for the gods on high Olympus, and the men then socially assembled in the *Regina* parlour," which he said differed from Schiller's equally famous receipt only in the unimportant omission of the "aqueous" element, "every dhrap of wather you add spoils the punch." Tom Carlyle grew exuberantly enthusiastic upon Milton, coming down upon the company somewhat heavily, and perhaps unseasonably, with long quotations from the two *Paradises* and "*Samson Agonistes*," interspersed with English-German compounds of inordinate extent, until somehow the Doctor's wrath was kindled, which he proceeded to wreak upon the immortal bard. I verily believe I remember he called him a puritanical prig: I would not be sure, however, it is such an awful thing to contemplate, and I know he did not mean it.

Now the late Lord Chelmsford would have taken the sage to his heart there and then. He was the most absolute votary at Milton's shrine I ever met with. He knew at least the whole of "*Paradise Lost*" by heart, and could and would repeat any passage from it called forth at random. I gave lessons in Mr. Thesiger's family, and had the proud privilege of passing now and then an hour or so in his society. He told me he had committed to memory the whole of the immortal epic by bits whilst shaving in the morning!

Lord Chelmsford was one of the best of men, and a truly kind friend to me. When he was Attorney-General he recommended me warmly to Sir James Graham, for a professorship at one of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland then about to be established. It was with a beaming countenance, reflecting his own sincere pleasure with the good news that he showed me Sir James' favourable reply. Alas! it was not to be. The monstrous coalition between the then yet uneducated Tories following the lead nominally of the man of stable mind, but in reality of Mr. Disraeli, and the Whigs and Cobdenites combined, succeeded in

driving from power one of the best, most honest, and most patriotic Ministries that ever presided over England's destinies.

Sir Frederic would occasionally tell me Milton anecdotes. Thus he told me how Lord Thurlow, when still an undergraduate, had got so absorbed in and carried away by the divine description of the divine encounter in heaven, that he exclaimed excitedly: "A fine fellow," meaning Satan; "by God! *I wish he had won!*"

Sir Bernard Bosanquet, a retired judge, who studied German with me when a septuagenarian, and—*mirabile dictu*—acquired it, told me a companion anecdote to this. Baron Richards, one of his colleagues on the bench, got so carried away by the perusal of the ever-memorable Bardell and Pickwick case, that when he came to the verdict, he jumped up excitedly, and, dashing the book into a corner, exclaimed: "What the Dickens could Gaselee be about, and the jury? Why, the verdict is against evidence—it cannot stand!"

The different appreciation by different men of the doings and productions of others is, after all, simply a matter of opinion, and therefore easily accounted for; but when it comes to matters of fact patent to the senses, to events and occurrences passing in sight and hearing of the parties relating them subsequently to others, it seems rather difficult to realise the subtle subjectivity of views and impressions which must underlie the more or less widely divergent descriptions of different professed eye and ear witnesses. *Tot capita, tot sententiæ*, seems to be the general rule, concurrent accounts the exception. So, in my "rectifications" of historical facts, I might be pretty sure to have always some "authority" or other concur with me, to fall back upon in case of need in support and justification of any lapses I might choose to tumble into.

At a later period in life I had occasion to become myself an authority—albeit on a small scale—on certain historical events and occurrences then actually taking place within the sphere of my own ken and observation; and I only wish I had then been so wise as to liberally extend the practical application of my friend Schnitzler's sage counsel to my reports of what I saw and heard in those days. It would certainly have been so much more profitable to me. But what would you have? I never knew how to be worldly wise.

- In 1866 I was sent out by a leading London paper as special correspondent to report the doings of the Prussian army in what turned out to be the ever-famed seven days' campaign in Bohemia.

and seven weeks' war between Prussia and Austria and her German allies. (It may be counted seven weeks dating from 7th June, when Manteuffel marched into Itzehoe, to the 27th July, when Marienberg, the fortress defending Würzburg, was cannonaded a few hours by the Prussians.) In the course of my experience in these most exciting times I had occasion to observe several curious instances of the wonderful power of what I crave permission to term "hallucinative impressiveness" in the genus "special correspondent," variety "graphic." One of the most distinguished of these gentlemen persistently presented General Edelsheim, commander of the Austrian cavalry, with a complete "run" of brilliant victories, strangely enough, always ending in the victor's run in advance to the rear. Another equally distinguished gentleman accomplished the truly stupendous feat of slaying *three* battalions out of *two* of a famous Magdeburg regiment engaged in the battle of Sadowa and Chlum, giving the "graphic" leader-writer of the organ which he represented abroad—in this particular instance very much abroad indeed—the opportunity of writing a splendid leader anent *Pyrrhic* victories. At the time when this gentleman's correspondence was just on the point of being published in a German version at Berlin, I happened to meet there an old friend of mine, who was charged with the responsible task of translating the English letters into the German vernacular. It was upon my recommendation that this graphic episode was left out of the German translation. Though I got but small thanks at the time, it turned out afterwards that the German Staff were somewhat of my opinion, reducing in their official account the "fearful" losses suffered by the unlucky regiment to remarkably small proportions.

I have made few enemies in the course of a pretty long life—none ever wilfully or wittingly. But the few who have ever chosen to take a dislike to me have always gone in for it with a will. However, it is unprofitable work to rake up dead ashes and stir dying embers, and I will not import an element of bitterness into these reminiscences. I really would pass this irksome subject over altogether in silence here, but that I would wish to account for the omission of certain episodes in my life which I could not possibly touch upon without bitterness.

Pity that the political director of the journal which I was sent out to represent had a personal dislike to me; that he, according to his own admission *after* the crash of Sadowa, knew very little of or about Germany; and, lastly, that the general tendency of the paper was anti-Prussian and pro-Austrian, with an almost

incredible excess of Napoleomania. Had it not been for these little trifling drawbacks, my correspondence might have proved more useful and more acceptable.

I was sent out without a line of introduction to anyone. I tried my chance with Prince Frederick Charles. I found it no go, to use an expressive vulgarism. I did not blame the great general for his point-blank refusal to allow me to attach myself to the fortunes of his army. I must confess that correspondents at the seat of war are sometimes most inconvenient plagues to military commanders—nay, that they may unwittingly do much harm. In this very campaign, the special of a leading English journal once discussed in his letter from Brünn the imprudence of King William to expose himself there to capture by an Austrian cavalry raid, and speculated upon the momentous consequences such an event would be likely to produce.

I had the good fortune of meeting some dear old friends of mine in Breslau; among others, Professor Tellkamp—now, alas! no more—who was then Member of the Prussian House of Lords for the University of Breslau—and Privy-Councillor Löwig. I also knew Professor Römer, Dr. Carus, and others, through whom I obtained an introduction to the Zwinger Club, to several high officers, to Dr. Hobrecht, Mayor of Breslau, to the editor of the *Breslau Gazette*, Dr. Stein, and to other leading members of the Silesian press, also to the saloons of the Countess Oriola. I found myself thus placed in a most favourable position for obtaining the earliest and most trustworthy intelligence from the seat of war.

Still I tried my best to be permitted to accompany the Crown Prince. On the 22nd June I went to Neisse, furnished with letters of warm recommendation to the prince's physician. When I reached Neisse, the prince was addressing the authorities of the city, in the open place before the War School. I took notes of the heads of his address, and took a short walk afterwards round the fortifications, to let a proper time elapse before presenting my credentials.

I had known Neisse in the olden days—the fortress as designed by General Wallrab, the famous military engineer.

Wallrab was a favourite with the great Frederick. He was a man of expensive tastes, so he sold the plan of Neisse to Maria Theresa. He was found out. The King wished to spare him, and afforded him a *locus poenitentiae*. Wallrab was a Freemason—so was the King. At a meeting of the lodge Frederick made a statement to the effect that one of the brothers had committed a fearful breach of trust, and he urgently invited that brother to

obtain his pardon by a free confession. Wallrab kept his peace: when he left the lodge he was arrested, and confined for life in the Star fort of Magdeburg.

Since I had seen Neisse last, very considerable alterations had been made in the fortifications. Little was I aware, all the time I was thus gazing around me, of two spying eyes that followed my movements.

When I went to deliver my credentials, the doctor was not in, and I was told to call again in an hour. I went meanwhile to a confectioner's to refresh. Here I found myself suddenly arrested as an Austrian spy. The Austrian *visa* on my passport was to the acute police mind confirmation strong as Holy Writ.

The day before, a friend of mine, Mr. William Black, the distinguished novelist, who was out there as special correspondent for the *Star*, I believe, had been arrested somewhat in the same fashion.

I was led before General Lewald, the commander of Neisse, who bullied me wofully, threatening to have me shot, but proved amenable to reason in the end, when he turned the vials of his high wrath and displeasure upon the over-officious policeman, who had a bad time of it indeed. I was permitted to depart in peace, without a stain upon my character, as they say in the courts.

There is a story told of a gentleman who engaged a car in Dublin, for an extreme distance of four miles, having unfortunately only sixpence, the legal fare, in his pocket. When he tendered this small coin to the driver, the unhappy man cried, with pathetic grief and an appealing glance to heaven, "Ah! your honour, by the Holy Virgin, I wish only you had left me where you found me!" When we had left the general's presence, my captor and ex-custodian said to me, with a grunt of utter disgust, "Devil take it, sir, I wish I had only left you where I found you." Meanwhile the Crown Prince had left Neisse, and I had to return to Breslau *re infectâ*.

Baffled in my purpose to attend the army under the command of the Crown Prince, I had to wait the course of events in Breslau, where I found myself placed, however, in the very centre of trustworthy intelligence from the seat of war, as nearly every scrap of official and authentic information was benevolently communicated to me. Even Prince Adolphus Hohenlohe, an old Prussian cavalry general, who happened to be in the Silesian capital at the time, would not deem it too much condescension on his part to give a call at the Golden Goose when there was anything of special importance to impart to me.

Here I also met General Klapka, passing through Breslau on his way to take in hand the organisation of the Hungarian prisoners of war, which Bismarck and Moltke were contemplating at the time—one of the most perilous moves that could be devised against Austria, and which I am convinced had a preponderating share in bringing about the rather sudden conclusion of peace. However, I must say that I had reason to know that the general pretty clearly foresaw his intended expedition would most likely be nipped in the bud, and that he was by no means over-sanguine or enthusiastic about it.

I faithfully transmitted all information to my employers in London. Well, somehow or other, I could not succeed in giving satisfaction at headquarters. Could I but have managed to let the "veterans of Austria" be victorious in every encounter with the "hasty levies of Prussian tailors and shoemakers, tinkers, and bakers, and candlestick makers," as our "political director" had so confidently predicted they would be, and as, to speak the honest truth, nine people out of every ten in England at the time wished and expected them to be, I am quite sure it would have been all right with me. Reuter's monstrously exaggerated despatch anent the battle of Trautenau, went down with my employers and with the British public like fresh butter; my plain unvarnished account of the true facts of the affair was contemptuously ignored.

After Sadowa, King William, in his despatch to Queen Augusta, said that twenty Austrian guns had been taken. This was simply a clerical error, the number being two hundred, as I knew and reported upon the very highest authority. Well, I got a severe reprimand for my "gross exaggeration." What mattered it that it turned out in the end that I had been right? Not even a line of apology was vouchsafed to me.

However, it is unprofitable to dwell upon such petty drawbacks in the experience of a "special" abroad, where the Jupiter Tonans at home is so hopelessly abroad in everything.

A few days after the Titanic struggle at Sadowa, I went to inspect the shady and seamy side of war—glorious war!—to gaze on the sad battle-fields, and on the mournful graves; on the promising crops trampled down, and foreshadowed hollow-eyed famine staring threateningly instead; to view the hospitals and ambulances, where thousands of men, that a brief fortnight before had moved about in the full prime and pride and vigour of life, were expiring in untold agony, or passing slowly to the unimaginable misery of having henceforth to fight the hard battle of life with maimed body or shattered constitution.

Oh, the sight of war stripped bare of its glittering trappings!
Mokanna's face, with the silver veil lifted off—

With features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own brood!—

and the unspeakable misery of the after-crop! In 1871, when I was at Elberfeld as correspondent for the *Aberdeen Free Press** I had occasion to call upon a gentleman residing in the immediate vicinity of Barmen. He was temporarily absent when I called, and I was received by a young lady in deep mourning, whose thin, pale, half-transparent face bore the unmistakable mark of a threatening early death. I had called for some special information on the subject of the relief of the poor in Elberfeld and Barmen. As the young lady was unable to give me the papers referring to the matter, I was shown into a room to await the return of the master of the house. There my eyes fell on a large family Bible which lay on a side table. It has always been a weakness of mine to thrust my nose into every book I see, even though I may have read it before, and over and over again. I have a notion that there is always something to be got out of almost any book, some new information or new light upon some subject or other, which may not have struck the reader before. So I opened the book at the title-page, which showed that it dated from the commencement of last century. Between the title-page and index a few fly-leaves had been inserted, bearing the usual records of the family. As I felt that I had no business to

* I am proud to say I have been connected for years with this leading organ of Liberal opinion in the north of Scotland, and may claim to be on terms of cordial friendship with the editor, Mr. William Alexander, and the publisher, Mr. Alexander Marr—although, strange to say perhaps, I never saw either of these gentlemen, and they are equally ignorant of my own personal presence. It was in 1870, just before the outbreak of the Franco-German War, when my lamented friend Andrew Halliday asked me to write the weekly London letter for the *Free Press*. It was in that paper that I boldly and uncompromisingly predicted the German successes and the downfall of the French Empire. It was at a time when most British editors would have looked upon my vaticinations as the outcome of political madness. Mr. Alexander inserted them in the columns of his paper without the omission or alteration of a word. So did the *Liverpool Porcupine*, for which also I was writing at the time. I have had the misfortune of having to send my views and impressions to certain other journals, whose editors would never permit them to go in without having first undergone a cruel process of excision—by way of editing!—based mostly upon a blissful ignorance of the subject-matter to which they related.

I trust, D.V., to soon resume once more my old connection with the *Aberdeen Free Press*.

pry into these, I turned them rapidly over, and went on to the index, when my eye was irresistibly attracted by the numerous ominous black crosses which marked nearly every entry on the page facing the index. I *could not* resist the temptation to read. I found that the gentleman for whose arrival I was waiting there had had a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters. His wife had died some twenty years ago, and all the daughters in their childhood. Of the sons, the eldest had fallen at Düppel, in the Danish war of 1864. Following the entry of his death, the father's hand had traced these words: "Woe is unto me! the pride of my house is laid low, and the prop of my age hath been taken away!" In 1866, two sons, the one an officer, the other a soldier in the Prussian army, had met their deaths for King and Fatherland—as they have it here—the one at Gitschin, the other at Königinhof. Here, again, the joint record of the father's bereavement was followed by a few words of intensest grief, but also pious resignation: "Lord, Thy hand is heavy upon me. My misery is more than I can bear; yet Thy will be done. Thou knowest best." Then came the entry of the marriage of the youngest and last surviving son, on Sunday, 17th July, 1870, with the broken young rose whom I had seen—there could be no doubt about it, as she told me her *father* would soon be back—and then came the final entry: "My Oscar, the youngest, the last, the best-beloved of my sons, died on the 21st August, of wounds received in the accursed battle of Mars-la-Tour. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away. Praised be the name of the Lord!" But the entry was blurred and scarcely legible, bearing witness that, however willing and stout the spirit had been to bear, the flesh had given way. I closed the book with a feeling of deep sadness, and rapidly regained my chair, trembling lest the bereaved old man should suddenly come in, and read in my troubled face some tell-tale indication of the indiscretion which I had committed in reading his family records. I had, however, fortunately ample time to recover my composure before the gentleman made his appearance at last. He was a tall old man, but wofully bowed down, clearly less with age than by sorrow and suffering. He received me with great urbanity, and kindly placed at my disposal all the information which it was in his power to give on the subject of my visit to him. When I left him, I pondered deeply on the melancholy results of the mad ambition of princes, and the wretched love of glory of nations. Here was a whole once happy family laid low in the brief space of a few years. However, this is a subject which will not bear much thinking on, and had therefore better be let alone.

No matter! Carnage remains, after all is said and done, "God's daughter," as the "gentle Wordsworth" hath it; and the true philosopher and philanthropist must even, however reluctantly, admit that it is a necessary, nay, a most beneficent institution; being, indeed, seemingly the only effectual means of shielding mankind from the perchance still worse horrors of over-population.

Before starting from Breslau, acting upon the sage advice of my friends there, I endeavoured to give myself somehow a semi-military appearance, to which end I had my gray coat faced with green cloth, and procured the loan of a skull-and-cross-bones cap from Lieutenant Auerswald, whose acquaintance I had made in the famous Golden Goose Hotel.

Many years before I had known, as a simple captain, the General Auerswald who, in 1848, was one of the prominent leaders of the Prussian wing in the Frankfort Parliament, and who, unhappily, was brutally butchered by an excited mob outside the gates of Frankfort on the 18th of September of that year. I was in Strasburg at the time; and from all I could hear of this most sad affair, the general, whom I knew to be a *gentle* man in every sense of the term, of courteous demeanour and urbane manners, would have been permitted to ride on his way unhurt, nay, unmolested, had it not been for the haughty arrogance and provoking intemperate conduct of his companion in misfortune, Prince Felix Lichnowsky, whom I had also known many years before, when he was a mere lad of about fourteen or fifteen, some seven years or so my junior, I think, and whose imperiousness of temper and disposition was even then truly Claudian.

When I first cast eyes upon Lieutenant Auerswald, at the Golden Goose *table d'hôte*, something in the appearance of the young man reminded me so strongly of the general that I could not refrain from asking him whether he was in any way related to my old friend. I then learnt that he was the late general's son. We soon grew intimate. I have now in my possession two photographic groups, in which my counterfeit presentment figures, along with his and that of Lieutenant Wittich, a young dragoon officer, who had been wounded at Nachod. Auerswald had been sent to Breslau to be treated there for a severe ophthalmic affection.

Professor Tellkamp, of the Breslau University, a very old friend of mine—now, alas! no more—kindly lent me a belt, with two revolvers and a dagger stuck in it, to shield my precious life, in case of need, from injury, as travelling in Bohemia was not very safe just then, of course.

At Freiberg I chartered a conveyance, not over-comfortable to ride in, and rather given to jolting, but drawn by two very decent horses, and with a most honest Jehu—one Joseph Haynichen—to drive.

The first place I came to in Bohemia was Trautenau, a small but very wealthy manufacturing town near the Silesian frontier. It was here that the Prussian corps under General Bonin had, on the 27th of June, sustained the only partial reverse in this brilliant seven days' campaign.

Reports had been sown broadcast over the land how Dr. Roth, the Burgomaster of Trautenau, had treacherously concealed a large Austrian force in the houses of his city; how these Austrians had, after the due and fair surrender of the town, fallen suddenly upon the unsuspecting Prussians; and how the vile citizens of both sexes and all ages had poured molten pitch, and boiling water, and oil of vitriol, and other unwarlike abominations, upon the devoted heads of Bonin's unlucky men.

These reports were wonderfully circumstantial; and the arrest of the unhappy burgomaster, whom I happened to meet on his dolorous way to Prussia, where he was to be tried for his alleged heinous misdeeds, certainly seemed to give them a substantial backbone of credibility. Yet upon searching inquiry and diligent examination of all the alleged facts and circumstances on the scene of action, I soon found that they were, for the most part, the most monstrous romances ever concocted. Indeed, the Psalmist, who is reported to have said in his haste that all men are liars, might conscientiously have repeated the assertion at fullest leisure, had he happened to pass through Trautenau at the time.

The truth of the matter was that Bonin had simply blundered in his tactical movements, and had allowed Gablentz to outwit him. He might have succeeded in accomplishing the task allotted to him in the great invasion of the 27th of June, as fully as Steinmetz and Augustus of Würtemberg succeeded in forcing the passes of Nachod and Braunau, had he not been over-anxiously intent upon making war with rose-water-scented, kid-gloved hands. He lost more than two precious hours ere he would decide upon the indispensable artillery attack upon the Chapelmount which commands Trautenau. He was reluctant, forsooth, to shock the religious feelings of the Bohemians by firing upon the chapel—a wretched wooden structure that might have been rebuilt at a cost of considerably under eighty pounds sterling. The almost inevitable result of this feeling, and of Bonin's declining the proffered aid of the Guards, was that he was driven back in the afternoon upon Goldenöls—the only partial reverse suffered by the Prussians in this war.

Poor Dr. Roth was subsequently honourably acquitted of the charge so foully brought against him.

From Trautenau I pursued my melancholy way over Alt-Rognitz, Neu-Rognitz, and Burgersdorf—where a fierce battle had been fought, on the 28th of June, between the Prussian guards and the tenth Austrian corps under Gablentz, the victor over Bonin on the day before—a battle which had terminated in the total rout of the Austrians—to Königinhof (Kralowé Dvor, or Queenscourt), which the Prussian guards had stormed on the 29th of June. Hence over Horzitz and Milowitch to Sadowa and Chlum, and Lippa and Nechanitz, and Prim and Probus—the several scenes of the fiercest fights waged on the momentous 3rd of July from early dawn to dewy eve.

On my way up to the valley of the Bistritz I found everywhere ample marks of the disastrous rout of the Austrians, such as the gutted remains of knapsacks, képis, cartridge-boxes, etc., mostly stripped of everything in the shape of iron, steel, brass, or usefully available leather about them; also here and there, carcasses of horses slain and flayed. But the men, at least, who had fallen in the fights from the 27th to the 29th June, had all been decently interred, and the tumuli that marked the spots of their last resting-places were, indeed, calculated to excite a melancholy interest; but there was barely a mark left here and there to inspire horror or disgust.

Far different was it on Sadowa's sad field—although when I came there the sun had risen and set seven times since the battle-day, horrible signs of awful carnage and utter devastation were plentifully sprinkled all over the vast field—extending some nine English miles in length from north to south, by from six to eight English miles in breadth from west to east. Dead horses were still abounding above ground; and dead men also, most of them stripped to the skin, or barely with a tattered shirt or the remains of a pair of drawers left on the poor slashed and smashed body to run a race of corruption with it, were yet lying unburied here and there, in ditches and hollows, and out-of-the-way places. I counted fifteen of them collected in one spot near Chlum; eight on a heap behind Lippa; and I shudder even now to think how many more by twos and threes and fives elsewhere all over the wide area over which the battle had ranged and raged, more particularly to the right of the village of Probus and in Prim Park.

There they were, these poor remains of what a few short days before had been living strong and valiant men—ever ready to meet death at the trumpet's call, or at the roll of the drum, though many

of them verily without the remotest notion of what the row in which they were being butchered could possibly be all about.

Some had their heads carried off; others simply their skulls dashed in; others, again, were battered by grenades into a hideous shapeless mass; some had their legs smashed; from others the life-blood had flowed through gaping gashes. It was a brave sight to feast one's eyes upon—an elevating, an ennobling sight! If an Arthur Schopenhauer had been there to gaze upon this choice sample of man's favourite pursuit in life, he might have had a good time of it, *emphatically*; it would have practically enabled him to add a few pregnant chapters to his pessimist philosophy.*

Yes, there they were lying putrescent on the ground which even seemed to deny them a grave; blackening under the scorching rays which a sun almost tropical in the blazing intensity of his heat was darting upon their naked flesh and into the deepest recesses of the wide-gaping wounds. There they lay, infecting the air and enwrapping the land for miles and miles around in a poisonous pall.

No wonder that cholera, in its worst and most virulent form, had made its dread appearance, striking down strong men, in robust health apparently, with appalling swiftness, as I had only too ample occasion to observe in my visits to Horzitz, and Nedelist, and Nechanitz, and Gitschin, and other places on this accursed plague-line.

On starting from Freiberg, I had prudently made provision of eatables and a few dozen bottles of wine; but the claims of the sick and wounded appealed so overpoweringly to my better nature that I soon dispensed to the last crust and the last bottle among the unhappy sufferers.

Unluckily, there was no possibility, apparently, of replenishing my store. Neither love nor money could procure a drop of wine or beer, or even a loaf of good, wholesome bread. The

* Many years before, when a student in Berlin, I had attended the lectures of this wondrous anatomist of life, who, after half-a-century of almost contumelious neglect, is now universally acknowledged the true and legitimate successor of the immense Immanuel of Königsberg—and even as a far greater than his predecessor on the throne of speculative philosophy. Unhappily, he was the very incarnation of theoretical and practical universal mistrust and distrust; and, I confess it to my shame, there was something repellent to me in every outer manifestation of his inner being, which made me abandon his lectures, and stick to the infinitely smaller man and mind that went by the name of Hegel. I wish most sincerely now it had been otherwise. Arthur Schopenhauer might, perchance, have taught me to think. But, alas! I was a young fool at the time, and the deuce is, I do not know whether I am much wiser now.

articles were too scarce just then in these parts, and what there was come-at-able was imperatively needed for those with a better claim to be attended to than I could urge.

So we, Joseph Haynichen and I, had mostly to rest satisfied with an occasional doubtful crust and a drink of still more doubtful water. Indeed, there were plenty of cherries and cucumbers to be had, as the army surgeons, with perverse blindness to the true cause of the cholera scourge, had placed these harmless and refreshing commodities under the strictest interdict.

But then, you see, one cannot be always eating cherries ; and cucumbers, without salt and oil and vinegar not to mention tomatoes—all of them articles next to impossible to procure just then and there—are not very inviting. So our dietary was rather restricted.

Now it happened also that the water in Prim Park was more than brackish. An over-free indulgence there in the luxury of a cool drink brought upon me an attack of cholera. My camping for several nights *sub Jove*, with the scanty shelter of my vehicle, was not exactly the thing best calculated to cure me of this most inconvenient disorder—to speak in the mildest terms of it; nor did it tend much to woo “tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” to my aching, wakeful lids.

By this time I had finished my hurried visit to Sadowa, which lay almost deserted, the great Urbanec sugar refinery and other large industrial establishments being abandoned for the time; Chlum, which also had suffered fearfully; Lippa, Briza, Wscheslar, Nedelist, Sendraschitz, Maslovied, and Nechanitz, which latter I found to be a small, melancholy-looking little town, with a church built in the common, most unprepossessing Czecho-Slavian style. At the time, however, it did this much good, that it accommodated several hundreds of wounded men. The town-house also had been turned into a temporary hospital.

In the park of Przim, or Prim, Castle, the fight had raged fiercely. All the farm-buildings were burnt down, as was also the large, then well-known distillery of Prim. The castle alone, with the chapel, both turned into temporary hospitals, and a few barns and small cottages, had escaped comparatively unhurt.

Wherever I went, and wherever I sent my glances around, I saw everywhere the same picture of desolation and misery unspeakable. Never mind! Was it not the second rung on the ladder that led Prussia’s king to the German Empire’s resplendent throne? Life and suffering are, according to Schopenhauer, interchangeable terms. All pain is positive, all pleasure merely negative, and the resolution into nothingness—the Nirwana of

the Hindoos—is the highest and only rational aspiration of mankind. What matters it, then, if death stalk through the world—so long as the dead lie still and are happy in their annihilation! lying and rotting in cold obstruction, as Shakspeare has it?

I made up my mind at last, to Joseph Haynichen's great joy, to make tracks in search of fresh fields and pastures new.

Skalitz was the next place to which I ordered Joseph to drive.

Now the man Haynichen had never been in Bohemia before, at least not beyond Nachod and Trautenau; and I was accordingly obliged to direct him in all his movements; this I accomplished from old recollections of the different localities, aided by reference to an excellent map of the country which I carried with me.

My charioteer was a very good fellow, and he was willing to believe in me to a considerable extent; but he dearly loved his horses, and he was acutely apprehensive lest an untoward encounter with the Austrian patrols should imperil his possession of these darling coursers of his. Now the fortresses of Königingrätz and Josephstadt were still held by the Austrians in respectable force, and our road to Skalitz, Joseph had a notion, lay in suspicious proximity to possible reconnoitring parties from either.

Besides, Joseph unfortunately had some slight knowledge of the Slavo-Czechian tongue, and he was rather given to the vanity of showing off his great gifts in this respect. His faith in the uprightness of human nature in general, and in Bohemian nature in particular, was by no means small.

When we started at dawn of day from Nechanitz, I gave Joseph the minutest directions how to drive on to Kukus, on the Elbe, and thence to keep on to the east. Tired out completely with three nights' continual sleeplessness, and enfeebled by the effects of cholérine, I fell fast asleep in the carriage.

I was suddenly roused from my peaceful slumber by a violent jolt of the vehicle over a large stone in the road, and the sullen boom of a by no means distant gun. I started up, rubbed my eyes, and saw before me the well-remembered steeples of Josephstadt, and found, to my intense annoyance, that my unlucky Jehu, sweetly unconscious of the imminent proximity of danger, was just driving me into Jaromirz!

It turned out that poor Joseph, on arriving at Kukus, reluctant to wake me, had asked and confidently obeyed the guidance of some rascally Bohemian, who had directed him to turn sharp to the south, instead of pursuing his course eastward, as I had told him to do. The scamp had made him believe that the town he saw before him to the south was Skalitz; chuckling, most likely, in fancy over the poor fellow's dismay when he

should discover that he and his fare and his beloved horses were betrayed into the hands of the Austrians.

My temper, albeit naturally sweet, will occasionally turn rather short, and on this particular occasion it was indeed roused into red-hot anger. "What cursed folly is this, you idiot?" I shouted. "What do you mean by driving right into the lion's den, you double and triple fool? Can you not see that we are only just a few hundred yards from the suburb of Josephstadt?"

The instant Joseph's car caught the ominous sound of the name of the place, he turned the horses sharply round, and made them gallop furiously back the way they had come; nor did he draw rein until we were safe again at Kukus. He was thoroughly frightened; not that he cared for the danger to his life and limbs and liberty, for he was a very brave and fearless man, but solely on account of his darling horses. I verily believe he would sooner have parted with his life than with his team.

The gun whose boom I had heard had clearly been fired at some reconnoitring party of Prussians—certainly not at us; but Joseph, once he had caught the notion that the Austrians in Josephstadt would be glad of his horses, could not be argued out of the conviction that the shot had been intended specially for his trap, and that we should soon have all the cannon of the fortress thundering after us. His simple trust in the uprightness of Bohemian nature was rudely shaken, and he emphatically declared that he would never again believe a Czech, even on his most solemn oath. He penitently promised for the remainder of our trip to be guided solely by my directions.

So we went on our way, endeavouring to reach the high-road leading to Skalitz; but as there was no beaten track we had to turn off occasionally to seek a more practicable driving path, and so it came to pass that, on emerging from a small wood, a truly Arcadian scene suddenly met my delighted eyes—a charming farmhouse, with substantial outbuildings, and a pond in front, with a dozen or so ducks swimming on it.

I sincerely loved animated nature, and I think I may conscientiously affirm that, if it depended anyhow materially on my example, I would rather turn vegetarian than encourage the slaying of animals for food. But I was ravenously hungry at the time, so I mentally addressed the poor swimmers on the pond before me somewhat after the fashion of the famous tabbiset-maker of Dublin, the late Mr. Reynolds, whilom M.P. for the Irish metropolis.

When, more than twenty years ago, the late Mr. G. Hamilton,

then member for Dublin County, was proposing a highly penal measure for the suppression of sheep-stealing in Ireland, the witty and eccentric member for Dublin City rose to tell the House of Commons candidly that if he saw a sheep on the other side of the way, and happened to be starving at the time, he should tell that sheep, "I'll take care, my friend, that I live longer than you."

With this bright example in my memory, I also resolved mentally to take care to live longer than some, at least, of the interesting birds swimming so temptingly before my longing eyes. The important initial point, however, was how to get at them. If money and good words could accomplish it, I was most willing to spare neither.

So, by way of indispensable preliminary, I shouted and hallooed to attract the attention of the inmates of the farm. After a time an old woman made her appearance slowly and with obvious reluctance. She was a fearful old hag, who looked, indeed, the very incarnation of Goethe's Mephistopheles in the guise of Phoreyas.

She had only one eye, and that one an evil eye; and only one tusk in the fearful cavern of her mouth, but that one tusk seemingly fit to rend and tear whatever might come within its reach. She grinned at me a most horrible grin. I, though involuntarily shuddering at the unwelcome sight, addressed her with the utmost courtesy, calling her madam, and offering to pay anything in reason for a couple of ducks, and to add a large fee if she would graciously consent to roast them for me. Perhaps she would not object, I trusted, to add a salad and a bottle of wine or beer.

I might just as well have talked to the ducks, for any sign of comprehension on her horrible old face. Her grin simply expanded into broader malignancy; and she muttered a few words in Czechian, which my faithful Joseph told me were to the effect that she did not understand my gibberish.

Then Joseph took her in hand, diving into the deepest recesses of his boasted Slavic lore; but to no purpose. The monstrous hag only continued to grin maliciously, and to shake her ancient head violently from side to side, striving to look right through me all the time with that basilisk eye of hers. Somehow I got impatient at last; I lost my temper, and began to play, half unconsciously, with one of the revolvers in my belt. I must candidly confess I cannot say what I might not have done. It was rather a mean thing to do to try to frighten an old woman with a revolver, and I felt half-ashamed; but I was so awfully "riled."

However, the old woman had barely caught sight of the revolver when she gave a loud scream, lifted up both hands entreatingly, and cried to me in Saxo-Bohemian German: "Schiessen Se ner net, mein juotes Herreche, schiessen Se ner net, I will joa jehe un de Herre ruofe." And with this she rushed wildly back to the farmhouse.

A few minutes after a man of decent appearance, well, though plainly dressed, came up to me from the house. He looked much troubled and annoyed, but he addressed me with great civility notwithstanding. He craved my pardon for his old servant's offensive conduct to me, and for his own apparent want of courtesy in keeping me waiting so long; but really he had congratulated himself upon having, by a lucky chance, escaped hitherto all war visitations, and he could not help feeling it deeply disappointing and disheartening to find that after all an officer of the provisioning department had succeeded in getting to his little farm, on requisitioning thoughts intent.

I hastened to reassure the good man. I earnestly disclaimed all and every connection with the invading army; promised him on my honour that no one should know from me or my driver aught anent the whereabouts of his farm; and I politely repeated my request that he would kindly consent to sell me a couple of his ducks.

His brow cleared. He stretched out his hand to me, and courteously invited me to honour his humble dwelling with my august presence. He extended the same hospitable invitation to Joseph, whose good graces he cleverly managed to obtain by an adroit encomium upon the "splendid appearance" of his horses, and a warm offer to have them properly fed and looked after if he would kindly consent to unyoke them.

Less than an hour after a glorious feast of roast duck and green peas and asparagus, with a delicious cucumber salad, and cherries and fresh butter, was placed before us, and ample provision of the best Pilsener beer and Vöslauer wine rejoiced our hearts.

Our hospitable host was the son of a German; and his maternal grandmother had also been of the same nationality, so that he had not much Czechian blood in his veins.

Phorcyas—who, by-the-bye, turned out to be a splendid cook—continued to grin, indeed, but with benevolence now, instead of malignancy, and she talked Saxo-Bohemian German by the bushel, and declared on her solemn oath that she had never seen two men to whom she could take so kindly and gladly as to Joseph and to me; an assurance which made both Joseph and me look rather anxious, for fear lest she should take it into her head to

give more active and impressive expression to her deep affection for us.

Our hospitable host would not hear of our leaving his place till next day. So we, nothing loth, stayed over night.

On our departure in the morning the worthy man firmly declined receiving even the smallest sum in payment for our noble entertainment. On the contrary, he would insist upon replenishing my store of provisions and wine and beer; and he would take no denial.

Phorcyas was quite indignant when I attempted almost to force a thaler upon her—nay, she looked so deeply grieved, that I forbore insisting upon her acceptance of the gift. I shook hands with her instead, and Joseph did the same, which made her quite contented. The only party in the house who could be made to accept a trifle was the servant who had attended to the horses. So we went on our way rejoicing to Skalitz.

I few days after I reached Nachod.

The old Wallenstein Castle here had also been turned into a temporary hospital, which I, of course, visited, and where I unexpectedly saw old Field-Marshal Wrangel. This more than octogenarian leader had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the army to the field—as a volunteer! And here I found him dispensing kind words of sympathy and encouragement, and trifling money gifts, to the sick and wounded. He did not see me, however, as I forbore from intruding myself upon his notice.

I had not seen the wonderful old man since many a long year back.

I think it must have been about 1829 that I had the honour of a personal introduction to Major-General Baron Wrangel, then still in the fullest vigour of manhood, and the *beau idéal* of a cavalry commander.

It was, if I remember aright, at Baron Altenstein's, then Minister of Public Worship, etc., that I first met the general.

On September 20, 1866, the day of the triumphal entry of the Prussian army into Berlin, I saw the old marshal again, high on horse, firm in the saddle, riding with all the nerve and skill of an accomplished cavalier, and gallantly blowing kisses to every pretty girl his lively eyes could espy in his ride along the Linden alley.

A few days after, Professor Tellkamp, a *persona gratissima* with the marshal, took me with him on a visit to the somewhat musty queer little house in the Pariser Platz, to present me to the ancient warrior, and to the countess, a fine old lady, on the shady side of sixty apparently.

Tellkamp told me that Wrangel prided himself upon his retentive memory for faces, and that he would maintain he never forgot a man whom he had ever seen, though even only once.

I smiled; I was positively convinced he would not recollect my face and appearance.

To my utter astonishment, the old gentleman, after closely scrutinising my face a minute or so, exclaimed, with his wonted brevity, "I have seen you somewhere before." "Yes, Excellency," I stammered, "but it must have been close upon forty years ago." "No matter how long ago," replied the marshal, somewhat sharply; "only I have seen you before. But," he added unfeelingly, "how old and gray you have grown, to be sure!"

Six years after, in January, 1872, the late Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, to whom I had become known in London, made a temporary stay at Berlin, where he took up his quarters at the Hôtel Royal. Here the old field-marshal paid the Count a friendly visit; he came on foot. It was one of the coldest winter days, even for Berlin—something like 4° Fahrenheit! Yet there the old man was in his thin military undress coat, without great coat or wrapper about him, and with his spiked helmet tightly fixed on, as usual.

The day after he went on a visit to the Crown Prince, in an open carriage, in which he might be seen sitting stiff and grim, with the same scanty protection against the cold as the day before, yet apparently not the least heeding the cutting, icy wind blowing right through him.

If ever man seemed to be cut out for a centenarian, Field-Marshal Wrangel surely was the man. Yet he died ere the completion of his ninety-fourth year—of a slow fever, which suddenly seized on him in autumn, 1877. Still his immense vitality kept death at bay for several months.

I think it was in February, 1878, that a friend of mine wrote to me from Berlin, how the last days of the old man had been embittered by the vile conduct of a spendthrift nephew of his, who had tried his hardest and worst to extort money from his aged relative—a hopeless task, anyone who knew the marshal would have thought. The nephew, however, went so far in his efforts to achieve the impossible, that he actually sent his more than venerable uncle a challenge to fight him! So the authorities had to lay him by the heels, as a public nuisance, which served the scamp right. The marshal left a grandson, who is in the diplomatic service.

Nachod was so chokeful of invaders of all kinds and classes,

that my hardest efforts to find shelter in any of the inns of the place, or in any private house, were doomed to failure.

I was told, however, that there was a cotton-spinners not very far from the town, whose foreman was an Englishman, who might perhaps find accommodation for me for the night.

On our way to the spinners, it so happened that I espied a small inn lying a little off the road, and I thought at once it would be as well to see whether I might not stay there over night, instead of having to claim hospitality of a private gentleman.

My host of the inn, who was a full-blooded Czech, declared at once, with great alacrity, that he could accommodate me for the night, and that he had ample store of provisions and wine and beer in the house; so I told Joseph to unyoke.

But here I met with unexpected opposition on the part of my faithful driver—his belief in Bohemian loyalty had been too rudely shaken to trust himself with a Czech. The instance, which I quoted, of our generous host of a few days back, did not apply here, he argued, the said generous host having very little Czechian blood in his veins, whilst the man who kept this inn was a full-blooded Slavo-Czech. The inn was lying off the road; it was a solitary place; the man had a treacherous look about him; we might both be murdered in our sleep; he, for one, would not let his horses incur the danger of having to change masters; the poor dear beasts would never survive being parted from him; and a lot of nonsense of the same kind.

He entreated me, with tears in his eyes, not to stay there, but let him drive on to the spinners. But I had made up my mind to stay where I was; and, as my mission was ended now, I at last told the obstinate man peremptorily that he might go if he insisted upon it, and leave me behind. This, however, the faithful fellow would not do.

He told me it was not his way to leave one in the lurch who had been so kind to him as I had been. Besides, he had promised the Herr Professor, who had come with me to Freiberg (Tellkamp), to bring me back there safe and sound, and he was resolved to do so. Therefore, if I would stop there, why, he must even stop along with me, but the whole responsibility would rest on my shoulders.

So he unyoked his horses, and consented even to share the ample supper which our host placed before us. Nothing could induce him, however, to sleep away from his horses that night. He made me quite savage with his dread forebodings of impending evil; but, somehow or other, he succeeded after all in inoculating me, in a measure at least, with his own apprehensions,

which kept me awake long after I had sought my couch. When I fell asleep at last, I had uneasy dreams. Suddenly I awoke with a fit of coughing. I fancied I heard a creaking noise outside my door. I started up in bed and listened intently; I have naturally an acute sense of hearing. There could be no doubt, I distinctly heard someone threading his way cautiously along the narrow passage leading to my room. I crept with equal caution from my bed, and made my way to the door as noiselessly as I could, opened it very gently, and stepped out into the passage.

It might be near two o'clock in the morning; the sky was overcast with clouds, and the night happened to be exceptionally dark for the time of year. Still, when I reached the top of the staircase leading down to the ground-floor, I distinctly beheld a shadowy figure just disappearing through the back door out into the courtyard. Somehow it occurred to me that the said shadowy figure was that of our Czechian host, who might, for aught I knew, be actually on his way to the stables, on murderous thoughts intent.

Poor Joseph! Had his sad presentiments been right, then, after all? And was this treacherous villain of an innkeeper even now on his way to execute his dread purpose? No, no! this must not be—not if I could help it.

So I resolutely made my way down the staircase and through the back door out into the courtyard, never thinking, in my precipitation, to take dagger or revolver with me. Yes, there could be no mistake—there was the intending murderer silently creeping along to the stable-door, which he swiftly opened, to disappear in the stable. I followed cautiously, yet rapidly. Lifting the latch of the door, I beheld the murderous wretch crouching like a tiger. It was evident that he had heard someone following him. I resolved to give him no time for further preparation. I threw myself upon him, and grasped him by the throat. At the same moment I felt a desperate clutch on my own throat. I silently strove to make my grasp tighter. I knew that I might need all my breath for the struggle, and that I had none to spare for shouting. But the detected would-be assassin was clearly of a different way of thinking upon that point—fortunately, as it turned out.

“You vile Bohemian hound!” he groaned painfully, under the gripping pressure of my fingers, “would you murder your own guest?” and he made a desperate effort to shake me off. Good God! it was my poor Joseph whose throat I was clutching! “Joseph!” I gasped out, letting go my hold, “can it be you?”

“Gracious heavens! how come you to be here, sir?” Joseph

shouted, removing his desperate clutch from my throat. Fortunately we could not gaze upon each other's faces; for I am sure we must both have looked extremely foolish.

When we had regained our breath, Joseph explained how the dread that I might be in danger had not let him sleep, and how he had at last been irresistibly impelled by his growing apprehensions to make his way to my room, to see whether all was right and well with me. He had heard me cough, which had allayed his fears for my safety, and he had then wended his way back to the stables slowly and cautiously. He had soon become aware of someone following him, which someone, in his prejudiced frame of mind, could of course be no one but our treacherous Boniface with the murderous look on his face.

Thus we had simply each mistaken the other for a bloodthirsty assassin, and had thereby lost the best part of our night's rest and got a painfully sore throat in the bargain; and served us perfectly right too, for harbouring such uncharitable thoughts of one who had given us no reasonable cause whatever for suspecting him of evil. I had reason to feel still more ashamed when our worthy host handed me the bill in the morning. It was the most moderate hotel bill I have ever had to settle in a life of pretty extensive travels.

For the appeasement of my conscience, which upbraided me for my cruel suspicion of this honest man, I gave a shining thaler to his little son, to which Joseph, who now declared that he had never seen a more thoroughly honest and genial face than our host's added the munificent gift of a florin, to the lad's intensest delight and the father's astonishment.

After many warm handshakings with our host, who, happily unconscious of our evil thoughts of him the night before, energetically vowed on his part that he had never met with two heartier or more pleasant men, we took our departure on our way back to Freiberg.

After this unconscionably long digression, for which I humbly crave the indulgent reader's forgiveness—upon my old plea that I must in these reminiscences be permitted to “write what's uppermost, without delay”—we will now return to my lecturing tour in 1836.

In due course I reached Strasburg—dear old Argentorat, where I have, from time to time, lived some of the happiest days of my life.

— It was in the latter part of October that I delivered my course of lectures here. At the conclusion of the last of the three, some of my Alsatian friends—Oberlin, Schneegans, Mohl, Wölflle,

Keller, Dolfus, Schmidt, and others—came up to shake hands with me. Dolfus, of Mulhouse, introduced a young man to me, about my own age, by the name and style of Le Vicomte de Persigny, who claimed me for an old acquaintance. I recollected at once that I had seen the gentleman before, only he was not a viscount then, but plain *Sieur Fialin*.

It was in the early part of 1833, I think, when I met, at one of the gatherings of the "discontents," a young non-commissioned French cavalry officer. If I remember aright, he was a kind of quartermaster. There was nothing striking about him. He seemed to me to be rather given to vapouring. He talked very exaltedly about what *might* be done to rid France of the July Government. I retain an impression somehow on my mind that the young sergeant was listened to rather impatiently, and obviously chiefly because of his connection with the army, which the Republicans at the time ardently wished to conciliate and bring round to their camp. Some seven or eight months before this, the Duke of Reichstadt had died, and the pure Republicans, whilst sincerely pitying the unhappy young man, who it was thought had been hurried into a premature grave for high reasons of State, rejoiced that the dangerous Napoleon legend had suffered this severe blow and discouragement. And here was this Sergeant Fialin talking about the son of Hortense ready to step forward to snatch from the "mud and mire through which Louis Philippe was dragging it" the *glorieuse flamme tricolore*, and exalt it once more on high.

"Viscount Persigny," which I was told afterwards was a title that had been lying dormant in the *Sieur Fialin's* family for three hundred years, graciously expressed to me the very great pleasure which my lecture had given him—more particularly the crowning *Æschylean* peroration—and his ardent desire to become more intimately acquainted with me, and to show his cordial appreciation of my merit in a practical shape, which he somewhat mysteriously hinted might happen to be the case very soon.

Among the many anecdotes told at the time of the late Duke of Reichstadt there was one which more particularly took the popular fancy. It was related how the Emperor Francis had said to his grandson, half jocularly, half in earnest, "Ah, my boy, if you were to appear now suddenly on the bridge at Strasburg, wouldn't it make Louis Philippe rather uncomfortable?" "Ay, so it would, your Majesty," was said to have been young Napoleon's reply; "but, maybe, it would make many others feel more uncomfortable still!"

And, no doubt, so it would have made many others feel most uncomfortable, more particularly the astute Francis himself. In those days there was an ominous tempest-bearing cloud hanging over Europe like unto a gigantic water-bladder, needing but the prick or slash of a lucky adventurer's sword to pour down Metternich's deluge so many years sooner.

Continental Europe had somehow fallen back into the same deplorable state in which the great French revolution had found her at the end of the eighteenth century. Russia had betrayed her weakness in her last Turkish war, when she had been saved from deepest humiliation only by the skilful diplomacy of the Prussian Envoy at Constantinople. Austria was rotten to the core. The Peninsula was a factor that might be counted in favour of a France militant against the effete European monarchism of that period, and, to tell the unvarnished truth, of this present time too. Belgium would have gone along with France. The people everywhere were discontented. The wretched congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle, Verona, and Laybach had done their work. The Brummagen German Confederation was split into antagonistic sections, and the chances were that the South would be found on the side of France. The Prussians, disappointed and deceived by their King, would have marched into the field half-hearted; and the military system created by Scharnhorst and Gneisenau had outlived its own vital principle (as glaringly shown by the mobilisation of 1832). In Italy, France might count upon the Sub-Alpine kingdom and a general rising of the people. England was in the throes of the Reform Bill.

In 1836 matters remained much in the same condition, and it needed no great vaticinatory acumen to foresee that an Imperialist revolution in France might be expected to lay the Continent of Europe, at least for a time, at the feet of a new Frank Empire.

The son of Hortense, after the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, the inheritor of the Buonaparte claim, was watching from Arenenberg the course of events, and hatching plots against the Government of July in France.

During my stay in Algiers, and my long illness and convalescence at Toulon, I had troubled but little about political affairs. The great kindness of the Duke of Orleans to me had, in a great measure at least, taken the sting out of my hostility to his father's rule, changing my former active antagonism into a very neutral-tinted mild sort of platonic dislike. Sergeant Fialin and his tall talk had thus come to fade from my memory at the time when I met him again at Strasburg. I was told subsequently that soon after my leaving for Algiers he had been

expelled the military service for some breach of discipline; after which he had temporarily joined the St. Simonians, and finally donned the Buonapartist livery. I heard something about a Buonapartist journal started by him, *L'Occident Français*, which had soon come to grief, but had procured him a favourable introduction to the notice of the family, more particularly of the then nominal chief of it—Louis Napoleon—who, with his innate fatalism, had chosen to see something most remarkable in the very simple coincidence of himself and Fialin being born in the same year (1808).

On the conclusion of my course of lectures, I made ready to return to Lyons. I accepted, however, an invitation to visit Hagenau before my final departure. My friend Oberlin promised to drive me over in his trap on the 30th of October, which, in 1836, fell on a Sunday. On Saturday afternoon I went to take leave of Dolfus and Keller, who were then occupying apartments in the Grand' Rue, in the very house, I was told, where Rouget de l'Isle had first sung his world-famed "Marseillaise." In those times ceremony was not the order of the day with our set—far from it indeed; so I opened the outer door without knocking, and turned the handle of the inner door after a single preliminary rap of intimation. I found some ten gentlemen standing in a semicircle round a personage wrapped in a large *carbonaro* cloak, who was addressing them in French with a slight Helveto-Alsatian accent. He stopped short when I entered, and several of the gentlemen looked round with evident impatience and annoyance. I clearly saw that I was an unexpected and unwelcome intruder, so I withdrew at once with a few hurried words of apology. I had had time, however, to catch a glimpse of the face of the personage in the cloak: it was a rather heavy-looking semi-Dutch face.

I was then staying in the Ruprechtsan, with young Schützenberger, a medical student of the Strasburg Faculty—one of the most intensely French Alsatians I have ever known, and Republican to the backbone. He had been laid up for the last week with a sprained ankle, and was going along with me to Hagenau.

Oberlin had promised to bring his trap round at noon; but, to our great surprise, he made his appearance considerably earlier in the morning. He looked pale and dejected. He told us, to our intensest amazement but sincerest satisfaction—though evidently to his own acutest grief—that a most promising Imperialist Restoration movement had just been nipped in the bud, after a brilliantly successful initiation. The person in the *carbonaro* cloak, whom I had so suddenly and unexpectedly come

upon the evening before, was no other than Prince Charles Louis Napoleon, who had quietly come over from Switzerland to take possession of his "faithful city" of Strasburg, including citadel, garrison, and all. He had made a splendid *début* at the Austerlitz barracks, where Colonel Vaudry had presented him with the fourth artillery regiment; he had then proceeded, it would appear, to arrest the Governor of Strasburg, General Voirol, the same who had been interimistic Governor of Algiers in my time, and to try the magic of the Napoleon legend upon the forty-sixth regiment of infantry at the Finkmatten barracks. Here he had lamentably failed, however, officers and men alike having received with indignant derision and contempt his cool summons to break their oath to the July Government and pass over to him. M. Fialin (de Persigny) had prepared this extraordinary attempt, which in such hands as his and his employer's was necessarily foredoomed to fail; but, given a Morny, a St. Arnaud, a Maupas, a Walewski, a Magnan, and the rest of the Decembrists of a later period, with the millions of the Bank of France to back them, what might have been the fate of France, of Europe, of freedom, and of the truest and dearest interests of humanity? From what I had occasion to learn after, the plot was much more dangerous than it looked after its failure. Its ramifications extended all over Strasburg and Muhlhausen, even to Metz. But the secret was well kept.

It was in summer, 1840, I was with Dr. Curie, the French homœopathic physician of Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, attending to his correspondence, French and English, to his homœopathic pharmacy and dispensary, and to his humbler patients. One day a gentleman called upon the doctor, whom I recognised at once as the Prince Louis Napoleon I had seen nearly four years before at Strasburg. A short time after he had left, Mr. Leaf came in, the wealthy merchant who had just then promised to endow a homœopathic hospital in London. I had returned to the doctor's sanctum, where I was writing a letter to Dr. Croserio, a homœopathic physician then in large practice in Paris. The doctor told Leaf, jocularly, that he had just had Prince Louis Napoleon's promise to create a Chair of Homœopathy at the medical faculties in France, as soon as he should come to his own. We had a hearty laugh over this.

A very few days after, I dined with Mr. Emmanuel Bernoulli,*

* He was a distinguished member of the celebrated Swiss family of that name, which has supplied the world with so many eminent men in mathematics, science, philosophy, and commerce. One of them has linked his fame indissolubly with the differential calculus; one was

at Mrs. Saunders' boarding-house in Golden Square. Among the guests was M. Fialin (de Persigny), who did me the distinguished honour to address a few polite phrases of recognition to me, expressive of the great pleasure he felt in meeting me again, and of his sincere desire to render me every service in his power.

"Clever fellow, the viscount," said M. Bernoulli to me afterwards, in his dry, sarcastic way; "they say that Louis Philippe fancies he has hired him to act as a spy upon Louis Napoleon, and that the Prince and he jointly concoct the reports for which the French embassy pays handsomely. It is one of his many ways of raising the wind. I know of no man more fertile in resources in that line."

And fertile in resources in that line he most undoubtedly was. With Solari, Rapalli, and a few others, and with Beaumont Smith for *cheville ouvrière*, he was at that very time actually working the well-known Exchequer Bills fraud, which sent poor Smith to Botany Bay, and left some little shade of suspicion attaching even to Lord Monteagle, the then Comptroller of the Exchequer. It was this scheme that supplied the means for the tame eagle expedition to Boulogne.

"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be," says distraught Ophelia. Many years after, I met M. Fialin once more. He was a duke then, and a high and mighty personage; and I—well, I happened to be out of luck and out of sorts at the time, and I did not feel quite so repellently proud as I had in former days; so I foolishly thought that the great man might do something for me. Memory, however, as I have said before, is a capricious faculty. Monseigneur had completely forgotten to remember me.

Director of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg; another held the same exalted position at the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Mr. Emmanuel was a son of the latter. In 1840 and 1841 I lived in the family of Emmanuel's sister, then a widow—who had been married to a consin-german—a most sprightly and highly intellectual lady, mother of three sons—Eugene, Henry, and Adolphus—all three splendid linguists, sound, and clever commercial men, and sterling good fellows withal, who were like unto brothers to me. Emmanuel has long, long since been gathered to his great forbears; so has his brilliant sister, whose bright intellect was clouded, alas! in the last years of her life. Adolphus went to Trieste, Eugene and Henry established a great house of commerce in London, as I heard years after. However, they faded out of my life, as hundreds of my most intimate friends have done in the course of my long wandering career. If they are spared still, and should accidentally read these lines, their old friend sends them his most hearty greeting.

It is on, January 13th, 1882—on the very anniversary of his death just three years ago—that I am penning this part of my reminiscences. He died at Nice, in his sixty-fourth year. Of course, he died a saint, attended to the last by two Jesuit fathers, who sent his soul straight on its road to heaven.

It was in 1867 : I was once again in Paris. It was the year of the second great Exhibition in the French capital. My old and most valued friend, Peter Lund Simmonds, had entrusted me with the arrangement, management, and care of some of the Colonial sections, for which he himself acted as Assistant-Commissioner, notably the Cape of Good Hope and the Victoria department. The latter, more especially, was highly interesting. There was Australian wool in every stage, from the shearing of the sheep to the manufactured shawl. Another valued friend of mine, Tom Cutler, a clever architect, who, I am happy to say, is still considerably to the fore, had, with surpassing ingenuity and ability, constructed with a number of wool-bags, a lot of variously twisted iron rods, and some eighty yards of wide wire, a trophy entrance gate to the Victoria department, which formed the admiration of all beholders.

There was a geological collection, which I had taken great pains to classify and arrange properly. Professor Maskelyne, of the British Museum, had entrusted to me also a case of Australian gems, in which I took great pride.

I have always held that what a man has to do that is worth doing he should strive to do to the best of his capacity; and upon this principle I have endeavoured to act through the working part of my career. It is truly from no vain desire to blow my own trumpet that I venture to say it here; but I have been a hard worker ever since I was thrown upon my own resources; and I can, *inter alias res*, conscientiously affirm that I have penned at least one hundred respectable volumes in German, English, and French. They may not be worth much, but at least they represent so much honest hard work of brain and hand.

Yet among my brother Savages there was for years a belief that I was the idlest idler, who never did any work.

So when, in the Exhibition year, a member of the Club, or anyone of a wider circle of friends, came to Paris, it was the custom to show him—as the greatest of all curiosities at the Exhibition Palace—the old Bohemian actually doing work!

And indeed I was at work early and late—so early, in fact, as a rule, that I was generally the first arrival in my own department, although I lived far away from the Champ de Mars, and,

most mornings at least, had to walk the whole distance. One morning I came there exceptionally early, when there were but few people in the building. I saw two gentlemen walk up to my Victoria department. One was the Emperor Napoleon III., the other, on whose arm he leaned heavily, General Fleury. It was an *incognito* visit altogether, and there was evidently some surprise felt at my presence there. Of course I made no sign whatever that I knew my early visitors. The Emperor looked sea-green; it was from intense suffering, I knew. He evidently took a real interest in all he saw. He asked me an absolute crowd of questions about the Australian colonies and their productions. He admired my friend Cutler's wool-trophy, and wished to know very particularly how the wool was scoured.

He talked about the Australian wines like a man who knew his subject. He took an eager interest in a pair of Australian riding-boots intended for him, and a pair of most dainty ladies' boots made expressly as a present to the Empress Eugénie. The geological collection and the Australian gem-case attracted his special attention. I respected his *incognito* throughout absolutely. Just on the point of leaving, as other exhibitors were gradually coming in, he asked me suddenly and abruptly whether he had not seen me before; and I—well I, like a ninny, murmured something about it not being unlikely, and let him depart with a polite bow—to receive the admiring encomiums of the *sergent de ville*, who had been keeping close watch upon us all the time, upon my perfect bearing during this interview with his Imperial Majesty.

There is a tide—very occasionally there are several tides—in the affairs of man; well, I never had enough of that most uncommon of all senses—Common Sense—to take any of my tides at a flood. So here I am, standing midway between the septua and the octo in the genarian line of life, writing these reminiscences of mine; taxing my memory, cudgelling my brains, and working my once nimble but now slightly stiffening fingers, when, mayhap, a little rest might—but, no matter—it may be, after all, just as well to finish in harness.

I was in Lyons about the middle of November, 1836. My friend Peyrade was awaiting my return with impatience. It so chanced that he had been talking about me to M. Des Guidi, the introducer of homœopathy in France, and the leading homœopathic physician of Lyons, who had made him an offer to engage my services upon salary and fees, on condition that I should abjure the “damnable heresies and errors” of the old allopathic school, and take *toto animo, totâ mente*, to the new faith as in the

"divine" Samuel—for it was ever in this guise that Dr. Des Guidi would reverentially speak of the "infinitesimally small" psosologist.

Now, considering the very exiguous and ever-growing-less remnant of the last lingering ray of my always somewhat shaky faith in the venerable old school, it was not a very violent wrench for me to try Hehnemann. The exceeding simplicity of the principle underlying his new system, which apparently might be laid without risk of crowding in the very smallest Barcelona shell, and the self-evident harmlessness, at least, of his infinitesimal medication, seemed to me so much the easier to swallow.

In those days I was up to anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. I had just come fresh from a little game of the former with the facts of history, so I thought I might take my chance of indulging with impunity in the latter—at least, in the way of omission.

The offer made to me seemed fair. The salary, certainly, looked rather limited, but the fees promised to make ample amends for its comparative smallness. Well, with my innate impulsiveness, I closed with M. Des Guidi's proposal.

Count Sebastian Cajetan Des Guidi, M.D., late Professor of Mathematics, was a Neapolitan by birth. He descended from an ancient family, whose first Italian progenitor had originally, in the tenth century, come into Lombardy with the German Emperor Otto the Great.

Sebastian and his elder brother, Count Philipp, had in their earliest manhood eagerly and enthusiastically espoused the glorious doctrines of the glorious revolution of 1789, and they had, of course, been among the foremost and boldest supporters of the Parthenopeian Republic, doomed, alas! to succumb but too soon to the militant Cardinal Ruffo, with his rabble of banditti, lazzaroni, cut-throats, and galley-slaves, under warrant and commission of the super-excellent Bourbon Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, and under the high and mighty protection of England, Russia, and the Porte. Verily, verily! so-called considerations of high policy will occasionally make us draw in the same team with wondrously strange yoke-fellows.

The two brothers Des Guidi sought and found refuge and asylum in France, where they had to rough it for a time, however, until their solid attainments and brilliant talents obtained high university positions for both of them, as Professors of Mathematics. Count Sebastian Des Guidi was subsequently, under the Empire, made Inspector of the Lyons Academy. When past forty-five years of age, he took it suddenly into his head to

study medicine, and before he had attained fifty he was M.D., and in full and lucrative practice in Lyons. Upon a visit to Naples, about 1829, he made the acquaintance of a leading homœopathist there, who gained him over to Hahnemann's new system, which he was the first to introduce into France.

In his homœopathic practice M. Des Guidi was eminently successful, and precious were the tokens of acknowledgment bestowed upon him by his enthusiastic patients. Among other things, a large gold medal was struck in his honour, and in commemoration of the introduction of homœopathy in France, bearing on the obverse his bay-wreathed head, with "The grateful Healed to the wondrous Healer" as exergue around. The old *post ergo propter*, you see, holds good to the present day.

When I came first to Count Des Guidi, he was on the shady side of sixty—a tall, handsome man, with antique head and classic face; a high-bred gentleman; but, like most apostles and martyrs of "liberty and fraternity," slightly given to be self-assertive, dogmatic, and dictatorial, and apt to resent opposition. When we became better acquainted he would tell me the harrowing tale of the short-lived Parthenopeian Republic, and of its bloody overthrow by "Michael Pezza (Fra Diavolo), Gertano Mammone, and the third and worst bandit of the trio—Ruffo the Cardinal."

He would tell me how the noble Caraccioli, and some of the purest patriots with him, had been *treacherously murdered*—in the very teeth of the capitulation promising them life and liberty, at least, safe.

It was truly terrific to behold him, risen to his full height in the fierce excitement of his reminiscences, calling down the malediction of Heaven upon the very name and memory of every actor, aider, and abettor in the horrible drama, notably Nelson, whom he frantically denounced as Caraccioli's conscious murderer. Of Sir William Hamilton he spoke with withering contempt; of Lady Hamilton as "*une femelle abandonnée, une Messaline de bas étage, au-dessous de la colère d'un honnête homme.*"

Whenever I essayed to stem the impetuous torrent of his awful imprecations upon the memory of the greatest English admiral—except Blake—he would try to shut me up in the most peremptory manner, telling me bluntly that I was too young to venture to dispute with him upon facts and events in which he himself had had an active part, whereas I could not possibly know anything of or about them. Occasionally we had a fierce wordy fight over it—for am I not also something of an apostle and martyr of liberty, with a dash of dogmatism in my composition? We then would not exchange a word for

two or even three days, after which he would condescend at last to offer a sort of semi-apology, not for his sentiments and opinions, but for the somewhat crude and rude way in which he had given vent and expression to them.

Such were our historic and political dissensions. In matters of science and medical practice it was, if possible, occasionally still hotter and worse.

M. Des Guidi had, as he often told me, painfully experienced in his own practice the helplessness of the old system in all serious cases, so that he had come to look upon it with utter disdain as the merest haphazard empiricism, thinly veiled in the shallowest pretence of science. The same as in ancient Rome two augurs could not meet without interchanging a quiet chuckle at the folly of the people believing in them, so he used to say he wondered how two physicians could meet in consultation without laughing outright. Yet when this clever, nay brilliant, man took to the doctrine of homœopathy, he swallowed Hahnemann whole—infinisimals, psora and antipsorics, and all. He made a clean gulp of the lot, and he wanted me to follow his example, which for the life of me I could not bring myself to do. I was not a mere child at the time, but a man with a deal of practical experience; and I had enjoyed the teachings of the highest leaders in the profession and the profoundest scientists. I was quite willing to admit the glaring absurdities and the lamentable insufficiencies and defects of the old school. Sad experience had opened my eyes rather wide upon these points, and I had learnt to appreciate the supreme *vis medicatrix nature*, but my chief now wished to force upon me a blind and absolute faith in a monstrous pretension. Practically I did not mind, but theoretically I could not and would not knock under. I felt myself in this respect somehow in the same position as Danton, in his relation to the Hébertists. “Nous n’avons pas voulu anéantir la superstition pour établir l’athéisme,” cried the great tribune when driven to his intrenchments by the frenetic ravings of Hébert and Chaumette and their following of maniacs. So I, in modifying, or moderating, my belief in the soundness of the doctrines taught by the true Gamaliels at whose feet I had been privileged to sit, did not mean to swallow and swear by the vagaries of a Samuel Hahnemann: I held the bleeding, blistering and drenching of the old school in abhorrence, but I was not willed to attribute to “sugar globules” the marvellous curative and sanative powers which my chief peremptorily claimed for them.

I say sugar globules, and I say it deliberately. In my humble

opinion it is barely possible to exaggerate the almost incredible absurdity of Hahnemann's theory of the supreme efficacy of infinitesimal doses, with the stupendously subtle recondite basis upon which it is made to rest, the continuous evolution, to wit, of latent curative power from medical agents by successive processes of trituration and dilution.

We supplied a number of our most favoured patients, and also many apothecaries in the centre and south of France, with "homœopathic pharmacies;" and we used a great many globules in our own practice. M. Des Guidi liked to have his remedial agents prepared fresh at short intervals; at least a certain number of them. I prepared them conscientiously, according to his instructions and directions. He differed in this from Hahnemann, that he did not believe in the superior efficacy of protracted trituration. I had to rub together in a mortar for about fifteen minutes one grain of the agent and ninety-nine grains of milk-sugar. Every grain of this powder contained exactly the one-hundredth of a grain of the agent. This was the first attenuation, or, as M. Des Guidi called it, the first evolution. One grain of this had now to be mixed again with ninety-nine grains of milk-sugar. The resulting powder—the second attenuation—containing accordingly the one ten-thousandth part of a grain of the agent. One grain of this, again, mixed in the same way with ninety-nine grains of milk-sugar, gave the third attenuation, or the first power (I.), or the first subtilisation, to speak with M. Des Guidi. One grain of this contained accordingly the one-millionth part of a grain of the agent. One grain of this treated in the same fashion with ninety-nine grains of milk-sugar, gave the fourth attenuation, with the one hundred-millionth part of the agent in it.

By this time the most insoluble substance has become soluble in water, at least to the keenest perception of the senses. So one grain of the fourth attenuation was dissolved simply in water in a small phial, with the 100-minims mark scratched on it. The phial was shaken a few minutes, and the contents were simply drained out, leaving always about a drop, or minim, adhering to the inside of the glass. This operation was repeated twenty-five times. The twenty-sixth time spirit of wine was substituted for the water. This thirtieth attenuation, or tenth power (X.) was the *potent* liquid—the quintessence—with which we imbibed our "nonpareil" sugar globules, dispensed to our patients at the rate of one to four, crushed on a bit of paper, and mixed with a little milk-sugar, with directions to dissolve in water, and take a teaspoonful at a time! You see, we acted upon the assumption of the infinite divisibility of matter. We re-

radiated the ultimate atomic notion altogether. "Divide et impera" was our motto. This tenth power—X. on the label of the bottle—contained the one-decillionth part of a grain of the agent! which, of course, was by so much more powerful than the original substance!! To give a faint notion of the stupendous conception underlying this assumption, one has only to reflect upon the mass of admixture required were the whole process for the production of the tenth power to be performed in one single operation.

The fifth attenuation, or first solution in water, would, in that case, require some 22,900 cubic feet of water, at a rough calculation.

Taking this globe of ours to measure, roughly calculated, in round figures 36,500 trillions of cubic feet = 16,000 quadrillions of troy grains or minims, the fifteenth attenuation, or fifth power, would accordingly exhaust sixty-two and a half times the bulk of our small terrestrial globe.

Taking the bulk of the whole solar system at a rough calculation as 1,410,000 times the bulk of the earth, the eighteenth attenuation, or sixth power, would swallow up close upon forty-four and a third solar systems! whilst the thirtieth attenuation, or tenth power, would require some forty-four and a third quadrillions of our solar system, which might make a respectable inroad even upon the bulk of the five thousand stars, down to the sixth magnitude, visible to the naked eye.

All our "remedial agents" were not quite so potent. We used camphor, for instance, in the first power, musk in the fourth attenuation,² aconite in the second power, pulsatilla in the fourth power, etc. But we mostly carried our attenuations to the thirtieth.

Well, one would think thirty attenuations a handsome enough allowance in all conscience.

In 1853 or 1854, when I was engaged upon the London *Homœopathic Times*, I found in a foreign homœopathic periodical a deliberate statement by one Dr. Von Bönighausen that he carried his attenuations to the TWO THOUSANDTH!!! and that he had used medicines in this blessed two-thousandth attenuation with surprising success in the treatment of the little ailments of little birds. Of course, the man was a wag. It amused me to put this *reductio ad absurdum* into the *Homœopathic Times*. I was afraid

.. ² This still retained a faint odour of musk. M. Des Guidi professed to perceive this odour even in the fifth attenuation. I have a keen sense of smell, and I tried hard, but I failed to detect the remotest trace of it.

my little joke would get me into trouble. Not a bit of it. The homœopathic readers of the paper took it in like a lump of fresh butter. I had many anxious inquiries whether this wonderful high attenuation might not be prepared by a shorter process than that recommended by Hahnemann. Well, well! *Mundus vult decipi*—why should it not have its will?

It is truly surprising how strangely defective the faculty of calculation and computation is even in some very clever people occasionally.

M. Des Guidi had been professor of transcendental mathematics, yet when I invited his attention to the transcendental stretch of Samuel Hahnemann's dilution-theory, as I have just been essaying here to work it out in the rough, it took a very long time ere he could see it at all. When the monstrosity of the thing began to dawn upon him at last, he was fain to admit that it seemed incredibly incomprehensible; but he declined to enter into any ulterior discussion of the question with me, somewhat after the fashion of the Dominican de Vio (Cardinal Cajetan, i.e., of Gaëta), who, when Luther had nailed him upon Pope Clement VI.'s *extravagant* anent indulgences in connection with Christ's merit, would have no more to say to the bold monk.

It is one of my foibles to indulge in quaint calculations. "Zahlen beweisen," says an old German axiom—numbers demonstrate. They may, in a certain sense, be said to link the finite to the infinite, the limited and measurable to the unbounded and immense.

Thus, for instance, Bönighausen's two-thousandth dilution would run us up rather high in the immensity of immensities of stars visible and telescopic.

If people would only reflect and calculate before propounding as facts hastily conceived crude notions of their own, how many random assertions they might avoid!

To give a few instances by way of illustration. Some eighteen years ago a distinguished lady novelist made a dishonest trustee walk off with half a million pounds sterling in *gold and silver* in a carpet-bag! Had the half-million been altogether in gold, the weight would have come to 3 tons 18 cwt.

Even with regard to the weight of bank-notes the notions of many people are remarkably hazy. My late friend Watkins, the eminent specialist in gout, rheumatism, and neuralgic affections, once told a Mr. Horner, whom he was at the time successfully treating for a most severe affection of the eyes, that he could *easily* carry the National Debt of England in five-pound notes on his back! There was a whole roomful of patients present, including myself, who had then one of my periodical fits of gout. Yet

Horner, a man of hard facts and dry figures, was the only one who laughed at the statement; and even he thought that ten horses would suffice to do the job, and was quite amazed when I chimed in, telling the audience that seven hundred and eighty millions sterling, the then approximative amount of the English National Debt, would weigh upwards of 179 tons, at a rough guess. One note = 18 grs. troy.

Many years ago there was a London surgeon in rather extensive practice, and apparently pretty well-to-do in the world. He was a highly respectable man. After the worry and fatigue of a long day's work, he would occasionally meet a few friends in a respectable coffee-room, to have a social chat. One of these friends was a clerk in the Bank of England unclaimed dividends department, who would sometimes tell strange tales of people who left their dividends unclaimed for years and years. Among others he mentioned a Miss Slack, of Northampton, whose stock then amounted to £8,000 with the dividends, that had not been claimed for nine years.

Well, Mr. Fletcher—that was the name of the surgeon—thought it was a great pity that so much good money should be left untouched, perhaps to be handed in the end to her Majesty's Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. So he set his wits to work. He deceived a young solicitor, of the name of Barber, into unconscious accompliceship, manufactured—*moyennant finance*—a pseudo Miss Slack, and a few hard-swearing witnesses to identify the party, and he succeeded with surprising facility in getting the £8,000 transferred to him. He was a very clever man, you see—so clever, indeed, that, to guard against the remotest chance of an unlucky *contretemps*, he would not take notes in payment, but asked for £8,000 in gold—something like 140 lbs. weight!—which, of course, created some amazement and a deal of amusement. Just at this precise time one of the clerks had to pass into an adjoining office, where he told the tale of the party who wished to carry away eight thousand sovereigns in his pockets. A gentleman present there on business happened to know Miss Slack, of Northampton, a paralytical lady, who had not left her room for years. So, to use an expressive vulgarism, they soon smelt a rat; the gaff was blown, and clever Mr. Fletcher, instead of carrying off the money, was carried off himself to jail.

I might multiply these illustrative instances, but I know I mustn't. I have a lot of them at hand, and I am open to an arrangement should an enterprising publisher wish to go in for my "Fancy Flights over the Fairy Field of Figures." There is a catching title for you!

Among M. Des Guidi's patients and friends was a M. De Bellange, a wealthy gentleman, whose son was studying medicine at Montpellier. The father, who ardently wished the son to take to homœopathy, sent him to us in vacation. He was a young fellow with a remarkably clear head, full of fun and frolic—and mischief. He had not a grain of belief in Hahnemann and his system, but to please his father he "shammed belief." M. Des Guidi once entrusted to him the preparation of our remedies, and he replenished our store of spirit of wine essences. The young scamp coolly told me afterwards, when home again for his vacation, that he had filled the whole lot of phials out of the same pure spirit of wine jar! He laughed outright at my long face. He had something better to do, he said, than take to mortar and pestle and to bottle-shaking. He told me I knew just as well as he did that it could not make the slightest difference in the efficacy of the globules whether they were moistened with our laboriously prepared essences or with the pure spirit—which I was forced to admit. I saw it was worse than useless to trouble about the affair. So I quietly set to preparing fresh essences in the orthodox fashion. Only meanwhile we had for more than two months been treating our patients with pure *esprit de Bellange*, yet not one of them "seemed one penny the worse" for young hopeful's playful trick. Only, had the chief had the least inkling of it, in what a rare taking he would have been, to be sure!

Now at the very time when we were thus unsuspectingly dispensing these Bellangean counterfeits of homœopathic globules, it so fell out that the daughter of M. Arles-Dufour, the great French national economist, was, apparently, dying of brain fever. She was a child of eleven. One of the most distinguished physicians of the period, president of the Medical Society of Lyons, Dr. Jackson, a gentleman of English descent, was attending the little patient. The case looked most serious, and Dr. Jackson, who was a conscientious physician, told the anxious parents that the issue of life or death rested entirely with a higher power than poor human skill. M. Dufour, the child's maternal grandfather, was an enthusiastic believer in homœopathy, and in M. Des Guidi. As the crisis was drawing nearer and nearer, he eagerly urged his daughter and his son-in-law to send for the "great healer"—the *mirabilis sanator*, as M. Des Guidi was styled on the medal struck in his honour. Professional etiquette required the consent of Dr. Jackson. This was willingly given. I attended M. Des Guidi to the little patient's bedside. To any physician with the least practical knowledge of his profession it must have been clear that the crisis was at hand—the signs of

imminent epistaxis were unmistakable. M. Des Guidi cast one glance at the patient's face. "Pulsatilla," he shouted to me, "at once, at once!" I hastened to administer the magic globules.

There is a story told of an officer who, having got a slight scratch in battle, anxiously applied to the surgeon to attend to his "wound." It was a "hot" day, and the surgeon was just beginning to run short of supplies. "Run to the ambulance waggon for lint and sticking plaster," shouted he to his assistant, "and for God's sake make haste!" The "wounded" man grew pale. "Is there danger then, doctor?" he faltered. "Yes, there is," was the reply, "that your wound will heal before my assistant can make his way back." Now here there was every chance of the crisis bursting forth before the globules could be administered. As it was, the effect was magical, of course.

Adoration is a feeble expression to describe the admiration and gratitude of the happy family—even poor I came in for my meed of praise as the prompt dispenser of the healing globules. It was a scene to make a man laugh, and to make a man cry.

In the position which I held with M. Des Guidi I had to spend considerably above my comparatively small salary. I had to represent, and to make an appearance. Well, the doctor had agreed, by way of compensation, to hand over to me a certain class of his patients. His usual fee was five francs per consultation; but he would be satisfied occasionally with two francs. Patients who were too poor to pay two francs were to be charged one franc, which was to go to me. I *might* in this way have realised some fifteen to twenty francs a day, for M. Des Guidi's reputation as a healer had spread far and wide, and we were overcrowded with applicants for advice, so that we were occasionally compelled to hand over some of our would-be patients to Dr. Desaix—a very near relative of the hero of Marengo—and Dr. Chazal, two distinguished physicians who had taken to practise homœopathy. I say I *might* have made some fifteen to twenty francs a day: unhappily I soon found out that I could not do it; my poor patients were too poor for me to squeeze a franc out of them; they might want the nimble ninepence for food or for their children. So it was much more likely that many of them, at least, would leave my consultation-room a franc richer than a franc poorer. At all events, I know that my income from "fees," instead of reaching £200 to £250 a year, came at the most up to £80. Indeed, had it not been for literary work, and for a few private patients, I really do not know how I could have managed at all.

For consultation by letter our unvarying charge was 20 francs

per letter; and I had to write some twenty to twenty-five a day, as a rule, and occasionally up to forty. My chief realised a most handsome income of above £8,000 per annum.

Now I was his *factotum*. I kept his books; I wrote his letters; I dispensed his medicines; I received his patients, and attended personally upon a number of the paying ones, where the fees went entirely to him; I translated for him everything of interest to him in the foreign medical and scientific periodicals; I attended to his wine-cellar; I advised in the kitchen, drawing up the bill of fare for his rather frequent grand sprat dinners, which caught the fat herrings; I attended his evening parties, and I accompanied him on his rare visits to town patients in a desperate plight. Yet people fancied I had a lucrative sinecure of it!

Had I been wise in time, I should have insisted upon a more satisfactory arrangement from the beginning. It was too late after. M. Des Guidi was a gentleman and a man of honour; but he could not and would not see and understand why I should not insist upon the payment of my fee from the very poorest patient. He had taken it into his head that his great historical name made it incumbent upon him to restore the Des Guidi family to its pristine lustre, which with him meant, in a great measure at least, to effect the reacquisition of the estates which had once belonged to the Neapolitan branch. He himself, though married, was childless; but his brother Philip had left sons, and it was for them that the noble old gentleman slaved and amassed—losing sight even of what the commonest justice might seem to demand.

Among my rather multifarious duties I had to visit every morning at an early hour an old lady, a Madame Flandin, the widow of a silk manufacturer, who had a formidable cancerous ulcer eating away her life. This unhappy woman had undergone two grave operations. First, the left breast had been removed; afterwards, cancer had reappeared in the right breast, when the "radical" cure had once again been had recourse to—only to turn out just as little radical as the first time in eradicating the disease; which went back to the left side, spreading to the armpit. M. Des Guidi, being consulted at last, had sensibly advised a generous diet, to enable the poor sufferer to bear up against the fearful drain upon her constitution. She had been under this treatment for several years when I came to attend to her, to dress her wound once a day—an operation demanding the nicest care and the tenderest touch, to guard against bleeding from the exposed surface of the

wound, which extended at least to six inches by six. There was no local treatment whatever, except wetting the covering compress with homœopathically diluted creosote.

I soon took upon myself to apply creosote in reasonable strength to the exposed surface, and to anoint the dressing with strong camphor ointment, placing bands moistened with sedative water all round the borders of the wound. My patient felt all the better for it. M. Des Guidi, despite his sensible notions respecting the necessity of a generous diet, had an ineradicable prejudice in favour of *can rouge*—i.e., a very weak mixture of wine and water. In this respect he would have gone along excellently well with Dr. Richardson. I thought a pure generous Burgundy would not hurt Madame Flandin; nor did it. On the contrary, she told me over and over again that she felt better and stronger in every way than she had ever felt since the last operation. But all this I had to risk in the very teeth of my chief's instructions and injunctions to the contrary, which ran considerably against my feelings, and could not but make my position rather delicate, and even difficult. Had he but had the slightest inkling of the truth, how he would have stormed, to be sure! However, he had not the least suspicion: he boastingly attributed the very sensible amelioration in the state of the patient to the administration of the one-hundred-decillionth part of a grain of arsenic!

Now, ever since my restoration to health by that wondrous agent, I have entertained a very high respect for it. I believe it to be truly invaluable in dyspnœa, and most salutary in pulmonary consumption. It has of late years been successfully employed in diseases of the skin, quite recently, with immense successes, in pemphigus (by Dr. Hutchinson). It is a powerful agent, as the name implies. In the case of Madame Flandin, I had a splendid opportunity to try its efficacy against cancerous ulceration. But I could not bring my reason to believe in the efficacy of the one-hundred-decillionth part of a grain. So I ventured to give it in reasonably minute doses—as many, perhaps most, rational homœopathists are doing now-a-days, when the wholesome nut of the system is being more and more peeled out from the monstrous shell in which Hahnemann has enwrapped it.

I can have no wish to apply to this particular case the homely old saying, that “the proof of the pudding is in the eating”—much less the *post, ergo propter*. Still I may be permitted to mention, as the merest coincidence, of course, the fact that I left Madame Flandin, to all outer appearance at least, and according to her own testimony, in a comparatively much better condition

than I had found her in when she was first entrusted to my attendance and care, and that not very long after my departure from Lyons I learnt that she had departed this life.

Eau rouge was one of M. Des Guidi's greatest foibles. In fact, the good gentleman had in him the making of a thorough-paced *practical* abstainer, such as it would have rejoiced the heart of Sir Wilfred Lawson to know. Beer he looked upon as a bemuddling abomination, fit only for the heavy Germans and the coarse English. He hated both peoples with "cordial intenseness." Spirits were his aversion. He was ever preaching against their use. He contemned and rejected with burning indignation the old doctrine of the necessity of spirituous stimulants in certain maladies. Once, returning from a visit to a patient, we were passing before a café, when a man suddenly fell down in a semi-apoplectic fit. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I called for cognac and water hot, and, despite the angry protestations of my chief, proceeded to administer the liquor to the prostrate man, who, on recovering consciousness, thanked me warmly. Well, M. Des Guidi abused me like a pickpocket; he kept at it for three days until I thought he would never have done. I told him, by way of attempted palliation of my monstrous relapse into one of the most glaring errors and heresies of the old school, that I was afraid the man might die. "What of that, sir?" he asked with an air of supreme disdain; and I verily believe he would not have minded if the poor fellow had gone off in his fit, so that no brandy had been administered to him. The only fermented liquor which he ever would permit his patients to take was red wine drowned in water. White wine was unwholesome. Spices and condiments were devil's inventions—he would have none of them. They shortened life, in his opinion. "If you wish to attain old age," he used to say, "eschew spices and condiments as you would shun the devil." "Salt is your only true digester. Stick to it and to it alone, and you'll do well in health and purse." Now I had at the time invented, and was striving to push into public notice, a splendid mustard for the table—a super-excellent "præpepsinical" veritable *Bismarck* of table mustards, that would enable the human stomach to digest almost anything. Scant encouragement got I from my chief in this philanthropic enterprise of mine. "Your wretched concoction is a poison, sir!" he cried, when I with becoming diffidence ventured to bespeak his favourable notice of my truly splendid mustard. He always sir'd me when he was angrily inclined. Otherwise he would call me, *mon ami*, even *mon cher ami* or *mio caro*—and once, in a fit of effusion, *diletteissimo mio*. I am sorry to say this glorious excogitation of my brain

remains still practically in embryo. *Avis au lecteur*, as the French have it : here is a brilliant chance for a party with a small capital, and sound sense, to realise a princely fortune, and gain the gratitude of an old Bohemian. Now my venerable master Raspail, on the contrary, looked upon spices and condiments as necessities of life, and extolled garlic to the skies simply for that it was, according to him, the great condiment of the poor ! Yet he lived to an old age.

These extreme antipathies were at least perfectly intelligible in a man like M. Des Guidi. But he had another idiosyncrasy which certainly was quite unaccountable—he positively hated and dreaded milk ! Not a drop of that most useful, most nutritive, and most harmless fluid would he allow his patients to take—with his consent at least—even with the “homœopathically” prepared cocoa, which he generally recommended for breakfast, and for the meal which we call tea. *Rien de si traître que le lait*, was his eternal burden, which he would drag in on every occasion, in and out of season. One of his bitterest enemies in the profession—he had in his former allopathic days been his warmest friend—assailed him in a medical periodical of the time as *le laid traître*. It was an execrable pun, and extremely lame withal, as M. Des Guidi happened to be a remarkably handsome old gentleman ; but it showed how generally his aversion to milk was known. As for coffee, M. Des Guidi vehemently denounced its use in any shape or form whatever—except as a remedial agent in the third homœopathic attenuation. He would go well-nigh crazed when people insisted pleading with him for their after-dinner cup of coffee, to aid digestion. “Aid digestion !” he would scream at them at the top of his voice, enough to scare them out of their senses. “Aid digestion, indeed ! Coffee is a most deleterious drug. It worries and wearies the stomach, and plays sad havoc with the nerves. Take plenty of salt with your meals, and you will digest them without pouring that black abomination down your throat, which is sure to shorten the life of whoever may partake of it.”

Now, there was my dear friend Watkins, late of Falcon Square, the famous healer of gout and rheumatism and a host of kindred ailments, now long since gone to the place where he must have found his “occupation gone” too. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and a noble “Savage,” a genuine good man in every relation of life, a most excellent physician, and a sound thinker in the main, albeit somewhat eccentric. Well, he also was affected with a lune. He looked upon the use of salt as the great mistake of the human race, the *fons et origo malorum* ! He seemed somehow to have a notion that the patriarchs owed their astonishing longevity simply to the fact that salt had not yet

been discovered in their time. He never took salt, but he dearly loved his cup, or rather his cups, of coffee, infernally strong, and tarnation hot, as Quin the actor is said to have ordered a cup once upon a time in a coffee-house in Bond Street, in ridicule of a "beau's" affectation of refinement of language. Well, Watkins lived to a decent age, in spite of M. Des Guidi's axiomatic notion of the killing power of coffee; yet he died considerably short of even one of the centuries the salt-abstaining patriarchs used to live through of old. Happy thought—with humblest apologies to Burnand for infringement of copyright: Eschew generalisation, and don't be dogmatic if you can possibly help it.

I do not know whether I ought to have used the term "lune" in the preceding paragraph. I had perhaps better have said "craze." Once upon a time a distinguished barrister, the son of an eminent judge, and now himself a brilliant ornament of the bench, took me severely to task in open Court of Queen's Bench for using a word so absolutely unknown in the English language as "lune." Well, I had it upon the authority of Shakespeare, Byron, and one of my dearest and best beloved friends, the late C. H. Bennett, the genial illustrator of a crowd of books for juveniles and children of larger growth, and in the last few years of his short life a constant contributor of many of the best "cuts" in *Punch*. "Lune" was a favourite word with him, and I thought he knew English indifferently well, at least. However, as the same gentleman, on the same occasion, took upon himself to declare that *quand même* was not good French, and the Virgilian *quot noctibus* was not good Latin, I did not mind so much about the rebuke. "Live and learn" has been my motto through life. Happy thought; do not be too absolute in *ex cathedra* assertions; always remember what Robinson says of "their not knowing everything down in Judce."

M. Desaix was the second in position and prestige of the Lyons homœopathists. He was an allo-homœopathist, and something more. Being gifted with a keen sense of humour, he went to his patients somewhat in the fashion of Roman ambassadors of old, who used to offer the kings and peoples to whom they were accredited the choice of peace or war in the folds of their toga. He blandly asked them which system of treatment they preferred—the allopathic or the homœopathic.

The Minister and the General in "Bombastes Furioso" say in reply to the King's gracious inquiry anent the cut of tobacco

which they would prefer to stop their pipes with, whether long or short :

So long as we your Majesty's favour claim,
Long cut or short cut : to us 'tis all the same.

So Dr. Desaix to his patients :

So long as I your confidence may claim,
"Allo." or "Hom.": to me 'tis all the same.

I think I hardly need add that this gentleman, who was really a clever and skilful physician, and a man of sterling sense, would in all serious cases contemptuously disregard the fiction of infinitesimals, no matter whether the patient was "similarly" inclined or "contrariwise."

Now it so happened that M. des Guidi, who enjoyed remarkably good health as a rule, and had very rarely occasion to try the efficacy of his sugar globules upon himself, and then only in some slight passing indisposition, found himself suddenly prostrated by an excruciatingly painful attack of sciatica, which most unreasonably resisted the most powerful homœopathic medication. Even twelve respectable globules of colchicum were powerless against it, though they were given in the thirtieth attenuation. Our universal infallible panacea in megrim, earache, toothache, facial neuralgia, and tic-douloureux, and all kindred pains in other parts of the human frame, aconite, in the twelfth attenuation, failed, which had never failed before—at least, in no case where the patient had had sufficient patience to patiently await the beneficent action. Nay, veratrum was tried, which was just then being highly extolled as the great antarthritic by Rau, Griesslich, Croserio, Lavigne de Laplagne, and other leading 'chieftains of homœopathy; and it was tried in vain. Poor Dr. Des Guidi, a man of high-strung nervous organisation, and most acutely sensitive to physical pain, was in a pitiable state. I never could see suffering without making at least an effort to relieve it; so I went to consult Dr. Desaix. Now that gentleman's tactics in his battles with sickness and pain were like those of his famous relation at Marengo. He declared for vigorous action. M. Des Guidi, worn out with suffering, gave way to our united solicitations to relieve him by the administration of more sensible doses, as Desaix expressed it, than infinitesimals. We soon had the intense satisfaction of finding that aconite internally, and applied externally in the form of liniment, responded to the call made upon it. Our interesting patient got speedily better; so much so, indeed, that he fell back upon homœopathic doses

next morning. Man is a curious being. M. Des Guidi, once restored to health, was positively wroth with me for having taken advantage of his weakness, and he actually upbraided Desaix for that he had lent himself to my "machinations" to make the leading homœopathist of France practically confess the impotence of the new system!

Altogether, there was an uncomfortable tension in our relations. Just at this juncture, an acceptable offer of a more genial and lucrative occupation reached me from another quarter. I placed this offer before my chief, and asked him to come to a more satisfactory arrangement with me; particularly to drop the fiction of fees which I could not enforce, and to pay me a sufficient salary in future. He obstinately declined until I had closed with the offer and pledged my word to enter upon the duties of my new position within a certain short term. Then he suddenly agreed to consent, giving in to every condition I had stipulated for. It was too late; all I could do was to obtain an extension of time, to enable me to stay with the old gentleman until he might find someone to replace me. So we parted—to my sincere sorrow, and to his professed deep regret. I had grown to like M. Des Guidi almost to loving. Maybe a little more patience and forbearance on my part might have—but man is a wayward creature, and what is the use of dwelling upon idle "might-have-beens?"

As this ends the chapter of my Lyons reminiscences, I may be permitted to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of going back to England to take up the thread of my recollections of dear friends of mine there, whom the exigency of some sort of connection in my narrative compelled me to temporarily drop rather abruptly many pages back.

Thomas Littleton Holt was, and remained to the end of his life, a Bohemian in the widest and fullest sense of the word. He might be called with equal justice a born journalist.

He was through life connected in some capacity or way or other with the press—as proprietor, or editor of papers, reporter, leading-article writer, or contributor.

He was an excellent Greek scholar, both ancient and modern, and for years editor of a Greek paper published in London, which advocated strenuously and eloquently, and in choicest modern Greek, the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece. If my memory serves me aright, the paper belonged to an Ionian gentleman named Papa Nikola.

In the early period of the railway mania, Holt was proprietor

of the *Iron Times*, which for a time flourished exceedingly. Nearly all the projected lines were on its books for advertisements. Holt told me himself that he might dispose of his property and interest in the paper by sale for £15,000 cash; and I am sure there was no exaggeration in the statement. In those halcyon times the prosperous man would on Saturdays fling from his neat little trap lots of fourpenny bits among the street boys to scramble for. One day he brought home with him a bag, with a thousand sovereigns in it, which he emptied on the bed, then lay down upon them, and rolled over them. "Now," he cried, rising, "I can truly aver that I have been literally rolling in gold."

Unfortunately for himself, he calculated upon a longer spell of success for his venture than attended it in the end. The great *Times* suddenly made the discovery that there was not money enough in the whole world to carry out the one-half of the projected railway schemes in England, and placed this discovery before the public with ample proofs and vouchers in support of it.

The result was disastrous to a great many people; among others to poor Holt, who fought the battle perseveringly and courageously so long as there was a penny left to fight it with. He lost everything.

But he was not discouraged; he started venture after venture with greater or less success, generally the latter, and not one among them with sufficient life in it to last longer than a few weeks or months at the most.

The penny newspaper stamp weighed most heavily and unfairly upon all projected newspaper ventures. Holt swore he would at least be instrumental in abolishing this iniquitous tax upon intelligence, and he kept his word. In 1854, I think, when the Crimean War was on, he started a paper called the *Army and Navy Despatch*. Boldly ignoring the law, he brought this paper out without a stamp, and defied the Inland Revenue Department.

The *Army and Navy Despatch* proved a qualified success, at least. Holt incurred penalties to the handsome tune of one million seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. Had he incurred a twenty pound fine it would have ruined him; but the one million seven hundred thousand pounds aggregate fines well-nigh proved the making of the man, who coolly kept on publishing and selling his paper. The publishing office was next door to the Angel and Sun pub in the Strand, where we used to meet to discuss the despatches from the seat of war.

At the outset of the Crimean expedition I had ridiculed the *canard* of the capture of Sebastopol, so eagerly and unreflectingly

swallowed by Louis Napoleon, and, I am afraid, by the British Ministry, as it was unquestionably by the British press—*Times*, *Chronicle*, *Herald*, *Post*, *News*, and all. The *Times* even gave marvellous details of the destruction of the Russian fleet in Sebastopol harbour; and the *Morning Chronicle* (I think) handsomely destroyed the numerous forts of the Russian stronghold, by the simple process of blowing up the lot, most liberally bestowing large garrisons upon each of them—as many, in fact, as twenty-two thousand men upon Fort Constantine alone, a practical impossibility on the face of it.

I stood almost alone at the time in my view of the matter, until the real facts became known at last by official despatches from Balaclava.

Thomas Littleton did me the honour ever after, whenever he had need or occasion for it, to consult me, and defer to my judgment upon all questions touching the war and Continental politics.

The publisher of the *Army and Navy Despatch* was no less a personage than Charles Kerrison Sala, the brother of George Augustus, and the printer was a Mr. Archibald Hay Jack, “a canny Scot!” When the Inland Revenue Department found that they could make no impression upon Holt, they meanly bullied the publisher, and threatened the printer with a wretched old Act of one of the Georges, which provided for the confiscation of the type and the breaking of the presses of recalcitrant printers. Had printer and publisher but laughed at the *brutum fulmen*, the probabilities were the department would have given way, as it is not always wise to apply the screw of a tyrannical old law. As it was, however, the *Army and Navy Despatch* had to go the way of all defunct periodicals; but the Government soon after abolished the newspaper stamp.

The *Morning News* was another of Holt’s speculations. It was a daily paper; it appeared somewhere about the time of the Waterloo Bridge mystery, upon which, indeed, it chiefly lived for a time.

The *Iron Times* had been such a very satisfactory spec while it lasted, that Holt repeatedly tried to revive it, unhappily with worse than indifferent results.

Once he succeeded in bringing it out as a grand political daily. A certain City merchant gave a thousand pounds down, and promised three thousand more to start it.

Here was a slice of good luck for Thomas Littleton. The kind-hearted Bohemian’s first thought was to make his brethren of the craft share in the enjoyment of it. John Brough was retained for the department of science; William Brough had the

theatres handed over to him; Courtenay was engaged as general reporter; the foreign department was handed to me; and so forth. To celebrate in a becomingly festive way the inauguration of the auspicious event, a grand supper was spread somewhere in Piccadilly, where Holt had taken apartments. All the members of the staff were invited. There was every delicacy of the season, with lashings of liquor. Excellent Mrs. Holt presided over the supper table; sweet, charming Miss Holt made the punch in a fashion that almost came up to my own style of perfection. Oh, we were all so happy then, with such bright prospects before us! But it was the old, old story.

Ere a brief fortnight had winged its flight, our "capitalist" chose to cry off, for some fanciful reason or other—certainly not for any legitimate cause. There was no help for it, however: we had to let the matter rest there. The paper died, and we could only mourn and moan over it.

I may as well mention in this place that the *Iron Times* was not the only journal on which I was disappointed in the foreign editorship. Years after the birth and decease of that great Holtean venture, Mr. Stiff, having sold the well-known *London Journal*, established a daily political paper of the same name. Nearly all the men that had been on the *Iron Times* were engaged on this paper also—I as foreign editor and occasional leader-writer, at eight guineas a week. Poor William Dalton, a dear, most perseveringly unlucky friend of mine, was appointed general manager, if my memory misleads me not. At least, he made the engagements for Stiff. Unhappily, the purchaser of the *London Journal* took it into his head that the new political paper might injuriously affect his own venture; and he found a vice-chancellor to endorse and enforce the opinion! So there was an end of that very brief dream too.

On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England to the Prussian Crown Prince, Holt attended as reporter for a great London daily paper. He looked so grand and imposing that he actually managed to proceed to the steamer in or on one of the royal carriages, the English attendants evidently taking him for a German baron at the very least, whilst the German attendants must have taken him for a noble English lord—and, in very truth, he would have done honour in every way to the Upper House.

Seeing Prince Albert overcome by his emotion on parting from his so dearly beloved daughter, Holt walked up to him in an uncontrollable burst of sympathy, warmly grasped the Prince Consort's hands, saying most earnestly, "These tears do honour to your Royal Highness' heart. I am a father; I can feel for

your Royal Highness!" There is reason to believe that the Prince never knew who he was that had so warmly sympathised with him.

Once upon a time another slice of good luck, if one may take it so, fell to Holt's share. He had taken a house in Brompton. Before he had been in it a quarter, two notices were served upon him, the one by a challenger of his putative landlord's title to the property not to pay rent to said putative landlord, the other by said putative landlord not to pay rent to said challenger of the title.

Holt's conduct was admirable on the occasion. His sense of justice would not permit him to side with either until an authoritative legal decision should have declared in favour of one or the other claimant.

I believe it was something like two years before the litigants would even join in an application, which the court immediately granted, for the appointment of a receiver. By this time Holt had grown so thoroughly disgusted with his doubtful position between the two litigants that he preferred leaving the place altogether. By a curious coincidence he moved away the very morning after the appointment of the receiver. Wasn't it strange, now?

Holt was an inveterate "goaker," as poor Artemus used to have it, and dearly loved to mystify people. I am almost sure that some, at least, of the "sells in Greek letters," which figured conspicuously in a certain curious series of mystifications palmed upon poor Jamie Grant, of the *Morning Advertiser*, were of Holt's manufacture.

He also used to tell with rich unction a funny story about the early days of that gentleman, who was truly—to his great honour be it spoken—the architect of his own fortune and position. When a young man, Jamie was a journeyman baker at New Aberdeen, Holt used to tell us, with an unconquerable call to authorship in him. He was always sending papers to *Tait's Magazine*. At last one of these attracted the editor's favourable attention, and two guineas were sent to the young aspirant to literary fame in acknowledgment of his contribution to the magazine. The successful author, happy and elated, invited three young friends of his to take a run with him to the Old Granite City, where they proceeded to a famous hostelry and ordered a bottle of the "best red port wine." The bottle was brought, and the lads drank the contents religiously to the last drop, looking rather dubiously at each other meanwhile, and expressing in confidential whispers their amazement at the taste

of the great folks who could patronise beverages like that. Jamie then ordered ale, which positively horrified the ancient waiter, drinking beer upon wine being held altogether inadmissible at the hotel, as he told the lads, a declaration which the portly host, upon appeal to him, fully endorsed. Jamie humbly pleaded that the "red port wine" had made him and his companions awfully thirsty. "What!" cried the host, with angry indignation. "My port wine has made you thirst for beer! What can you mean?" And taking up the bottle, putting it to his nose, and holding it up to the light, he found that the waiter had served the poor lads with mushroom ketchup instead of port wine. This story somehow always seemed to have the power of rousing Jamie Grant to fierce wrath whenever it happened to turn up in his presence, and you might even excite his ire by simply asking him to take a glass of red port wine with you.

On the day of Orsini's execution, my ever dear friend Robert Brough, who had that very morning perpetrated a fiercely denunciatory apostrophe to the address of the then French Emperor, beginning, I think, with something like the following rather hot and strong initiatory lines:—

The white young head has fall'n: it was decreed;
Thou could'st not save him, wretch! The Pow'rs on high
Would not permit on history's page the lie
Of *thy* Name coupled with a noble deed,
Unborn truth-seeking ages to mislead;

and so on in the same strain—asked me to call with him on the editors of sundry London journals, to see whether one or other of them might not be prevailed upon to let the poem appear in his paper. We met with worse than indifferent success. Walker, of the *Daily News*, bade us walk. At the *Telegraph* they were indignant: the idea of coming to *them* with a vile attack upon their very good friend and most excellent patron! The great Del of the *Times* declined politely, bestowing upon the talented author of the poem the solace of a compliment. In fact, it was the same everywhere. In the end there was only the great Beer and Bible organ left to try our chance. We did. Jamie declined likewise, telling us they never inserted original poetry in their paper. Robert tried his hardest to overcome this objection. In vain. At last, soured by continued disappointment in this matter on which he had set his heart, Robert invited "Mr. Grant" to take a glass of the "best red port wine" with us. This riled Jamie awfully. He jumped up from the editorial chair, and, with a fierce glare and in a voice of thunder, bade us begone, and trouble him no more with "assassinating lines."

"Do, Mr. Grant, come," said Robert, coaxingly; "come and have a bottle of the best red port wine with us. I mean it. No catch in it, I assure you." It was a mercy I succeeded in dragging him away in time, or blood might have flowed in the editorial sanctum. I had to pay the piper after all for this little dance, several contributions of mine to the *M. A.* being returned to me, declined with thanks. The poem never appeared in print.

I have an uncomfortable suspicion that this somewhat digressive gossip is tending to extend a little beyond moderate bounds; yet I crave permission to throw in here a few more jottings anent Holt and other old friends. I think they may serve at least to break and relieve the slightly objectionable sameness of sustained subjectivity which must naturally pervade all personal reminiscences.

It was in the days when the removal of Jewish disabilities formed the subject of fierce contention and heated controversy between the friends of progress and enlightenment and political and religious and social emancipation on the one side, and the old, old pullbacks and obscurists in the land on the other; the same as we have it at the present time in the great Bradlaugh question, which will also have exactly the same result: *e pur si muove*; in this nineteenth century of ours the world cannot be expected to stand still, much less to go back.

There was to be a "field day," or, more correctly speaking, a "field night," at the Cogers' Hall—a "representative" meeting of all the political thinkers—or tinkers, whichever way one might feel disposed to take it—on the great question of the day. The wonderful aptitude of man to make mountains out of the smallest molehills has, like cosmogony, puzzled philosophers in all ages.

Holt, whose bearings were rather Conservative than otherwise—strange to say, perhaps, I have known Conservative, ay, even Tory Bohemians,* in my time—asked George Augustus Sala and my humble self to accompany him to the meeting aforesaid. Well, we went. Rarely, in the course of a pretty long and extensive experience, have I heard so much fustian and balderdash

* I think I may mention here glorious John Bridgman, one of my oldest and dearest friends, as a conspicuous instance in this special line of Bohemianism. At least, when I accidentally met him in 1880, after the great Gladstonian victory achieved at the hustings, and, in the exuberance of my joy, indulged before him in an exultant war dance over the imaginary prostrate body of the Earl of Beaconsfield, he gave me such an awful look that I dropped dancing, and executed instead a precipitate strategic movement to the rear. No matter—I love and revere the dear old boy.

talked as at that meeting; and the commonest justice compels me to admit that the Hebrew faction talked about as much and as gross nonsense as the anti-Semites did. It is truly wonderful that men will not see the very broad distinction and separation between politics and religion.

Thomas Littleton had a marvellously keen sense of humour and of the ludicrous. He listened for a long time apparently with rapt attention, impartially applauding the speakers on either side to the very echo. Then he craved permission to address the meeting. It was granted.

Thomas Littleton was by no means a bad speaker; he could be eloquent when he liked his subject. His intention this evening clearly was to sell his audience—not a very difficult task, considering the general composition of the meeting. What he said was in reality simply a kind of repetitive medley of what had been said by others in the course of the evening. But as he was careful not to commit himself absolutely to either side, and delivered himself with ponderous gravity of manner and impassioned gestures, he evidently made a deep impression upon his hearers, whom he bamboozled, moreover, by interlarding his address with a number of extemporized pretended Greek and Latin quotations, some of which, at least, embodied more or less outrageous absurdities and wild assertions, which he brazenly fathered upon divers fathers of the Church. He obligingly gave free translations in the vernacular, confidently appealing for the correctness of original and translation, and appositeness of quotation to “every scholar” in the room, to whom he was sure the passages quoted must be quite familiar; but he appealed more especially, with a graceful wave of his hand in our direction, to the “two well-known gentlemen and political writers on the Press present”—which made me, at least, feel most awkward and uncomfortable. The *ore rotundo* way in which he rolled out the original Greek of his forgeries would have delighted a Porson.

Poor St. Chrysostom had some strange sayings put into his mouth by the audacious mystifier, which certainly were not all of them golden. One of these was to the effect that this holy father saw no objection whatever to unconverted Jews sitting down with Christian Gentiles at a public feast, so long as they were ready and willing to bear their share towards the expenses of the entertainment—which passage the audacious mystifier gravely told the meeting might certainly be adduced by the advocates of Hebrew emancipation as pointedly favouring their view; for would not Hebrew candidates for Parliament have to pay their expenses? When I heard him say this I felt more uncomfortable than ever; but it passed over all right, and thunders of applause

from "both sides of the house," and the chairman's warmest thanks for "having raised the discussion to the befitting high level," rewarded the speaker for his exertions.

So the affair came to a most satisfactory termination, for which I blessed my stars; for I had been apprehensive of an ignominious removal from the hall, and G. A. confessed to me afterwards that he also had had his qualms about the matter.

When we were leaving, a lank, cadaverous young man introduced himself to us as a graduate of Oxford, an assiduous student of Church history, who would feel deeply obliged to the eloquent gentleman and profound scholar whom he had the honour of addressing, if he would of his kind courtesy tell him where certain of the passages quoted were to be found, more particularly the concluding and conclusive one from St. Chrysostom. Holt was not put out or embarrassed in the least; his bearing on the occasion was truly superb. He received the innocent young man's application with grave courtesy, and expressed his profound regret that, although the passages quoted were familiar to him as household words, he yet could not place his hands on the exact books and pages where they were to be found. However, the library of the British Museum would surely enable an assiduous reader to trace them to their original homes. The innocent youth left us with profuse thanks, expressing his firm intention to "search" the library.

I cannot say whether he persevered in his purpose, I never met him again; but if he *did* persevere, he must have had a nice time of it.

I remember having read somewhere an anecdote of the original Mr. John Walter of *The Times* relating to the troubles and trials of that great man in the days when the general strike of the compositors and pressmen in his employ gave him the opportunity of displaying to the full his wonderful physical and mental capacity, cumulating in his own person the functions and labours of writer, compositor, and pressman. On a certain day—*relata refero*—copy fell short by one half-column; there was none ready at hand to fill up, and time pressed. With the inspiration of genius, Mr. Walter laid hold of a column of "pie," and prepared it in the most expeditious way in such fashion that it might pass muster as an article in some foreign tongue, and popped it in, with a few lines of introduction stating this incomprehensible mass to be a paper in some Hindustanee dialect—translation to follow in the course of a few days.

Of course the promised translation never made its appearance, and nobody seemed to care about it. At least, if there were any

letters upon the subject, they were quietly dropped into the editorial basket. Newspaper readers are apt to forget by to-morrow what they have been reading to-day.

Ten years after, Mr. Walter was on a visit to a noble earl in Cheshire. Here a gentleman was introduced to him one day, said to be a most learned pundit and distinguished Oriental scholar. The instant this gentleman caught Mr. Walter's name, he expressed his delight at meeting that great man of *The Times*. "Ah! Mr. Walter," he cried; "I have long and ardently wished for an opportunity to solve a problem which has puzzled me for the last ten years." And, drawing from his pocket a tattered old copy of *The Times*, he pointed out to the embarrassed proprietor of the journal the alleged Hindustanee article, which he confessed had baffled his most strenuous and assiduous efforts to make anything of, although he had tried every known dialect of the language.

I cannot say whether Mr. Walter made a clean breast of it. If I had happened to find myself in a similar fix, I certainly should have taken refuge in my profound ignorance of Hindustanee, as I should have been afraid the pundit would pound me into a jelly, for having made ten years of his life a perplexity and a misery unto him.

Our cadaverous young friend might have searched all the libraries in the world in vain for any one of the Greek quotations that had popped so glibly over Thomas Littleton Holt's lips. Perhaps he did his level best. If he did, I think it was a good thing for Thomas Littleton that he never met him again. Though for the matter of that, upon second thoughts, I feel disposed to believe it would not have mattered much if he had; for it was as difficult to nonplus Holt as it is proverbially to catch a weasel asleep. I remember only one solitary instance that he had not the laugh and the laughers on his side. It happened this wise:—

In dear Andrew Halliday's "awfully" flattering sketch of me as Dr. Goliath in "*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*," there is introduced a Mrs. Mavors. The lady designated by that name was once well known and respected in Bohemia, and in 1851 many of the political exiles then gathered in London under the lead of Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Tausenau, Lothar Bucher, Semper, Heine-mann, Fickler, Frank, Sigel, Ruge, Karl Blind, Goegg, Haug, Oswald, Kinkel, Hertle, Banya, Uhazi, Falk, Buchheim (who has now for many years been Professor at King's College), and others gratefully called her the "mother of the refugees."

Well, once upon a time this lady bestowed a liberal treat of

beef and ham, and pickles and bread galore, upon certain dwellers in Bohemia, accidentally gathered for the nonce at the *Chemical Times* and *Chat* office in Brydges Street. (The *Chemical Times* was my own publication at the time; *Chat* "belonged" to a corporation of three—viz., G. A. Sala, R. R. Pond, and Benjamin Clayton.) The two latter were present on the occasion, with Charles Kerrison Sala, James Kenney, and several others. In the midst of the glee and the merry-making, who should tumble in, quite promiscuously as the saying is, but Thomas Littleton Holt, who at once set to work with a will partaking of the spread? Somehow he could not forbear making a few remarks, ungratefully intended to raise a laugh against the lady host of the feast, and that might justly be displeasing to her. However, without the least sign of anger or annoyance, she quietly turned to Pond, asking him, in the words of Beau Brummel to Alvanley, "Pray who is your fat friend?" There was a general laugh, this time against Holt, who joined in it rather sourly and uncomfortably, and apologised to the lady. This was the first and the last time, in the course of an experience extending over many years, that I ever saw Holt discomfited.

There is another noble Bohemian—I feel truly happy to say *is*, for he is still to the fore and flourishing—a brilliant and versatile writer, and one of our best theatrical and operatic critics, though I believe he is no longer in that line—a veritable prince of and in Bohemia—in brief, a polished and accomplished gentleman and scholar, and a sterling good fellow withal, who dearly loves a "goak." One of the very dearest boys in our set in days of yore, whom I will call stout old John, known to all Bohemians, and loved by all who knew him and who know him, was truly unbounded in his hospitality; so unbounded, indeed, that he used to leave the key to his chambers on a shelf near the door, in order that the initiated might enter freely in his absence.

One night he came home from a social meeting very considerably inclined for bed, and, the night being rather cold, enjoying in anticipation the luxury of down, soft sheets, and warm blankets.

He found the lamp burning, and, chalked in large letters in a well-known handwriting on his table, he read the following brief and rather cool communication to his address:

"DEAR JOHN,—I am gone to bed. Whatever you do, *do not* disturb me.

"Ever thine, ———."

Poor John! He grumbled a bit, and he swore a bit, and he passed the night rather indifferently on the sofa, with the addi-

tional mortification of receiving in the morning his interesting friend's sympathizing condolences on his somewhat worn and haggard looks, the said friend himself looking as fresh as a daisy.

A brother of stout old John, a professional gentleman of high respectability, and a housekeeper, fared still worse, having Sheridan's trick upon Wilberforce played upon him. One night our "mutual friend" had, in the catholic kindness of his heart, mildly remonstrated with a guardian of the peace respecting the said guardian's somewhat arbitrary way of dealing with an unhappy unfortunate, and had been incontinently "run in," as the polite police phrase goes. Well, he gave this highly respectable gentleman's name and address as his own, and sent for him to bail him out! I remember the affair very well. I met respectability coming from the police station: he was in a rare fume, and I found it no easy task to soothe his ruffled temper and smooth down his bristling indignation.

When we asked our friend afterwards how he had passed his time in his cell, he coolly replied, "Splendidly; I spat on the ground and made a slide."

I have good reason to believe that it was the same gentleman who palmed upon the *Constitutionnel*, owned at the time by Dr. Véron, that amazing mystification about poor Colonel Sibthorpe. It was very shortly after the death of the colonel, when there appeared in that then great organ of public opinion in France what purported to be a memoir of that eminent statesman, whose loss his bereaved country was so bitterly lamenting. It was written in elegant French. Our friend is an accomplished linguist. I will give here a brief outline of what I can, on the spur of the moment, call back to mind of this precious production.

It set out with a brazen assertion that "Waldo Laërdo de Sibthorpe" was, as his name clearly indicated, of French extraction, which accounted for the polished urbanity of his bearing and manners, and for the unvarying suavity of his language. The deceased eminent statesman appeared first on the stage of public life as a brilliant young officer in that most distinguished corps of the British service the horse marines. He gained great and well-deserved fame at the naval battle of Navarino, where he led one of the most dashing charges ever recorded in ancient or modern naval warfare. The war being over, and there being no immediate prospect of renewed strife in Europe, the gallant young officer, irresistibly impelled by his adventurous spirit, went to the East Indies to place his sword at the service of the Great Mogul, hard pressed at the time by the Mahrattas, the

Pathans, and the Rajah of Travancore. The valorous colonel—like the immortal Clive, he preferred this modest designation to the higher-sounding titles of general or marshal—overcame the enemies of “His Sublimity of Delhi,” compelling them to return to their allegiance. The grateful Emperor, appreciating at their just high value the services of the great Franco-Anglian, bestowed upon him the most exalted order of “The Golden Bramah Lock and Key.” Covered with glory, the gallant warrior returned to his native land, where he was at once sent to parliament by one of the largest, most populous, and most important commercial cities. Here he soon displayed that brilliant oratorical talent and those large statesmanlike views which marked him from the outset of his parliamentary career for one of the greatest political leaders of the age. As a political economist he ranked very high; indeed, it might be said that he was the equal, at least, of his old friend and fellow-warrior in the Delhi service, the illustrious Joseph Hume, the enricher of the British coinage, so affectionately called “fourpenny Joe” by a grateful people. The colonel was through life a staunch and consistent free-trader; he, conjointly with his friends Disraeli and Newdegate, initiated and carried through the great movement for the repeal of the Corn Laws. And in this fashion the memoir went on to the last line.

The intended victims of this audacious hoax, the great French public, took it all in like butter. I think I remember a leader upon the subject in the *Constitutionnel*; dwelling with “just pride” on the fact that the deceased distinguished horse marine and eminent statesman had been *d’origine française*. Of course, the magnanimous French nation, the article went on, I think, were always disposed to do homage to all that was great and good in other nations. Still, it was impossible that Frenchmen should not feel a certain elation when finding thus that they might claim the kinship of a common origin with this most illustrious foreigner.

One of our best comedians and burlesque actors, a most valued member of the Savage Club, and a truly excellent kind-hearted fellow, dearly likes to indulge in innocent mystifications. Walking one day, arm in arm with another distinguished comedian and burlesque actor, somewhere about Leicester Square, he espied a basket of eggs in the show-window of a dealer in artistic wares, with an intimation that new-laid eggs might be had there every morning at 2d. each. Somehow our friend, whose motto is “live and let live,” had a strong objection to the cumulation of incongruous trades and occupations, so he determined to interview the proprietor of the establishment, which he and his friend

accordingly entered. Putting on his most solemn face he, with imperturbable gravity of manner, addressed to the shopkeeper, who smilingly came forward to ask the presumed customers' pleasure, a long string of inquiries, such as, "Would the newness of the eggs be guaranteed? Where did they come from? Was it a regular poultry farm? Were the fowls Cochin or Dorking, or what? How many new-laid eggs could be regularly supplied a day? Was there any objection to enter into a contract for larger quantities? or, in the event of a gross being ordered *per diem* would thirteen be given to the dozen? Would it be practicable to have the eggs delivered at domicile? How about 'cracked eggs,' would allowance be made for them?" and other similar minutiae, to all which queries the urbane proprietor of the establishment, who had a notion that he saw his way clear to a good stroke of business, having replied with eager obsequiousness, the querist took up one egg, with deep gravity, wrapped it up in his handkerchief, and, putting down twopence on the counter, said impressively, "I take this one as a sample, you'll hear from me again;" and, bowing politely, left the place, attended by his friend, ere the mystified owner could give vent to his indignation.

Artemus Ward, the prince of humorists, positively revelled in what I think he was the first to dub a "goak." I remember, late one night in the fall of 1866, Artemus, dear little Jeff Prowse, and my humble self were left alone in the club-room at Ashley's. Artemus proposed an adjournment to the Alhambra. Prowse and self joyfully assented. Artemus asked Jeff to charter a cab. The vehicle soon drew up. It was a clear night, and the hotel and street-lamps shed a bright light, which gave us a full view of the driver's face. He was grave and stolid-looking, and evidently self-possessed. Artemus seemed to study the man's features for a brief moment; then he intimated to me in a whisper that he was going to have a lark with cabby. Assuming his grave air, which sat so marvellously well on his face, he addressed the man in slow, measured accents. "My friend," he said, "you look to me a man of thought and experience, in fact, the very man likely to decide a most important and most difficult question which has arisen between me and my friend there," pointing to Jeff, who looked slightly puzzled. "Do you take me? Will you be arbiter between us?" Cabby looked so dubious at first that I thought he was going to say, "Gammon," or "Shut up," or something of the sort. However, so wondrously intent did Artemus look, and so supernally grave was his manner, that the man's suspicions faded away from his face as snow will under a hot sun. He gave

a half-grunt, then said briefly, "Fire away, guv'nor, let's know wat's all about."

"Well," responded Artemus, with slow deliberateness, weighing every word, apparently. "Well, look ye here now, my friend; that gentleman there"—pointing again to Jeff Prowse, who, not knowing exactly how Charley might choose to compromise him with a mayhap irate Jehu, began to give slight signs of feeling rather uncomfortable—"maintains that it is the divergence of contradictory opinions, which in the natural logical sequence of reasoning, and in the inferential conclusions of argumentation, must in the final end inevitably lead to convergence, and concord, and harmony among people, and bring about that most devoutly to be wished for consummation when man to man the world all o'er shall brethren be and a' that. I trust you follow me, my friend?"

"I follow you, guv'nor; fire away," said cabby briefly, who evidently was not quite clear yet what it all could possibly be about.

"Now you see, my good fellow," pursued Artemus, with increased intentness of face, and graver ponderousness of manner and diction, "I, on the other part assert, and I mean to stick to it too, let gainsay who may"—with a ferocious glare our way—"that it is contrariwise and opposite, the convergence of concurrent, concordant, and coincident opinions that must inevitably in its corollary and concomitant consequential train of its outcoming results lead to divergences, difficulties, and differences"—raising his voice to a higher pitch, and frantically sawing and beating the air with his outstretched right arm—"which will make one man jump at another man's throat, and strive to strangle him to death!" Then he proceeded more quietly—"Now, my friend, you cannot but admit that I have placed the case fairly before you. Now, please give us your decision."

Cabby, who had apparently listened with much serious attention to this rigmarole, bent his head on one side, and, with one eye shut, gave Artemus the benefit of an inimitably droll look. Then he proceeded with gravity of manner equal to Ward's, and still more ponderous slowness of enunciation, to deliver himself of the following oracular decision, which would have done honour to great Busby himself: "Well, guv'nor, it is a notty pint and a 'ard nut to crack for the likes o' me, seein' as there is a great deal to be said on both sides; and don't ye think, now, guv'nor, it's rayther a dry question to settle? vich I know'd from the first, ye vos a gen'lman: hevery binch o' you, guv'nor." Having said which, he looked expectant.

"Sold!" cried Artemus, laughing, and jumping into the vehicle, followed by us. "You shall have your liquor, cabby. Drive on."

"Where to?" asked the man cheerfully, evidently rejoicing in the anticipation of a drink.

"To the boundless Prairie!" shouted Artemus.

"Don't know no sich place about London," said cabby. "Maybe ye'll tell me vich way."

"Alhambra way, then," responded Artemus; and to the Alhambra we were driven accordingly, where cabby was liberally treated to gin-sling, and dog's-nose, which seemed to be his special vanities.

Alas! a few brief months after, our gentle Artemus, who had so endeared himself to our Savage hearts, entered into the last stage of his fatal malady. He was staying at Radley's Hotel, Southampton. On February 13th, 1867, we received what unhappily turned out to be his dying words. "Sincere thanks," he telegraphed to us, in reply to a telegram of ours, "for your sympathy and good wishes. Am too weak to get to London. God bless you all." And barely had his gentle spirit fled, when there arose over his remains, that ought to have been held sacred by all of us, an unseemly wrangle.

Sir George Cornwall Lewis used to say life would be bearable but for its amusements. It may with equal truth be said that life might be comparatively happy but for sectarian, social, and political zealots who want to force their own individual crazes down everybody else's throat. Sectarians, more especially, are apt to fancy that the Sublime Universal Spirit, the Father and Ruler of all, must of necessity be of their own pet creed; upon such people Volney's famous apologue of the Day of Judgment is simply thrown away.

Dear Jeff Prowse!

It was in the early part of 1862, I think, when I first became acquainted with him. It was in Ludgate Hill. I accidentally met Tom Archer, then, as now, one of my dearest friends. There was a lithe little fellow with him, looking, every inch of him, a reduced-size edition of Henry Kingsley. This was Jeff Prowse, at that time simply a clerk in his uncle's notarial office. We passed about an hour together. I was absolutely enchanted with the ingenuous freshness of the young man, and charmed by his playful humour and the bright sparkle of his talk.

Soon after he became a member of the club, which was then still in its happiest stage of delightful Bohemianism. In the

briefest space of time he endeared himself to his brother Savages. He was a member of our little Bohemian set, not in name merely, but in heart and soul and mind. 'True child of genius though he was, he did not find it very easy to gain admission to even the rank and file of literature.

Just about this time the great London Exhibition of 1862 was on the point of opening. Jacobsen, the Dane, was an intimate friend of the editor of one of the leading Copenhagen papers of the day, who was most desirous of securing for his publication graphic accounts of the opening ceremony, and of the exhibition in general. Jacobsen consulted me upon the point, and I at once suggested that young Prowse was the very boy to do the required work. So an arrangement was soon made. Prowse wrote his articles in English, and Jacobsen and the editor looked to the translation. These papers by Prowse were the most charming literary productions it had been my good fortune to read for many long years. There was a youthful freshness about them that carried you positively away, and a vigour of style and elegance of diction which even the hastiest translation could not mar. This was Jeff's first formal introduction to literary work.

At the worst period of the cotton famine, which was one of the most disastrous effects of the great Secession war of the then dis-United States of North America, a number of members of the Savage Club went to Manchester and Liverpool to give amateur performances in aid of the fund collecting for the relief of the suffering Lancashire operatives. There were the three then surviving brothers Brough—William, John, and Lionel—Frank Talfourd, William Romer, Tegetmeier, Henry Byron, Leicester Buckingham, Jack Barnard, Charles Furtado, Edward Draper, Charles Millward, John Hollingshead, Andrew Halliday, Jeff Prowse, and myself. We had with us good, clever Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Louisa Laidlaw, then engaged at the Lyceum Theatre, and to young Weston, Manager Falconer's stepson.* At

* This young lady had been entrusted by her mamma to the care of Mr. Leicester Buckingham, who, however, managed to quarrel with her. The Mayor of Liverpool invited us all to a banquet, and permission was asked of Falconer, by telegraph, for Miss Laidlaw to stay. Falconer, in one of his tantrums, refused pointblank, insisting that her immediate presence on the boards of the Lyceum was indispensable. Now the lady had her maid with her, and Clarkson, the theatrical wig-maker, who had come down with us to Liverpool, was going back to London. However, nothing would do but I, of all men, must be pressed into the service to escort the young lady to London. A refusal might have been deemed unkind, and might have displeased Shirley Brooks, whom I liked much.

a copper given to us at Manchester by the mayor and some members of the corporation, Jeff Prowse made a heart-stirring speech, which elicited enthusiastic applause. Prowse truly possessed oratorical gifts of the highest order. Had he lived he might have become a bright ornament of the British senate. *Sed Dile aliter visum. Eheu!*

Not many months before his lamented decease, we received the subjoined letter from him, which characterises the man:

" Villa Garin, Cimiès, Nice, France.
 " 1868. 6th May—Massena, born 1758.
 " Prowse, born 1836.

" DEAR OLD MAN,—Do you remember, by any chance, my name? An old member, sir, an old, old member. There were gay dogs in my time. There was Grattan Cooke, and there was Flinders, and there was Bensley, and there was Tommy Foster, and there was Tooby. Don't tell *me*, sir, about your young Leighs and stuff. There's not much wit or humour left now-a-days. By Jove, sir, I *could* tell you stories of Bensley's repartees that would make you stand aghast, sir, in every sense of the word—literally stand aghast. Then there was Sussex Milbank, egad! and all the lords of the land. Why, we started a periodical amongst us, and called it *Colman's Magazine*. It sold like wild-fire, and the proprietor—a very nice fellow called Burroughs—realised a princely fortune. Then, there was Buott; he used to keep the table in a roar, a positive roar. Why, we gave a banquet—and to this day I cannot quite make out how some of us managed to pay for our tickets—to the whole Press of Europe and America; and one of us—I forget *his* name—was subsequently taken into custody for assaulting a policeman. On second thoughts, I have it; he was named Strowse.

" On my birthday, ages ago, I generally had a few Savages

Charles Millward promised me to do his best. He pretended that no free pass could be got for me, and I breathed again. I was just taking leave of Miss Laidlaw, with hypocritical expressions of deep regret, when Hollingshead, who must have been afraid I might be insane enough to pay my fare, rather than forego the delight of a trip to London in society of a charming young lady, rushed up with a free pass. I blessed him in my heart, which may account for his prosperity, as everything goes contrary with me. So I had the pleasure of travelling in the same compartment with the young lady, who was studying her part all the way, and of listening to Mr. Clarkson's theatrical reminiscences. What made the matter the more annoying to me was, that Miss Laidlaw really was not wanted at all. I told Falconer a bit of my mind that evening, and made him stand a substantial supper, to indemnify me for the loss of the Liverpool banquet.

about me—about the only thing that I *had* about me!—and I can't let the day pass even now without sending a collective message of goodwill and friendly remembrance through you to all of the circle who are left.

"I am not well posted up in London gossip, but I think I have heard the chief items of intelligence concerning our own set: *e.g.*

"I. That Robertson, having grown tired of the drama, preaches every Sunday in a Baptist Chapel at Balham Hill.

"II. That you have accepted the editorship of the *Athenæum*.

"III. That Tom Archer has taken to drink and beats his wife.

"IV. That William Romer has opened a dancing academy at Kensington.

"V. That Godfrey Turner has become a vegetarian, and writes ungrammatically.

"VI. That Leigh is ruining his health by incessant application to work.

"VII. That Tegetmeier has become a comic singer at the 'Great Mogul' in Drury Lane.

"VIII. That Jack Brough has accepted the chairmanship of a Stockwell Branch of the Conservative Land Society.

"IX. That Quin is secretary to an association for closing all places of public entertainment at eleven o'clock.

"X. That Jacobsen is employed by the same society to keep Quin from going to bed too early.

"XI. That Walter Thornbury dances at the Alhambra under the *nom de jambe* of Finette.

"XII. That Millward has *again* been figuring in the Divorce Court.

"XIII. That Hannay has gone into trade.

"XIV. That Brunton has joined the Church of Rome.

"XV. That Barnes has accepted an engagement as keeper of the umbrellas at the Royal Academy. This 6th May is likewise the birthday of Barnes. Give him my love, and tell him to take great care of the umbrellas. If he makes himself useful to the academicians, who knows but that in time he himself—Well, well!

"XVI. That Jonas Levy, scorning to become an applicant for parochial relief, has opened a coddam hell at Kingsgate Castle.

"XVII. That Lionel Brough rides 'Rosicrucian' in the Derby.

"XVIII. That William Brough has shaved. N.B. I don't quite believe this!

"XIX. That John Hollingshead is writing a life of Shelley in the Spenserian stanza.

"XX. That James Macdonell is to be the new editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

"XXI. That Andrew Halliday has eloped with little Em'ly. N.B. This I don't quite understand. I always took Andrew to be such a very steady file! and

"*Vingt-deux*. That Edward Draper was the real culprit in the Clerkenwell explosion. Well, well! Draper always was as fond of a blow-up as G. T. of a blow-out. How very strange that *he*, of all men, should turn vegetarian!

"Should any of these statements be incorrect, perhaps you or some one else will kindly let me know.

"I see *Porcupine* every week. You have no idea how pleasant it is to see *Porcupine* in a foreign land. *Porcupine* tells me that the Savage Club has been having its annual dinner. Ah, cruel Savages! how *could* you eat—'and I far away o'er the billows'? I wonder it didn't choke you, heartless gluttons! Perhaps it did; perhaps that may account for my never having had a line from a single member except Archer—and Archer, they say, has taken to drink and beats his wife. I used, do you know, to look on Archer as rather a steady man than otherwise; but we are all liable to be deceived.

"Nothing is yet positively made known to me about my return, but I expect to be home about the first week in June. I am sure you and many other dear friends will be glad to hear that only two days ago, after a long medical examination, the doctor pronounced me wonderfully better, and gave me hopes not only of a few years' more life in this crippled invalided state, but of real recovery and of restoration to health and strength. I must ask you to give my warmest remembrance to 'the dear boys.' I don't expect letters from busy men; but if anybody has a spare half-hour on a rainy day, and will fillip a drop of ink in my direction, I shall be glad of any news.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"W. J. PROWSE."

Alas! the bright hopes raised in the dear boy's mind by his physician were doomed to prove deceptive. Jeff had a truly marvellous stock of vitality in him, which misled even me occasionally to entertain a faint hope of his partial recovery at least, though I never could be so sanguine as his physician at Nice was. The small enfeebled frame of the man had fought for several years an almost incredibly desperate fight with the dread

disease that was consuming it, and it held off for some months longer the grip of death fastening on it. But the inevitable end came for all that. Prowse was carried off ere the completion of his thirty-third year. In him the club lost one of its most genial members, the republic of letters one of its most gifted citizens, the *Daily Telegraph* the most brilliant writer that ever wielded pen in its service, and I, and many, many others, one of the kindest, truest, and best of friends.

A bitter, bitter pity indeed that this bright child of genius should ever have been yoked to the dull routine car of a notarial office; and as great a pity almost that the rich, the surprisingly rich treasures of his original mind should have been permitted to be drunk up by the arid sands of ephemeral journalism. His creation of "Nicholas," the old Tipster, with which he for a time irradiated the pages of *Fun*, is there to show what great things he might have achieved in a higher and nobler walk of literature. His imitative writings were truly inimitable. He caught the very spirit, the very turn of mind, the minutest peculiarities of diction and style, of the writers whom he so playfully imitated. I verily believe that Thackeray and Dickens would have been sorely puzzled by the productions of his pen audaciously put forth as *their* handiwork. Poor William Dalton had, among his tales for boys, written one entitled "Phalcon; the Ship-boy who became an Admiral." Jeff produced a most extraordinarily close and most amusing imitation of this, entitled "Falconer; the Call-boy who became a Manager." It was intensely good-natured, but I have reason to believe that both Dalton and Falconer felt much disposed to cry over it. In very sooth, Prowse was an improved edition of the two Smiths of the "Rejected Addresses" joined together. How *he* could write, ye gods! In May, 1866, I was engaged on the *Daily Telegraph*. One evening, when I was ponderously composing a ponderous article on the European crisis, news was brought into the office that a pleasure steamer had gone down somewhere near the Tower, with one thousand souls on board! Poor Prowse was lying ill at the time in Camberwell. Newspapers cannot afford bowels of compassion. The little man was "sent for" to Fleet Street. He came ill and dejected. No matter! He sat down in the very room in which I was writing—the reporters' room—and there and then wrote, *currente calamo*, one of the most surprising articles on the catastrophe which it has ever been my good fortune to read—an article that moved and stirred you to the innermost depths of your heart and your feelings, yet was not one whit emotional or sensational. He wrote powerfully, as he felt powerfully. The news turned out to be a hoax, set afloat by some mischievous idiotic knave, and

spread like wildfire all over London by a set of idiotic fools. When the reporters who had been sent to the supposed scene of the alleged disaster returned with the news that there was not a scintilla of truth in the statement, Jeff rose with a face positively radiant, tore up his article, and, bursting into tears, cried in joyful accents of heartfelt gratitude, "Thank God! thank God! it is not true! thank God!"

Prowse was entirely free from that most objectionable foible of but too many English people rudely to notice defects in the English pronunciation of those who may not have attuned their organs of speech from their first childhood to the vernacular accents. There were some members of our own set who could hardly ever abstain from pointing out to me any slight slip in that way of which I might be guilty, or even from mimicking me. One of these gentlemen, more especially, a right good fellow in the main, himself more than slightly given to cockney pronunciations, and rather doubtful in his style and diction, was apt to be down upon me on the very slightest provocation. On one occasion, when he was indulging a little over-offensively in this favourite pastime of his, little Jeff came down upon him with the sledge-hammer. "I like that," cried he; "ha! ha! it is rich! You make fun of the old man's pronunciation—you who drop your h's and pick them up again promiscuously—you who mix your v's and w's in charming confusion—you who would be puzzled were you put to acquiring the merest rudiments of the easiest foreign tongue, and who cannot, for the life of you, ever put together a page of English without running your pen against some canon of composition! Leave the old man's peculiarities of pronunciation alone and attend to your own!" I have said the offending party was a right good fellow in the main. He never after, by any chance, made another disparaging remark upon my way of tonguing the vernacular.

Walter Lacy was present one evening at a certain theatrical performance, when he chanced to meet a well-known manager, of whom he expected an engagement at the time. A lady was on the stage performing. "What do you think of her as an actress?" queried the manager. Walter, who had never seen the lady before, and knew nothing of her pedigree, but heard her playing the very deuce with the aspirate, replied, rather incautiously, "Think of her as an actress? an actress, indeed! Egad, sir, she drops her h's so that you can hear them rattle on the boards. She ought to have a maid after her with a broom and a dustpan to sweep them up." The manager left him with an ominously sounding "Ha! hem!" A friend of Lacy's coming up told the disagreeably surprised actor that the lady on the

stage was the daughter of the gentleman who had just left him. "There goes my engagement!" cried Walter; and he turned out a true prophet.

That "William Romer has opened a dancing academy at Kensington," was among the chief items of intelligence which Jeff Prowse professed to have learned concerning our own set. The fearful flight of fancy involved in this fanciful statement of fanciful Jeff could be duly estimated only by those who knew poor Bill intimately. Bill taking to dancing! and to the teaching of "such effeminacy," as he would have dubbed it.

Poor William Romer! He was one of my dearest friends. He was one of the most upright and downright and straightforward fellows I ever knew. He never would "mince matters" with any one.

I remember, when the "play-acting" committee of the club went to Liverpool and Manchester to perform for the benefit of the Lancashire operatives suffering from the dire effects of the cotton famine, Bill and I had to do the two red demons introduced in the opening scene of the newest version of "Valentine and Orson," elaborated for the occasion by the dramatic authors of the club, including Byron, Talfourd, William Brough, and Leicester Buckingham.

Well, said red demons had to sing a few lines—viz.:

Chip, chop! Chip, chop!
Till sufficient we lop
To cook the chump chop
Of Orchobrand.

There ought to have been four red demons, but we ran short of the article; so two had to do the work. It was distinctly understood that I was *not* to sing. I am sorry to say there has always been somehow an envious feeling in people about my sweet voice, and I have but rarely been permitted to make patent to the world my latent talent in that line. Here I thought my opportunity had come; and of course I tried to avail myself of the lucky chance. But I had reckoned without my Bill, who pulled me up hard at my second "Chip," just when my voice was gaining power.

"Stop your d——d caterwauling, doctor, or I throw my axe at you!" he shouted, quite loud enough to be heard in the orchestra and pit.

Of course I had to give way to the envious fellow's injunction, and to sing on in dumb show. Well, well! I am of a for-

giving disposition. I do not bear malice to poor Bill's memory for having choked my sweet utterances on that occasion.

There was a strange tradition floating about that William Romer had once upon a time been several Old Masters, in the employ and interest of a respectable picture dealer somewhere about Wardour Street or Princes Street; but that on one occasion, when he had just finished a splendid Giorgione, a horrible temptation had come upon him, and had overcome him, to scribble in a small corner of the "Old Master-piece," *Guilielmus Romer pinxit, anno 18—*, which a noble connoisseur, just ready to pay five hundred pounds for the picture, having—timely or untimely, as one may like to take it—accidentally spotted, had spoiled the sale, and had exasperated the dealer into a summary dismissal of the Old Master. I once delicately hinted to Bill that I should like to know what truth there was in this rumour; but he shut me up by hinting a little less delicately that I had better mind my own business.

Be this as it may, poor Bill Romer possessed all the where-withal great artists achieve success—except success. He painted a little *genre* picture, yclept "Father's Dinner," which really was sweetly pretty, but fell simply dead for lack of luck. Fortune is an unreasoning jade, who takes capricious likes and dislikes, and seems to bear a rooted antipathy to all dwellers in stony Bohemia. Whenever she makes an exception, and bestows her favour upon one of the proscribed, she somehow in exchange alters his mind and disposition, so that when he has once passed out of the confines of the barren land, he strives to forget, even to the remembrance of the kindly fellows who, mayhap, had sympathisingly taken part in his woes, and generously shared their poor joys and pleasures with him, when he was one of them.

Had Bill but had a studio and a connection—out of Bohemia—he might have flourished as a portrait painter. He did excellent likenesses of Frank Talfourd, Robert B. Brough, and others, for scant remuneration, of course, there being no demand for high-priced productions in this line from an obscure artist's pencil and brush.

Even as it was, William Romer had a few patrons who would occasionally employ him to paint portraits for them—Jonas Levy, for instance, and Thomas Spencer, two excellent fellows who had casually strayed into Bohemia and loved to hospitate there. William had a good voice, but he was somehow wondrously shy of showing forth in public. I never knew him sing but one song—"Then let me like a soldier fall, upon some well-fought field." And even this he gave up for ever—at least, as far as my personal knowledge goes—when Charles Kerrison Sala (Wynn) wrote a

parody upon it, in a most amusing skit of his, entitled "The Fish." As far as I can call to mind, this parody ran somewhat after the following fashion :—

Then let me like a flounder fall,
Upon some well-greased dish;
Though egg and bread-crumbs prove my pall,
I'll perish like a fish!

Though round my sides no oysters gleam,
Nor truffles deck my shell,
A myriad minnows still shall scream,
"He like a flounder fell!"

Then let me ask of that proud dace,
That wags his tail at me,
To fry for me, and not disgrace
The monarch of the sea, etc.

Charles Kerrison Sala was wondrously clever, and a right good fellow to boot. Robert Brough, in his quaint way, said Charles was overlaid by *une fraternité écrasante*; and there was much truth in the saying. Had anyone but George Augustus been his brother, he might have achieved a brilliant literary reputation. Many a time when I have been in his company I have heard whole strings of pearls drop from his mouth. I think a few copies of "The Fish" were printed for private circulation. One of these copies, I know, was presented to the late Charles Dickens, who wrote to the author that seldom had a skit amused him so much. There were notes to it, supplied by George Augustus, Sutherland Edwards, John Bridgman, myself, and some others. I remember one of the notes, by George Augustus, was an alleged quotation from Madame de Sévigné—"Quant au poisson, je m'en fiche." The lines—

"Piscis" is my Latin name;
The English style of "Fish" I claim—

were annotated by me with a pretended quotation from a pretended poem, "De Piscibus marinis ac fluviatilibus," brazenly imputed to poor Bavius and Mævius, from which "classic" production I asserted Charles Kerrison had obviously pirated the splendid lines—

Est mihi "piscis" nomen Latinum.
Ἰχθύς quem Græci appellant.

The Fish, singing these lines, was made to enter on horseback, sideways. He was received by a chorus of fishes singing—

The Fish, the Fish, the Fish!
His head, his fins, his scales,
By right the Prince of Whales,
And of the Duchy of Cornwall, too, etc.

Among the *dramatis personæ* figured Tub, a person employed to clean the pan in which the poor fish was to be fried when caught, and Louisa the tittlebat, who sang—

When first I met my darling Tub,
I took him for a man;
I never thought that he would scrub
A greasy frying pan," etc.

Then there was a duet between Mr. Cheeks, the fish-tackle merchant of Oxford Street, and a disreputable party whom he bribed to catch the fish. Some of the lines of this duet ran—

Would you like to catch a pike, catch a pike?
Then come with me to the Devil's Dyke,
Where you your pike shall catch with a hook.

Voice of Carp, in the distance :—

He speaks like a book.

There was another duet which I think I remember. The fish in the frying pan sang—

I'm hooked, I'm hooked,
I'm booked, I'm booked,
Half-cooked, half-cooked.

John, an angel, in the employ of the Excise, upsetting the pan and saving the fish—

For my approach you never looked.

The head of Charles Kean was introduced rolling across the stage, saying—

Edden adways said it would come to this.

. . This is about all I can call to mind of that quaint little production.

Once upon a time Bohemia Londinensis resolved to give a theatrical performance for the special behoof and benefit of the good and true Bohemian William Romer, disguised for the nonce in the pseudonym of Patterson.

So the Royalty, in Dean Street, Soho, was hired for the occasion, and a rich variorum dish of entertainments placed in prospective before the British public: among others the council chamber scene from "Othello," with the great como-tragedian Robert Romer, of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, in the character of the Moor, for this special occasion only; "Cool as a Cucumber"; "Sensations after a dose of Hachich, narrated by a distinguished member of the Reunion," etc.

The beneficiary of the evening was to deliver a short set speech at the end of the performance—something simply to the effect that he heartily thanked the ladies and gentlemen present for their kind patronage on this occasion. Bill, who could sensibly talk upon most subjects, and would never foolishly talk on any, had an almost unconquerable objection to speak in public; and it was necessary, therefore, to give him as brief a speech as possible to deliver. On the morning of the eventful day I found the dear fellow pacing the boards in absolute abstraction, seemingly, from the outer world, and all-engrossed by the stupendous task of committing to memory the words of his speech. His brother-in-law, William Brough, came to break in upon his absorption with a simple stage direction, to wit, "Bill, you come in right entrance, not left." Bill was taken aback sadly by this fresh demand upon his mnemonic powers. "Goodness gracious!" he cried, with a comic look of despair, "here is more hard study for me!"

On the night of the performance the club occupied the boxes of the Royalty in full force—Halliday, Tegetmeier, Jonas Levy, Furtado, James Lowe, the Broughs, Tom Robertson, Quin, Harry Angel, Gus Mayhew, Charley Millward, George Grossmith, and a host of others, including my humble self. Edward Draper, George Cruikshank, James Kenney, and other members had kindly volunteered to take the stage, doing Brabantio, The Duke, Iago, Roderigo, officers, senators, etc.

We in the boxes had laid in a stock of tokens of approbation in the guise of a whole sackful of various vegetables procured at Covent Garden market, which we dispensed with a liberal hand in the course of the evening, as the performance proceeded to our greater or lesser satisfaction.

When the como-tragedian, Bob Romer, delivered his address to the "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," the boxes opened a running fire of comment upon his averments, as they

fell in slow, measured, perhaps rather slightly ponderous accents from his lips. Thus, for instance :

Othello Romer : "That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, it is most true——"

Boxes : "For shame, Bob ! Couldn't have believed it of you."

Jonas Levy : "I'll tell your wife, Bob !"

O. R. : "True, I have married her——"

Boxes : "You durst not, Bob—it is rank bigamy !"

O. R. : "Rude am I in my speech——"

Boxes : "Do not say that, Bob. Polished you are, not rude."

And so on through the entire scene, to the intense amazement and, I am afraid, somewhat to the annoyance of the B. P. in the other parts of the house, who evidently could not see the fun of the double performance.

Altogether I have an uncomfortable feeling now that we of Bohemia and of the club bore ourselves more like overgrown schoolboys out on a spree than like grave, sedate men. But no matter : *dulce est desipere in loco*, which I would freely translate, "it is a sweet thing to play the fool in a playhouse."

Still, with all these little drawbacks, the performance went off altogether in a most satisfactory way. The distinguished member of the Reunion gave us a description of his sensations after a dose of hachich in such vivid fashion that we verily took him to be still actually under the action of the drug. We rewarded him with many vegetable marks of appreciation, a whole cabbage among other things, thrown by James Lowe, of the *Critic*, which he nimbly avoided, and looked for a time very much inclined to send back to the generous donor.

To wind up, the beneficiary had forgotten his speech, and came on and went off with a silent bow.

Well, well ! I have in the course of a pretty long life assisted at many eccentric performances and theatrical riots ; but I never before or after witnessed anything even remotely approaching to this, which was truly unique in its way.

William Romer was a thoroughly good-hearted fellow. It would occasionally happen that a denizen of Bohemia would be raised to the dignity of a Queen's bencher. Sympathising Bill would almost always be sure to visit and comfort him in his temporary retirement ; and comfort under such conditions would generally include the conveyance of a small quantity of brandy or whisky, etc., into the Bench, which was held to be against the statute made and provided, etc. Bill looked so single-minded and so innocent on all occasions of such visits of comfort that he

would hardly ever be questioned even whether he had any prohibited articles in his pockets.

On one occasion, however, when a dear friend of his and mine had taken up his abode in her Majesty's Southwark Palace, Bill had been "informed upon," it would appear, by some vile lick-spittle wretch who wanted to curry favour with the powers that were.

Bill was a great favourite with most of the warders, and one of them gave him a hint.

Next morning Bill and I went on our usual charitable errand to the Bench. Bill took a nip of whisky on the way.* When we came to the port of our destination, we were asked, somewhat sternly, had we any spirits upon us? I cheerfully replied in the negative; but, to my intense astonishment, Bill, hanging out a guilty look, confessed that he had spirits about him. The redoubtable Captain Hudson, the Governor of the Colony of Bancus Regius, soon appeared on the scene. He asked Bill, sternly, to produce the spirits. The culprit replied simply that he could not, whereupon the captain had him searched. No spirits of any kind being found upon him, the irate governor shouted angrily to Romer, "Where are the spirits, sir?" Bill, who could be intensely comical, cast one of his drollest looks upon the mystified captain, and placing his right hand on his epigastric region, uttered the monosyllable "here." To say that Hudson was wroth would be a mild way of expressing the man's exasperation. He was rarely riled and more than slightly inclined to say rude things; but William, who could always take care of his dignity, soon brought the angry governor to a calmer state of mind by a few words of gentle but firm remonstrance. The upshot even was that Bill seemingly got thenceforth a bill of immunity granted him; for, I think, he never was asked again at the Bench whether he had any spirits about him.

* This was quite against Bill Romer's drinking practice, as he was emphatically a beer drinker. Sala, that truly Protean genius, when on his Journey Due North, in 1856, sent to the *Train* a song in praise of "Caviar and Rudesheimer," which he called "*Carmen Stettinense*," it having been written in Stettin. One of the stanzas of the poem ran thus wise :—

The King of Prussia drinks champagne;
 Old Porson drank whate'er was handy;
 Maginn drank gin, Judge Blackstone port,
 And many famous wits drink brandy;
Stern William Romer drinketh beer,
 And so does Tennyson the Rhymér;
 And I'll renounce all liquors for
 My Caviar and Rudesheimer.

Shirley Brooks, a genial fellow, over-apt, perhaps, to stand a little too much upon his dignity, used during one of his temporary eclipses—as who, Swell and Bohemian alike, has not experienced them in the course of a chequered career?—to frequent a small à-la-mode beef shop not a hundred miles from the purlieus of Olare Market, over which a very civil damsel was then presiding. Halliday, Bill Romer, Fred Lawrence, and my humble self, who all of us had at that very time a strong liking for the rich four-penny plates of the succulent commodity served out to customers at that then famous restaurant, happened to pop in there one day when Shirley had just left—rather shyly we thought. As he went in an opposite direction he had not seen us. When we had “dined,” and were leaving the place in our turn, Bill civilly asked the civil damsel, had Mr. Brooks been there? and upon her replying in the affirmative, begged her to give Mr. Brooks the joint affectionate regards of Mr. Romer, of the Royal Academy, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, who all hoped his dinners agreed with him. The simple-minded damsel, not trusting to her memory, took the names down in writing, and next day delivered her message properly to Mr. Brooks, who, much nettled thereat, most unkindly sent us to blazes, I am sorry to relate. Since that day the à-la-mode beef shop saw him no more; at least, so Bill was informed by the damsel in reply to his reiterated affectionate inquiries after the health and well-being of our dear friend Mr. Shirley Brooks.

Bill Romer figures in Robert Brough’s “Marston Lynch” at Thomas Clough. It is a capital sketch of that true Bohemian and sterling good fellow whom we all loved, and who, like so many more of my dearest friends, has long since gone aloft. Alas! I cannot even conscientiously say alas! for his lines in life had not fallen in pleasant places, and death must have appeared to him rather as a friend than otherwise.

Robert Romer, a genial fellow in the main, and rather disposed to take life easy, was yet occasionally given to melancholy musings and dark views upon things in general and his own affairs in particular. Halliday and myself found him one day in one of these dyspeptic fits of the mind. “Ah!” he said, in reply to our solicitous inquiries, “ah! I am one of the most unlucky of mortals. Nothing succeeds with me. Only fancy, a few days ago I started in the toy and sweet-stuff line, and, egad! ever since the children all around my place seem to have forsworn spinning-tops and brandy-balls.”

Bob Romer was a devoted student of some of the more abstruse sciences. I met him one day skipping along in rather juvenile fashion. "Halloa, Bob!" I cried to him; "what's the matter with you, my young friend? Why, you trip it as lightly and nimbly as Mercury." Bob stopped short, gave me a look of unfathomable meaning, then said, slowly and impressively: "Mercury! hem! water boils at the poles there—where here, on our earth, it freezes. Singular! isn't it?" And, with another deep look, he left me to ponder upon the curious problem of such a most remarkable difference between these two distinguished members of the solar system.

On another occasion Halliday and myself happened to stumble upon Bob when he was most attentively watching the working of a chocolate-making machine in Holborn. When he became aware of our presence, he slowly turned to us, and, pointing his finger to the revolving crusher, exclaimed in a portentous voice, the single word, "centrifugal," then went on his way, apparently lost, like Chrononhotonthologos, in a "cogibundity of cogitation."

I met Bob one day in Maiden Lane. It was after the death of Miss Romer, who had left him in her will, if not exactly a thumping legacy, perhaps, still something comparatively handsome. The lucky legatee had just received a letter from France, which he asked me to translate for him. It was from a theatrical biographer, asking for particulars of the deceased artist's career, as he intended to bring out a sketch of her life in his publication. Mr. Robert Romer was enchanted. He disparagingly compared the brief lukewarm obituaries that had appeared in some English papers with what this French gentleman professed himself willing, nay, eager to do. There was a rider to the letter, intimating that it was always customary for the surviving relatives of any subject of a biographic sketch to subscribe five hundred copies for private circulation among friends, etc., and requesting that the sum of two hundred and fifty francs (£10 English money) should be forwarded to the office of the publication, together with particulars of life, etc.

I slyly glanced at Bob whilst reading this out to him, and I saw how his face changed; for a mild man, as he unquestionably was, he looked absolutely fierce.

"Cursed French idiot!—swindler!" he cried in angry tones; "does he take me for a fool? Don't want his trash. Knows nothing of late Miss Romer, I'll be bound. Trade upon the dead! dirty! Ten pounds, indeed! Not a blessed farthing!" And snatching the letter from my hand, he furiously tore it into bits, and danced upon the pieces, to the intense amazement of George Honey, who was casually passing by, but had to stop to

listen to the indignant Adelphean's fierce objurgations and charges against the unlucky Frenchman, who had conceived the atrocious design of getting money out of him.

There was a Bohemian* in our set who had a wonderful dog, of which he was marvellously fond. This noble animal would spurn any article of food less appetising than choice tit-bits of best meat, and his noble master would indulgently procure for him, at merely nominal prices, indeed, a constant supply of such tit-bits from a few butchers who knew his touching love for his canine friend. So much is this world given to scandal, that there were monsters in human shape found sufficiently depraved to declare that this dog, which, by-the-bye, nobody had ever seen, was a mere myth, invented to supply the astute Bohemian with cheap food.

Years ago, when I was at Paris with Robert Brough, we made the acquaintance of an American gentleman of the name of Klapp, who had a passion for pipes. We went often with him, on purchasing thoughts intent, to a pipe-shop on the Boulevard du Temple, where a large poster in the window informed a sympathising public that the proprietor of the establishment, a M. Peltier, had unhappily been carried off by death, leaving a widow with three small children unprovided for, and that said widow, in the name of self and said unhappy orphans, humbly begged to solicit the custom of a generous public. Klapp, being generous and most kindhearted, considered himself in common humanity bound to respond to the appeal, and made nearly all his purchases of pipes there. Thus it happened that we became acquainted with the manager of the business, a gentleman of the name of Louis, a charming, chatty little fellow, with twinkling black eyes, and a most humorous cast of countenance, and wondrously sympathetic and emotional withal, as we had often occasion to remark when we got more intimately acquainted with him, and he was talking to us of the widow and the three orphans of his late employer, of whom he could hardly ever speak without the "teardrops gathering in his e'en."

"Ah, ce brave Peltier! un cœur d'or, Messieurs, une âme véritablement séraphique!" he would cry, with a choking sob in his voice. And he would never tire to chant the praises of the widow—"une brave femme, Messieurs, si jamais il en fut, et très belle, et qui aimait bien son mari;" and the charming sweetness of the orphans, two little girls and a boy, aged respectively eight, seven, and six—"des anges, Messieurs, de véri-

* I have heard it said Bob Romer was the man.

tables chérubins; et qui m'aiment, Messieurs, comme si j'étais leur père, Messieurs;" and then he would tell us long stories of their sweet childish ways that would make us actually long to embrace them. Dear Robert Brough, who had room in his large heart for sympathy with the wide world, was often moved to tears by the man's simple pathos.

Strange enough, however, we never, by any chance, met the interesting widow, or any of her sweet olive branches.

Now, Klapp, like most Americans, was of an inquisitive turn of mind; he "wanted to know" a great many things, and he ardently wished for a sight of the widow and the orphans whom he was befriending to the full extent of his purse—and of his fancy for pipes. M. Louis, however, always knew how to account in the simplest manner for the absence of the widow and the children.

One evening, after closing hours, we—Klapp, Robert Brough, and I—invited M. Louis to take *la goutte* with us. He cheerfully accepted, and in the course of a couple of hours he took a great many "drops" with us, so many drops, indeed, that he was growing more and more communicative with every fresh drop, and was fast nearing the stage when people have an unconquerable tendency to talk of their relations. This was the time the wretch Klapp chose for pumping the poor man. Of course, it was the old question of the widow and the orphans, and Klapp wanted to extort a solemn promise that we should be introduced to them *in propriis personis*. M. Louis, pushed to his last entrenchments, said at last, with a comical look at us, and an irrepressible merry twinkle in his eyes:—"Eh bien, Messieurs, si vous voulez absolument savoir le fin mot de l'affaire: feu Peltier—c'est moi; la veuve—c'est encore moi; et les trois orphelins—c'est toujours moi!"

He then told us how he had tried hard to succeed in his business of pipe-maker, but how all his efforts to find a sale for the productions of his labour and skill had proved unavailing, until a "happy thought" had led him to die in the pseudonym of Peltier, leaving a desolate young wife and three orphans behind him.

"Vous voyez bien, Messieurs," he said, with an inimitably droll look, "on est toujours bien plus porté à avoir des sympathies pour une veuve à orphelins que même pour un père de famille, donc à plus forte raison, pour un célibataire; et moi, je n'ai jamais voulu me marier, de crainte de ne laisser après moi une véritable veuve à véritables orphelins—car on me dit que je suis poitrinaire."

Poor M. Louis. Some four years after, when I was once

again in Paris, I called at the well-remembered old shop. Klapp had gone back to America long before then, and my dear Robert had been laid to rest in a quiet cemetery in Manchester. Alas! there is barely a place I ever passed through on my long pilgrimage but reveals to my mind's eye some mortuary cross marking the spot where some one I knew and loved lies buried.

Well, I called at the old shop. It was shut up, with a bill in the window, "*Boutique à louer. S'adresser au concierge.*" Poor M. Louis had died of consumption about a month before, as I was informed by his only brother, who had laid his mortal remains among the six years' concessions in Père Lachaise—in the same grave with "*feu Peltier, la veuve, et les trois orphelins.*" And I cannot even say now, *Sit terra levis*; for long, long since these poor remains of the man whom I had known so full of life, and so overflowing with richest humour, have been carted away—for manure. Oh, the wondrous mystery of life and death—and of death and life!

Years after, in 1867, I went on a certain day to the Père Lachaise—I am an inveterate cemetery hunter—in company with my dear friends Jacobsen and Walter Thornbury. I wished to show them, especially the latter, who was rather apt at the time to display an exaggerated admiration of everything French, that there are certain things which they do *not* order better in France than in other lands, more particularly in England.

The short concessions were just at the time in one of the periodical full clearances, and God's acre was being duly ploughed, and death's garden put in spruce trim. Jacobsen and Thornbury were both surprised and shocked when they saw the broken monumental crosses and slabs, etc., lying about in all directions, and the gravediggers hard at work digging up the rudera of the decayed and decaying "*temples of God,*" and the carters equally busy carting them away to "*fresh grounds and diggings new.*" This is the *religio mortis*, as understood and practised by the French; unless, indeed, one is in a position to make a heavy outlay for a *concession à perpétuité*, when one's perishable part will be permitted to decay away undisturbed in the same spot, and some grand monument may tell ages to come what a phoenix of virtue and goodness and all noble and exalted qualities one was during one's pilgrimage on earth. Faugh! Equality is one of the great catchwords of the great nation. Yet they will not even permit the levelling of death and the equality of the grave!

. . From the short concessions we went to the very shortest concessions—*la fosse commune*—the common ditch—the paupers' holes, in which they pile a full dozen of coffins from bottom to top.

There is a clerical gentleman kept here *en permanence* from an early hour in the morning to six o'clock at night in summer. I do not remember at what hour he shuts up shop in winter. Dead paupers arriving after, or even a few minutes to six o'clock, have to wait till next morning, which matters little to them, indeed, but may make a vast deal of difference to the unhappy relatives and friends who wish to *rendre les derniers honneurs* to the departed, as they may have to sacrifice half a day's labour—and wages next morning.

On this occasion it was near six o'clock when we came upon the reverend gentleman, who was seated under an immense cotton umbrella, evidently deeply interested—not the umbrella, but the reverend—in the pages of what looked to my experienced eyes suspiciously like light literature. Just at this juncture two “pauper funerals” were wending their way up to the plateau. The *gardien* came up to the reverend gentleman, humbly asking him to officiate, as the followers of one of the *convois* were very poor people, who could but ill afford to come up again in the morning.

“Mais vous savez que c'est trop tard; l'heure de la clôture va sonner,” said the reverend gentleman, curtly, “cependant comme ce sont de pauvres gens——” And he rose, and moved on to the open grave. “Mâle ou femelle?” he asked briefly of the boy who attended him in the capacity of a juvenile sacristan.

“Femelle et mâle,” responded that worthy functionary, with equal brevity. These were two pauper corpses, the first a girl of eighteen, the other a man of seventy-eight.—“Adultes,” the boy added, for his reverend chief's information.

The burial proceeded in the usual way, the reverend gentleman going nimbly through his Latin formula, and dashing the holy-water-sprinkle three times on to the grave in the orthodox fashion, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; then running on rapidly to the end, he finished off with a fierce and loud aside to the serving boy, “'cré gredin, il n'y a pas d'eau dans votre goupillon.” The careless boy had simply forgotten to dip the sprinkling brush in holy water. Walter Thornbury, who was somewhat given to speculation, was much exercised in his mind, pondering upon the deep question whether the absence of the canonical water from the sprinkling brush would or would not injuriously affect the chances of eternal salvation of the two paupers just then interred in hugger-mugger. Death is the most solemn incident in the life of man—terrible, yet, oh, how beautiful! The French have somehow succeeded in stripping it of all its beauty, leaving it nought but its terrors. Well, well! *Passons! matière de bréviaire*, as Frère Jean hath it. We went

away in a sad and melancholy mood, born of the impression we had just received of the admirable way in which they order some things in France. Had a Laurence Sterne been with us, I verily believe it might have slightly disconcerted even his Gallic predilections.

I had in the course of the afternoon had occasion to point out another little thing to my companions. I had led them up the avenue where great men of letters lie buried. I had pointed out to them, among others, the bust of one of the very greatest men of letters of all nations; and also, at the very top of the cemetery, a towering monument, which both Jacobsen and Thornbury declared must be the tribute of a grateful nation to some wondrous public benefactor, indignantly remarking at the same time upon the state of neglect into which it had been permitted to fall. I soon damped their enthusiasm, and calmed their indignation, by informing them that this grand monument had been erected simply over the remains of a M. —, of whom very few people had ever heard, but who had left directions in his will that out of his estate one hundred thousand francs should be spent upon a monument, to mark the spot where his dust was laid. Poor man! He had neglected to assign a sufficiency of his estate to the necessary repairs of said monument, more especially to the periodical re-gilding of the top. The bust of the man of letters represented the great Tourangeot, the wondrous author of the "Comedy of Human Life;" the Shakespeare of France—Honoré de Balzac. The topmost monument might be taken to belong rather to the farce than to the drama of life.

Poor gentle Walter Thornbury! Within a few brief years after, he was laid in his last resting-place; and, most sad to add, his mind died ere his body.

And my ever dear friend and brother, Jacobsen the Dane, the witty Dane of Westminster, as we used to call him in the club, is also long since gone to *his* Walhalla, of which he so dearly loved to talk in those wondrously charming heart effusions, indulged in by him but rarely, however, and only in the intimate circle of his nearest and dearest friends.

I think it was some twenty-two or twenty-three years ago, when I was doing notarial and other translations, in conjunction with a very dear friend, Alfred Elwes, one of the most accomplished linguists of the present time, that the directors of the Northern and Mercantile Insurance Company put into our hands their new prospectus, to be rendered into French, Italian, German, Spanish, Swedish, Danish, etc. My old friend Peter Römer Burgomaster of Elberfeld in the revolutionary period of 1848-49,

then a merchant in the City of London, to whom I applied for the address of a thoroughly competent Danish-English scholar, referred me to Mr. Jacobsen, a young Dane, in the office of Messrs. Melladew and Co., Mark Lane. I found this young man perfectly qualified for the task required. In fact, he handled Danish, English, and German with complete mastery; had a good knowledge of Swedish and Norse, and spoke French pretty fluently.

In a short time we became fast friends. I introduced him to the club, and he was elected a member. He endeared himself to all of us. He was one of the sweetest-tempered men that I ever knew. During an experience extending over close upon ten years, I never once saw him irritated or heard an angry or unkind word fall from his lips. Only of one other dear friend of mine can I conscientiously say the same—John Cargill Brough.

When I met Jacobsen first, he was in every way a splendid specimen of the genus *homo*, and it would have been difficult to detect in his outer man the least indication of the fearful germ concealed within of that dread disease which strikes down so many bright men and women in the flower of their age—consumption. Yet the germ was there, to work its deadly effect only too soon.

In 1867 we were in Paris together. I was employed at the Great Exhibition, under my friend Peter Lund Simmonds, who had placed Victoria, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, and a few more of the smaller British colonies and possessions under my care. I also had at the time the arrangements for the advent of the great Japanese Exhibition to Paris placed in my hands. So I could afford to show a brotherly feeling to a dear fellow-Bohemian like John Jürgen Severin Jacobsen, who was emphatically out of luck then, and, most unhappily, entering an advanced critical stage of his sad malady.

We occupied "apartments"—two small bed-rooms on the sixth floor—in the Passage de l'Industrie, Boulevard de Strasbourg. The poor invalid found it an arduous task to mount the one hundred and seventeen steps leading to our lofty roost; yet he would sometimes brave the steep ascent five and even six times a day without murmuring, and would humorously dub it the "genial climb." And what happy hours we passed there, to be sure! What splendid spreads of *charcuterie* and fried fish and fowl, and lettuce and cucumber salad, with lashings or lushings—I hardly know which should be held the more applicable of the two *termini technici*—of the best vintages procurable at sixpence the quart, and, occasionally, ample supplies of genuine pale ale—Salt and Co.'s—which we got at an agent's in the Rue Scribe, who was so powerfully im-

pressed by the magnitude of the order we gave, and the grand manner in which it was given, that he absolutely forwarded with the beer a flaming signboard, practically appointing us thereby sub-agents for the sale of the article in our locality! We put this signboard at the hotel door, to the intensest amazement of the passers-by. How we used to carouse in this Olympus of ours! with a congenial band of Bohemians, native and naturalised, and hospitant—Christian Worms, a deep-drinking Dane, of florid mien and summery heart; George Shears, an old schoolfellow of Draper's, and an excellent friend of mine of many years' standing; young Jopp; Charley Quin, a most genuine sample of the thorough Hibernian, clever, warm-hearted, and wrong-headed, with "*Bibamus, dum vivimus, et gaudeamus, pereat mundus!*" for his motto; E. P. Hingston, the "rampage" companion of Artemus Ward, a very old friend of mine, to whom, in conjunction with the late Christopher Pond, I was mainly indebted for my connection with the Japanese Exhibition; Walter Thornbury, and others. We also had distinguished visitors occasionally—Harry Leigh, for instance, then passing through Paris on his way to Spain, appointed "special" for a leading American paper; and Tom Robertson, with the blushing honours of recent brilliant dramatic successes fresh blooming upon him.

I remember there were some hard-working milliners right opposite us, on the other side of the passage, whom we were generously desirous to make partakers in our banquets. Jacobsen used to throw a small stone out of our window right across into the opposite window, with a strong string attached to it. The girls caught the stone, passed the string over a thick peg in their window, and threw the stone back again. By repeating the same feat twice or three times more we constructed a kind of suspension bridge, with guiding lines, for passing victuals and bottles across, high over the heads of the passers beneath, at the imminent risk, it must be confessed, of having some of the heavier articles descend on said heads. However, I have always found that there is a Providence watching over the foolhardy: no one came to grief through our agency.

In our halcyon days we would occasionally indulge in small dinner-parties at some famed restaurant, or in suppers, at Peters', in the Passage des Princes. There was a café-restaurant in the Place de la Tour St. Jacques which we somehow managed to transform into a British hostelry, increasing the market value of the place fourfold, as was proved practically when the then proprietor ceded it to a new man, in the fall of the year.

After the fat kine came the lean kine, and wretched cattle they proved to be. They speedily ate every green spot out of us,

and what had for a brief period been Bohemia the blest soon got covered over again with shingle and stone. Fortunately for us, both Jacobsen and myself were prepared to bear either fortune with equal fortitude. So we cheerfully dropped our junketings, and partook of one solitary sober meal a day, at the rate of one shilling and eightpence for the two, which we had to reduce still further in the course of time, to the one clear half. We lived on bread then, a modicum of small Orleans land wine, and a certain compound known as *fromage d'Italie*, very much like goose-liver pasty, barring the goose and the pasty, and also, in a great measure, the liver.

Jacobsen took this somewhat unwonted fare without wry face or grumbling. All this time we might have had succulent dinners at the Tour St. Jacques on tick, but we preferred keeping clear of pecuniary involvements.

One day, however, when the last bottle of our period of splendour had been returned to the wine and beer dealers in exchange for the twopence left on it, and I found that the joint-stock capital of the firm was about sixpence, I sadly communicated the sad intelligence to Jacobsen, entreating the dear fellow not to mind it, and not to be disheartened by it. I might have spared my breath. *He* disheartened, indeed! Not a bit of it. On the contrary, tossing up his Scotch cap high in the air, he shouted "Hurrah!" as loud as his sorely-affected throat would let him; "Hurrah! we shall have a good dinner for once! Let us go to St. Jacques." He then touchingly confided to me that *fromage d'Italie* was certainly *not* the cheese for him; in fact, that he abhorred the very sight and scent of it; for which I really could not blame him, since it truly is an abominable concoction. Yet with a little skill, a little knowledge, and a little honesty it might be made an appetizing and nutritious dish.

I mentally resolved that come what might I would never again place *fromage d'Italie* before friend Jacobsen. For the nonce we decided to go to the café in the Place de la Tour St. Jacques, where we were compelled by the very force of circumstances to have a dinner at three shillings a-head—a good dinner, in fact, as Jacobsen had knowingly foreseen; for our Bohemian experience had taught us both the folly of contracting very small debts. It was one of Holt's wise saws, that a few pounds indebtedness might prove a millstone round the poor debtor's neck, whilst a thousand pounds' debts would weigh as a mere pebble in the large debtor's pocket. It turned out all right again in the course of a few days. Jacobsen went back to London to accept an excellent position in a leading Swedish City House; and I followed him soon after, to edit a great work on Finance, in

which I dealt with millions upon millions as if gold were but the merest dross, and bank-notes worth less than used-up blotting-paper, and enlightened the great City world upon the most intricate questions of foreign exchanges, of which I had up to a few months previously been profoundly ignorant.

It was rather stiff work to do, which heavily taxed my intellectual powers, but it put a hundred pounds into my purse at a time when matters were at a very low ebb with me; and it introduced me to Ernest and Richard Seyd, two high financial and statistical authorities, who both became members of the Savage Club through my instrumentality.

Poor Ernest, who truly was a financial genius, is gone to a world where there are no standards of valuation to vex the mind. But my friend Richard Seyd is still to the fore—the highest authority on the solvency or otherwise and the financial trustworthiness of the leading commercial companies and firms all over the world.

This slice of good luck I owed to the warm recommendation of my dear old friend William Effingham Wilson, to whom I was first introduced some thirty years ago by Alfred Elwes.

The name Wilson stands, indeed, brightly inscribed on some of the pleasantest pages of the book of my life. William Wilson is a sterling good fellow, who has many a time and often given or procured me literary employment when I most wanted it.

Then there is Edward Wilson, one of the rising men of the time and the *Times*, a fluent, elegant, and logical political writer of the highest order, possessed of the somewhat rare qualification of a most thorough and exhaustive knowledge of the subjects on which he writes. From the day that Edward Wilson was first introduced to me by Charles Russell, then of the *Morning Star*, he has been one of the truest and most helpful friends I ever had in life. I have of late years had times of tribulation, which I might not have tided over but for the supporting grasp of his friendly hand. God bless him for it!

It may seem strange that I should have ventured upon a matter of which I confess to have been so profoundly ignorant. You see I have tried my hand at a great many things. Why, I actually once held a contract for constructing a public road in Normandy, and was really making a good thing of it, too, when the authorities from whom I held the contract suddenly discovered that a foreigner had no right to hold it without express authorisation by the Home Minister and the Minister of Public Works. The fact was,

they had remarked the extreme simplicity of my *modus operandi*, which consisted in the main in the intelligent division and proper apportionment of labour, and the payment of wages upon a fair live-and-let-live principle, which made every labourer as interested in the success of the work as I myself could possibly be.

What could I know of road-making? Well, I had seen a great deal of work done in that line many years before in Algiers, when I was assistant-surgeon in the Foreign Legion. There the military authorities conducted the work upon a very different principle, which was certainly much more expensive in the end, and much less effective, than mine.

There was a detachment told off of some three hundred men of the third battalion of the legion, which had to march out every morning at half-past three o'clock, under command of a lieutenant, and attended by my humble self as medical officer in charge. It was about an hour and a half's march from Mustapha Pasha, our then quarters, to the road in course of construction. We used to reach the place accordingly about five o'clock. There was a young officer of engineers, with a small detachment of his own corps, who directed the works.

The men did not like the business at all. I have in another part of these reminiscences given a fair description of the class of men we had in the legion. It was not likely that these men, many of them gentlemen by birth and education, would take kindly to that sort of work without the stimulus, at least, of some fair remuneration for their labour.

Now the short-sighted authorities paid no money-wage whatever; they simply gave each man about three-quarters of a pound of bread and seventy-five centilitres of light Spanish wine a day, in addition to the daily ration of a pound and a half of bread and a half-litre of wine, which certainly was not calculated to inspire the lucky recipients with an inordinate desire to advance the works of the road. On the contrary, every possible dodge was resorted to to give the Government, if possible, even less than the value of the bread and wine.

Of the two working hours fixed by the regulations, a good half-hour was spent upon pretended wrangling over the distribution of the implements. When the wheelbarrows, the pickaxes, and the shovels had at last been satisfactorily bestowed among the men, the holder of the pick would make an immense show of impending energetic action. After feeling his deltoid muscle, he would raise the pick high in the air, then let it come down, rather gently though, and the rest of the squad would gather round him in silent wonder, as it were, at the very modest bit of

earth his prowess had dislodged. Then two of the squad would wrangle about which was to secure the matter on his shovel, whilst the wheelbarrow-man would stand by surveying the whole in calm contemplation. As sergeants and officers were equally disgusted with administrative road-building—the road in course of construction leading seemingly from nowhere to nowhere, in the true French-Algerine fashion of the time—and as the French Government of the day did not exactly command the love and affection of the Foreign Legion, which it seemed to look upon simply as cheap material for wasting, no one felt himself specially called upon to interfere with the “lazy-alley,” as Jacobsen used to call it, of the *workers*, if by any stretch of license of language the term could possibly be applied to our noble detachment. At seven we marched back again to Mustapha Pasha. I verily believe there never was a more costly bit of road constructed anywhere in the world. I had to keep to this tedious duty about six weeks. My companion in misery was, for the most part of the time, Lieutenant von Hebisch, a Suabian, a very nice and decent sort of fellow, only, perhaps a little over-much addicted to “abduction” of dogs, and an adept at disguising them in paint, so that even their old masters could not know them again. Had his lines in life fallen among the street Arabs of London, he would surely have done a roaring trade in painting birds, he having somehow discovered a way of making his colours fast.

Hebisch very nearly came to grief once about a dog which happened to belong—unbeknown to him, as Mrs. Gamp would say—to General Voirol, then interimistic Governor-General of Algeria, a long, lean, haggard, sallow old trooper, whom I saw a few years after at Strasburg, on the occasion of Louis Napoleon’s apparently insane attempt to seize upon that fortress, which was within an ace of succeeding. *Had* it succeeded, it would be difficult to say what might be the complexion of the world now, for it was made at a time when the marvellous German war machine was not even yet dreamt of; when it was still doubtful whether “Prince William of Prussia” would ever ascend the throne; when “Captain” Roon was still delivering lectures on geography and tactics at the Prussian Central War School; when Moltke was aiding Sultan Mahmud in the re-organization of the Turkish army; and when Bismarck was still on the lowest rungs of the Prussian office-ladder.

However, *revenons à nos chiens peints*. Hebisch had the dog in question abducted by a brave legionary, who did not think proper to enlighten the lieutenant upon the rather important point of ownership. Hebisch painted the animal magnificently—yellow, with red and brown spots, white being its native colour.

He had a knack of gaining the affection of animals. The dog took to him, and followed him about everywhere. At the grand July review, the dog unluckily recognized his old master, the general, and showed its delight, dog-fashion, by jumping at the general's horse, barking and whining. The sequel was that Hebisch, with noble generosity, presented the dog to the general as a free gift, averring at the same time that he had bought the animal of an Arab, who must have stolen and painted it. I think the general paid him back the alleged purchase-money.

Soon after his return to London, about the beginning of 1868, Jacobsen, who was then luckily in a good financial position, rapidly grew worse in health. Remembering what arsenic had done for me when almost at the last gasp I had a notion that this heroic remedy might at least restore the tone of his stomach, and thus enable his much-enfeebled and emaciated frame to bear up a little longer against the increasing distressing drain upon it by expectoration. As I was reluctant to act upon my own judgment in so momentous a matter, I took my poor friend to Dr. John Gardner, a most skilful physician, the founder of the College of Chemistry, whom I had known for close upon thirty years, and who consented to prescribe arseniate of soda in minute doses.

It was almost miraculous how the patient seemed to improve under the arsenic treatment. His appetite was good, and he was actually gaining flesh and strength! After six weeks' medication, however, Gardner, who was a firm believer in the cumulative theory, thought it would be rash in the extreme to go on with the arsenic without a few weeks' intermittence.

Well, poor Jacobsen soon lost again what had been gained. Some of the big guns in pulmonary complaints were now consulted; but the patient simply got from bad to worse. At last I took him to another esteemed friend of mine, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who, after a brief examination with the laryngoscope, which revealed most extensive ulceration of the larynx, with almost total destruction of the vocal chords, advised as a last, though well-nigh hopeless resource, that Jacobsen should enter the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat in Golden Square, as an in-patient. This was done; and if it had been within the range of human will, skill, and power, Dr. Mackenzie and his assistant, Dr. Lennox Brown, a member of the club, who gave his most loving care to the case, would have preserved this precious life. But it was not to be: within a short fortnight the end came. On the very evening before the fatal termination, the poor fellow had been running a race in the enclosure of the square with

another patient, and had won it, as he exultingly told us—Quin, Andorssen, a Norwegian, one of his oldest, truest, and staunchest friends, and myself—adding in his own humorous way, “Egad, boys, you see I have so deuced little flesh upon my poor bones, that I fly over the ground as light as a feather. But,” he added, with a melancholy smile, “I am bound to lose the other race which I am running with old bony, who is lighter still than I am, and can run so much the faster.”

Next morning I was fetched to the hospital by special messenger. I went at once, and gave my consent to the post-mortem which Brown wished to make. I strove to be present at the sad operation; but somehow, I, who surely had been rather over-familiar with that sort of work, fainted at the first plunge of the knife into what had been, up to a few brief hours before, my dear friend and brother, and I had to be taken upstairs.

He left me his watch—good, true, and sterling as himself. It had been given him in his childhood, and he had had it for some twenty years. I have had it now for nearly fifteen years, and it still keeps as true time as ever. I have it cleaned every four years, and I am told each time that the works, though certainly excellent, are wearing out fast; yet I have a notion they will last out the watchmaker who is so hard upon them—ay, they *may* even survive me yet. I have christened the watch John Jürgen Severin Jacobsen—his initials stand engraved on the back—and I talk to it in the solitude of my chamber. Old men have strange fancies: its tic-tac sounds to me like the voice of my departed friend. I remember having read, in Wilhelm Hauff’s “Memoirs of Satan,” of an old man who gave a grand banquet once a year to a number of worn old leaves from his album—reminiscences of a circle of friends long departed. I do the same occasionally to the memory of those who were dear to me in life; only my spread is ultra-Bohemian, and like unto the Barmecide’s feast.

Jacobsen’s life was insured for a thousand pounds in the Albert Life Insurance Company. In the dreary days of dearth, in 1867, he had been compelled to ask a friend to pay the premium for him—some fifty pounds altogether—and he had handed the policy to the said friend as a security, with a kind of semi-assignment.

After the poor fellow’s death, a fierce contention arose between his father, who was heir-at-law, and was represented by the Chancellor of the Danish Consulate in London, and the holder of the life policy.

It so happened that I had good reason to believe that the Albert Insurance Company was in a bad way, and that delay in claiming payment of the policy might prove dangerous. I urged

this strongly upon the two contending parties, and succeeded, though with immense difficulty, in arranging the matter between them. The day of payment being appointed at last, the chancellor went to the office to receive the cheque. Fortunately I was with him. We were coolly informed that the manager of a certain loan office had put a detainer on the cash for some twelve pounds, I think, due to the office. We asked the cashier to retain sufficient to satisfy this claim. We were told that this could not be done; it was against the rules and routine of the office.

Now, I had somehow an intuitive feeling that if the money could not be got that very day, it would never be got at all. So I took a cab to the loan office, and saw the manager, who, upon my urgent representations, consented to give me a full discharge, with which I drove back triumphant. The cheque was given and cashed just two minutes before the close of banking hours. Next morning the shutters were up at the Albert.

I have said that there was only one other dear, dear friend and brother of mine that could compare with Jacobsen in equanimity of temper and sweetness of disposition—John Cargill Brough, a brother of the brothers Brough, a paragon of a true Bohemian, with all the virtues and none of the vices of the tribe about him, one of the sturdiest and sincerest and boldest searchers after truth to whom this age of ours has given birth.

John Brough and his brother, my ever, ever dear Robert, who both loved me as a brother, and thought and felt in unison with me, sparkle along with a few more of my Bohemian brothers as bright relieving stars of light on the sombre canvas of my later life's panorama. All gone! all gone! Ay, it is indeed a heavy fine, a bitter penalty to pay for a few additional years of joyless life, to know and feel that you are left standing alone, a solitary trunk, lopped of branches, 'reft of leaves, in the midst of an unsympathetic, a naturally and necessarily unsympathetic, young and fresh and green growth.

Dr. John Gardner, the physician who kindly took upon himself the responsibility of treating Jacobsen with arsenic, was a very old and dear friend of mine. We did a deal of literary work together. He was one of the comparatively few true healers whom I have known in the course of a long life. He was a man of sterling character, and a steadfast true friend.

He was the real founder of the London College of Chemistry, made famous by having Professor Hofmann for its first teacher, and supplying England with a number of theoretically and practically accomplished chemists, such as, to confine myself here to

one of the brightest instances, Professor Abel of Woolwich. John Gardner, John Lloyd Bullock, and my humble self—within the narrow limits of my restricted competence, of course—conceived the idea of the College of Chemistry, and took the preliminary steps and measures to ensure the eventual carrying that idea into effect.

John Gardner and Lloyd Bullock worked indefatigably to realise the grand conception of endowing London with an institution that should not need to fear comparison with the great schools and laboratories of the Continent; and they succeeded to the fullest extent. The late Thomas Wakley also—then Coroner for Middlesex and proprietor of the *Lancet*, to whose pages Gardner and I contributed largely—did his very best to push the undertaking.

A number of noblemen and gentlemen of wealth and position were enrolled—almost exclusively through John Gardner's indefatigable personal exertions—as members of the council of the young institution. The Prince Consort accepted the presidency of the council, Benjamin Bond Cabbell the treasurership. Sir James Clarke, Her Majesty's Physician in Ordinary, gave much of his time and interest to promote the starting of the college.

The most important point was to secure a Professor of established European reputation. Justus Liebig, then still at Giessen, was applied to. He recommended Dr. Will in the first instance; but Will, with all his undoubted knowledge and his true chemical genius, was a nervous man, who shrank from what he looked upon as the awful responsibility of setting a new great chemical institution afloat. Fresenius also declined the offer; Dr. Hofmann accepted it.

A long-leasehold house was purchased in Hanover Square for eight thousand pounds, if I remember aright, and the laboratory buildings were commenced in the rear, which extended right to Oxford Street. The lease was taken in the names of three holders—the Marquis of Breadalbane, to wit, Viscount Newry and Morne, and John Gardner, the secretary, who was the soul and the main-spring of the undertaking. I will not pretend to say here that Gardner acted wisely in having his name inserted in the lease without the express sanction of the council. But really the noblemen and gentlemen of the council troubled themselves very little about such mere matters of detail; and Sir James Clarke, then the staunch friend of John Gardner, and Benjamin Bond Cabbell, the treasurer, were quite aware of the fact, and never uttered a syllable of protest against it, nor did the marquis or the viscount. Indeed I can conscientiously aver that when matters went awry afterwards, I heard the latter promise Gardner that he would

stand by him and defend the course of proceeding he had followed in the lease question.

Sir James Clarke swore by Gardner, to use an expressive vulgarity, and Gardner really liked Sir James. Unhappily he had not a very exalted idea of Sir James as a great physician, and, more unhappily still, he would occasionally, in presence of intimate friends, in his after-dinner heart's effusions, allow some slightly disparaging remarks to escape him anent Sir James's medical skill.

Well, it would appear that, somehow or other, one of his friends, in an unguarded moment, repeated some such remarks in Sir James's hearing. The unfortunate result was that Sir James swore to be revenged upon the man who had presumed to reflect upon his professional acquirements, even though in the seclusion of his own family, and in the confidence of friendship.

I was present when Sir James Clarke, in a state of red-hot anger, shook his fist in Dr. Gardner's face, shouting to him, "I will ruin you for this, sir; I will ruin you."

And it did not take the irate physician very long to adjoin to himself the treasurer, who had a favourite of his own *in petto* for the secretaryship. And the two gentlemen worked together with a will to impress upon the minds of the members of the council the secretary's heinous offence of getting his name inserted in the lease. The college was firmly established by this time—all the real substantial work was done. So the man was to be quietly shelved who had done it all—who had given all his energies to the accomplishment of the arduous task; who had collected one by one all the bricks of the structure, and cemented them together; who had, it may be averred without the least tinge of exaggeration, devoted all his time and all his talent and all his thoughts to it; who had worked for it day and night—without whom there would, in fact, have been no College of Chemistry, even in the wildest fancy dreams of the gentlemen who thought fit to sit in condemnation—I will not call it judgment, as that is an act presupposing impartiality in the judges—upon him.

I am afraid poor Dr. Gardner committed a grievous mistake in striving to oppose the council. He was advised by a solicitor that, as one of the leaseholders, he had an indefeasible right to hold the premises against all comers.

A meeting of the council was called. Gardner asked me as a particular favour to assist him in his resistance to the intended hostile action of the council. I slept at Hanover Square the night before the projected meeting, and in the morning wrote some forty or fifty notices to the council members, to inform them that the secretary, acting upon legal advice, would dispute their

right to hold the meeting at the house in which he claimed partial ownership. Only two members of the council faithfully and staunchly stood by him—of whom Thomas Wakley was one; most of the other members, even if not disposed to be actively hostile, declined giving the unfortunate secretary their countenance or support.

Sir James came to the front door to ask admission of me. I told him in the most courteous manner that, acting as Gardner's friend, under legal advice, I could not admit him; and I repulsed his foot when, after this intimation, he tried to force his way in.

I had advised Gardner to go before a magistrate, to claim the protection of the law against all attempts at forcible entry. I thought the Court of Chancery was the proper tribunal to decide the question in dispute. The solicitor told me he knew the law, and there could not possibly be an attempt made to enter by force. Gardner trusted to him and his assurance.

The council, on the other hand, with the Marquis of Breadalbane, who, according to Gardner's statement to me, had promised him his support, and Viscount Newry and Morne, whom I had positively heard promise the same, went to Marlborough Street, and obtained the magistrate's sanction and the aid of the police to effect an entry. The idea of a poor man pitting himself against the high and mighty in the land, with the Prince Consort at their head, was utterly preposterous. Prince Albert might have stood Gardner's protector had Gardner taken my advice to submit the entire affair to his Royal Highness's judgment. As it was, the Prince could not but see in the secretary's action a most unjustifiable opposition to the authority of the council. The upshot was that Gardner had to resign the secretaryship.

Dr. John Gardner has gone to his last account. He died full of years, deeply mourned by a loving wife and affectionate children, and sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends. In him I lost one of my oldest friends in England, and one of the very few remaining links between the past and the present. However, in this one particular instance, I have the rare consolation that I may truly say, *Uno avulso, non deficit alter*. I enjoy the friendship of another John Gardner, to whom Bullock introduced me many years ago. This John Gardner is a sound chemist, a most careful analyst, a many-sided scholar, a good scientific writer, and a most lovable fellow, with a strong dash of Bohemianism in his composition.

Chemistry has always been a favourite pursuit of mine—almost as much as cookery. I have dabbled in it from boyhood, the laboratory and the kitchen being my pet places of resort and

amusement. Had I but been well inspired to stick assiduously to both or either, there is no saying but I might have achieved success in life. I have enjoyed, and I enjoy to the present day, the friendship of many followers of that most noble calling—chemistry. I may truly affirm that it was chiefly the eminent chemist I admired in my ever-revered master Raspail, in times long, long since gone by. John Brough was endeared to me in many ways; still our common love of chemistry was one of the strongest ties between us. My admiration for men like Liebig, Thénard, Dumas, Mitscherlich, Fresenius, Hofmann, Graham, Blythe, Gregory, and others of the same high stamp, whom I knew personally, was always unbounded. I positively take pride in the fact that I knew Abel when he was a mere lad. I was intimately connected with the late Dr. Henry Medlock, another chemist of repute, to whose English version of the “Book of Nature” I contributed the three articles on Botany, Zoology, and Mineralogy.

With Professor Louvet, of Brussels, I carried on a friendly correspondence for more than ten years, yet we never met face to face.

Bullock, my oldest surviving and dearest friend in England, and Scoffern, hardly less dear to me, are both eminent chemists; and Quin, another friend, formerly of the Savage Club, and still and always a Bohemian, belongs to the same noble craft.

William Maugham also, who first introduced Carrara water into the family of aerated drinks, as he justly believed that lime was more natural and assimilable to the human frame and constitution than either potassa or soda, was an old chum of mine, with whom I often worked in experimental chemistry. His Carrara water was really an excellent drink. It was made from the purest Carrara marble. Every bottle contained eight grains of pure bicarbonate of lime; it kept on bubbling and sparkling five times as long as soda or potassa. Poor fellow! he had no business capacity whatever, which broke his neck in the affair, as the firm who backed him in the working of the patent left him unfortunately also the whole and sole management of the commercial part of it; and his thoroughly unpractical notion was that the readiest way to dispose of large quantities of the article was to distribute it gratis among all his acquaintances and their connections. He thought these sprats would catch no end of herrings in the shape of big orders. Unfortunately the larger fish declined the inviting bait, and the smaller fry—i.e., the distributory samples—ran out; and so did the patience of the capitalists, who, seeing no safe prospect of a return for their outlay, shut up the Carrara Water Works, which of course shut up

poor Maugham likewise.* He was an excellent practical chemist, and managed to pick up a living for a time. He contributed also occasionally a paper to the *Chemical Times*, when it was my publication, but the pay was necessarily meagre. He had a sterling friend in the late Frederick Gye—who, in fact, had introduced us to one another, and who got him at last a nomination to the Charterhouse; but poor Maugham did not live long after his admission to that institution. He left a family behind him totally unprovided for. It is ever thus in this very best world of ours. In the midst of all his grievous troubles, Maugham was much inclined to mirth. He was full of anecdote. He used to tell me, some fifty times over, a tale of his late grandfather, a rector in the fens of Lincolnshire, a most inveterate smoker, who yet managed to live up to ninety-two. “He called all of us, some fifty-six descendants, present on the melancholy occasion of his extinction, round his bedside,” Maugham used to tell me, “and addressing himself more especially to the grown-up male members of the family, said in a voice of deep regretful sorrow: ‘Ah, my boys, take a warning by me; eschew tobacco, avoid smoking. Had I acted upon this advice, which I earnestly urge upon you now, I should not be cut off thus in the flower of my age!’”

Ay, why did I take Arthur Görgey’s part, even after Villagos? Why, I am afraid, simply because, when I knew him first, he was only an ardent student of chemistry, innocent yet of Rüdiger capitulations, with the horrible sequel at Arad!

When I am in London I make it a point never to miss the weekly symposium held every Thursday night in a certain laboratory near Regent Street. The long table is on such festive occasions cleared of filtering and other apparatus, evaporating dishes and pans, and microscopes and other scientific “encumbrances.” The “boss,” parodying Alexander, might well say: “Were I not a respectable, well-to-do operative chemist and substantial householder, I would dearly like to be a Bohemian.” And indeed, barring impecuniosity, positive or comparative, he has all the makings of the article about him. He is as much above the law of damask and silver-plate as great kings are said to be above the laws of grammar. Five or six sheets of brown packing-paper, carefully smoothed out, serve to deck the table. Large and small plates, cups and saucers, and measuring glasses, in a pleasing variety of shapes and denominations, with a profuse

* I find that Carrara water is still flourishing among the aerateds. However, I do not know whether the article is produced by Maugham’s process.

sprinkling of tumblers among them, knives and forks to match or not, as the case may be, are artistically distributed all over the festive board in regular confusion. A big kettle is kept singing over a convenient gas flame. A fine tea-pot, with a specially delicious Chinese shrub-brew in it, occupies a position of honour, wrapped in a capacious cosy. A well-filled sugar-basin and a large jar of sugar-syrup are handy. Plates hugely heaped with ham, tongue, bacon, and other "delicacies of the season," smile invitingly in the faces of the guests, with best Devonshire butter and plenty of Indian pickles. Very old deliciously mild and oily whisky, that beats Farintosh hollow, stands there in quart bottles, lovingly cheek by jowl with a bottle of Bordeaux for the old Bohemian, who prefers to take his tea *after*, and half-a-dozen or so of Apollinaris, the queen of aerated waters. Seats are placed around in picturesque variety, from the three-legged stool to the easy-chair. At about six the guests begin to tumble in. There is Alexander Young Stewart, late of Apothecaries' Hall, an excellent theoretical and practical member of the craft, and a hearty good fellow to boot, though perhaps just a *leetle* wrong-headed occasionally, and a red-hot—To—I beg his pardon—Liberal Conservative in his politics, the same as his friend plain practical Taylor. Then there is dear little John Gardner, who politically forms the opposite pole to the doughty champions of the past. Then we have Miles Smith, a self-made man who has risen to the managementship of one of the largest chemical manufactories in England, Linford, Wenk, and others. De Vry will sometimes come over from the Hague; and a number of hospitants, always most hospitably received and entertained by the "boss," will occasionally drop in. And last, though certainly not least, there is my dear friend Parker Margetson, to whose solicitous kindness and high professional skill I owe, under Providence, my recent recovery from one of the most malignant maladies that can afflict poor humanity. Margetson is also a good chemist, and turns his chemical knowledge to the very best account in his diagnosis and treatment of diseases. His professional views are as largely liberal as his political opinions. So here he sits on the "left side of the house." Dr. Margetson is a passionate admirer of music and song, and no mean poet. It may seem a rather incongruous accomplishment in a busy physician, with an extensive, rather wide-spread practice to attend to, and having necessarily to devote much time to keeping himself properly posted up in the progress which his own profession is constantly making, as well as in that made in the numerous branches of science therewith connected or bearing thereon; but Dr. Margetson has translated most of Schiller's dramas and

tragedies into corresponding excellent English verse. His translations of the "Maid of Orleans," "William Tell," and "Maria Stuart" are especially felicitous in my opinion—and I think I may consider myself a pretty good judge in such matters. Except Coleridge, whose translation of "Wallenstein" is simply glorious, I have only once in the course of a long life met another gentleman capable of producing correct and happy English versions of Schiller's poetry—John Riggs Miller, to wit, a pupil of mine well-nigh forty years ago.

Need I say that here also death hath sadly thinned our ranks? Ay, many who in former years used to take their seat at the hospitable table in the laboratory are no longer with us. By singular good fortune, most rare, indeed, in my experiences of the twins—life and death—we have had no loss to deplore for over two years now. The last who was taken from our midst was William Stewart, Alexander Young's brother, who died a martyr to science from inhaling bromine fumes while acting as assistant to his brother at Apothecaries' Hall. He was a man of fine athletic frame and vigorous constitution, and he had actually weathered and got over a first pulmonary seizure brought on by inhaling the fumes of bromine; but only to fall a victim to a second seizure. He was an excellent fellow, and dearly beloved by all of us.

On the occasion of the untoward termination of Gardner's connection with the College of Chemistry, he was also unmercifully attacked in the *Medical Times*, then owned by Mr. T. P. Healey, who did even poor me the honour of a few disparaging remarks. At a later period, when I had left the *Lancet* for the *Medical Times*, and taken the editorship of the *Pharmaceutical Times*, another of Healey's publications, I found out that Sir James Clarke had instigated the attacks upon us in the *Med. Tim.*

I became intimately connected with Mr. T. P. Healey, who was one of the cleverest Hibernians I ever met, and a handsome and most charming fellow withal, a little over-Irish, perhaps, in his likings and dislikings. He could not and would not let Thomas Wakley alone—the coroner for Middlesex, and proprietor of the rival *Lancet*—but must forsooth go and dig up a couple of exploded old slanders against the man, and put them boldly and prominently forward again in the pages of his own journal. One of these slanders was simply pitiable; it was that Mr. Wakley had been Arthur Thistlewood's masked executioner, in 1820, in the Cato Street conspiracy case; the other slander was simply atrocious—it imputed arson to the slandered man.

Wakley brought an action for libel against Healey, who was

cast in damages to the tune of £375 and costs. Just about this same time Healey took it perversely into his head to stand as a candidate for the Staffordshire Potteries. He, with genuine Irish cheek, thought he could beat Alderman Copeland there, who literally had the constituency in his pocket. Well, Healey spent above a clear thousand upon this more than absurd speculation. He had other debts, plenty and to spare, indeed, and his literary property was heavily mortgaged. And to crown all, there was a large Inland Revenue claim upon him for advertisement duty, one of the vilest abominations of the past.

So, what wonder that he came to grief, and his belongings to the hammer? I was most sincerely sorry for him. I liked the man amazingly—with all his small faults and foibles. Besides that, had he been able to weather the storm and stand his ground, it would have been something handsome in my pocket for work done.

Poor fellow! Shortly before his smash he was to be married to a lady with some twenty thousand pounds at her back, a most professing Protestant. Healey, who was a Romanist, had kept this little fact a secret from his intended bride, who was correspondingly savage when it was revealed to her, basely and meanly, by a former friend of the bridegroom, who bore him a grudge. Somehow the quarrel between the lovers was made up afterwards, and the marriage took place—most likely, however, under very different conditions from what had been originally intended. Well, the lady proved to be the reverse of what the gentleman's fancy had pictured her, and in the end the unhappy man actually took refuge in his debts and in the Queen's Bench, where he preferred the county-side to proffered freedom and plenty, and had the importunate lady, who was but too eager to make it up with him, warned off the premises at last.

When I was engaged on the *Medical Times* and the *Pharmaceutical Times*, I made the acquaintance of the famous Dr. Knox, the eminent anatomist and anthropologist, Sir William Fergusson's great master, who got into such sad trouble about the Burke and Hare murders in Edinburgh, and had his anatomical hall pulled about his ears, and was forced to quit the Scotch capital.

He was a nice gentlemanly man, wondrously full of knowledge, and a very good scientific writer and lecturer, only a little over-finical, perhaps. He was writing at the time a most interesting series of articles in the *Medical Times* upon the races of man. His great lecture on the dark races—the dark races of man—was destined to achieve much wider fame through clever dear George Grossmith's well-known marvellously close side-

splitting imitation of it than the original, as given by the doctor himself, could ever have secured. George's imitation of the doctor's delivery, with the constantly recurring eye-glass reference to the slip of paper on which the subject of the lecture—"the dark races—the dark races of man"—was supposed to be noted down, was truly inimitable.

It was a grievous pity, and, I feel inclined to believe, a sad misfortune for the study of both practical and speculative anatomy, that the promising career of this richly endowed man should have been permanently overshadowed by the untimely end of daft Jamie.

"And," said he one day to us—Healey, MacDougall, and me—in the *abandon* of a friendly chat upon a variety of subjects, when this shady part of his career cropped up incidentally, "what was calculated to make this cursed business the more galling to me was the dreadful injustice of the whole thing. You see, I had nothing whatever to do with the acquisition of these dubious anatomical subjects. No matter, I had to bear the brunt of it, and to pay the heavy penalty of a broken career. It was an unhappy mistake altogether. He who really transacted the business with these hellhounds had just as little suspicion of the doings of the horrible villains with whom he was dealing as I could possibly have had. It would make precious little difference to me now if the real facts of the case were known. But I have somehow a presentiment that the day will come when the matter will appear in its true light. I shall be dead and gone then." He was in a somewhat melancholy mood at the time. "But," he added, brightening up a bit, and turning to me, "our ancient here is safe to live to see it, as his two thousand years will not be up for a long while yet." For it is a strange thing how people have always been apt to chaff me on the subject of my supposed antiquity.

At the *Medical and Pharmaceutical Times* office I made the acquaintance of another remarkable man—Thomas Walker, who, I believe originally a stocking-loom weaver from Northampton, rose to be editor of the *Daily News*. Walker was simply an extraordinary man. When I first knew him he was publishing clerk at the office. He asked me to give him lessons in Latin, French and German, and in English composition. I was afraid he was attempting too many subjects of study at once. Not a bit of it. The man was a very cormorant at learning. His pluck

and perseverance in podding his way through difficulties were beyond compare. I will not even say I *taught* him. He was one of those rare men who have the faculty of *acquiring* knowledge. He learnt sufficient, in six months to lay a sound foundation for self-study after.

Whilst making truly prodigious progress in the four or five difficult branches which he was studying with me *pari passu*—and let it be borne in mind that he had only his evenings and nights to bestow upon this most arduous task which he had undertaken—he taught himself shorthand, until he became one of the best *verbatim* reporters I have ever known; and I have known many of the most eminent of the craft. At a later period he had occasion to go in for art-criticism. Now he was colour-blind. Well, what of that? Thomas Walker was not the man to let such a mere trifle stand in his way. He simply educated his sight to distinguish in the end, with unerring certainty, among the subtlest tints and shades of colour. He was, indeed, a strong illustration of the truth of the old axiom, *volenti nil difficile*.

At the same office I met another remarkable man—Richard Ratcliff (or Radclyffe) Pond, then an advertisement canvasser, employed on the two journals. He was a young man, of good presence and winning manners. I soon became intimately acquainted with him; and I used to dine some forty or fifty times a year at his place. I liked him amazingly, and he took to me with equal warmth. He was emphatically a good fellow, and unboundedly bountiful; indeed, but too often far beyond his means, although his advertising agency yielded him for many years a very handsome revenue. He had a rather expensive foible for literary and theatrical speculations, which invariably came to grief. He went in repeatedly for the St. James's, also for Drury Lane, generally in conjunction with Joe Stammers, and for a variety of entertainments, musical and other. He was always dropping his money in such enterprises. I never knew him to make a penny out of any of them. He was largely connected with Peter Morrison of the—well, famous—Bank of Deposit, in which so many poor people lost their all. As an advertisement canvasser Pond was *facile princeps*. I never met his match. When he had made up his mind to have an order for twenty-six or fifty-two insertions of an advertisement in one or several of the London or provincial weeklies with which he was connected,

he would take no denial. Nothing could daunt, discourage, or repel him. He was invariably gentlemanly in his manners, and he would patiently and urbanely listen to every reason advanced in support of a point-blank refusal of his suit; but the refusal might be repeated over and over again, perhaps even with angry indignation at his cool persistence: he would return to the charge undismayed.

I had among my more intimate acquaintances a chemist of the name of Richards, whose house and shop stood on part of the present *emplacement* of the London, Chatham, and Dover Ludgate Hill Station. I had been with him one day assisting him in compounding a brand-new modification of the Elixir Viennense, with the senna and Epsom salts omitted—a kind of Prince of Denmark performance, with the part of Hamlet left out—and was just taking leave, when Pond came in to apply for a renewed order of certain advertisements in his country papers. Well, Richards was not in the vein. He thought he had found out that advertising did not pay—at least, not in his case. But Richard Ratcliff knew better, of course, and warmly argued the point with the recalcitrant Richards—to not much purpose, however, as the chemist declared in the most peremptory manner that “*nothing* would induce him to throw away any more money upon useless advertising.”

As the agent manfully stood his ground, and would not be denied, Richards, the gentlest and mildest of mortals as a rule felt in the end pestered beyond human endurance, and, waxing hot and wrathful, “invited” Mr. Pond to leave the shop—an invitation with which that worthy at once cheerfully complied; however, only to return immediately after for a pennyworth of Epsom salts, for which he tendered a half-crown piece in payment. He was served, and got his change, and left with an excruciatingly polite bow, to return just in the same way, on the same errand, tendering another half-crown piece in payment. And so he came in and went out, and came in again sixteen times running, always on the same errand, with unruffled temper, and much punctilious courtesy, and always tendering a half-crown piece in payment. He told me afterwards that he had *borrowed* £2 in half-crown pieces from the publican opposite who knew him well. At last the unhappy chemist caved in. “Take your order, Pond, for mercy’s sake, and begone,” he cried in comic despair. Pond gratefully acknowledged the chemist’s “kind compliance with his humble request,” and, adding insult to injury, offered poor Richards his Epsom salts purchased back at half-price!

This same Richards, I was told some years after (*relata refero*)

got the largest compensation (comparatively) ever known to have been paid for expropriation, out of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company. They (the L. C. D.) had purposely omitted from their Bill his house, as they thought at the time they would not absolutely want it, and might get it for a mere song from the owner, since the immediate contiguity to the intended new Ludgate Hill station was thought by these very clever people not to be the exact thing to improve the value of the property. Richards tried hard to obtain reasonable terms from them; but they would not listen to reason, until they suddenly discovered that they could not possibly do without the place. Then *he* would not listen to reason and they had to pay him his own price in the end; so I was told, at least.

I had a sneaking compassion for the Company at the time; but they have since made me suffer so much on their cursed line—the worst managed and least punctual to time in the kingdom—in pocket, temper, and patience, that I feel now heartily glad of this little misadventure of theirs at the time, and only wish they had had to pay twice as much. It is not very long since that they kept me waiting at Ramsgate one hour and ten minutes for the last local train at night, putting me to above ten shillings expense, yet coolly refusing all compensation, sneeringly referring me to their solicitor, though they knew full well that the delay was utterly inexcusable, and altogether the result of their own negligence. Of course they relied upon the very natural disinclination of people of limited means to go to law with a long-pursed, unscrupulous body-corporate, which proverbially has no body to be kicked, no soul to be saved.

Richard Batchiff Pond discovered one day that he was lineally descended from the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater. He eagerly set about establishing the fact and the unbroken legitimacy of his descent. I verily believe the affair cost several hundred pounds. When it was all clear as daylight, he found out, a little late in the day, that though he might succeed in making good his claim to the title and peerage, there was not the remotest chance of ever recovering an acre of the property, forfeited upon attainder, and given to Greenwich Hospital. As he was a sensible man, he let the shadow go, when he found that he could never grasp the substance.

I met Sala one day in the Strand. I asked him had he seen Pond? "No," he replied, "I have not, but he sent the viscount to me for the loan of five shillings."

The "viscount" is a young man now of some thirty-five. I have known him from his earliest infancy. When he was a boy

of nine, I saw him one evening at Drury Lane. It was during one of his father's managerial speculations. "What are you doing here, Dickie?" I asked. "Looking after father's interests," the little fellow replied, with imperturbable gravity that would have done honour to the great Richard Ratcliff himself. And, indeed, he is to this present day looking after father's interests; he is the stay and support of the family whom poor Pond left behind with but scanty provision.

Pond was hand and glove with all artistic and literary Bohemia. He once engaged the Broughs, the Mayhews, me, and a lot of others of our set, to contribute to a new literary enterprise of his. "I cannot afford to pay you grandly for your papers, my boys," he told us with charming frankness, "but whenever you want a shilling, ask it of me." And we did ask him, with such laudable assiduousness, indeed, that he was in the end compelled to alter the mode of payment. "Look ye here, Bob," he said one day to Robert Brough; "I think I had better give you ten shillings a page than go on responding to your askings, and I am sure I shall have to do the same with the other chaps."

On *Punchinello*, which was Peter Morrison's spec at the time, we were paid by the printer and manager, Mr. Archibald Hay Jack, upon superficial measurement computation. Quantity, not quality, was Master Jack's motto. Lomax sent in one day rather a good thing, really witty and sparkling. When he presented himself on pay-day for the reward of merit, Archibald Hay smilingly said to him, "Ah, Muster Lomax, ye ha cum for yer dues. It maks ninepence by superficial measurement, but we'll gie ye a shilling!" Well, the language which that unlucky shilling drew from Lomax was a caution to Jack, who had to take refuge at last in the back office.

On one occasion the great Peter Morrison gave a grand entertainment to the *Punchinello* staff of contributors. The banquet was spread in the first-floor front of the Angel and Sun in the Strand, an inn kept by a Mrs. Partridge, in which we much liked to take our ease at the time. The spread comprised all the delicacies of the season, including rumpsteak and tripe and onions. There were lashings and lavings of liquor-materials ample and to spare, for emulative punch brews, in which I pitted myself against Thomas Littleton Holt and Archibald Hay Jack, both great "punchers" in their way, but nothing compared to me of course, bless you! We had a great night of it, and a good time, as the Yankees have it. Archibald Hay Jack attended as manager

of the paper, and representative of the proprietor, 'who was unavoidably prevented from enjoying the treat of our superior intellectual society and brilliant colloquial faculties. It was indeed a *non cretâ albâ notanda*. There was a river of flow of soul, and we grew quite sentimental towards morning; and I remember we adjourned at last in a body to Waterloo Bridge to moralize upon the sad lessons of the third arch on the Middlesex side, and upon the final nothingness of all things.

I cannot recollect exactly whether it was on this occasion that George Augustus Sala first took it into his head to dub poor Archibald Hay *Dr. Jack*. But I know it was about this time that he became to all of us familiarly known as *Dr. Jack*; and he took kindly to the academic degree benevolently bestowed upon him by G. A. S. But, alas! the whirligig of time brings with it its revenges, sometimes rather strange ones. Years after there arose a trifling difficulty between Archibald Hay and Benjamin Clayton the engraver, another old crony of mine, and the third in the *Chat* Triumvirate. The law having been called in to decide, Archibald Hay found himself one fine day in the witness-box, with the redoubtable Serjeant ——— cross-questioning him. "Now attend to me, sir," said the great advocate, with a portentous frown, "and mind how you answer this question. Have you ever assumed a title and degree to which you were not and are not entitled?" "Never," replied Archibald Hay boldly. "What, sir! Do you mean to tell his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury that you have never been known as *Dr. Jack*?"

"Mr. Sala," began the witness briskly, a sudden light breaking upon him, "Mr. Sala"—"I did not ask you about Mr. Sala, sir!" cried the advocate sternly. "I want a plain straightforward answer to a plain straightforward question, sir. I ask you again, have you ever been known as *Dr. Jack*?" Well, the poor witness got confused, as who would not, under the circumstances? He tried to explain, but the crafty serjeant cut short his attempt, saying, in his well-known grand moral indignation manner, "No need to explain, sir; I do not wish to pursue the subject any further. You may stand down." Now, the poor man's advocate knew not what to make of this, and deemed it the more prudent course to abstain from further questioning on his part; and the judge evidently thought this assumed doctorate had an ugly look about it. As to the jury, the impression on their minds clearly was that the witness was one of those pestilent quacks who advertise their advice and nostrums in public and private places—so they incontinently found against him. Some time after I met Archibald Hay accidentally in Piccadilly. I playfully called him

Dr. Jack, as of old. He gave me a fierce look, turned on his heel, and cut me dead.

Pond had a curious hankering after the acquaintance of notorious offenders, whom he would occasionally inopinately introduce to his friends—to the no small embarrassment of the latter. Thus he kept me for two hours in the company of a gentleman who had just re-entered society after a five years' inspection of the inside of one of Her Majesty's jails, where he had been sent for some rather heinous offence. He was a schoolmaster by profession, and he looked every whit as truculent as Eugène Sue's infamous schoolmaster in the "Mysteries of Paris." On another occasion he introduced to me a Mr. Manning, brother to the notorious murderer of the exciseman Connor. I had told him repeatedly I did not like it, but he only laughed, and went on just the same. So I determined to be even with him if ever an opportunity should offer.

One day I chanced to enter Debenham and Storr's auction rooms just when an odd collection of silk handkerchiefs—seventeen in number, of every conceivable pattern—was up for sale. The bid being comparatively low, I went in for it, and secured the fall of the hammer at a most moderate cost. I stowed my purchase away as best I could in a variety of pockets, and went on my way rejoicing. Passing the Coach and Horses in the Strand—one of our favourite places of resort at the time—I looked into the parlour, and found several of our set there refreshing, among others, Richard Ratcliff Pond, and with him a gentleman of unquestionable clerical cut. I knew afterwards that he was a vicar and rural dean from the country, come up to London to sell or swop his living, and had been advised to apply to Pond, who had brought him to the pub clearly against his will and inclination. He looked most uncomfortably embarrassed, and very much like a fish out of his native element. Here was my chance at last, I thought. So when Pond, after the customary introduction to his new friend, asked me as he was wont to do, how I was getting on, I replied, reflectingly, "Well, Pond, I have no reason to complain. Times are rather hard, yet I think this not so very bad for an hour's work in Regent Street. You are an expert hand at it, Pond, but I believe I may say even you could not beat this for time, number, or quality;" and I deliberately emptied my pockets on the table, spreading out my silks to display them to the best advantage. "I trust I am among friends," I added, with well-acted sudden apprehensiveness. There was a shout of laughter; but Clericus cast a troubled look first upon me, then upon Pond, and finally upon the rest of the

company present; then he snatched up his hat and fairly bolted, and Pond, who followed in hot chase, had the devil's own trouble to persuade the man out of his belief that he had got among a band of pickpockets.

I became better acquainted in time with his rural deanship, who had to come up several times to the metropolis for a lengthened stay before he could complete his little clerico-commercial transaction. I found that he was rather austere given. He reproved me repeatedly for having, even in joke, tried to pass myself off for an expert pickpocket. He told me that in his magisterial capacity—unhappily the dangerous power of the Bench is in this country indiscriminately entrusted to clergymen, the most unfit, certainly, of all the great unpaid for the trust and the power—he made it a rule to visit the pettiest larceny even with the heaviest punishment in his *discretion*! What an abuse of terms, to be sure! I could not forbear telling him once that, although no doubt it was very wrong to steal a cabbage, or poach, or pick a pocket, I could not, in my benighted mind, exactly see how it could be held to be morally so very, very much worse than trafficking in church livings. He blushed scarlet, and cut the discussion short—and he cut me, and told Pond afterwards I was a child of hell. Good, pious, moral vicar and dean! How could I ever have found it in my heart to hurt his sensitive feelings? I would have craved his pardon, but that I know priests never forgive.

Pond had a tail of retainers and hangers-on whom his bounty kept from starving. Among these was a poor fellow of the name of Thompson, one of the unlucky hoverers on the perilous boundary between genius and—idiocy. He had a turn for the literature of the prize-ring, for “destructive chemistry,” and for projectiles and weapons of war, more particularly cannon. Indeed, he could turn his hand to a great many things, only, unhappily for the man, the knack of gaining a decent living for himself was not one of the many. We, all of us, took an interest in him, and assisted him to the best of our necessarily limited ability. Sala, more notably, was very kind to him. As his outer casing was *rather* dilapidated, George Augustus, always great at nicknaming people, generously bestowed upon it, along with a pair of good serviceable trousers, the mysterious letters R. A., as a species of designatory appendage to his name. In time these letters grew to become an inseparable part of the man Thompson, in the same way as the “Dr.” stuck to Archibald Hay Jack, despite all his efforts to kick it off after his sad experience in the witness-box. Thompson, R.A., was an established

personage all about the purlieus of Wellington Street. People were divided in opinion whether the poor man was a sadly reduced member of the Royal Academy, or whether he belonged to the Royal Artillery. Most inclined to the latter opinion, seeing his artilleristic tendencies. Why, even the high and mighty authorities of the Woolwich Arsenal addressed him as "Thompson, Esq., R.A." Yea, indeed, he had letters addressed to him by the said high and mighty, etc., for he had submitted to them some improvements in our artillery, which surely must have been deemed at the time—the Crimean war period—sufficiently important to warrant the inventor being summoned three or four times to Woolwich to explain his invention, and to bring it to a practical test. The affair came to nothing in the end, for before the high and mighty could make up their minds, the war came to an end, and there really was then no further urgent need of improvements in our cannon. Thompson was benefited, however, to the extent of a suit of black, liberally presented to him by Pond, for which an avuncular relation of his supplied him with sufficient means to enjoy himself in his own way for a full fortnight. One morning the poor fellow was found dead—*matière de bréviaire*—and my old friend and once employer Wakley sat upon his remains. Thomas happened to be in a sentimental mood. "Sad, sad!" said he, in a kind of regretful soliloquy, "most sad! So this unhappy man was a member of the Royal Academy. One would hardly think such things possible!" Now, Joe Stammers was one of the witnesses summoned to the inquest. He also was in a sentimental mood, plus the "dhrop of the crathur as turns the ballince." So he deemed it incumbent upon him to correct the coroner's erroneous impression as to the cabalistic R.A. Then the mighty Thomas arose in his wrath. "Take that man into custody!" he shouted to the officer; "I commit him for gross contempt of court!" It took a deal of explanation to appease the coroner's fierce anger, and even after the matter had been most fully explained to him he sternly reproved "poor Joe" for the "revolting plainness" of his language in one of the highest and most ancient courts of the land, the coroner's to wit; for if ever there was a public officer with a proper sense of the dignity of his office, Thomas Wakley was the man.

It was to poor Thompson that I was indebted for an introduction to one of the heroes of the period, the redoubtable Tom Sayers, then in training for some great fight or other. The gallant Tom had become possessed, promiscuously, as Mrs. Brown would say, of a stereoscopic apparatus, which he wished

to dispose of. Thompson, a friend of the bruiser, thought I might be able to assist his chum in the matter. I went to look at the apparatus, and had the signal honour of "two hours with the champion," who took to me kindly, swore that I was one of the right sort, and nobly offered to give me a few wrinkles in the noble art of self-defence, that would make me a match for any man of my own weight—another opportunity perversely rejected by me to achieve fame. Tom bore me no malice, however, for declining his generous offer; for ere he left for Australia, after his Homeric combat with the unlucky Yankee giant, he insisted upon a farewell breakfast with me.

I have known other famous members of the ring—such as, for instance, another fighter of American giants, the redoubtable Perry, called the "Tipton Slasher," to wit, a great man in his time—he measured five feet ten in his stockings, if I misremember not—who kindly rescued me once from the clutches of a cowardly bully, or rather from a couple of cowardly bullies, for there were two of them, the one meanly kicking my shins "accidentally" while I was desperately striving to keep the other from mauling my face. It was at the Russell Coffee House in Great Windmill Street, a place famous at the time for the most juicy and tender steaks to be had anywhere within three miles round. The Slasher lived at the house. He came in for his dinner. He soon settled the hash of both my assailants, who, I am quite sure, had they but thought I had so valiant a friend and one so cunning in fence, would have seen me d——d ere they'd have challenged me—for a d——d French frog-eater. In those days, you see, that wondrously gushing brotherly feeling was still unborn which years after sent the two peoples cheek-by-jowl and back to back to the Crimea, to fight the "Rooshans"*—but which, to judge from present appearances, was not quite so genuine after all, and so absolutely free from mental reservation—at least on the part of our Gallic brethren—as it was made to look at the time.

Then there was Evans—young Dutch Sam—a rather more

* The late Charles Kerrison Sala, in his curious little squib yclept "The Fish," made poor Colonel Sibthorp deliver the tag in the following lines, if I remember aright :

If we fishes have offended,
Let your favours be extended.
Large blue beans are callèd Prooshans,
So let's go and whack the Rooshans;
Which *dolce fa al mio cor*.
Farewell, our mimic scene is o'er.

gentlemanly sample of the article, who consulted me more than once in his last fatal illness, and expressed himself most warmly grateful to me for the little temporary relief of his sufferings which my humble skill could afford him.

Then there was Deaf Burke, with whom I became acquainted through my old friend, Richardson, D.D., of the *Times*, and whose gratitude I acquired by standing to him an occasional chop or steak, instead of dosing him everlastingly with drink, as others of his patrons were wont to do. He told me his experience in and of the prize-ring—except always the sad episode of a certain fatal fight which he never would mention.

I also knew in my time Owen Swift, then champion of the light weights, Tom Spring, big Ben Caunt, and many more of the fighting brotherhood; and I must say that, although I have hit occasionally upon an unmitigated ruffian among them, as a rule I found them very much like most other men, with some of the best and gentlest feelings of our common humanity in them. No doubt it must always be shocking to a sensitive mind to see men endowed with reason and sense pound and maul away at one another for hire, to pander to a depraved public taste, and enable noble Corinthians to combine indulgence in the national foible of betting with the elevating emotion of seeing strong men knocked down like ninepins and made to bleed like stuck pigs, with all the other sickening et ceteras of a good old-fashioned mill—not to mention an occasional glorious chance of being in at the death of a gladiator on the field—a gladiator with his fists for gladius. It is an old saying, that but for receivers there would be no thieves. But for backers, there would have been no prizefighters. Who could blame a poor ignorant fellow like Burke or Sayers for deeming himself a hero, when noble lords—ay, and noble ladies too—would encouragingly pat him on the back, and wealthy members of the Stock Exchange and merchant princes and City magnates make rich collections to reward a Sayers for a slightly doubtful victory over a blinded Yankee Polyphemus; when the world's leading journal would specially despatch the most graphic of its graphic reporters, Nicholas Wood, to the "field," that he might sing the battle in Homeric strains; and when the rest of the press, with a very few honourable exceptions, would enthusiastically follow suit, and indulge in double-leaded leaders, chanting the praises of the great British fisticuff champion against the world in general and America in particular?

It was Richard Ratoliff Pond—I like to bestow unstintingly upon the man all his baptismal belongings—who first brought me

in contact with George Augustus Sala. That child of genius—*si jamais il en fut*—was then Marryat's factotum on *Chat*—chief, if not only, contributor to the paper, and editor and publisher of it. He was then a mere youth, but he wrote with marvellous vigour, playful humour, and charming freshness. I firmly believe it would be worth a publisher's while and outlay to republish his "Australian Nights" entertainments, and his small chapters of London life, such as "Findings are Keepings," and others of the same amusing stamp.

I think it was in the last days of March, 1848, that the proprietor of *Chat*, in conjunction with the editor and Pond, contrived to perpetrate a vile hoax upon Her Majesty's lieges. These wretched conspirators had a great number of order-cards printed, admitting "bearer and friends" to the White Tower, on the 1st day of April, to witness, if they so listed, the famous grand annual ceremony of washing the lions. I am sorry to say that I was over-easily prevailed upon to join in the distribution of these favours among friends and acquaintances.

We went to Tower Hill in the morning of the 1st of April—to watch the result. I must confess I, for one, was not prepared for the extraordinary credulity of the British Public. They flocked up in shoals to see the lions washed. The "warders" were almost at their wits' ends. They had the bits of pasteboard flourished in their faces, with angry gestures and angrier imprecations, by the indignant crowd of sight-seers and seekers. I verily believe there was a notion at one time of the day to send for reinforcements of the garrison, so threatening was the aspect of the B. P. raging at the gates of the old City fortress. In the midst of the turmoil some one spotted me to whom I had given an order of admission, and he would have set the whole mob upon me, but I most luckily succeeded in securing the friendly shelter of a cab, which I made drive off *instantly* from the field of action, knowing of old that discretion is, as a rule, the better part of valour. The final result to me was, that I had to skedaddle, and keep dark for a time, until the affair had blown over a little.

There was a small pub in the Strand, the famous old Dolly Chop House, then kept by a Mr. Dormer, one of the nicest and most obliging Bonifaces it has ever been my good fortune to come across. Well, the two young ladies behind the bar had somehow been weak enough to invite all their country cousins to the great sight of the lion-washing, and they were, of course, correspondingly wroth. Mrs. Dormer espoused their cause, and nothing would do to satisfy her outraged feelings but an attack direct upon poor innocent me. "I can understand how Mr. Sala could have been led to join in a most cruel practical joke like this,"

said the irate lady to me ; “ he is a mere youth ; but an old man like you, sir, you should not have done it—you should not indeed.” It has been my fate through life to be made a scapegoat for other men’s—ay, and women’s too—offences.

Poor Mrs. Dormer ! In an evil hour her husband was induced somehow to leave the old chop-house for the Old Dog, in Holywell Street, a defunct pub of the past, which was said and believed to occupy the identical spot where once in ancient times sparkled the original holy well. Dormer dug up once again the “ sacred ” old spring, and he dug his own grave. Father Mathew, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the Good Templars, the Band of Hope, the Alliance, the Salvation Army, and the great Cardinal, had no existence as yet, or were not quite so much to the fore then as they are now, and water unqualified remained still at a considerable discount at the time. Nobody cared much about tasting the produce of the Holy Well, and poor Dormer soon saw black ruin staring him in the face ; and being a man, unhappily, of sensitively strung nerves, he could not face the cruel disappointment of all his hopes. So he went away ere he was called. It was a most sad thing for his unhappy widow. I have long since freely forgiven her calling me an old man more than thirty-four years ago.

Some forty years since I lived in High Street, Notting Hill. There was a pert little servant-maid in the house.

One day I heard her mistress ask her had she done the gentleman’s rooms. Judge my indignation when I heard the minx reply, in Irish fashion : “ Is it the little old Frenchman you mean ? ”

I have mentioned that it was the late Frederick Gye who had first brought me in contact with William Maugham.

I had known Gye distantly for years, chiefly in connection with the fairy gardens of Vauxhall, one of the few green spots of old London, now long since improved away, and turned into vile brick and mortar—the greater the pity, I think. In those halcyon days of yore, Frederick Gye was the ingenious magician who lighted up, season after season, so many thousand additional flames in the grounds, so that the garden looked in the end a perfect Light-mere or *Lichtmeer*, as the Germans have it. Since those days I had lost sight and touch of Gye, who, after the great Tamburini row and the irreparable breach between Lumley and the principal singers of Her Majesty’s Theatre in the Haymarket, had suddenly burst upon the London world as a most accomplished and successful manager of Grand and Italian Opera.

In 1852 Johanna Wagner, daughter of Albert, and niece of the great Richard, made an engagement with Lumley, at twelve hundred pounds for the operatic season in London. The gentleman who acted as agent in the matter was a certain Dr. Bacher, who professed to be a warm and true friend to the Wagner family. The arrangement had been properly concluded ere Gye, who was also in hot chase after the new Grand Opera celebrity, appeared on the scene. Finding that he had been forstalled, he withdrew at once, simply mentioning to Albert Wagner that had he been in time, he would willingly have paid Johanna down two thousand pounds for the season. This, of course, made a deep impression upon Albert Wagner, who had *de facto* made it a condition precedent that a proportionate payment should be made *dès le deux Mars*, meaning, simply, on the 2nd day of March at the latest.

Lumley failed to make the payment, and Albert Wagner considered the contract at an end; and he was strictly in his right. He applied to Gye, stating in the most distinct and explicit way that he had definitely broken off all negotiations with Lumley, and was free to accept the offer made by the Covent Garden manager. So Gye, having lodged his two thousand pounds, might well be justified in flattering himself that he had secured the great German star for his own temple of music and song.

But he had reckoned without that most important element in English contracts, the great Court of Equity, which in those days happened to be rather over-prone to grant restraining injunctions, occasionally upon very slender grounds.

Now Albert Wagner had written a certain letter to Dr. Bacher, in which there occurred the passage, "England gilt nur durch Geld." Bacher handed this letter to Lumley. Mr. Albert translated the German words given here somewhat to the following effect:—"But for her money England is of no account." This incensed the great British public against Wagner and his daughter; and, not at all unlikely, turned the wavering Vice-Chancellorean balance against Gye. The injunction was granted.

Gye saw that in his efforts to have it dissolved he had to fight against the prejudice thus created, and he cast about him for a translator who might put a different, less offensive, construction upon the unlucky expression in the letter.

I was recommended to him as a likely party to do the trick.

Now it so happened that Wagner *père* wrote a most infamous fist, almost as bad as my own—and he indulged in abbreviations, which I never do; so for Johanna he wrote what looked very much like Tab, and for Fides, Johanna's famous part in the

Prophet, he wrote Fid. Mr. Albert was thus led to translate, "Tab is better than Fid," in lieu of "Johanna prefers Fides" (i.e. the part of Fides). At the end of the letter he informed Baöber that Johanna was slightly ailing, and finished up:—"So müssen Sie mit meiner Pfote fürlieb nehmen," which of course simply mean to say, "So you must put up with my scrawl," but which Mr. Albert had rendered, "So I shake your paw." There were other though more trifling inaccuracies in the Albertean translation. Upon the strength of these, and taking my stand upon my knowledge of obsolete German, which I had in its time acquired by the glimmer of the midnight lamp, I procured an old German-English Dictionary, to prove that *gelten* was quite legitimate for *vergeltten* to reward, to requite, to pay, and that what Albert Wagner had really meant to convey by the passage in his letter which was being assailed so vigorously was simply that money was the only remuneration even the greatest artist had to expect in England, and that he or she must absolutely renounce all notion of precious acknowledgments by rulers—imperial, royal, and princely—and of high social consideration.

Well, the Vice-Chancellor shrugged his shoulders and gave expression to the profound apophthegm that "when doctors disagree, it is difficult to decide;" and Lord St. Leonards, at a later period of the case, was kind enough to pay me the high compliment that I had presented the court with a most ingenious paraphrase of the original meaning of Albert Wagner.

The injunction, however, stood notwithstanding, and poor Gye found himself some two thousand five hundred pounds out of pocket by the transaction. Not alone this, but Lumley, forsooth, must bring an action against him for heavy damages for having deprived him of the most valuable services of the great German singer.

Now this really was too bad. If Lumley had completed his contract, as he *ought* to have done, in proper time, Gye would never have dreamt of trying to engage Johanna Wagner for Covent Garden. But he did not complete his contract; he did not fulfil the condition precedent, which at once *eo ipso* vitiated the entire affair. Yet this man, who in law and in equity had released Johanna Wagner from her engagement by the nonfulfilment of the condition precedent, actually tried to take advantage of his own laches, and to make Gye pay him damages, Gye, who was absolutely innocent in the affair, and had already, through the inequitable proceedings in equity, been most unjustly mulcted in close upon three thousand pounds penalty.

And Gye's chief difficulty in the matter was that Albert Wagner, having pocketed the two thousand pounds, declined

even to assist the man whom he had, in a measure, got into the mess, to get out of it. A commission was sent over to Berlin to take Albert and Johanna's evidence. Mr. Hayward was the commissioner appointed by Lord Campbell to take the evidence. The late Professor Creasy attended the commission as counsel for Gye, the present Baron Huddleston as counsel for Lumley. Mr. Tamplin, Gye's solicitor, and his clerk, Mr. Beck, also attended the commission; so did I as sworn interpreter.

The commission came to nought. Albert Wagner, who was in reality the only party in evidence, as he completely and absolutely controlled his daughter, refused to answer, or allow his daughter to answer, any useful question; and his own legal adviser, and the Prussian law official appointed to direct the proceedings, supported him in this refusal. So the commission had to go back to London *re infectâ*. This was in November, 1853, if my memory misleads me not.

In the beginning of February following I was sent over to Berlin and Hamburg by Gye's solicitor, to bring over from the latter place a witness whose evidence might become of importance to the defence, and to endeavour to get from Wagner his daughter's original contract with Gye, and other papers that might serve to put the case of the defence in a proper light before the court. I had the devil's own trouble to induce Albert Wagner to concede even this modicum of justice to the man whom he had most materially helped to injure. Wagner had a notion that Johanna might still appear one day on the boards of Her Majesty's, and, with the ingrained selfishness of his character and disposition, wished to avoid giving Lumley the least cause for offence. However, Johanna Wagner aided me to the best of her power and ability, and the legal gentleman who advised Wagner could not see why these important documents should be withheld. So at last I succeeded in getting most of them into my hands, and in obtaining Wagner's solemn promise to forward the original contract to London, for production in court. Now, when celerity of motion on my part was of the utmost importance, as the case was actually coming on at Guildhall before Lord Campbell, the Berlin police must, forsooth, take it into their confounded noddles to delay my departure from the Prussian capital.

In 1851 I had been mixed up largely with the revolutionary leaders. It was at my place of residence, in the Robin Hood, Great Windmill Street, that the great German Agitation Union held its meetings. In fact, I functioned as secretary to that rather innocuous molehill of which the *timid* German Governments of the period were striving to make a huge mountain.

They did me the honour at that time to set a special watch upon me, and actually to engage the great Bucket—of Bleak House celebrity—to take note of all my proceedings. Not content with this, they set a lot of low scamps loose upon me, to get scraps of my handwriting into their possession. And the great Stieber himself came over to ensnare me in his toils. Unluckily for him, like Thales of Miletos, while spying the astronomy of my windows, he discerned not a pit at his feet, dug in the street and left unguarded by some careless workman, and tumbled into it, to the great injury of his shins and knee-joints, for the which, it appeared, he now wished to lay me by the heels as a suspicious character; only, happily for me, this weasel had never been asleep, so the great Stieber failed to catch the animal napping. Still he well-nigh prevented my appearance at Guildhall in proper time.

Strange enough, even Lord Campbell seemed wondrously inclined to side with Lumley, for when authoritative evidence was placed before the court and jury in proof of the plain, unmistakable, and unalterable meaning of *dès, anglicè not later than or not after*, the Chief Justice went out of his way in summing up by suggesting to the jury that Albert Wagner, not being an accomplished French scholar, evidently, ought not to be held to be quite so much up to the niceties and subtleties of the French language! Luckily for Gye, the jury were men of strong common sense, who had a notion that a man like Wagner would be apt to consult a dictionary, and to use the term which would best render his intended meaning. So they found for the defendant.

"If I can ever do anything for you in my vacations," said Johanna Wagner to Gye, in my presence, "you may freely command my services gratis. I should so much like to somehow make up this heavy loss to you." Her father was not present on the occasion. Well, a great misfortune befell Gye. Covent Garden was burnt down, and he had to seek a temporary refuge at the Lyceum. Of course, all the artists came nobly forward and offered their services at—comparatively not much more than they would have got at the Garden. Grisi, more especially, generously forbore claiming more than a paltry four thousand pounds for the season! So Gye thought under the circumstances he might have a try for Johanna Wagner's six weeks' vacation. He asked me to make out an account of what it would come to to bring Johanna, her father, and her maid over here, to keep them in style for six weeks, and send them back again to their own land. Well, I could not by any possibility reasonably make more than two hundred pounds of it. Gye multiplied this by three,

and authorised me to offer the lady six hundred pounds travelling and incidental expenses. The *père noble's* reply was simply to the effect that he wondered Mr. Gye could insult his daughter by such an offer. And in due season Johanna appeared at Her Majesty's in the Haymarket.

All these things happened to fall within my personal ken. Yet how many times have I heard people pity "poor Lumley," and come down heavily upon the unscrupulous Gye, whose "grasping and envious disposition" alone could have induced him to mislead the unsuspecting Albert Wagner, and mar the brightly promising prospects of the manager of Her Majesty's!

I think it was in the early part of 1857 that George Augustus Sala and Robert Brough perpetrated between them, in alternate stanzas, a grand epic poem, a slightly libellous production in rhyme, called by them "The End of all Things," of which, there is, unhappily, now only one complete copy extant, in the possession of the survivor of the twin poets. The two noble Bohemians themselves are introduced first. They are just returning from Belgium,* where they have somehow managed "by crook" to illegally and immorally annex the rather odd sum of ninety thousand francs. They are correspondingly elated, and nobly bent upon nobly spending their ill-gotten wealth. They scorn to travel by rail, or any ordinary means of conveyance. They grandly post it in a coach and four.

On the road from Dover to London they stop to refresh. A rich banquet is commanded by them, including the highest and the lowest eatables and drinkables:

They ordered ortolans and tripes,
Fish, joints, and wines, and penny swipes,
And fruit and cheese galore.

Taking a stroll before dinner, they unexpectedly chance to meet William Romer, who is humbly tramping the country. They stand treat to him, of course, and he tells them, in return for their hospitality, the several fortunes of their friends whom they left behind on their departure for foreign parts many years before. The rhymed narrative which poor Bill is supposed to pour into their amazed ears is quite a gem in its way. Barely one of their friends escapes the lash—applied, indeed, for the most part, with perfect good nature and good humour, but occasionally with a slight dose of *venenum in cauda*.

* I write this, of course, from memory. My friend Draper tells me it was from "Pongo, in Japan," the two heroes were returning. It may be so. I therefore give my own version simply *pro tanto*.

Unfortunately, I remember only a few stanzas and snatches here and there that I may venture to print. There is a stanza about John Deffet Francis, for instance :

Francis, his dream of high art past,
Now paints for pot-boiling at last ;
Not that his pictures sell.
He, with warm duds beneath his rags,
Draws Christ and mackerel on the flags,
And does extremely well.

William Brough is stated to have gone into the coal trade, like Micawber :

Bill's coals and jokes were both found small,
So Bill went simply to the wall ;
George Bridgeman did not pay.
Big Doyle went to the utter bad,
And Jamie Davison went mad,
And Draper went away.

Benjamin Webster comes in for something. That excellent actor-manager fancied at the time that he had, by a lucky chance, become possessor of a rich lead-mine. In allusion to this, Bill Romer is made to report :

'Twas found that Webster's mine of lead
Existed only in his head
Betwixt the skull and brain.

Thomas Littleton Holt and Watts Phillips have a few lines specially bestowed upon them :

Holt was informed upon by Watts :
Some said it was for pewter pots ;
I think 'twas only wipes.

Counsel is stated to have been engaged for Holt's defence ; the said counsel being some impecunious Bohemian party, who had to get up the paraphernalia of his profession by the charitable contributions of his friends. The gown he borrows of one friend, the wig of another, who himself possesses only one. This friend, a most excellent fellow and good and true Bohemian, though son of one of the most eminent clerical pluralists of the time, is named in the poem as the party of whom *the* wig has been borrowed. The narrative then proceeds, in connection with him :

Who, when his seven years were out,
A moaning maunderer mooned about,
And borrowed shirts and cried—
'Til gin-and-water on the brain
Released him from all earthly pain.
He drivelled till he died.

Then there is a mysterious allusion to Godfrey Turner, in connection with the supposed loss of an old shoe and the finding of a new one—Abool Casem fashion :

And Godfrey Turner lost his shoe,
And found another which was new,
So was not his at all !

My humble self is disposed of in a way which, should it ever happen to me, would certainly be a most uncomfortable termination to my mortal career :

But, oh ! the melancholy end
Of Doctor S——, our ancient friend,
That man of mickle mind :
A cloven-footed hornèd swell
The doctor took, an awful smell
Of brimstone left behind.

And so Bill Romer's narrative goes on to the last line :

And Pond has got the Times ;

which either might signify that Richard Ratcliff Pond had then come to be looked upon as a kind of general undertaker to moribund publications—even the great *Times* must be taken to come to that pass with "The End of all Things"—or might be meant to symbolize the toweringly ambitious aspirations of the man Pond, who was, perhaps, a little over-fond of speculating in theatres and newspapers.

Having thus made fun of all their friends and acquaintances without exception, the twin poets must have thought it high time to do something to appease the natural indignation of the victims of their satire ; for the poem winds up, like Hood's dream of Eugene Aram, with four stern-faced men, etc.

And Brough and Sala walked between,
With gyves upon their wrists.

The Savage Club was founded in 1857. As it has achieved sufficient fame to call forth some interest in its origin and rise, and as several versions have been placed before the public, more or less authoritatively, I crave permission here to give my own version of the facts to the best and truest of my recollection and belief. As I have had occasion to remark in an earlier part of these reminiscences, memory is a capricious faculty, and apt to prove treacherous and delusive ; I wish it to be distinctly understood, therefore, that I do not claim undeniable authenticity for

my version, the less so as it differs most materially from that put forth by the distinguished writer of the "Echoes of the Week," in the *Illustrated London News*, who "speaks with authority on the matter." Let it be taken then simply *pro tanto*.

About two years past, at the annual dinner of the Savage Club, M. Henri van Laun, in proposing the toast of "French Literature and the French Drama," stated incidentally that the club was named after Richard Savage.

In the ensuing week's "Echoes," Mr. G. A. Sala told his esteemed friend Van Laun, that he was wholly in error, and that there never was any connection between the two names; moreover, that his late lamented friend Robert Brough would have shrunk with horror from any association with the name of such a scamp as Richard Savage. I will not take the cudgels up here for the memory and fame of poor Dick Savage, but I must say that the lofty scorn and contempt for the unhappy Bohemian of last century, attributed to Robert Brough, must surely have taken its rise in a mis-remembrance of G. A. Sala. If the stern moralist, Samuel Johnson, could find it in his wide heart to sympathize with the misfortunes and sorrows of Richard Savage: surely Robert Brough, who had in his moral composition none of the sternness of the sturdy old doctor, but all his genuine goodness and sterling humanity, would have been the last man to entertain, much less profess, scorn and contempt for the ill-fated stray.

In the first series of the "Savage Club Papers," the late Andrew Halliday, one of the original founders of the club, in stating his recollection of the formation of the club, says distinctly that it was Robert Brough who adopted the notion of calling the "new institution" after Richard Savage, to show that there was no pride about us.

I remember distinctly that in one of my heart effusions in the midst of the small knot of authors, journalists, and artists who used to meet some twenty-six or seven years since at the White Hart Tavern, I said, looking around me: "I see Otways before me who have not yet felt the want of a penny loaf, Chattertons—guiltless of literary forgeries and suicidal thoughts, *Savages*, a great many *Savages*—who have never yet seen the inside of a jail." These words of mine were incorporated in a speech attributed to me by Robert Brough, in a humorous paper of his in the first number of the *Train*, a monthly magazine started by a band of writers under the leadership of Edmund Yates.* It was Robert Brough

* Edmund Yates, I am happy to say, ranks among my best and staunchest old friends. He has more than once taken my defence when I have been unfairly assailed by powerful adversaries. What though

who, at a later period, when we contemplated forming ourselves into a club, suggested (not as Halliday states in the preface to the first series of the "Savage Club Papers," adopted) Richard Savage for our godfather. And it was John Deffet Francis, a very old and very dear friend of mine, happily still to the fore, who suggested the alternative meaning of the name. "If we mean," he said—as reported by Halliday, only erroneously put into the mouth of Robert Brough—"that we are *sovi*, why then it will be a pleasant surprise for those who may join us to find the wigwam an abode of 'savages' upon the *lucus à non lucendo* principle."

John Deffet Francis also presented the new "reunion" incontinently with a choice assortment of tomahawks, boomerangs, assegais, and other weapons of savage warfare.

John Deffet Francis' idea underlies the conception of the frontispiece to the first series of the "Savage Club Papers," drawn by poor dear William Brunton, now, alas! no more, and engraved by the genial Dalziel Brothers. So much for the name of the club.

Now, as regards the founders of the club, I much regret that I cannot make my recollection of the facts and circumstances connected with the origin of the club tally with those of the distinguished writer of "Echoes," who affirms authoritatively that he was one of the *seven or eight* founders of the club. I am convinced my most esteemed and very old friend Sala will pardon me if I venture to point out to him that the club took its first rise in the meetings of a certain number of literati and artists, and a few outsiders, at the White Hart Tavern, some twenty-six or seven years ago. If I can trust my memory, there were the four brothers Brough (William, Robert, John, and Lionel, the latter a mere youth at the time), Godfrey Turner, Andrew Halliday, T. Archer, Dr. Frank, J. D. Francis, Edward Draper, Charles Bennett, William M'Connell, James Kenney, W. Romer, Horace and Percy St. John, Augustus Mayhew, G. A. Sala, John Bridgeman, who would drop in occasionally, also F. Lawrence, R. Flinders (of Coutts' Bank), A. Flinders (of the East India House), H. N. Tooby (of Coutts'), Benjamin Clayton, and myself. All these might claim a right to figure among

he be somewhat worldly now, he has grown so of the *World*, the same as Sala once averred to have grown "*streety*" of the streets.

Once upon a time witty Henry Byron came "promiscuously" upon three gentlemen walking arm-in-arm in Fleet Street: the man of the *World* to wit, the man of *Truth*, and stout Arthur Sketchley. "Be ye greeted," Byron cried, "ye three greatest enemies of man—World, Flesh, and Devil."

the founders of the club, at least among the original members. But if the term "founder" is meant to apply simply to the nine members who, on a certain day in the summer, 1857, went to the Crown Hotel, in Vinegar Yard, to arrange with the landlord of that place, Mr. Lawson, about the hiring of the first-floor front, then I, who can speak authoritatively upon the matter, seeing that I was one of the nine—the other eight being J. Kenney, A. Flinders, Robert Brough, William Brough, Lionel Brough, W. Romer, Dr. Frank, and Fred Lawrence—can only say that Sala was not with us on that occasion, nor was Halliday. William Brough represented also Edward Draper, and I, to the best of my recollection, held Francis' proxy, Charley Bennett's, and Halliday's. Out of the thirteen here named, only four survive, to wit, Lionel Brough, Edward Draper, John Deffet Francis, and myself. I may add here that Lionel Brough's recollection of the fact tallies entirely with my own.

So soon as preliminaries were settled we invited about eighty men of letters and artists to join us. Most of them accepted, and became *ipso facto* original members of the new club—without ballot. I think the books of the club will bear me out in this. For a long time I was present at every sitting of the committee. There was no pretence originally about our new club. We made Halliday honorary secretary and treasurer. Our annual subscription was and remained for years ten shillings, and most of the members were always sadly in arrear even with that modest amount. Our Saturday dinners, which were one of the chief features of the new club, ranged from two shillings to half-a-crown; our annual dinners from three-and-six to five shillings.

Like true Bohemians, we were *extensively migratory*—wandering from one hostelry to another.

When my dear old chum Tegetmeier joined the club the treasurership was entrusted to him, which simply meant that he was authorised to pay the rent of the club-room, and other incidental expenses, out of his own pocket, and try to get his outlay back again as best he might from the sadly arrearate members. When, after some five or six years, he ceded his truly honorary office to Charles Millward, we presented him with a microscope, in acknowledgment of his most excellent and most thoroughly disinterested services to the club. Yet such was our savage perversity that when Charles Quin proposed "that this testimonial be presented to W. B. Tegetmeier for having for years embezzled the funds of the club," the worse than basely ungrateful resolution was carried by acclamation.

My dear old friend Charles Millward, the new "treasurer," succeeded to a most honorary quasi-sinecure, in so far as receipts

were concerned at least, in the first few years of his office, but to a most arduous responsibility in all matters connected with expenses, such as payment of rent, etc. Well, he "embezzled" the funds of the club for years in the same way as Teg had done before him, but by this time we had grown so callous in our ingratitude that we did not think even of presenting him with a testimonial. Nay, dear little Jeff Prowse, in the outrageous exuberance of his fancy, made him, in his letter from Nice, "figure again in the Divorce Court!"—Millward, of all men, whom we all knew to be most exemplary in all relations of domestic life. Charles Millward has been consistently kind to me ever since I knew him first, some twenty odd years ago. He gave me work on *Porcupine* at a time when the Bohemian soil was stony to me indeed.

Yes, the Savage Club was a small acorn once, but it held within it the germ of the stately oak to which it appears to be growing now. I feel proud, indeed, when I think that I was one, albeit the humblest, of the band that planted the acorn and lovingly tended the young tree.

In 1863 I presided over the annual Savages' dinner, my very excellent friend George Rose Arthur Sketchley—alas! now no more—in the vice-chair. I remember it was a grand affair. The club mustered in great strength. Benjamin Webster was there—he pleaded guilty to something like seventy then, if I misremember not; he has grown younger since.* Dear old George Cruikshank was there too, bemusing himself with the Chinese shrub infusion, and preaching total abstinence to all around him. Colonel Richards was there, and W. Wilson, and Elwes, and Watkins, and a host of others, including, of course, those staunch pillars of the noble institution, the then surviving three Broughs. Thomas Spencer was there, and Jonas Levy, and Halliday, and Tegetmeier, and James Lowe, who relieved me of some of my arduous duties as chairman. I had to make a great many speeches, by one of which I brought down upon me in full force irate George Cruikshank, by simply referring to my feelings of happiness in my early childhood when I first cast eyes upon his illustrations to "Peter Schlemihl." He abused me like a pick-pocket, sneeringly insinuating that I was much older then than he could ever hope to grow to! In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Savage Club," I grew slightly sentimental, I remember. Alluding to the many and evil days of the years of

* This truly well-graced actor has also left the great world-stage since the lines in the text were written. He died at the patriarchal age of eighty-five.

my pilgrimage, I proclaimed my heartfelt gratitude for my connection with the club, which I attributed to the beneficent all-pervading law of compensation. In the very problematic event of any possibly surviving friends subscribing for a tombstone to be placed over the spot where I might at last find rest, I desired this epitaph to be inscribed thereon. "Siste, viator! but do not drop the pitying tear; for though he who lieth here after life's fitful fever had his full share of affliction, he lived and died a MEMBER OF THE SAVAGE CLUB, so the sum of his happiness was necessarily greater than the sum of his sufferings." Alas! this consoling flattering unction I can no longer lay to my vexed soul. Repeated absences on the Continent, and long-continued intermission of remittances of subscriptions, have had their baneful effect upon the Old Bohemian's membership. Yes, new Pharaohs have arisen who knew not Joseph—and who know him not.*

It was Fred Lawrence who made the preliminary arrangements with Lawson. When the committee of nine proceeded to Vinegar Yard to settle finally, there were ten of them—if such a venerable Irish bull may be permitted to pass muster here—for the famous wizard of the North, Rob Roy McGregor Anderson, was with us though not of us. He attended us as a kind of *amicus curiæ* to facilitate negotiations, as he knew Lawson well. Anderson was a curious compound. He was kind-hearted and good-natured, and could be most gentlemanly in manners and speech; yet he would occasionally indulge in language that would make one's hair stand on end. I knew only one other man who could hold his own against him in that rather undesirable line—the late Edward Tyrrel Smith, then manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

Man is an emulative animal. These two strove in rivalry to achieve pre-eminence in Billingsgate, and, strange to relate, perhaps, they had a regular contest for the championship and for five pounds a side. The match came off in the White Hart parlour. James Leander and Jack Lomax, both past masters of the craft, were appointed judges. There were present on the occasion, besides these two renowned slangers and pyglossists, Lawrence, Robert and William Brough, James Kenney, William Romer, Augustus and Horace Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Alexis

* I confess, with intensest gratification and gratitude, that I was grievously erring in the fact and sentiment stated and expressed here in the text. The noble Savages have nobly made me a Life member of the glorious Club. So the epitaph may stand; I only trust it will not be required this century, at least.

Soyer, myself, and a few more. Soyer did not stay long; Lawrence and Kenney followed very shortly after; Robert and William Brough and myself also speedily took refuge outside at the bar, where we were soon joined by the two Mayhews, Mark Lemon, and some others. The two "rival champions" had been at it barely a full quarter of an hour, when they found themselves alone in the room with the "judges." Five minutes more, and Jack Lomax came out with a rueful face. "No," he said, with a melancholy head-shake, "nobody can stand *that*." Another minute, and James Leander rushed from the parlour. "For mercy's sake," he cried to the barman, "hand us four of whisky cold, to take the nasty taste out of my mouth. Faugh! I never heard anything like this before." So the two rivals had to agree to make it a drawn battle.

Anderson had another strong ambition. The great magician loved dearly to shine on the theatrical stage. He thought he alone could do justice to Rob Roy McGregor, in which character he appeared at Covent Garden. Now Charles Mathews, objecting to the Wizard's poaching on the dramatic domain, resolved to apply the *argumentum ad hominem* to the offender. He engaged Drury Lane for a series of legerdemain, prestidigitation, and prestigation performances. You see Charley could do almost anything he liked to put his mind or his hand to.

I had the good fortune to be present at the first *séance*, which was truly first-rate, the amateur wizard being every bit as good as the professional. Among a variety of tricks, Charles performed also the umbrella trick—that is to say, he did not exactly perform it, but stopped short at the suspension of the article in mid-air, urgently inviting the attention of the spectators to the umbrella, and entreating them not to lose sight of it for a single instant.

Well, throughout the performance every eye was fixed upon the blessed umbrella, every one being eager to know what would be the upshot of the trick introduced with such solicitude by the amateur magician.

The performance came to an end, however, and Charley was on the point of withdrawing with a bow, evidently forgetting all about the umbrella trick, when he was reminded of the omission by the whole body of spectators *uni sono*. He came back, took down the umbrella, and expressed his "heart-felt thanks" to the spectators for their solicitous care of his property. "You see, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I bought this umbrella this morning, and paid a guinea for it; and I know by dire experience that theatres are not exactly the most honest

places—lots of people about, who would not mind walking off with a really good article like this,” opening and shutting the umbrella, and glancing all over it admiringly. “So I took the liberty to ask you to look carefully after it for me; and I have to thank you again, ladies and gentlemen, for having done so.” Another deep bow, and exit Charles Mathews.

Some years before the establishment of the Savage Club, the magician-knight of the North, in conjunction with his doughty squire Hingston, gave a grand spread to the Press, in the green-room of the Lyceum Theatre.

The peremptory summons to attend and fail not, under the direst penalties, a most truculent document, was devised by George Augustus Sala, and lithographed by Day. It duly bore cord and dagger in the seal.

It was rather more fully and amply responded to, I remember, than was quite comfortable to those who attended. There was room for about thirty in the green-room to sit down to supper, whilst some hundred and fifty or sixty came to the spread.

I came with John and George Bridgeman and Holt. We were rather late, and found the green-room fully occupied. However, we levied heavy toll upon the cold fowl and the wine within our reach, and we planted ourselves in a snug corner, ready—and eke willing—to do battle to the death against any audacious pirate who should feel disposed to pounce down upon our gallant galley, freighted with four roast chickens, and ample supply of bread, and seven bottles of various sorts of wine, also two knives, one fork, two glasses, a salt-cellar, and two plates, a sound one and a cracked one.

I am sadly afraid many of the invited guests had to go short of supplies. I know we had to take compassion upon Charles Lamb Kenney, who was desolately roaming about in search of sustenance.

Somehow this created an uncomfortable feeling; and though fresh relays of supplies were procured in the course of the evening and early night, through the humane exertions of E. P. Hingston, there was bitter discontent, which culminated at last in open defiance of the summons to leave, many of the invited guests declaring their determination not to go home till daylight. The fire-engine had to be called in at last to play upon the recalcitrants. I remember I had to take Edwin Roberts away by main force, and he, generally a mild fellow, and a very good friend of mine, went about the remainder of the night thirsting for my blood.

Edward P. Hingston was one of the best of men, with a soul attuned to poetry and high thought. He was a passionate admirer of Longfellow. He was Anderson's acting manager and factotum at the Lyceum, where he had a small room near the roof, which he dubbed "the treasury." One day Hingston got me up there, and cornered me safely, beyond the power of giving him the slip. He then drew from his pocket his pet poet's then latest production, the "Song of Hiawatha," and read it to me from the first line to the last! The good fellow really thought he was giving me a great treat; whilst he was simply making me feel most uncomfortable, and at last almost angry with him. I tried every dodge to make him stop. I even told him I was sure the Lyceum was on fire. It was all in vain; he would not budge an inch, until the "Song of Hiawatha" was sung to the last line, when he asked me, with tears in his eyes and emotional sobs in his voice, what I thought of *that* for a poem. Well, he was such a sterling good fellow that I hypocritically expressed my delight to him, and my "sincerest" thanks for having given me "such a treat!" But I mentally resolved that he should never corner me again, though we both should live to the age of Methuselah. From that time I hated the very sound of the names Hiawatha, Minnehaha, and the rest of them, and even took an unreasoning dislike to poor Longfellow.

Another reminiscence of the Lyceum. When Falconer, with Chatterton for his acting manager, opened the theatre with "Woman; or, Love against the World," matters wore a most depressing aspect. At half-past four in the afternoon of the opening night, the indispensable "drawing-room" furniture for one of the most important scenes had not yet been procured. It could not be hired, as Mr. Arnold, the proprietor, made it an invariable rule never to allow a single article once brought into the house to be taken out again; and there was no money to purchase what was required, nor tick to be obtained. At last Chatterton managed to get part of the indispensable furniture upon his own personal guarantee, and a piece of cheap chintz was bought to cover half-a-dozen or so rickety old chairs, so as to make them presentable. Yet this piece was the beginning of a prosperous season. "Peep o' Day," which succeeded it, was still vastly more successful, landing the lucky manager safe, with some twelve thousand pounds* on the right side of the ledger; which he incontinently set about throwing into the insatiable maw of Drury Lane, that

* I have reason to believe that the net profits amounted to over sixteen thousand pounds, which were divided between Falconer and Chatterton, two thirds to the former, one third to the latter.

has ground to very small dust the substance of many managers, and is, unhappily, likely to make many more victims.

When "Bonnie Dundee" had turned out a gigantic failure, and "Manfred," which Chatterton, who always knew ten times as much about the proper management of a theatre as Falconer ever did, had insisted upon producing in lieu of Falconer's desperate Irish attempts, just kept the house open, a splendid speculative thought suggested itself to Chatterton, and was eagerly caught up by Falconer, and, if I mistake not, by a gentleman of great wealth, willing to advance the necessary funds to carry the conception into execution. It was simply to secure the services of Mrs. Yelverton to perform the part of the heroine in "Woman ; or, Love against the World." I was chosen to conduct the negotiation with the lady. A brilliant offer was made to her through me. She was to enter into an engagement for five years to perform in that one character in Great Britain and Ireland, and in America and Australia, in consideration of a "screw" of two thousand pounds sterling a year, fully secured to her.

I believe she would gladly have accepted the tempting offer but for her sister's opposition and Mr. Whiteside's adverse advice. She had also at the time just entered into an engagement with Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, to write for *Cassell's Magazine*, and she had a strong inner conviction that she possessed a pretty talent for literary composition. Still, I am sure I should have brought matters to a satisfactory conclusion had I but been left to manage them in my own way. Unluckily, the principals got impatient, and essayed to force the lady's will. The result was a final break-off of the negotiation.

I have reason to believe that the lady was very, very sorry afterwards. It was a sad pity for all parties that foolish pride and spurious sentiment were permitted to wreck one of the most safely-promising speculations. It was no fault of mine or of Chatterton's, who in fact did everything in his power to guard Falconer's truest interests throughout his connection with him both at the Lyceum and at Drury Lane.

I have known Chatterton many years, and I have found him throughout a sterling man and an excellent friend. In 1868 he brought out a small farce of mine at Drury Lane, and bought it of me after it had run its time. So it could not have been so very, very bad. At least, I can conscientiously aver that it was an improvement upon my first juvenile effort of "One Kiss, Three Kicks," and upon an ambitious attempt to shine in light French comedy which I perpetrated some forty odd

years ago at Besançon, under the equally ambitious title of "Raquettes et Volants." I wrote it for a company of amateurs—young students. It was intended to introduce my lectures on French literature to an appreciative public. I am sorry to say it did not draw much. The performers, you see, were not quite up to the mark: they, of course, imputed the fault to the piece and its author; but that was only their spite, born of their disappointment. Be this as it may, I have at all events much improved since, and I only wish an intelligent and enterprising manager would try my comedy of "An Appalling Appetite," or my screaming farce of "Three Noses." *Verbum sap.*

Another reminiscence of the Lyceum.

The great Northern Wizard's most courteous and obliging manager, Edward P. Hingston, took a benefit. A number of professionals and amateurs, of a variety of talents, gave him their generous and zealous assistance, among others, George Augustus Sala, Morris Barnett, Harry Boleno, and Leigh Murray. The latter excellent actor, but wondrously weak vessel in the way of soberness, or rather the lack of it, fell a victim to temptation in the afternoon of the day of the benefit performance. So we thought it the wiser course to send him home, and inform Hingston of the *contretemps*. In response to loud calls for Leigh Murray and Hingston, the latter came forward with a neat set speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am Mr. Hingston. I beg to assure you that Mr. Murray is not in the theatre." Here he was interrupted by shouts of laughter. For, behold! there was Leigh, who had given us the slip, hanging out of one of the boxes in the attitude of Punchinello, one of his favourite characters, smiling inanely upon the audience! Hingston was full of the sweetest milk of human kindness. I believe he could have given odds even to E. L. Blanchard; but I am afraid on that inauspicious occasion some of it turned considerably sour.

One last reminiscence of the Lyceum. It was in March, 1860, that the Savage Club gave its great performance there of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," followed by an entirely new version of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," the joint production of Planché, Byron, Leicester Buckingham, Frank Talfourd, William and Robert Brough, and, in some trifling measure at least, Fred Lawrence. Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal family, honoured the amateur attempt with their presence.

Dear old Planché, whom everybody knew, and whom every one loved that knew him! he is now gone to his long rest, after a long, laborious, and useful life, full of years and honour.

It was shortly before this well-graced actor left this earthly stage that I met him for the last time at Tinsley's. He liked William Tinsley, and was always delighted to pass an hour or so in his society, to discuss theatricals with him. On this occasion he came from Burlington House, where he had been to see the pictures of the Academic exhibition. He was in right good humour and in rare trim of his fanciful brilliancy of mind. "I handed my stick to the keeper," he told us; "and giving me a deposit voucher he said something about ninety-eight to me. 'No, my friend, you are out in your reckoning there, by many years, let me assure you,' I replied to him. 'Ninety-eight, indeed! Had you said eighty-two, you would have been nearer the mark.' Well, the man looked at me completely flabbergasted, and actually begged my pardon, mumbling something about that it was not me he meant, but my stick."

Among the performers in the comedy were three brothers Brough—Robert, William, and John—Frank Talfourd, Halliday, Sidney French, Draper, Crawford Wilson, Byron, Deffet Francis, Furtado, and my humble self; Lionel Brough, Hollingshead, Tegetmeier, William M'Connell, Charles Bennett, Julian Portch, and a host of other members of the club played in the burlesque: so did Albert Smith, who played on the piano, and was gratefully presented by William Brough, in the name of the Forty Thieves, with a piece of plate, of the original willow pattern. This somewhat disconcerted poor Albert, who looked upon it as a very bad joke, and was correspondingly wroth in our dressing-room after.

Crawford Wilson and Henry J. Byron respectively played the parts of Joseph and Charles Surface. As the former spoke with a slight Irish accent, which some people given to exaggeration called a brogue, the *Entr'acte* speculated upon how it had come to pass that one of the brothers had been brought up at Cork, the other in Cockayne.

The performance was for the benefit of the widows of Bayle St. John and Dr. Gustavus Frank, two members of the club, then recently deceased.

Dr. Gustavus Frank was one of the chief actors in the Vienna rising of 1848. In the defence of the city against Windischgrätz he was aide-de-camp to the ill-fated Messenhauser and to Bem. Dr. Frank was one of the most accomplished men I have ever met with in my rather long career. The younger

son of a wealthy Vienna banker, he had received the highest university education then attainable in Austria. He was Doctor of Laws of the University of Padua. His linguistic accomplishments were many and various. Strange to say, he would never take kindly to English, though he passed the last nine years of his life in London, and could manage English literary composition pretty well. He had been an officer in the Austrian army, in which his elder brother rose to the very highest grade but one; but his liberal aspirations had soon driven him from the military service. He was a prolific dramatic author, with an unlucky foible for theatrical management. He had been engaged in several large stage speculations, I believe, which had turned out the reverse of successful. He was a great artist in colours, and painted extremely well; so well, indeed, that the late Mr. Richardson, of the Westminster Road, would occasionally lend twenty to twenty-five pounds upon certain choice productions of his pencil. A friend and pupil of Bosco's, he had acquired a rare proficiency in legerdemain, which he would occasionally exhibit for the delectation of a circle of intimate friends. Public exhibitions of his truly astonishing talent in this line he peremptorily declined, though very acceptable pecuniary offers were made him. I know that Anderson once actually proposed a partnership to the doctor; and it would have been the best spec he ever made in his life—only that Frank could not be prevailed upon to appear in public as a prestidigitator. I had once seen Bosco perform a marvellous card-trick at the Café de la Perle, in Lyons. The great magician was playing piquet with a young gentleman, who after a time complained that he never by any chance got an ace in his hand when Bosco was dealing. "You shall have no reason to complain again of lack of aces in your hand," said the Chevalier, dealing out the cards. As the youth took up the first four cards, his face brightened considerably; but as he proceeded, it assumed a look of blank amazement: the Chevalier had dealt him three complete sets of aces. I told this to Frank one day. Well, on that very night he quietly did the same trick at William Brough's, and he repeated it several times without any of us being able to detect the exchange of the packs of cards, although we watched him most narrowly.

In conjunction with William Brough, he wrote a comedy, "A Tale of a Coat," which was brought out at the Haymarket; and a farce, "More Kicks than Halfpence," which had a short run on the boards of the Lyceum. He had no luck, poor fellow! whilst his brother, rising from grade to grade up to field-marshal-lieutenant, was ultimately made Minister of War in the even memorable year 1866, when he organized, jointly with Benedek,

the disastrous campaign which ended in the utter overthrow of Austria and her German allies. The Austrian Government had treated the younger brother very indifferently at least; and had Windischgrätz but been able to catch him, he would have had him shot without mercy, the same as poor Messenhauser and other patriots. Those who believe in a Nemesis of history, and are maliciously given, might be tempted to speculate upon the disastrous results brought years after upon the said Government, partly, at least, through the involuntary agency of this so much-favoured elder brother.

Dr. Frank painted exquisitely on ivory and porcelain. For years he subsisted entirely upon the productions of his brush and pencil. He was long in the employment of the London Stereoscopic Company, to retouch and finish portraits, etc. He also painted dozens upon dozens of quaint German landscapes, with village clocks and clockwork—unhappily at a wretchedly low remuneration.

Dr. Frank was one of the original founders of the Savage Club.

Dr. Karl Tausenau was a more important leader still in the great Vienna rising of 1848, which, had it had full success in conjunction with the Hungarian insurrection, would have changed the face of Europe and saved the world rivers of blood and horrors unspeakable.

Tausenau was a born orator, with a surprising power of swaying the masses, and even forcing assent, however reluctantly given, from men of the highest order of intellect. He was an accomplished linguist, one of the best and soundest classical scholars of our time, no mean Orientalist, and a fluent, accentless speaker of seven European languages—German, Czech, Italian, French, English, Magyar, and Dutch, to wit. Cardinal Mezzofant alone might excel him in his truly marvellous linguistic acquirements. Strange to say, he was but an indifferent writer. He, the man who for three days running kept the Hungarian Diet at Presburg enthralled under the spell of his eloquence in Magyar, and upon whom the Hungarians bestowed the name of the German Kossuth, could not draw up a terse and concise proclamation. English he spoke with rare fluency. At a great international meeting held in London in 1851, he interpreted to the English section, *currente lingua* (if the expression may pass), the speeches made in five different languages—a feat which I never heard achieved before nor since.

Tausenau was a profound historian, a really good rational physician, and an accomplished cook. Barring the epithets, there

was thus a threefold bond of union between us, and we were indeed fast friends. Every great man has his foibles. Tausenau was no exception to the rule. This man of such immense brain-power worshipped his stomach. A Lucullus and an Apicius rolled into one could barely have given an adequate notion of his intense gastrolatry. His enemies would even dub him "*Vitellius redivivus*." This was a vile calumny, however, for Tausenau certainly had nothing whatever of *that* disgusting beast about him. No matter, Karl Tausenau is years since gone to the mysteries beyond, where we may hope to find the grosser part of our poor humanity stripped off, and whither all of us will have to journey, sooner or later—ay, very considerably sooner if Mr. Proctor is right in his lugubrious vaticinations.*

Another dear intimate of mine in the olden days had also been an actor in the disastrous Vienna drama of 1848—nay, a most important leader in that sad affair, if you took his own word for it—Karl Formes to wit, the famous basso profundo, the most extensive and persistent romancer it has ever been my good or evil fortune in life to meet with—barring perhaps James Kenney, or rather I might say these two were absolute parallels in this high line of imaginative art, very gemini of transcendent fiction!

Karl was one of four brothers, all of them gifted with magnificent voices. Their father was precentor of Mülheim, a suburb of Cologne. Karl passed his obligatory military service in the Prussian artillery. The officers of his corps were in the habit of indulging in private theatricals. They discovered that young Formes possessed a powerful natural organ, and had great histrionic talent. After his time of service was over, they persuaded him to take to the lyrical stage for a living. He soon made his way. On the occasion of Standigl's illness, the young bass singer, then in Vienna, was invited to sing the part of that greatest of popular favourites. Despite his rather imperfect musical training, his splendid natural voice and his marvellous adaptability to circumstances and exigencies carried him triumphantly through this most severe ordeal. His fortune was made. With the stamp of the Vienna *cognoscenti* upon him, he might command the highest terms in every capital of Europe.

He happened to be at Vienna in the hot days of 1848, and he took part in the rising. He used to tell us his reminiscences of the stormy events of that feverish time. One evening

* I have heard since that the great astronomer has been grievously misunderstood, and that he, on the contrary, handsomely gives our globe "millions of years" to live—which is tidings of comfort and joy!

an admiring circle of friends sat gathered around him at the Café National, in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, which was then kept by a worthy German of the name of Küper. Frank, Tausenau, Götze, and myself, were of the number. In the excitement of his narrative, his romancing disposition carried him rapidly through the several grades from lieutenant to colonel in the course of a single afternoon, when he had performed marvels of personal valour; among other wondrous feats and deeds, fearlessly crossing no less than six distinct times a road swept by a very hailstorm of the largest cannon balls, to carry messages from Messenhauser to Bem, and back again. He had the inconceivable audacity to tell us this in presence of Frank, who had been on the spot at the time, as aide-de-camp to Messenhauser. Nay, he appealed to Frank in support of his statement, well knowing, of course, that that gentle-minded man would not hurt his feelings by a direct contradiction. Frank simply smiled, and made a wondrous face at me, in which amazement was blended with amusement. But Tausenau pulled Formes up short, as soon as he had advanced to full colonel. "Nay, Karl," he said, "stop here, or we may have you field-marshal-general ere we separate for the night."

He used to tell us marvellous tales of his intimacy with Emperors and Kings and Grand Dukes, and for the matter of that, Grand Duchesses and Princesses of every grade and variety.

In illustration of the fearful system of police spying and delation and tyranny holding supreme sway in Russia under the Czar Nicholas, he told us how the Grand Duchess Maria, wife of Maximilian of Leuchtenberg, had tearfully entreated him to be most circumspect in his sayings and doings, and above all things cautious in his relations with the Court, so that he might avoid giving Orloff, the then Chief of the High Police of the Empire, cause for suspicion and jealousy (!), as even her father, the Czar himself, would be powerless to protect him against Orloff! Nay, the almighty Nicholas had never ventured to talk *à cour ouvert* to him, until he had made quite sure that Orloff was not near, or any of his spies!

With King Frederick William IV. of Prussia Formes was on the most intimate terms. That monarch would familiarly call him "Karl," and treat him profusely to the then famous widow of Rheims, out of his own most private cellar. "Karl," his Majesty would exclaim, on such occasions (I suppose, if true, it must have been after the third or fourth bottle)—"Karl, I am not happy. This trade of Royalty overtaxes my strength. How willingly would I give up my crown and sceptre to be thou!" And then the mighty ruler over so many millions would weep on

the loyal bosom of his faithful bass singer. It was as good as a play to hear Formes in these fancy pictures.

The Prince of Prussia also, the present Emperor of Germany, was passionately fond of Formes—according to the latter's own statement, of course. Only his liking was not so much of the artist as of the artillerist. "Formes," his royal highness would say to him—he never took the familiar liberty of calling him Karl—"Formes, I admit I admire you as a singer; but I liked you still better as a bombardier. Why the deuce must you leave the army? I would have taken care of your rapid advancement."

Poor Karl!—the pet of Kings and Emperors. He came down again to obscure German music-halls. He also is long since gone to where there is no rank or station, no story-telling.

I have mentioned the name of James Kenney in connection with the great Karl's gift of romancing. James Kenney was a very dear friend of mine. He had in his composition all the elements of the making of a distinguished character. He was an excellent linguist; he knew Spanish and French very well indeed. He was an accomplished draughtsman, and possessed artistic talent of no mean order. Had he taken to the drama, I am sure he would have been universally acknowledged as the worthy son and successor of the author of "Sweethearts and Wives." In any other branch of literature he might have been the equal, at least, of his own talented brother, Charles Lamb Kenney, lately deceased.

Nature had gifted James Kenney with a prodigiously inventive memory and the most wonderful constructive power of imagination. The stories he used to tell would make one's hair stand right on end with amaze and admiration, there was such wealth of detail about them; and I never knew him at a loss to meet and victoriously overcome sceptic objections.

I once heard him tell poor Edmund Falconer—then in the full glow and sunshine of "Peep o' Day"—a wondrous tale of a marvellous parrot, once owned by his (Kenney's) father, and sharing with a mischievous monkey the affection of that tender-hearted Cowporean. Master Monkey, the tale ran, being jealously inclined, took a dislike to poor Poll, and meditated mischief against her. He had frequently watched the cook pluming fowls; so one fine day in winter the vile wretch took advantage of being left alone with Poll, seized upon the unhappy bird, and stripped it of every feather. When Mr. Kenney, senior, walked accidentally in, he found the ruffian ape in a state of intensest delight, chattering madly away at the shrieking parrot, which was just on the point of expiring, plaintively uttering, "Brr! Brr! how very cold to be sure!"

This was rather too strong a dose for Falconer to swallow without demur, so he told Kenney point-blank that he did not believe a word of it. "How," he asked triumphantly, in the course of his argument in refutation, "how was it possible for an animal, having merely instinct to guide it, to give such convincing proof of the possession of ratiocinative powers as this would imply?"

James listened indulgently to Falconer's acute remarks, then he replied, with a smile of conscious superiority: "Ah, Falconer, you think you have knocked me out of time. It is mostly the way with people to darken counsel by words without understanding. Parrots, you say, speak by imitation alone, from a dim mechanical sound-recollection. Who tells you that this was not so with Poll? Why, the poor parrot was nearly always present when my father took his cold morning bath, which in winter time generally made him shiver, and exclaim in the very same words used by the ill-fated bird in its agony, 'Brr! Brr! how very cold to be sure!' Most likely, Falconer, you never heard the veracious story of the famous raven of Covent Garden Market? Well, I'll tell it to you. This raven had pervaded the place for years, and had picked up a great many odds and ends and snatches of the market-people's talk. One day Master Raven sat on his favourite roof, when a mischievous urchin threw a heavy stone up at it, which hit the unlucky bird fatally. It tumbled down from the roof to the pavement. In its dying agony it feebly croaked, 'Broke my back, by G—d!' Now to a verity the poor raven had broken its back; yet was there no process of ratiocination in its dying declaration. It was simply a dim mechanical sound-remembrance of what it had so often heard market-porters exclaim under exceptionally heavy burdens."

The great Edmund, whether convinced or not by this brilliant demonstration, was silenced at least, and went on his way pondering.

And to hear James tell these stories in a thoroughly French manner, with a semi-Gallic accent, and interspersing his talk with periodical small lip-explosions, was a rich treat indeed.

James Kenney had a curious knack of imagining slices of luck to have come to him unexpectedly; and being truly a good, generous fellow, he would often strive to make his friends sharers in his good fortune in imagination. I remember how liberally he on one occasion bestowed fifty pounds upon me in this fashion. He had introduced me to a near relative of his who wanted a competent translator for a certain technical work. Well, I did the work, but I found the expected and stipulated reward of merit wondrously backward in coming forth. For a time I entertained

the insane idea that persevering applications would in the end succeed in obtaining at least partial payment; but I found it no go. Still, great are the pleasures of hope; so I persevered for a time. Once, on my way on a dunning expedition to my debtor, I met James Kenney, who looked wondrously cheerful. He asked me not to trouble about those paltry eighteen pounds which his relative owed me, but to come along with him, and listen to what he had to tell me.

Years before, he said, when a good thumping legacy had unexpectedly come to him, he had lent a friend four hundred pounds. The said friend had betaken himself suddenly to the Australian colonies, and he had not heard of him or his money until this very morning, when he had received a letter from a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn-Fields. "Here is the letter," he said, putting his hand to his breast-pocket. The letter was not there, however, as he had inadvertently left it in his other coat. But what of that? He had a careless habit of leaving his vouchers at home. The letter was to inform him that Mr. Jerningham—James was always particular in names, which he kept in unerring remembrance—had made a large fortune in Australia, and had instructed his solicitor to pay Mr. Kenney six hundred pounds—four hundred loan, and two hundred interest gratefully added. Next morning, at ten, James was to touch the cash, of which he promised me there and then a free gift of fifty pounds. At this juncture Bill Romer came up, who was at once made a sharer in the good news, with a generous promise of a donation of twenty pounds. Well, we went on our way rejoicing. Next morning James was not to be seen, which made me at once, in vulgar parlance, smell a rat. But poor Bill, who was of a more trusting nature, and wanted the money still worse than I did, danced attendance for four days in many places where Kenney might be expected to turn up. Then he, too, gave it up as a hopeless job, swearing that James Kenney was the biggest liar in existence. Yet he admitted afterwards, when his ire had cooled down a little, that the mere hope of handling twenty pounds was a pleasurable sensation, and that four days of it was worth something.

James Kenney used to tell an amusing story of Staudigl, whether true or invented I will not venture to decide. The management of Drury Lane, he said, had asked him to teach Staudigl the correct pronunciation of the following short sentence in English: "Pull up the drawbridge, and let no one pass, on peril of your lives!" After several hours' hard work he had succeeded in making his great pupil perfect in this brief sentence, in sound and accent, an achievement upon which he felt disposed to pride himself hugely. Judge of his disgust then, when on the

night of the public performance he heard the great German singer declaim: "Bull up de trawpritch, and led no wone bass, on berill ov your lifes!" It was hard lines indeed.

James's brother, Charles Lamb Kenney, was also what the Yankees call a "notable" man. The mantle of his godfather Elia had at least partly fallen on his shoulders. He was a sound classical scholar, who, however, as a rule, avoided all loud display of his ancient-tongues lore. Still he would come out pretty strongly on occasion.

James Hannay was in the slightly objectionable habit of parading classic quotations by the score before the club, in and out of season, and without the least regard to the feelings of the non-classic members. He would also delight in professing what one of our set, as good a classic as Hannay, used to characterise as an "intrusive familiarity" with the old writers. He would talk of poor Homer as the "heptapolitan blind singer;" Virgil was dubbed by him the sweet Mantuan swan; Aristophanes was the great lasher of follies and foibles, equally at home in the clouds and in the marshes. Some were called "past masters in oratory," others "princes of epigram." Horace was the "dear old fellow," the *filius salarii*,* who imported more than his father's salt into his wondrous productions; and so forth.

Now Robert Brough, among others, disliked being "bombarDED" out of the place, as he expressed it, by having all these ancient "bricks" thrown at his head. One day he complained of this to Charles Kenney who consolingly bade him be of good cheer, as he (Charles) would try to cure Hannay of this annoying habit.

Like all habitual citers, Hannay had a number of pet quotations, all cut and dried, and ready for use on every and any occasion, suitable or otherwise. Now most of these quotations were limited in extent. Charles Kenney studied the entire code carefully, then set diligently about learning by heart the passages immediately preceding and immediately following the quotation as dished up by our great Scotch scholar. So soon as he believed himself firm in the saddle on this field, he went in for tackling poor Hannay, by requesting him to go on with the quotation, or to give the part preceding it, obligingly furnishing him with the cue. Now there are some walking classics who can do this sort of thing easily enough, only Hannay was not one of these. His remembrance of the heads and tails of his favourite quotations broke down, the result of which was that he became very

* In Suetonius' life of Horace the poet's father is said to have been *salsamentarius*, which is the same as *salarium*.

much more chary of them, and would not readily venture upon any in the dread presence of the formidable Charley. One night, however, when he had an aggravated fit of classicity upon him, he assailed Robert Brough with a number of learned quotations, whereupon Robert exclaimed, in comic despair to his brother, "Oh, brother William, look out, look out; see whether you cannot spy Charles Kenney coming this way!"

James Hannay had the ancient lineage and genteel descent foible very strongly developed in him, and he dearly loved to parade before his humble Bohemian friends and companions his familiarity with the great of the land. He was on intimate terms, or nearly so, with a baker's dozen of dukes and marquises, a good round score of earls and viscounts, and the smaller fry of barons and baronets by the hundred.

Robert Brough used to make rare fun of this over-anxious self-assertion. One day, when Hannay was boasting *more suo* of his grand acquaintances in the ranks of the British nobility, Robert heaved a deep, long-drawn sigh. We all looked at him, rather surprised. "What is the matter with you, Bob?" asked Hannay. "Ah," replied Brough, with a melancholy shake of his head, "ah, Jamie, your talk reminds me of a lord whom I once knew; but he is dead now, poor fellow, peace be to his manes!" For that night Hannay dropped Burke and Debrett.

On another occasion Hannay came in full of the reminiscence of a splendid dinner which he had eaten the day before at a grand mansion, but which seemed to have fallen short of his standard by a curious omission. "Strange," he said, by way of introduction, "how manners and customs *will* change. I thought I should never live to see the day when the royal salmon and the lordly turbot would cease to be indispensable dishes on a well-appointed table. Now what do you think of this? I dined yesterday at the Earl of F——'s, and there was positively *no fish*." "What! No fish?" exclaimed Robert Brough, with well-acted assumption of surprise bordering on horror. "No fish! well, that *is* strange." Then, brightening up, as if he had suddenly lighted upon the true and natural explanation of this curious social phenomenon, he added, with innocent naïveté, "Oh, I see, Hannay; they had eaten it all *upstairs*." It was some time before poor Hannay ventured again upon fishy talk in the club-room.*

Hannay professed the deepest detestation of trade and traders.

* "That tale of yours is fishy, old man," says a friend to me; "it has been told of others long before." It may be so. I can only conscientiously aver that I truly believe even now in the absolute correctness of my reminiscence as narrated in the text above, which I therefore decline to delete. Let it be taken *pro tanto*.

This foible of his was so generally known, that dear little Jeff Prowse, in his charming letter from Nice, placed it among the most outrageously absurd items of news which he professed to have received from London, that "Hannay has gone into trade."

In the early days of the Savage Club, when that now full-grown noble institution was still in its first cradle, in the Crown Tavern, Vinegar Yard, I was walking in one afternoon "promiscuous," as Mrs. Arthur Brown used to have it, when I heard a gentleman at the bar ask Lawson for Robert Brough's private address. Boniface, spying my advent, referred the inquirer to me, with a wave of his hand in my direction. Robert Brough had often described to me Hannay's appearance and manners; so when the gentleman turned to me I knew him at once. As a very general rule, I do not dress upon the "four suits a year" principle; I love to be on intimate terms with the coverings of my outer man, which it is difficult to achieve under at least a couple of years' close acquaintance. Now, it seemed to me that the gentleman whom I took to be Mr. Hannay was somehow trying to look me down; so I thought I would be even with him. "Will you give me Mr. Robert Brough's private address?" he asked me, with a somewhat lordly air. "We are not in the habit of giving the private addresses of members of this club to their tradespeople," I replied haughtily. "Tradespeople!" he exclaimed indignantly—"tradespeople indeed! My name is Hannay, sir—James Hannay, sir—and Robert Brough is a most intimate friend of mine." "Ah! Mr. Hannay," I ejaculated, with well-acted rapture, "I am truly delighted to make the acquaintance of the talented author of 'Singleton Fontenoy.' You, whom I have been taught by Bob to regard as a true Bohemian, will, I am sure, excuse my blunder. You see, all of us do not wear the 'warranted of gentle birth' impressed upon our brows." James looked dubious, but he clearly thought it better to let matters rest there.

In the course of the same afternoon we became intimate friends—so intimate, indeed, that he deemed me worthy of a number of introductions to the Mantuan swan, the *filius salarii*, and notably, on this occasion, to the great "Stagirite Peripatetic."* I, as deeming myself in common gratitude bound, treated him in return to some quotations from Kant and Hegel, which I am

* I will not be positive though, whether he quoted him in Greek. My recollection rather tends the other way, the more so as I may honestly avow that if I have but little Latin, I have still less Greek. And I have it upon my friend Draper's authority, that John Bridgeman once sold Hannay, in making him believe the Frog Chorus in Aristophanes' comedy formed the true foundation of the Greek tongue.

afraid he did not catch sufficiently to appreciate at their just value.

In poor dear Jeff Prowse's humorous letter from Nice it is prominently mentioned that "we" of the club "gave a banquet to the whole press of Europe and America"—in 1862, the year of the second London Exhibition.

It was a grand affair, this banquet, and an immense success. It was given at St. James's Hall. W. Donald, the then proprietor of the establishment, truly excelled himself—which was saying immensely much of him in those days. He placed a bill of fare before us such as has hardly ever been equalled, with a profusion of the most generous wines, and at an absurdly low charge—sixteen shillings per head, I think.

We felt proudly conscious that the concentrated eye of the whole civilised world was upon us; and we noble Savages, at least, with the severe stoicism of our savage nature, kept within the bounds of the strictest moderation in every way—all of us but one—one sad exception—my dear old friend George Cruikshank, who got so excited upon green-tea potations, and the bewildering polyglot speeches he had to listen to, that he positively took to saltatory exercises. When, in reply to a question addressed to me anent G. C. by Villemessant, I told that noble Figarist that this was the indisputable chief, the *facile princeps* of total abstainers in Great Britain, he gave me a shrug and a wink of his left eye. His dissent could not have been more eloquently and emphatically expressed, even had he tipped me the Freemasons' sign.

It was on our way home in the morning that the little affair alluded to in Jeff's letter occurred. It was the dear fellow who brought it on, by addressing an evidently dyspeptically-given guardian of the peace by the pet name of the great Minister who had called him and his likes into existence. "Can you give us a light, Bobby?" said Jeff. *Hinc ira!*

In due time the case was ignominiously kicked out of the Marlborough Street Police Court by Mr. Tyrwhitt, despite an unconscionable amount of hard swearing on the part of the police.

The great "International literary, artistic, and political banquet" took place on June 14, 1862.

A few days before the momentous event a number of Savages were gathered in the club-room, in the Lyceum Tavern, Strand. It was a very hot day. Upon the motion of Edward Draper, seconded by Andrew Halliday, it was unanimously resolved to

have a feast of cold viands, flanked by a huge cucumber salad. Draper, W. Romer, Tom Robertson, Harry Angel, and myself proceeded to Covent Garden, where we laid in a dozen or so of large cucumbers, a sufficient supply of onions, tarragon and chervil, vinegar, and best Lucca oil. Upon our return to the club we had dishes, knives, spoons, forks, bowls, plates, and tureens brought up, took off our coats, tucked up our shirt-sleeves, and set to work with a will, peeling and slicing cucumbers, cutting onions, and preparing otherwise for the great Bohemian feast.

Au beau milieu—which means in the very midst of our labour of love—William, the old waiter, suddenly made his appearance in the open door, in a state of absolute flabbergastedness, ushering in a "Foreign Press Deputation," who followed close on his heels, and who were down upon us before we could say, "Jack Robinson." *Figaro* Villemessant was at the head of the said deputation, who were all of them rigged out in full fig, displaying extensive gold watch-chains, gemmous studs, and diamond sleeve-links. And we—well, we were in full undress—the worst of the matter—or, perhaps, the best of it—being that, having our sleeves tucked up, our diamond links were necessarily out of sight. So you see, upon the principle of *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*, our distinguished foreign visitors might have believed we had got no diamond sleeve-links to show.

Tableau.

I really cannot say which of the two parties felt the more disconcerted. I have a notion, however, that the visitors did. The first half-moment of stunned surprise over, Halliday, Draper, Robertson, Angel, and the rest of the Savages dropped knives, cucumbers, and onions, and made desperate grabs and clutches at their coats, whilst I stood nobly forth to sacrifice myself upon the altar of Bohemia. Constituting myself spokesman for the party, I addressed a few confused apologetic words to Villemessant and the other members of the deputation. *What* I said I do not exactly remember, except in so far that Henri Murger figured in my short address, and something about "la vie de Bohême," and that there was no nonsense or false pretence about us Savages. Villemessant replied somewhat drily, it struck me, "Je m'en aperçois."

Tom Robertson, I think, I knew first in 1861. I took to him amazingly from the very commencement of our acquaintance. He had not yet achieved dramatic fame then. I remember he asked my opinion and advice upon a novel which he had written, entitled "The Stepmother;" it showed considerable power and

promise. He was not in over-brilliant trim just then. The turning-point of his fortunes, I remember, was a successful entertainment which he wrote for Woodin, and in which there was a most amusing song, "I went into Society." And "Society" was the title also of his first successful dramatic venture. He was a glorious fellow, full of fun and frolic, and one of the best actors *off* the stage. He was a splendid *raconteur*.

I once gave a small party to a select band of Savages, Draper, Millward, Archer, the three then surviving Broughs (William, John, and Lionel), Tegetmeier, Halliday, Tooby, Bennett, Robertson, and a few more.

There was a very pretty young girl, and a hideously ugly old woman, to wait upon us. The poor old woman's face was deeply wrinkled and furrowed, and her hands were cracked all over, winter and summer. She had the assurance of an Old Bailey lawyer. So I had bestowed upon her the nickname of Shy Cracks, which would alternately please her or offend her. She had a notion that if she waited upon us in person, the lion's share at least of the expected generous "tip"—Savages are proverbially noble by nature—would find its way into her pocket. The young girl was really shy, and cared not much to appear before my guests. Says ancient ugliness to young prettiness, "The gents don't want a chit like you to wait on 'em, them wants me; so give me the treat to take in."

Well, when the old woman entered, her face made more hideous by the thick smirk spread all over it on the occasion. Tom Robertson, who was just opening a bottle of stout, dropped the bottle, which broke on the floor, letting out the precious liquor, and exclaimed, in a voice of horror, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! Sycorax, as I live!" "Beggin' yer parding, sir," the old woman cried, dropping a deep courtesy, "that ain't my name, that's honly the doctor's fun—Mrs. Payne, is my name."

Robertson was as kind-hearted a man as ever breathed. He had promised me—and but for his most premature death the promise would have been kept to the letter—to bring out, in his own name, my comedy of "An Appalling Appetite," under the "monologic" designation, "Appalling." He would have leavened the dough, and put in the fruit, to make the cake palatable. Had success attended the venture, he would have admitted me to the fullest share of honour and profit. *Eheu! Dts aliter visum.* The gods, somehow, will never see things through my optics.

Talking of "fruit" reminds me of the late Fred Lawrence, one of the original founders of the club.

Lawrence and Frank Talfourd had done a small farce in partnership.

"Which of you put the fruit into that sweet little plum-cake by Talfourd and you, Lawrence?" Leicester Buckingham asked the latter.

"Egad!" was the ready reply: "plumb-cake, you mean. Why, it is heavy as dough without leaven; and there is not even the smallest currant in it to give it the semblance of a chance of a run."

Lawrence had a pretty spontaneous wit.

"Lawrence," said Halliday one day to him, "you will never get into heaven. St. Peter will not let you in."

"Won't he, though?" said Lawrence. "Egad, if he don't, I'll serve him with a copy of Holy Writ."

Robert Soutar, of the *Morning Advertiser*, said on a similar occasion. "Tut, mon, there is sure to be a card of admission for Mr. Soutar and friend."*

One day Fred Lawrence told us that he had been a midship-

* It was at a grand spread given to "literature and the arts" by one Henry Davies, a solicitor, upon whom the final writ of ejectment from this pleasant world has been served long since. It was in 1855, I think, at 14, Buckingham Street, Strand, where Davies occupied elegantly furnished chambers. Harry Davies, who was a good-natured fellow in the main, had an insane hankering after Bohemia. He ardently wished also to shine in literature—in connection with his special legal pursuit; so he got me to write for him a practical treatise upon the Mercantile and Bankrupt Law of France, which was published by Effingham Wilson, in May, 1855.

When the *magnum opus* made its triumphant appearance in the world of law and letters, displaying on the title-page the illustrious (to be) names of Henry Davies and Emile Laurent, a French *avocat*, who had supplied the ingredients of the dish prepared by me, Henry waxed generous: he paid me thirty guineas, and invited some twenty literati and artists to a *déjeuner d'hôte* at his chambers. There was a large stock of wine laid in, or more correctly speaking, laid on, including some three or four dozen of hock. Robert Soutar was one of us. He paid particular attention to the said hock, but declined altogether to pay the least attention to our *Amphitryon*, whose every attempt to tell us incidents of his life he would cruelly cut short with a peremptory, "Shut up, mon o' the hoose, gie us name o' your clack, mair o' your German'wine."

It was on this occasion that Gus Mayhew told Robert Soutar that he, for his nasty conduct to our noble host, would never be admitted to heaven—*No eutor ultra portas!* St. Peter would cry out to him; "Nay, Soutar, you will not get beyond these gates." The quotation in the text was the reply.

man in the royal navy in his early days, and that he had served in China, and had been wounded.

"Where?" asked a brother Savage.

"Where?" replied Lawrence, "why, in the back, to be sure. You don't think I am so foolish as to face an enemy?"

"What a dull, stupid Jew you are!" cried Lawrence in a half-passion one day to a Hebrew gentleman, who somehow could not see the brilliant advantages of a grand financial scheme proposed to him by Fred.

"Well, Lawrence, if it comes to that, so are you," retorted the offended Israelite.

"No, no, my friend," was the ready reply; "I am a *Jeu d'Esprit*."

A distinguished member of the club had somehow come to be looked upon as something of a *gourmand*.

"Egad," said Lawrence to me one day, "I have just come from seeing — feed. Mutton chops to follow, sir! and they did follow, egad!—they went down his blessed throat like a pair of slippers thrown down a well-staircase."

William Romer was on a cold winter's day seated before the fire in the club-room in the Lyceum Tavern—the same room which had once upon a time temporarily accommodated the famous Beefsteak Club—it was very cold, and Bill luxuriated all by himself in the cheerful blaze. Lawrence came in half-frozen.

"Let me come to the fire, old man," he cried to Bill, who, however, being in one of his very rare "tantrum" humours, surlily declined granting the request. "You won't let me come to the fire, Bill?" said Lawrence. "Very well, then, I'll just do with you what the bull did with the dog that would keep him from the manger."

"And what may that be?" queried the noble William, with a half-sneer.

"I'll toss you for it," was Fred Lawrence's reply. Bill laughed, and made room for his Savage brother.

One evening four of us were wending our way to Camden Town—Andrew Halliday, Fred Lawrence, W. B. T. Tegetmeier, and my humble self. Teg was carrying a basket with pigeons. He met a bird-fancier on the road, and requested us to proceed to the pub at the next corner, where he would join us in five minutes. The moment we entered the said pub, where we found Boniface smiling behind the bar, Lawrence began one of his little games.

"I know," he said, "he wants to get a living, poor fellow; but surely that is no reason that he should positively persecute us with his cursed pigeons. We have told him over and over

again that we don't want to buy any; why, then, will he not leave us alone? And, egad! here he is again! What a cursed nuisance!" as poor innocent Teg came in smiling, with his pigeon-basket on his arm. "Now then, you sir, we don't want your pigeons. Why will you run after us in this disgraceful fashion?" cried Lawrence, with an injured air.

The landlord, who had been listening, thought it incumbent upon him to interfere, in favour of his customers, with the pertinacious pigeon-dealer.

"Be off," he shouted to Teg, who was taken quite aback. "You are told that the gentlemen don't want your d——d pigeons. Why can't you take a refusal? Clear out of that, or I'll send for the police. It is too bad that fellows like you should insist upon forcing their wares on people. Do not you see that you may be driving my customers away, my good fellow?"

Teg looked absolutely aghast at this strange reception; and I am afraid he felt a little annoyed at the time; but our shouts of laughter, and the confusion of Boniface, soon made it all right with him.

Halliday and Lawrence wrote "Kenilworth" together, which was successfully produced at the Strand. I was there on the first night. It was a comparatively easy task for me to discern and allot the respective paternity of most of the jokes. "Dinna forget," in connection with the absence of the noonday meal, was Halliday's, for instance, to a dead certainty. When the Virgin Queen is reluctant to step on Sir Walter's cloak, the gallant knight urges her most warmly not to mind soiling it.

"But why," asks royal Bessy—"why insist you so much?"

To which Raleigh replies:—

"Because, your grace, if I should wish to pawn it,
I'll tell m'uncle I have had a sovereign 'pon it."

This any one of the *cognoscenti* would be safe to put down at once to Lawrence's account.

There was a certain aspirant to dramatic fame, who wrote a farce, and asked Fred. Lawrence's candid opinion about the article.

"Egad, my boy," said Lawrence, "it is a screamer!"

"Ah," replied the gratified author, "I meant it to be so. Isn't it smart and sharp, now?"

"Tart and sharp it is," said Lawrence enthusiastically. "Why, the mere reading of it set my teeth on edge!"

Another friend of mine, "Gus" Mayhew, was a dear hearty fellow, but an inveterate and rather cruelly-given "goaker."

Watts Phillips brought out "Joseph Chavigny" at the Adelphi. We were there, the lot of us, on the first night. Well, the piece was a success, slightly qualified, with the public—a *succès d'estime*, they might call it in France. What it was with us I do not wish to remember. After the performance was over, Draper, William Brough, Gus Mayhew, and self happened to pop promiscuously upon the author. Gus shook him warmly by the hand.

"On my soul, Watts," he said most earnestly, "I did not give you credit for this."

"You think it is good, then?" said Watts, hugely gratified.

"Good!" was the cruel friend's reply. "Good? Well, *good* certainly is *not* the word."

Frank Talfourd was Lawrence's partner in the plum-cake farce—dear, clever, genial Frank, who, alas! fell so early a victim to that insidious disease which ruthlessly strikes down so many of the most brilliant and promising of the young men and women of these lands.

Poor Frank had a deal of dry humour in him. There was an admiring young friend of his who was occasionally pestering him with some unmeaning remark or other. "Frank," said this youth to him one night at the Lyceum, "Frank, you never wear a great coat." "No," replied Frank, after a moment's reflection, "I don't think I ever was."

It was in the club-room at the Lyceum Tavern. Frank had settled with the waiter, and was just going, when someone challenged him jocularly to reach the gaselier with his long legs. Frank gave a kick upward, which brought down one of the glass globes in a smash. He coolly rang the bell, to ask the waiter what he had to pay. "You have paid, sir," said the waiter; "and you have had nothing since." "Oh yes," replied Frank, pointing to the vacant place of the broken globe, "I had a glass off that."

Poor Frank! The Spiritualists laid hold of him, and I verily believe shortened his life with their cursed nonsense. I have some reason to know that on one occasion they actually made the brilliant author of "Ion" rap out to his son an intimation that he was soon to die. "Live meetly, for we soon shall meet," was the message. I violently suspected Leicester Buckingham of being at the bottom of this cruel deception played upon an impressionable young man in an advanced stage of consumption.

Frank strove most earnestly to convert me—*me* of all men!—to his own belief in spirits and their curiously clumsy manifestations. On one occasion, when he and Leicester Buckingham were hard at me, I threw my pocket-book on the ground, and

asked them to tell their spirits to lift it up, and hand it back to me. Buckingham said it was not likely the spirits would oblige a scorner and scoffer like me. Frank, however, said he thought the spirits ought to do something at least to secure so valuable a conquest, and he was rather staggered by their positive refusal to oblige.

Herbert Fry having once made a remark which led Buckingham to believe that he was a Unitarian, Leicester hastened to confide the discovery to the spirit of his father, the late James Silk Buckingham, who was a rather frequent visitor at what I used to call the Arundel Club spirit table. One evening Buckingham declared the spirit then and there present declined entering into communication with the substantialities around him, on account of the presence of a Unitarian, Herbert Fry, to wit. Fry bluntly accused the spirit of lying, whereupon Buckingham bade him withdraw his words, the spirit being no less a personage than Leicester's father. "I do not care a pin for that," cried Herbert Fry angrily; "I tell you I am not a Unitarian, I belong to the Church of England." "Did I not understand from yourself that you were a Unitarian?" Leicester incautiously asked, letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance.

Prowse's humorous letter, to which I have so often had occasion to refer in the course of my later reminiscences, contains a jocular allusion also to E. C. Barnes, in connection with an alleged keepership of the umbrellas, etc., at the Royal Academy.

This joke has a good-natured sting in it, with the point turned, not against Barnes, however, but against the Academy, of which he is *not* a member—simply because that sort of thing does not always go by *merit* alone. If it did—well, well! as Prowse says. But what is the use of speculating in ifs? However, I have no right or call to judge, perhaps, not being an art critic, as one of the great "*Dailies*" *cognoscenti* told me, some years since, when I was rashly venturing to indulge in an "eccentric" opinion of my own upon the merits and demerits of a certain painting by a full-grown and full-blown R.A. Still, I will maintain that Barnes is a true artist, more especially *facile princeps* in coloration. It used to be said of Courbet that even his pot-boilers were glowing with the fire of genius. The same may conscientiously be averred of Barnes. What a sad pity though, that the cruel exigencies of the *angusta res domi* should compel the wasting of that noble flame to make the domestic pot

boil! I am proud to number Barnes among my best and dearest and kindest friends.*

Ay, in those glorious olden days the artist branch of the Savage Club bore many boughs laden with rich fruit and promising blossoms. Landells, one of the original starters of *Punch*, was among the earliest members of the Club; so was Deane. Then we had Benjamin Clayton, a dear old friend of mine; Julian Portch and Paul Gray, delightfully fanciful—both of them carried off ere their full prime; Soden, a right good fellow and amusing companion, full of quaint conceits; Connor, White, Lidderdale, Morgan, Thompson, Gordon Thomson, Whistler, William Brunton, the fertile contributor to *Fun* and other illustrated papers, the genial designer of the frontispiece to the first series of the "Savage Club Papers," which abounds in speaking likenesses of old members; Gilbert, of the "Bab Ballads," "Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*," and a bewildering variety of other brilliant ventures and successes in divers fields of literature and the arts; Charles Bennett, a dear, dear friend, of whom I have already had occasion to speak; Harrison Weir, one of my oldest chums. Some thirty years ago, when I was doing translation work with my friend Elwes, at King's Arms Yard, Harrison Weir had set up his studio in one of our rooms, where I passed many happy hours in genial companionship with that ingenious artistic delineator of the animal world—and right good fellow.

Then there was Coughtrie, great in portraiture, who, some twenty years back, presented the Club with a counterfeit presentment of my humble self, which was at the time by everyone declared to be a speaking likeness, though I myself could not see it, as I had a rooted conviction that it made me look twenty years older than I ought to have looked twenty years after.

However, in those days the boys would always persist in bestowing patriarchal length of days upon me. George Cruikshank, who surely was a very old boy himself, would mischievously affirm that I was an "ancient" when he had seen me first, on the occasion of one of my earlier visits to England, in 1832.

Now this professed speaking likeness of mine seemed to lend a semblance of likelihood to this most monstrous crammer of old

* Alas! another cross by the wayside. Even while reading over this paragraph for press, I learn that this dear kind friend is no more. He was cut down and gathered in by the universal reaper at the very time that I was penning the lines in the text above—though I knew it not then. However, what is written is written. Let this stand as a feeble *in memoriam* tribute to the artist, the man, and the friend.

George. Well, the said portrait has come to grief since, I am happy to say; some unknown admirer of mine would seem to have walked it off from the Club premises. My blessings on the abductor! It is a comfort to me to know that that picture can no longer testify against me now in *puncto ætatis*. The artist, my dear friend Coughtrie, soon after went to Hong Kong—not for me though, but simply for his own success in life. The year before last he was over here on a six months' visit to the old country, with his family. He is married to a daughter of the late Harry Rogers. They all went back to China last year in January. I wonder shall we two ever meet again this side the dark boundary of the mysterious Yonder? Well, well! whatever Mr. Thoms may think of it, there *are* centenarians; ay, some of them even more than one and a half times over. If the universal destroyer could forget old Parr until that reverend patriarch was running on fast to a hundred and sixty-two, why should he not forget to think of me? I only trust he is too busy to indulge in light reading, or else these "reminiscences" might inconveniently remind him of my existence.

I feel disposed to place among the foremost artists of the old Club, George Augustus Sala, that wondrously complex genius, who may be truly said to be *facile princeps in omnibus artibus et quibusdam aliis*. I know that when a mere boy he did some of the most charming stage scenes for Maddox at the Princess's Theatre.

In 1851 he painted the staircase at Gore House, Kensington, for Alexis Soyer, and he painted it in a manner to extort almost involuntary admiration from Thackeray, no mean artist himself, and an adept at pen-and-ink sketches, crayon illustrations, etc.

In the same Exhibition year I saw Sala design and engrave on copper a series of fanciful New Zealand sketches, which were not only intensely funny but of high artistic merit withal. I more particularly remember two of the series, which made every one roar who looked on them: A New Zealand chief in full costume—to wit, a pair of Wellingtons on his savage feet, and a general's feathered hat on his noble head—*et præterea nihil*; and a national feast of the New Zealanders, with a boiled missionary brought in^dished on a plank.

In 1850 I was in Paris with Sala. One day we went to that most dismal repository of slain or self-slain humanity, yclept the Morgue. There lay before us the greenish-blue corpse of what, mayhap, a brief fortnight before, had been a fine stalwart man in the prime and pride of life—an appalling sight to behold. Sala made a sketch of it on the spot, so fearfully vivid—if the

patent paradox may be permitted to pass—that it could not but give shivering fits to all who might cast eyes on it. Beneath this weird production the cynical fellow wrote, "*mutatâ personâ videas me*—only that I shall not make half so handsome a corpse." He sent this to Holt, who told me, some time after, that it had taken away for days and nights his appetite and rest. I have occasionally been permitted to look over a whole series of sketch and scrap books—of truly plethoric turgescence—the productions of Sala's pen and pencil, which I trust will one of these days be published. An earlier collection of scraps and sketches of his was, unfortunately, consumed in a fire at Erith, where he was staying, in company with his brother Charles, some time about 1853, if I remember aright.

Dear William McConnell was one of the most gifted, as he was one of the most genial young artists of the Club, and one of the hardest workers and most fertile producers. His numerous illustrations to Sala's "Twice Round the Clock," and in the *Train*, "Old London," etc., etc., are so many enduring memorials of his wondrous artistic skill and unwearied industry.

Some time ago I had occasion to call at Hindley's, in Holywell Street, as I always do when in quest of rare old books, etc. Charles Hindley, an excellent fellow and a good friend of mine, showed me a collection of McConnell's drawings. Even I, who had known the young artist, and had admired his extraordinary working power, was surprised by the richness, in every sense of the term, of the treat spread before my delighted eyes. I knew only one artist still more prolific, *annis paribus*—Gustave Doré, the fastest workman I ever met in the artist world—alas! the late Gustave Doré now—"the indefatigable toiler, facile as well as fecund, master of an inexhaustible vein of inventiveness, who aye carried out his ideas with phenomenal quickness," as that erratic genius, my most excellent friend John Augustus O'Shea, expresses it so felicitously. What a profound pity that there should now be so many kicks, vicious though impotent, at the fame of the dead lion!

In 1867, Mr. Mackenzie, the well-known Scotch publisher, who was then in Paris exhibiting his splendidly got up one hundred guinea edition of the Bible, engaged my services to negotiate with Gustave Doré for the supply of first-class large illustrations to a projected magnificent quarto* edition of Shakspeare.

* I am not quite certain whether it was not a folio edition that Mackenzie intended to bring out. I rather feel inclined to believe it was.

We agreed upon the terms—the handsome sum of £12,000 for forty illustrations, to be supplied one per month during three years and a quarter. Mackenzie, a very prince of publishers, entered into a contract also with Hachette for an English edition of one of that firm's most costly works, and nearly completed an engagement with me for an English adaptation of Schlosser's "Universal History." Alas! all these grand projects were doomed to come to naught, owing to unhappy circumstances over which poor Mackenzie had no control.

As for my personal concern in the matter, I once more in life missed my tip, to use an expressive vulgarism. Had it been otherwise, maybe these reminiscences of mine might never have been inflicted upon an indulgent reading public. The greatest pity of this most untoward matter was that the projected splendid edition of Shakspeare was also stifled in the bud. Our progress on the gamut of that grand speculation stuck fast, as it were, between Do, re, and me, never reaching beyond, to the active *fa* of realisation. "Atrocious!" I hear the reader exclaim. I admit it fully and freely; it is atrocious. I feel it; but then, you see, familiar intercourse with the Broughs, Byron, and other punning pundits has sapped a mind once soberly given to bring laboriously forth and work out ideas, instead of idly playing on words. It is the old, old story over again: evil communications corrupt good manners. Moreover, in the olden days, when I was ponderous-headed, I was wonderfully light-hearted. I am somewhat light-headed now, and frivolously given, but my heart is often heavy enough.

Gustave Doré gave me at this time a couple of fanciful sketches for the first series of the Savage Club Papers.

William McConnell was singularly simple and straightforward in all his sayings and doings alike. Pretence of any kind had little chance with him indeed.

In the olden days which I am now writing about, a kind of mania seemed to have taken possession of many of our set to deal in Shakspeare quotations on every occasion, in and out of season, always tacking to the tail, "'hem—Shakspeare."

Now William had at an early period of life been on the stage, seriously contemplating a dramatic career. He had given up the notion, however; but he retained the most ardent admiration for the wondrous "catholic" poet's every line, and he did not like to hear it hackneyed. "Who is this Mr. Shakspeare, of whom you are always talking?" he abruptly asked a distinguished dramatist one day. "Why, Mac, surely you must know Shakspeare," replied the distinguished dramatist, utterly taken aback by the

question. "Oh, I see," said Mac, with a slightly contemptuous sneer, "you mean the immortal bard. Why, the deuce, then, are you always munching his name? Surely everybody knows *him*!"

Poor dear McConnell! He fell an early victim to that ruthless blighter of so many brightly promising buds and blossoms in this land of ours—fell consumption.

Another of my dearest friends, William Hooper, happily still very much to the fore, was also among the artist members of the Club. Though more generally known as an accomplished engraver, Hooper is equally distinguished as a designer and draughtsman. He is, in brief, a true artist in the truest sense of the term, and in nearly every line of art. Strange to say, perhaps, he is also one of the best of our Chinese and Japanese scholars, and the possessor of a rich collection of rarest curiosities. And last—though with me certainly not least—he is one of the very few among my more intimate friends that have thoroughly mastered the grand and noble art of preparing a cup of really fine tea, infused in a genuine Japanese teapot, the gift of a Japanese friend of his, a Samoorai, who, in the olden times, when Japan was under the Tycoon's sway, was a feudatory of the Daimio Satsuma. The same Japanese gentleman has also kindly presented me with a half-dozen gracefully-shaped cups and saucers, as a token of his friendly feeling.

To my mind there is not a more exalted calling than the stage. It is a most noble profession indeed to hold up the mirror to Nature, to faithfully embody and portray on the mimic boards, with the vividness of actual life, the actualities of human life and human passions, human joys and human sorrows, the virtues and the vices, the foibles and follies of man, his noblest qualities and his worst defects, his loftiest soarings and his most abject grovellings. Your true actor is aye the greatest and best moral teacher.

From the early days of my green boyhood up to these late days of my (very) mature old age, acting has ever had an almost irresistible attraction for me, and true actors have aye claimed my most ardent admiration, as I have already more than once had occasion to mention in previous sections of these reminiscences.

I have had the singular good fortune of seeing some of the most deservedly renowned actors of the age in some of their most famous characters. To enter here exhaustively upon this subject, to me fraught with all-absorbing interest, would demand many

times over the limited space at my command; whilst the mere recital of a long list of names, most of them most likely unknown to many readers in this present generation, would really be worse than idle. So I must perforce content myself with the merest passing glance at a very few of the most eminent names I have in my time seen inscribed on the imperishable scroll of dramatic artistic fame.

First of all, Louis Devrient, the, to my mind, ever unapproachable illustrious chief of a wondrous family of most admirable actors. I think it was in 1820, when I was still at the Burg school, that I passed a few weeks' vacation in Berlin, with a fellow-pupil of the name of Katt, a most lovable boy, and one of my very dearest school friends. He was descended from a branch of the same family to which had belonged that most ill-fated officer of the Prussian Guards who was so vilely slain, in defiance of the law of God and of man alike, by the terrible despot set up by the "Sage of Chelsea," on a pedestal of the said sage's own forging, as the *beau-ideal* of a true monarch. What a blessed thing for this poor world of ours that there are not many such monarchs in it worthy of the worship of such sages! Young Katt's father was a Junker to the backbone, indeed; but he was a true gentleman withal, and a veritable prince in his hospitality.

It was during my brief stay here that I met, one evening, the first and last time in my life, that most eccentric and erratic many-sided genius, Exchequer Court Councillor Hoffmann—*Collot Hoffmann*, as he used to be called, to mark the identity of his own with Collot's sombrous conceptions. Many-sided he truly was. His wonderful "Notturnos" and his weird tales of fantasy will ever secure for his name a first and foremost rank among the greatest of German fictionists. He stood equally high as a poet and as a composer, and there was potent witchery in his pencil, albeit that it was capriciously confined chiefly to more or less grotesque political caricatures. And here, along with him and other choice spirits, I met his most congenial boon companion and intimate, Louis Devrient, then in the zenith of his imperishable fame, though but some thirty-six years old.

Young Katt and self were leading members of the recitation, declamation and acting society of the Burg schoolboys; and in the "bashless" conceit of young puppies—as we certainly were—we could not refrain from revealing this most momentous fact to the high priest of the stage, with whom we amicably claimed the kinship of identity of pursuits and aspirations! How the great man must have flouted us mentally! He was wondrous kind to us, however, and it was, indeed, at his and the "fantastic" councillor's special intercession and request that we youngsters

were graciously permitted to sit up beyond all reasonable hours, that we might assist, as the French have it, at a grand musical and dramatic soirée, unique of its kind, which will ever remain vividly impressed upon my memory. Louis Devrient thrilled all present with choice illustrative excerpts from his favourite parts. There were, of course, none of the almost indispensable stage adjuncts that so materially contribute to enable the actor to drop his own identity, as it were, and to thoroughly merge it in his assumed part. Yet so potent was the magician-actor's spell that, to our entranced and enthralled senses, the man Devrient seemed to be gone clean out of existence, and his place taken by the marvellous embodiments of Shakspeare and Schiller's wondrous creations conjured up before us.

Only on one occasion during the course of my long life can I remember to have been carried away almost as completely by an extemporised undress performance of the same exceptional nature and high stamp. It was many years ago, when the Savage Club was still very considerably in the larva state. One afternoon I happened to be the only member present in the club-room, when a gentleman called and introduced himself to me, for the nonce, the sole representative of the distinguished institution, as an actor recently arrived from Australia.

"Hospitality is innate in the savage breast," says a modern writer. I deemed it, of course, incumbent upon me to do the honours of the wigwam to the stranger. That he was an actor gave him an additional claim to my good offices.

Somehow or other we came to talk shop. I really do not recollect who was the first to broach the interesting subject; I only know that we were soon in the very midst of discussing it, in all its branches and bearings. I cannot tell either how it happened that our visitor led—or was led—up to the immortal Swan of Avon and his imperishable creations. I only remember that I found myself, somehow, suddenly "translated" into the very presence of "high-shouldered," high-vaulting Richard—the noble eagle of York, whom inscrutable fate doomed to succumb to the base kite of Tudor—King Richard III., ay, every inch a king, even in the dramatist's distorted counterfeit—deliberately and wilfully distorted, to please the imperious Tudor on the throne.

Stevens justly remarks that the part of Richard is naturally most favourable to a judicious performer, comprehending, as it does, a *trait* of almost every species of character on the stage—the hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and the repentant sinner, etc.

And here, if ever, I had a thoroughly judicious performer

before me, who beguiled my very senses, changing the club-room, to my apprehension, to the vast stage of actual life, and carrying me out of myself, as it were, so absolutely, that in the tent scene, which formed the concluding illustration but one of the young actor's conception of the poet's intention and meaning, I semi-unconsciously, at least, needs must join in upon his cues.

So soon as the spell of this wondrous impersonation had ceased, and my sober senses had returned to me, I most warmly and heartily expressed my gratitude to the young Australian actor for the rich treat he had made me enjoy, somewhat enthusiastically adding that the great theatrical desideratum of the stage was now within reach of the British playgoer—a true Shakspearean actor, to wit, in the fullest sense of the term—praises which he modestly declined to accept, as far exceeding his deserts.

I left London almost immediately after, on an extended continental trip, and when I came back to England I was for many months so fully occupied with work of another kind that I had no leisure to think of theatricals, so I cannot say even whether my young friend of a few happy hours ever essayed Shakspeare on the London stage; or, if he did, whether he was permitted by manager or stage-manager to follow out with absolute freedom his own conception of the characters acted by him. An eminent manager said, many years since, that Shakspeare in our days spelt bankruptcy; so it may be that my young friend had but scanty chance afforded him to perform in Shakspearean dramas. I never saw him on the stage, nor did I ever meet him again in private society.

His name was Charles Warner; he was a son of Madame Warner the famous actress, who, in the halcyon days of the English drama, used to star it so gloriously with Macready.

Louis Devrient carried his indulgence to young Katt and me to the cruel excess of inflicting upon the company the dialogue between Don Carlos and Marquis Posa—the Spanish prince by the boy Katt, the marquis by the other wretched lad. There was something demoniacal in the man's nature. When I come to think of it now, at some sixty years' interval, I can almost fancy I see the fiendish glee with which he beheld the long faces of the victims compelled to listen to our awful rant. He made glorious amends, however, to the baron and his injured guests; for, having fooled us to the top of our bent, calling us bright boys, and opining, with cutting irony, patent to all but our own obtuse conceit, that, had we but begun this sort of thing earlier in life, say ere we had grown to six, we might have been a pair

of infant Roscii, he suddenly burst into an improvisation of his own of the very scene which we had just been so grotesquely distorting and burlesquing, acting the part of Carlos and Posa alternately, with wondrous power of delicately defined and distinctly contrasted individualization, deepest intensity of feeling, and most marked emphasis of expression. Next night Devrient had to perform "King Lear." He generously offered to take the two "infant Roscii" behind the scenes. Behind the scenes! In the boldest flight of our aspirations we had hardly dared to soar to such an altitude of bliss; it was Olympus to our fond imaginations.

Next day one of young Katt's uncles came up unexpectedly from his estate in Pomerania for the express purpose of seeing his promising young nephew. As the time of his intended stay in Berlin was limited, the boy had to forego the so fondly anticipated treat, whereat he waxed wroth, and wept bitter tears of vexation. There was no help for it, however. He had to stay at home, and as my offer to stay with him was rather sulkily declined, I had to go alone, and the great actor, who in due time came to fetch the two young Roscii, had to rest content with introducing one of them to the boarded, canvased, and painted stage-world. I must confess my first peep behind the scenes was wofully disenchanting: many of my cherished illusions were ruthlessly destroyed. Alas! the giant foibles of giant minds! Louis Devrient, the wonderful actor, who walked the boards a creative God of impersonation, was a miserable slave to drink. It almost seemed to me that he had brought me there to be his bottle-holder; certainly, he gave me a large flask of old pineapple rum to hold, from which he would imbibe deep draughts whenever he came off the boards, then sink feebly down upon a mattress to rest his exhausted frame, till called again, when he would start up with surprising vigour, shake himself together, and walk on to the boards every inch a king, to resume absolute sway over the minds and senses of the audience. He was no longer Devrient then: he was Lear all over, and I felt disposed almost to chide my foolish imagination that could possibly have fancied this tragic king of tragedy imbibing pineapple rum out of a quart bottle.

Except on the great stage of life, Louis Devrient never made an entrance or an exit as Louis Devrient: he always fully impersonated the character he was representing at the time.

Once upon a time Mark Lemon took an unfair advantage of a wretched gallery boy's wretched joke, to perpetrate, in *Punch*, a viler joke still, to the address and at the expense of Benjamin

Webster, one of the best nature-actors it was ever my good fortune to see on any stage. If I misremember not, it was in Robert Landry, one of Webster's great creations. The following appeared in *Punch*: "Enter Mr. Webster as Robert Landry. 'My heart is dead.' Voice from the gallery: 'How is your poor feet?' Exit Robert Landry as Mr. Webster."

Mark Lemon was, in some respects at least, very much like Falstaff, whom he represented on the stage with no mean success: he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others—at least he kept up *Punch*, and the writers on it, to the fullest joking standard.

I remember one day being at my respected publishers', Ted and Bill Tinsley, when Mark walked in "quite promiscuous" as Mrs. Brown has it. Mrs. Riddell, one of the best lady novelists of the period, had just written "Maxwell Drewitt," one of her very best novels. Mark asked the trio of us what was the latest riddle out? We all three confessed our inability to give a satisfactory reply, and gave it up accordingly. "It is founded upon you, Bill," the wretched punster said, with a triumphant chuckle, "Maxwell drew it, you and Ned discounted it, and, the strangest part, and cream of the joke, the B. P. have taken it up even ere due." This was so truly atrocious, that we took the perpetrator at once to the "Red Lion," and sternly bade and made him stand Sam. *Eheu!* genial Mark Lemon has been long numbered with the majority, yet I can see his jovial face before me now, and hear the ripples of his fat chuckle.

Mark Lemon was one of the original founders of *Punch*. Others of the alas! long-since departed bright phalanx *ridendo dicentium vera*, that fought so spiritedly and with such exuberance of subtlest wit and raciest humour under his banner, are also enshrined in my affectionate remembrance: Albert Smith, Douglas Jerrold, the witty jesting brothers Gilbert and William à Beckett, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and last, though certainly not least, big Mortimer Collins—large of frame, large of heart, large of mind.

There was once upon a time an Iberian king named Alphonso, dubbed "the Wise" by his flattering courtiers. To be sure he was wise in his own conceit at least, for he found grievous fault with a great many things in God's world. It is related of him that he used to say: "Had I been consulted in the work of creation, there might have been a few blunders less." Now there have always been, and there will be for ever and aye, numbers of people, kings as well as cattle of the common herd, who, though not named Alphonso, are possessed of the same sort of wisdom. I am ashamed to confess that I somehow seem to belong to this

class of sages. Once upon a time I was holding forth upon cosmogony in general—a question which has puzzled philosophers in all ages, as Ephraim Jenkinson so eloquently expressed it to Dr. Primrose—and upon man and the structure and functions of his body in particular. I semi-jocularly expressed a “confident” opinion, *more meo*, that it would certainly have been more conducive to man’s general well-being to have had given him two stomachs and no liver. Mortimer, who was present, briefly observed that there was more folly than wisdom in that remark.

Some time after the lamented death of poor Mortimer, I casually met his bereaved widow in Fleet Street, on her way to some succession or administration office or other, escorted by Draper, the (most absolutely) honorary solicitor of the club and all its members.

“Ah!” cried Mrs. Collins to me, “my dear husband thought of you on the very day before he departed this life. ‘The doctor is right,’ he said, ‘it would be better for man if he had two stomachs and no liver.’”

To return to Louis Devrient. Several years after I saw him in some of his most famous Shakspearean impersonations which embraced the very widest range of character parts, from saddest tragedy to merriest comedy: from Othello, Richard III., Macbeth, Lear, Shylock, etc., to Petruchio, Mercutio, Falstaff, etc. He was equally unapproachable in all and any of these parts. I never had the good fortune to see him as Mephistopheles, in Goethe’s “Faust,” a part for which his physical conformation, and the marked “Satanry,”—if the term may be allowed to pass—of his facial expression, must have fitted him especially, more indeed, than any other actor I have ever seen in this character on any stage.

I saw him, however, as Franz Moor, in Schiller’s “Räuber,” to my mind, the nearest practicable human approach to Goethe’s conception of the cynical demon. I have always been highly impressionable, and Louis Devrient’s Franz Moor was a truly wondrous piece of acting nature to the life. I have come across some villains in my life, and I have seen some on the boards, but a more stupendously villanous scoundrel than Louis Devrient’s Franz Moor I never saw before—or since—indeed, my feelings were soon wrought to such an intolerable pitch, that Franz’s intensely passionate threatening cry to unhappy Amalia that “she should yet be his!” excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Forgetting all around, I jumped right up from my seat in the pit, shaking my fist furiously at the ruffian on the stage, and was with difficulty restrained by my cooler friends from making

an arrant fool of myself, by apostrophising the great actor in slightly unbecoming terms. With his eagle eye Louis Devrient took in my action, patent and intended, and he sent a fiendish grin in my direction. Next day, when I went to him to apologise, he told me that I had paid him the highest compliment he had ever received in his theatrical career; only, he added, with playful irony, he had hardly expected such an outburst from Marquis Posa, the calm philosopher so grandly portrayed by me in years gone by, in my "Infant Roscius" capacity.

Only on three occasions have I in after-life ever been betrayed into similar irrational ebullitions of wrathful feeling. It is now many years since I went on a certain evening to see "Dearer than Life" performed at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre. I was charmed with the play and with every actor and actress in it—save one—the villain of the piece. I felt elated with Michael Garner in his humble prosperity, and was ready to cry over his unmerited sufferings, so pathetically portrayed by Toole. I admired and applauded Lionel Brough's splendid bit of character-acting in Uncle Ben. But I could not stomach Henry Irving's fearfully vivid delineation of the cool cynical villain Bob Gasset. My friends Jacobsen and George Shears, who were with me, had no end of trouble to hinder me bursting forth into unseemly vociferating denunciation of the "scoundrel," as I called him (*sotto voce*), to soothe my outraged feelings in some measure at least.

Even after the performance was over, and we were seated in social communion with Lionel Brough and other choice spirits, I would not cool down, but, I am sorry to confess, I would persist in animadverting severely upon the immoral turpitude of the character personated by Mr. Henry Irving, not without some very thinly disguised disparaging reflections upon the gentleman who *could* impersonate such a character to the very life.

A few days after, I happened to dine with Mr. Irving at my friend William Tinsley's. Lionel Brough was one of the guests. I soon discovered, to my intense dismay, that *he* had peached. I had to tender my humblest apologies, of course. Yet, all well and duly considered, my so uncompromisingly expressed angry protest against the "living truth" of the impersonation was truly the highest meed of appreciation in the power of any man to bestow upon the excellent actor who had literally forced so "flattering an insult" from him by his wondrous talent.

Another occasion was at the Olympic, during the run of my dear departed friend Halliday's "Little Em'ly." I went there one night with Draper to witness the performance. Well, Miss

Fanny Addison—Rose Dartle—worried the unhappy heroine with such truly ferocious and fiendish zest, that I could not stand by calmly to see it done. I am ashamed to confess that, in my uncontrollable wrath, I actually forgot even my manhood to such a fearful extent as to ask Draper for a ginger-beer bottle, which was out of my reach, but stood handy to his. He thought it the wiser course *not* to give it to me. I shudder to think what might have been the awful consequences, had he weakly given way to my desire. And the excellent actress, whose truthful impersonation of the Dartle fiend was thus potent to rouse my blind ire, was the daughter of a dear friend and highly esteemed artist—Addison, one of our most valued dramatic members.

The third occasion here referred to was years before. It was at the St. James's, in the "Gamester," in which Frederick Lemaître performed the principal part. Oudinot, an excellent French actor, played the tempting villain who lures the ill-starred hero of the piece to the murder of the young stranger under his roof—his own son, though he knoweth it not. The horribly eloquent gesture with which Oudinot pointed out the knife—the instrument of the suggested murder—was so ghastly realistic that I started up in the utmost excitement, and was with difficulty restrained by my companion, Mr. East, of Mitchell's, from shouting out: *Assassin!* However, in this instance the public were with me, and Oudinot was actually requested to soften down the fearful realism of his acting in this scene!

Louis Devrient left the stage of life in 1832, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. He was emphatically one of the greatest tragedians that ever wore buskin, and he was equally wonderful in his humorous, in his pathetic, and in his comic impersonations. I have in my time seen some of the best Falstaffs on the stage—Barrett and Phelps, for instance—but not one of them ever seemed to me to come quite up to the rich unctuousness of Devrient's fat knight; and in Mercutio he was simply unapproachable.

I only knew one English actor who, to my mind, had in him the true germ and kernel of a Devrient—the late Frederick Robson, in whom the gifts of high tragic power, deep pathos, rich humour, comic mirth, and farcical fun were so harmoniously blended together—as all will readily admit who had the good fortune of seeing him in the admirable burlesques of Frank Talfourd and Robert Brough.

Robson was, indeed, an actor of the highest stamp; in him

the extremes of the sublime and the ridiculous came very near meeting—only that his acting ever kept preponderatingly sublime, and that even the loudest burst of laughter that greeted the wonderful little man's comic play and utterances had in them, maybe unconscious to actor and audience alike, a subdued under-current of sobs and tears. Old playgoers who may remember his burlesque renderings of Shylock, Macbeth, Masaniello, and Medea, will, I believe, assent to this view.

I remember his truly marvellous performance of the part of Medea in Robert Brough's burlesque. Before the piece began, I went behind the scenes with the author, where we found Robson in a state of extreme nervousness, as it had been credibly reported that the lady tragedian, whom he was about to imitate (*not to travesty, mind, for there truly was nothing of the buffoon pure and simple in Frederick Robson**) Madame Ristori, was actually in the theatre. Well, with this overpowering oppression upon him, he contrived to achieve a glorious success. His Medea was a truly grand tragic figure, gracefully draped in a light veil of burlesque. She who had created the intensely tragic character of ill-starred Medea was so deeply impressed by the little man's wonderful tragi-comic reproduction of her own creation—which she had been led to believe by a "kind friend" of Robson's would turn out a farcical caricature—that she could not refrain from there and then presenting to the great actor the flattering tribute of her gratification and admiration. She came round accordingly at once, escorted by that most courteous of gentlemen and most urbane of noblemen, Earl Granville, who joined the lady in overwhelming the shy man with well-merited compliments. When we had Robson to ourselves again, he cried like a child—partly with pleasure, partly with distress at his nervous awkwardness, which he said "must have made me look like a fool."

I love dearly to speculate upon might-have-beens, though I am quite aware of the utter futility and folly of the practice. Had the marvellously gifted Robson but enjoyed the incalculable benefit of an early intelligent dramatic training, instead of having to work his way painfully through the taprooms and parlours of public-houses, or had he but lived to grow fully conscious of the wondrous power and genius still semi-dormant in him, what a tragedian the English stage might have boasted of! But he was doomed to die in the prime of his dramatic life. Alas! as he

* Strange enough to relate, perhaps, a distinguished manager and eminent actor of the period sneeringly expressed to Brough and me his confident anticipation that the British public would soon get tired of that buffoon Robson! Robert and myself declined even to argue the opposition, giving thus mortal offence to the great boss.

shared in the great Louis Devrient's genius, so he shared unhappily, also in his worst foible. Let us drop the curtain!

In the days when Louis Devrient was in the zenith of his fame, many bright stars illumined the theatrical firmament of Germany. The most resplendent of them was Henry Marr, the favourite pupil of W. L. Schmidt, the renowned Hamburg stage manager.

It was in 1827 that I saw Marr for the first time. He was some ten or twelve years my senior, and even at his comparatively early age—thirty-one or thirty-two, at the most—he had already achieved no mean dramatic celebrity, and taken his place in the very foremost rank of the actors of the day. I had a letter of introduction to him, from his old master, W. L. Schmidt, of Hamburg, who had known me from a boy, and indulgently sympathised with my theatrical craze. It was in Brunswick, then under the eccentric sway of young Duke Charles, the elder of the two orphan sons left behind by the "fated Chieftain," who had so gallantly laid down his life at Quatre Bras.

Shylock was the first character in which I saw Henry Marr. It was a wonderful impersonation, akin to Devrient's in conception and execution, yet with subtle, delicately-differing touches, which unmistakably marked it as a distinct individualisation. I cannot express the difference, as I felt it, better than by saying that Devrient took the more devilish, Marr the more human, view of Shylock. For Devrient's Jew I felt more hatred than pity, for Marr's more pity than hatred.

The Brunswick Court Theatre had at the time one of the very best theatrical companies it has ever been my, or, for the matter of that, I believe any one else's, good fortune to see, pulling and working harmoniously together. I make bold to say that even the famous Meiningen Company of the present day does not come up to the high standard then attained by Duke Charles's company of artists, under the ostensible general direction of Dr. Klingemann, one of the most intellectual actors and stage-managers of the first half of this century at least. There were, besides Henry Marr, men like Schütz, Gassman, Grösser, Kettel, and others of the same high stamp; and there was sweet Betty Dermer, a most charming, most graceful, and most natural dramatic singer, gifted with a wonderfully insinuating mezzo-soprano. Her I saw and heard as Amazili, in "Jessonda," and my memory revels to this present hour in the wondrous treat to my senses. I cannot tell how it came to pass—I suppose it was that I was very young then, and enthusiastically given, and tenderly

impressionable—but I fell over head and ears in love with the witching Viennese.

I have heard the incomparable Catalani, and the terrible Pasta; sweet, Julia Grisi, and the wondrous Swedish Nightingale; Persiani, Piccolomini, Patti, and many other *prime donne*. I knew Henrietta Sontag* in her proudest prime, and I have heard her sing her very sweetest. Johanna Wagner's Fides, in the "Prophet," which I saw and heard in Berlin, in 1853, impressed me much, and some years after I enthusiastically applauded her "La tremenda ultrice spada" at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, where, forgetful of Gye's generous kindness to her, she elected to sing for Lumley. Yet not one of all these truly great artists ever carried me so completely off my sober balance as Betty Dermer did in those days of my hot youth, when Charles was Duke of Brunswick, and Dr. Klingemann his ostensible general theatrical director.

Henry Marr was pleased to take an interest in me, hailing me indulgently as a might-have-been colleague. He introduced me to several actors and actresses on the wider stage of actual life. To Legation Councillor Dr. Klindworth for one. Klindworth was one of the most active and most astute political intriguers of the age, and one of Metternich and Gentz's sharpest tools. Acting under the Austrian Chancellor's instructions, he had written a pamphlet in defence of Duke Charles, which had procured him the title of Councillor of Legation at the Brunswick Court, and a place in the Duke's Cabinet. To those acquainted with the political history of Europe since 1815, the name and fame of this man must be familiar. In 1827, when I made his acquaintance at Brunswick, he was still a comparatively young man, yet he had already a pretty eventful career behind him.

Many years after, in June, 1848, I came into more intimate contact with Klindworth in London, in connection with the *Observateur de Londres*, a weekly political paper started by him in the interest of Prince Metternich. I have already alluded to this in another part of these "Reminiscences." Before this I had casually met him in Paris, about 1845 it must have been, where he was Councillor of State, and one of the most trusted secret

* I met her for the last time in Paris, in 1850, in the fall of the year, when she had her photograph taken by a Frankfort friend of mine. Her likeness was rather difficult to catch, so we had five tries before we succeeded. On the occasion of the fourth essay she suddenly pushed forward her arm—which of course placed it out of focus. In my eagerness I laid hold of the offending limb with my hand, which—the operation going on at the time—simply spoiled that counterfeit presentment of the charming cantatrice.

agents of the "immaculate" Guizot, whose whole art of government was based on corruption. Even here, and though ostensibly in the French State service as a highly trusted, highly salaried official, he was still acting, I had reason to believe, in the interest of his Austrian patron, who, in fact, had placed him there.

In 1867 I again chanced to meet Klindworth in Paris, where he was still intriguing, the same as of old. He was then Councillor of Legation in the service of his ex-Majesty of Hanover, whom he had, by his pro-Austrian counsels, contributed to lure into the field, in 1866, on the Austrian side. He was now striving to bring about a Franco-Austrian alliance against Prussia. It was certainly no fault of his that the scheme did not succeed. He found considerably more than his match in Bismarck's agents, and Count Andrassy disliked him. Klindworth must have been close upon eighty when I met him for the last time in life—for I can hardly think that he survives still, though with one of his wonderful constitution and elastic temperament it would not be wise to pronounce it an impossibility.* Why, the famous Chevreul, one of this century's most glorious princes of science, whom I knew more than half a century ago, is still to the fore, in good health, and with his intellectual powers unimpaired at ninety-eight.

In Brunswick I also made the acquaintance of "honest" Wit-Döring, as Marr used to call him. This man had been one of the loudest and intensest professors of ultra-democratic and demagogic principles, and one of the biggest guns at the Wartburg meeting in 1817. Ten years later, when I met him first, he was one of Metternich and Gentz's dirtiest tools, placed at Brunswick as confidential watcher and reporter of the Duke's sayings and doings. Marr, who was the soul of honour, and had the most stiff-backed independence of character, despised this man Wit, and made no secret of his feelings, which gave the good "Cabinet Spy" much concern, as

* Politics have been my favourite hobby ever since my University days. I think I may honestly affirm that I have cultivated them to some purpose, if certain true forecasts of mine in some of the gravest political crises of the time may be permitted to pass in proof of the assertion. My more or less intimate connection with some of the occult agencies darkly at work in the intricate machinery of European statecraft and political wire-pulling for the last half century, have always ranked as a prime factor in my calculations and speculations in these matters. I trust I shall soon have an opportunity afforded me to adduce documentary vouchers in support of this "bare" assertion, as some critics have not failed to dub it with perfect justice. It was certainly from no fault of mine that such vouchers have not been permitted to make their appearance in these "Reminiscences."

he told me with tears in his eyes and sobs in his utterance, warmly protesting that, though appearances might certainly seem against him, he was still faithfully serving the "good cause." He profusely professed the sincerest admiration for Marr; but I think he would gladly have done him the worst injury in his power, had he but dared. However, the great actor stood too high in the Duke's consideration, and was looked upon with a favourable eye also by another important personage employed in the same noble Austrian Chancellery service in which Wit was picking up an "honest" crumb—the Countess Görtz-Wrisberg, *née* Staff, to wit, a highly accomplished lady intriguer, who, though rather considerably *sur le retour*, retained still a great *penchant* for handsome and clever young men.

When Marr took me with him to the theatre, to present me to the great Dr. Klingemann, his Serene Highness walked unexpectedly in at rehearsal, to the poor nervous director's terror, as the Duke was but too likely to resent the intrusion of a stranger behind the scenes of his very own theatre. Marr, however, who was of sterner stuff, and would, I verily believe, have troubled his mind very little about the displeasure of a whole roomful of Serene Highnesses, boldly took the bull by the horns, and coolly presented me to the Duke as a young stage-struck friend.

What a handsome fellow Charles of Brunswick was in those days!—with his rather tallish, well-shaped figure, slightly raised by the Louis Quatorze heeled elegant boots which he wore on his small feet, his classically regular features, finely chiselled nose, small mouth, luminous blue eyes, and rich dark hair. He was, moreover, singularly gracious on this occasion—yet, strange to say, I felt repelled rather than attracted. There was no real warmth in those bright orbs of his, and I, yea even I, young and inexperienced though I was, and but little skilled yet in reading men's faces, saw the cool, contemptuous, cynical sneer peeping through the cold, glittering smile with which he was pleased to graciously accept Marr's explanation of my presence there.

"Ill-starred prince," said Marr to me after. "A devilishly devised and but too successfully carried out system of training *ad hoc* has morally destroyed him. He has had to suffer bitterly for his relationship to Queen Caroline of England. George IV., Cumberland, and Cambridge have worked their ill-will upon him. The tools to whom his 'education' was entrusted—Linsingen and Bigener—have ruthlessly, with *malice prepense*, trampled out of him all the good grain, leaving naught but 'what is mad or bad. I pity him deeply.' And so did I some seventeen years after, when Father Lacordaire had perverted his

daughter to Romanism—of course, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. She was the only human being whom he really loved, and she was torn from his heart by this “worthy” priest, who died in the odour of sanctity! A queer world we live in, my masters! Yes, she was torn from his heart, and thus was snapped the last link that bound him to aught human. Not that it was not a just retribution for his cruel treatment of his unhappy English wife, the mother of this child, whom he had married morganatically in England, but whom he ruthlessly repudiated, for no other earthly reason but that, with his mean disposition, he found her an over-expensive luxury, and that in his mad “sovereignty” conceit he deemed himself above all law, human and divine.

Many years after this, our first casual meeting behind the scenes of the Brunswick Court Theatre, I came once more quite as casually into contact with Duke Charles. He was then living in Bryanston Square. It was at the time when two unmitigated villains, the proprietors of the *Satirist* and the *Age*, were making his life in London a very hell to him. These vile wretches scrupled not to drag the deposed and exiled Prince’s intimates, friends, and acquaintances—male and female alike—through the mud and mire of their nauseous publications. I took an indignant interest in the matter, and volunteered to aid the deeply-wronged man in bringing these scamps to book.

After their ignominious overthrow, one of the two—Barnard Gregory, of the *Satirist*—resolved to forswear libelling and black-mailing, and to gain a clean, decent living by the exercise of his undoubted theatrical talents. The Duke, still thirsting for vengeance, organised an equally disgraceful plot to prevent the repentant sinner’s successful appearance on the boards at Greenwich, in the first instance, afterwards at the Strand Theatre in London. His Highness, deeming me a mere literary hack, had the sovereign insolence to send his emancipated groom Andlau to me, to engage my services to hoot Barnard Gregory off the stage whenever or wherever he might essay to perform. I trust I need not record here my answer to this insulting, vile proposal.

In 1828 I went to Hamburg on a visit to Schmidt, to see the new theatre under his management. Here I once more met Henry Marr, who starred it for a few nights in his new impersonation of Richard III., one of the most finished performances it has ever been my good fortune to behold on any stage; in fact, equalled only by his Mephistopheles, in which part I saw him the year after at Brunswick, in Goethe’s “Faust,” and in which he was truly sublime.

Dear, good Henry Marr ! He also has long since been gathered to the great host. He died some twelve years ago, after a thoroughly worthy, laborious, and most useful and beneficial life, extending over seventy-five years, from birth to death.

In 1838 I saw one of the dramatic glories of the empire—Mademoiselle George. It was at Lyons, in “Marie Tudor.” It was at her annual Lyons benefit. She acted splendidly, and she looked wondrously young and charming. Indeed, to me she seemed still to have *le bras si dodu, et la jambe bien faite* of the days of her early prime, when emperors and kings disdained not to worship at her shrine. Yet in 1838 she must have had her *première, seconde, et troisième jeunesse* considerably behind her. It was many years after that I met this once bright star of the Théâtre Français again. I think I remember it was at the Opera in Paris, where Louis Napoleon had graciously bestowed upon the great Bonaparte’s whilom mistress the keepership of the umbrellas, etc. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Déjazet was another French actress whom I knew for many long years. I saw her first, over and over again, in 1830–1833, when she was the sprightliest and most spirited dearest little sprite that ever delighted an audience. In 1859, that great patron of dramatic art in petticoats, Achille Fould, generously gave her a concession to manage a boulevard theatre of her own, and in her own name—the Théâtre Déjazet. I cannot say whether she was as successful as a manageress as she was as a dramatic artist.

In 1865 she delighted many thousands, including myself, by her bewitching performances in several of Sardou’s plays. I saw her some years after in London ; but, alas ! *quantum mutata ab illâ*. Though even then she still charmed all who had never seen her in her prime, and amazed all who had ever witnessed her earlier triumphs.

I had, with admiring awe, heard *la terrible Pasta* in the zenith of her fame. Many long years after Lumley, in his desperate efforts to keep open Her Majesty’s in the Haymarket, brought what had once been the greatest of all singers before a British audience. It was almost a cruel deed. I could have cried over the grand old ruin. Ay, there was the scent still faintly clinging to it, indeed, but the vase was broken.

It was well-nigh the same with poor Déjazet. All the dramatic genius was there, but the dramatic power was gone. Déjazet died in December, 1875. She must have been an octogenarian

then ; yet a few brief months before she had still been nobly to the fore at a benefit performance !

The exercise of the dramatic art seems to be favourable to longevity. In England we have glorious instances of this—such as dear old Mrs. Glover, who died almost in harness ; clever Mrs. Frank Matthews, one of the very best and most natural actresses that ever walked the boards. I remember her vividly, to the present hour, in the “Rogues of Paris,” for instance, with her inimitable, “My card, sir ; door-keys given, and no questions asked.” Grand Mrs. Keeley, who, I think, is still to the fore. The last time that I saw and heard her, with the liveliest pleasure, was at poor Buckstone’s last benefit at Drury Lane, when Peter Burleyne was kind enough to give the Old Bohemian a seat in his box—“*Vous voyez bien, mon ami Pierre, qu’un bienfait n’est jamais perdu,*” which interpreted meaneth—“Never lose a chance, Peter, to give an old man a seat in your box at a benefit, it will be remembered after many days.” Madame Vestris, in the “Bottle Imp,” and in a crowd of other of her glorious performances ; Marie Wilton, especially in her great “Little Treasure” days ; and St. Nisbett, of the rippling laughter, although moving in different and distinct grooves, would often remind me of sprightly Déjazet in her sprightliest moments.*

It must have been in 1830 or 1831 that I saw the famous Mdlle. Monval (Mars). I saw her only once, as Elmaire, in “Tartuffe.” The great *comédienne* was then decidedly *sur le retour*. Yet I remember what a splendid performance it was, and what a glorious living impersonation of Molière’s conception of the part.

Of Rachel I have already spoken in another section of these “Reminiscences.” She was a wondrous tragedian. However, I must say, that somehow she succeeded but rarely in touching and stirring my sympathetic chords—if the expression may be permitted to pass—and I had a notion in my poor untutored mind that she was occasionally apt to descend to the stilts, in delivering Racine’s stilted lines.

* But for lack of space, how I would love to revel in reminiscences of the truly artistic performances of these and many more excellent English actresses—Miss Woolgar, who never spoiled a part ; Miss Fortescue, who acted so charmingly in “The Chimes ;” Miss Cooper, who used to enchant me, some forty years ago, as “Gwynneth Vaughan,” etc. etc.

I have applauded many comic, farce, and burlesque actors in my time, and I have had the pleasing advantage of knowing some of them more or less personally. Louis Devrient and Henry Marr, for instance, who were equally unapproachable in the opposite extremes of the dramatic chain; Plock, a great German comic actor in the second, third, and fourth decennium of this century; Helmerding, who, I think, is still delighting and convulsing the good Berliners; Alcide Toussez, one of the most comically quaint of the quaint comics, and his counterparts on the English stage, Compton and Keeley; Buckstone, Wright, Harley, George Belmore, Jemmy Rogers, and a few more—and, strange to say, perhaps I have in most of them found illustrated, more or less, the truth of the old saying that tears and laughter are most nearly akin.

I have seen the famous Louis Devrient shed abundant tears immediately after his most comic performances; but then, there may have been in these tears some, at least, of the old pine-apple that had served to keep him up to the mark. I had occasion to know that Henry Marr was liable to fits of the "blues." Plock, who was the very incarnation of roaring fun and extravagant humour, had a deep under-current of saddest melancholy in him. I have a notion also, that Liston, the creator of "Paul Pry," was given to gloom. I think he was a confirmed hypochondriac, and his intense comicalness, in a great measure at least, was based upon the preternaturally sad and solemn way in which he was funny. Thus, when in the "Illustrious Stranger," if I remember aright, he looked up to the "gods" with that lachrymose long-nosed solemn mug of his, uttering his melancholy "I see nothing to laugh at," no one with a midriff in him could resist shaking and roaring: nor when, in "Paul Pry," he protested, with evident perfect good faith, "that he would never, no never, do a good-natured thing again." Thus, in him also it was the *Jean qui pleure* element that made the public laugh.

Many years ago a comic actor of the subtlest humour was nightly making the sides of the playgoers in the gay city of Vienna shake and split with boisterous mirth and inextinguishable laughter. His name, if I misremember not, was Reimund.

One day there called upon Dr. Frank, the famous Vienna physician, a sad-faced man, to ask the great healer's counsel. Melancholy had claimed him for her own, he bitterly complained; all and everything looked to him dark and gloomy; his life was naught but misery and suffering, and there was not to be found in the wide world the thing that might coax even a transient smile to his wan cheeks.

"Tut, tut, man," cried the Doctor, cheerfully, "you must go and see our prince of comics, Reimund, and if after that you ever come here again to tell me that you cannot get up a smile, I will show you as an unnatural curiosity at a florin a head, and make a fortune out of you. Not smile, indeed! Why, my dear sir, you cannot help roaring with laughter, yea, literally exploding with it, but to look at him!" The consultant heaved a deep sigh, and gazing mournfully on the physician, said, in slow, measured accents: "Dr. Frank, I am Reimund!" Then, with a melancholy shake of the head, he turned him, and went away.

Barely two months after, the easy-going *pococurante*, happy philosophy of the gay Viennese had a rude shock given to it. The wondrous laughter-compeller lay stark and stiff, laid low by his own hand. Yet, how intensely funny he had been in his last performance, only a few brief evenings before—funny! ay, funny!—with brain corroded and heart-strings cracking, and the iron entering deeper and deeper into his soul.

I have seen poor dear George Honey, surely one of the funniest and quaintest actors, in fits of deep despondency; in his case, however, there may have been reasons for it in his domesticity. We were opposite neighbours at one time, and passed many pleasant hours together. He was a right good fellow, and a most amusing companion, full of the raciest dry humour. He was rather given to sturdy independence; at least, he had none of the toadying and tuft-hunting element in his composition. On one occasion he happened to preside over the Saturday's Club dinner, when a noble peer of the realm—who had been elected a member years before succeeding to the family title and estates, upon the old qualification of being a worker in literature, and a clubable fellow—was informed by a liveried servant that his lordship's carriage was at the door. George roundly took the noble earl to task, telling him this sort of thing would not do there, and, although a bill of indemnity would be passed for this once, he, the Chairman, trusted it would never happen again.

One of Honey's little girls, then between three and four, used to amuse me hugely. She would run over to my place five or six times a day in quest of a "pot of beer," which she would honestly endeavour to earn by singing, with a præternaturally solemn face:

Ub an down the City Woad,
In and out the Eagle,
That the way the money go:
Bob go the wee-ee-ee-ale.

She always got her "pot of beer," in the form of sherbet or cream of tartar lemonade. Anything in the guise of drink was to her a "pot of beer."

Great Sir William Don, also, who was as intensely funny in "Cousin Joe" as little Buckstone himself, and simply unapproachable as the long waiter at Greenwich, had much melancholy in his composition. Here again, however, there was intelligible cause for a sombre view of life. Don was an accomplished gentleman, an excellent actor, and in many respects a man of solid attainments. Well, he was not a bit proud of any of these advantages. His great boast was that he could retain separate in his mouth a glass of wine and a glass of water, and I gained his warm friendship, I verily believe, simply by asking him on every available occasion to perform this feat. Man is a queer animal.

Then there was Edward Wright, the king of comedy, farce, and burlesque; "Jolly Ned," as Robert Brough used to call him, whose very face was a fortune in itself to a comic actor. Every surviving middle-aged playgoer must remember him with heartfelt gratitude for the many hearty laughs he made every one enjoy who ever had the happy privilege to "drink him in with eye and ear." Even with one to succeed him so excelling in every line and shade of the *vis comica* as J. L. Toole, the remembrance of his Muster Grinnidge will always stand out in boldest relief. It is really not too much to say that his inimitable performance of the part contributed most materially to clothe the "Green Bushes" with such wondrously enduring verdure. Even as I am penning these lines I see his unapproachable Paul Pry rise before me in the mirror of my mental vision, his marvellous Marmaduke Magog, Tittlebat Titmouse, his Dick Swiveller, his Bill Lackaday the Foundling, and ever so many more of his humorously grotesque characterizations.

I have seen many, many actors in the course of my long career, and a great many of them on the best terms with their audience. But I never, never met with one who could safely venture to take such astonishing liberties with the public as Edward Wright habitually did, and was ever ready and willing to do.

I remember, on one occasion when Benjamin Webster was "negotiating" for a new play with the Brothers Brough, Robert had devised a somewhat risky situation for Wright, which Webster was of opinion the latter would certainly decline to

run the risk of. Robert, who knew his Ned, bet Webster a dinner that the great Adelphi comic would not shrink from even a more "risky" situation if he could only see his way clear to a great hit.

Difficile est communia propriè dicere. Some stories have to be delicately handled in the telling. It would hardly do for me here to state what "dramatic" situation Brough suggested to Wright; I can only say that it rather staggered even that bold and experienced old stager. "Do you think the B. P. will stand that?" he dubiously queried. "You must know best, whether and how it may be done," was Robert's reply. Wright took time to consider. My philosophical master, Hegel, though not a Kant or a Schopenhauer, taught me at least how to let things be inferred by illustration and implication. In Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques* in "Les Joyeusetés du Roy Louis Onze," there is a broadly farcical tale in which Olivier le Daim, Tristan l'Hermite, and the ill-fated Cardinal Balue, are made to figure prominently; the King having enjoyed to the full the "fun and frolic" his coarse cruel mind could derive from pain and suffering wantonly inflicted upon others, gives his royal appreciative verdict on the performance thus: "La farce était bonne, mais diablement orde." The dramatic situation suggested, jocularly and tentatively, by Brough to Wright might have been characterised somewhat after the same fashion. Next day the immortal Ned told Robert he thought he saw his way to do it. Webster did not though, but he honourably acquitted his wager.

Then there was Muster Grinnidge's man Jack Gong, dear Paul Bedford, Wright's and his glorious successor's in the comic championship of England, J. L. Toole's *fidus Achates* and most efficient aide-de-camp.

I knew great Paul first in the halcyon days of his resonant "Jolly Nose" fame, when he was nightly delighting enthusiastic audiences in the enchanted gardens of Vauxhall. A few brief weeks before he died I had to send him a case of champagne, by special request of Charles Millward, then absent from London, who thus shed a last few friendly rays upon the dark passage to the mysterious stage beyond, to which the veteran actor was soon after summoned by the inexorable call-boy, Death.

Paul was of a most kindly nature, an amusing companion, and a sweet singer. At our Club dinners, in the glorious olden days, when we feasted still luxuriously at half-a-crown per head, he would often charm us with his dulcet notes. "Willie brewed a peck o' mant" was his favourite song. He used to profess ardent admiration for Queen Elizabeth, until he found it stated in Agnes

Strickland's life of Her Majesty that she had once upon a time borrowed two hundred pounds of the Mayor of Worcester, which loan had never been repaid. This shocked his moral sense; he indignantly asked what would the world have said if a poor play-actor had been guilty of such mean dishonesty.

One of the most irresistibly droll actors I ever met anywhere was Tyrone Power, who was so unhappily lost in the ill-starred *President*, on her voyage to England, about forty-one years ago. He was the very incarnation of the richest Irish fun, wit, and humour. In pieces like the "Irish Lion," the "Irish Tutor," the "Irish Ambassador," and others of the kind, he was simply unapproachable. I saw him for the last time on the eve of his setting out on his fatal trip across the Atlantic, and I was among the most eager and anxious to rush nearly every hour of the day to the *Times* office, and every night to the Haymarket, to learn had any news reached them of the missing vessel. Alas! "how that brave ship perished, none knew save Him on high," and it has truly grown "an old man's story" now.

I have since then seen several remarkably clever Irish actors, but never again the like of Power—that is to say, on the stage. For in private life I indeed once met a gentleman whom Nature had bountifully gifted with something like the same rich vein of humour and about the same exuberant fatness of fun. He was an Irish physician, a T. C. D. graduate, who was struggling in vain to work his way into a paying medical practice in England. Doctor Edmund Kelly, when in the humour, would imitate Power to perfection—in voice, action, and facial expression. Only he was but rarely in the humour, as he looked upon his histrionic "gift" as a very sorry attainment in a "member of a learned profession." I was most intimate with him; he lived for many months with me, when that "learned profession" had failed in the end even to put a crust of bread into his mouth. I once "stratagemically" succeeded, as dear Gus Mayhew used to have it, in getting him to give a sample of his power to imitate Power before a leading London manager in the very best position to estimate its force of drawing the great British public Haymarket way. An offer there and then of a three years' engagement at twenty pounds a week was the result, only to be indignantly rejected as an insult almost to the doctor's professional dignity. Indeed, I was taken severely to task afterwards for having made the attempt. Well, my friend continued to vegetate on for something like two years more, when he accepted an offer at last to proceed to Australia as surgeon to a large Government emigrant ship. This was in December, 1848. In golden Australia he

succeeded after all. When I heard last from him he was in lucrative practice at Kynaston, Victoria, where he held the official position of coroner.

I was most intimate for many years with a cousin of this gentleman, Dr. Hubert Kelly, whose gifts, however, lay not the histrionic way, but in the healing direction. He was established at Pinner, but his fame and practice extended far beyond the narrow limits of that small Middlesex village township—and deservedly so. I rarely in the course of my experience have met with so perfect a specimen of the country surgeon as he ought to be—skilful, experienced, cool and collected, and ready for any emergency. He was a charming companion, too. I vividly remember a most pleasant jaunt we had together, in 1845, to Southampton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. We had a patient of his with us, who was placed with the Doctor by the Court of Chancery. He was an unhappy gentleman, who having been brought up strictly and religiously by his parents, had after their death suddenly found himself free from restraint, with £2,000 a year clear. It would seem to be a by no means uncommon thing to have a bee in one's bonnet. This gentleman's particular bee belonged to the religious humming species: he thought it incumbent upon him to provide for the spiritual destitution in a certain part of London, by building and endowing a church at a cost of £8,000. His wife, a most charming young lady, thinking, most likely, how much better this large sum might be spent on millinery to deck her graceful person, quietly got a commission *de lunatico*—so her husband was, by a most sapient jury, found of unsound mind in monetary matters, and snugly put away with Dr. Kelly, with £800 a year settled upon him, the remaining £1,200 being handed over to the free management of the loving wife. I found him a remarkably sane, shrewd man—eccentric, indeed, but by no means more so than most men, and rather 'cute and close in money matters. He showed a strong common sense when, being advised by me to try his chance in an appeal to Chancery for a reversal of the finding of the Commission, he told me it was not likely that he would be fool enough to enter upon so hopeless a contest.

I took an absorbing interest in the case of Dyce Sombre, the eccentric son of an Indian princess, who having been found mad upon the evidence of a couple or so of "mad specialists," and stripped of his fortune and his liberty accordingly, strove manfully for long years to have justice done to him, but died, unfortunately, just when he was on the point of conquering at last. So Dr. Kelly's patient was wondrously wise in avoiding to

court the same fate. Happy thought! Eccentric men should not marry.

Dr. Hubert Kelly, who, as I have intimated already, was truly a thoroughly practical, rational physician, allowed his patient the utmost freedom of motion and action compatible with the strict orders and injunctions of Chancery—maybe even beyond. So the poor man's burthen was bearable—only this was simply a slice of good luck for him: suppose he had fallen into the clutches of a "mad specialist?"—then he would indeed have been unhappy, and might in time, most likely, have actually been driven out of his mind. Like so many other of my dearest friends, Dr. Hubert Kelly is long since "gone before."

His widow, upon whose kind friendship I may say I pride myself, is a daughter of the late Mrs. Sherwood, the famous writer, the author of the "Life of Henry Martin," "Henry Milner," "Henry and His Bearer," "Mirabel," and other amusing and instructive works, which in the olden time I used to devour eagerly in the vernacular, or in translation.

I have through life had a great liking and entertained the sincerest admiration for really clever and truly competent lady writers. Carlen and Marlitt, George Sand and George Eliot, rank equally high with me. I long entertained a platonic affection for Delphine Gay, whom I never saw in my life, though I knew her husband, the great Emile de Girardin, pretty well. Mrs. Gore's novels were a source of great pleasure to me; so were Mrs. Trollope's, the Brontës', Miss Braddon's, Miss Annie Thomas's, my old friend Benjamin Clayton's clever daughter's Miss Carey's, "Ouida's," Mrs. Riddell's, and a long string of others. Miss Ann Porter's, Miss Austen's, and Maria Edgeworth's classic productions remain patterns to me to this present day.

I positively revelled in Miss Robinson's historic novels, more particularly "Whitefriars" and "Cæsar Borgia;" and thereby hangs a small tale, which I think I had better give here, though it may be thought out of place in a special chapter on acting. I must humbly crave the kind reader's indulgence for my thus seemingly travelling still farther away from the subject more immediately before me. I am flighty in disposition, "to one thing constant never." No one can help one's peculiar nature. Besides, is not all the world but a stage? and are not all men and women merely players?

In the olden times we had admitted to our set that used to meet at the White Hart Tavern, a tall old gentleman in a tall old dress suit, with a tall old chimney-pot, who went by the name of Robinson and by the reputation of the author of "Whitefriars."

We admired him accordingly. Halliday and self, more especially, positively revered him; and when he talked mysteriously of the wondrous historic tales then still in gestation in his brain, which would "lick 'Whitefriars' into fits," we could barely refrain from falling on our knees to worship him. Literally, there was no end to the "libations" poured out to him, which he would graciously accept and freely imbibe with the calm dignity of one conscious of his worth. It so fell out that Halliday went one day to the Exhibition of the Academy, where he chanced to see a portrait of the "Author of 'Whitefriars,'" who turned out to be a lady. Well, we were fierce in our wrath. It was such a base deception; but the old gentleman was equal to the occasion; he contended that, the part being included in the whole, and he being the father of the author of "Whitefriars," he had not been guilty of any false pretence. Halliday took *his* revenge, however, by telling the story to the reading world in an amusing skit entitled "The Author of Blueblazes" (Whitefriars = Whitefires; Blueblazes).

Some time after this little episode the real author of "Whitefriars" had the most thankless of all thankless tasks thrust upon her—to wit, the continuation and completion of a serial novel conceived and commenced by that great prince in the realm of fiction, J. F. Smith, the writer of "Stanfield Hall," "Amy Lawrence," "Woman and her Master," and a number of other most interesting and exceedingly well-written stories in the *London Journal* which at one time raised the circulation of that periodical to half a million, and gained it the honour of special mention in Parliament by Sir George Cornewall Lewis. Well, Smith was writing "Masks and Faces" in the *Journal* when he had a tiff with Stiff, the proprietor, needless to add that the *teterrima causa* of all *bella*—woman, lovely woman—was at the bottom of it. In fierce Olympian rage the great author sent in to the proprietor a concluding chapter, in which he skilfully managed to assemble the whole of his *dramatis personæ* on board a bark, which he incontinently sent to the bottom of the sea, thus bringing his story to a compulsory close; and he went over, bag and baggage, to the rival camp of Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. Thus it came to pass that Miss Robinson had to continue and complete "Masks and Faces," somewhat in the same fashion as Halliday once upon a time had to complete a serial tale in *Household Words*, left unfinished by the author, one of the most brilliant writers of the day. So Miss Robinson may be said not to have had to stand quite alone in this most undesirable branch of fictive literature.

Like her gifted mother, Mrs. Kelly has cultivated literature; several excellent works, with a moral and religious tendency, have flowed from her pen. She is not quite strictly orthodox: she loves to look upon God as an indulgent, forgiving father, rather than a stern inexorable judge; and she actually professes her disbelief in the doctrine of Eternal Punishment—a dreadful latitudinarian heresy, which I once heard a pious divine denounce as the thin wedge of atheism. Well I, for my part, must confess that the lady's heterodox latitudinarianism liketh me ever so much better than the pious divine's narrow orthodoxy.

To return, once more, finally, to the subject of great actors who occupy a prominent place in my reminiscences.

The *omne tulit punctum* may, with perfect truth, be applied to J. L. Toole. He is equally great in pathos as in drollery. I saw Toole first, many years ago, at the Lyceum, in "Belphégor," as the excellent melodramatic actor Charles Dillon's most efficient aide-de-camp. Even to this day I chuckle with "reminiscent" laughter when I think of the intensely funny, yet thoroughly natural, way in which Toole seemed to give way to the clearly irrepressible, inward impulsion to move the drumsticks. I have since then made it a point to see Toole whenever and wherever I can manage, and I must say his acting has never once yet disappointed me in any way or degree. I have not been able to see him of late years, as I have mostly been absent from London. I am proud to number Toole among my friends; he is not only a true actor, but a true man, a lovable fellow, and a kind and helpful friend—as, to my own knowledge, he has shown himself to many.

Toole's whilom Siamese twin-brother on the comic stage, Lionel Brough, also is a born actor. I saw his first *début* on the boards. It was some twenty-two years ago, at the Lyceum, in the Savage Club performance of the "Forty Thieves." He played the part of Ganem; and well indeed he did it, though at that time he was simply an amateur. I was happy in the possession of a veritable quadrilateral of fraternal friends in London—the four brothers Brough to wit—four towers of strength unto me. Alas! three of them have long since been laid low by the universal destroyer. Lionel alone survives, and he is correspondingly dear to me. I have watched his theatrical career with the sincerest and warmest interest, and the utmost gratification at his success, and it is my heartfelt prayer that he may for many, many, many long years to come continue in

health and strength, and ever grow in professional fame and prosperity.

Another of my greatest favourites on the British stage, and an esteemed friend, is David James. Of him also I can conscientiously aver that, to me, all his impersonations are unexceptionally excellent, and that often as I have witnessed his performances—and I make it a point to see him whenever I can possibly manage—I have invariably found him fully up to my rather exacting standard of unimpeachable character acting. The retired buttermilk in “Our Boys” afforded me one of the richest theatrical treats I ever enjoyed. It was in every way the closest attainable stage representation of the successful British trader—such as we often find him in actual life—vulgar, conceited, and ridiculous, no doubt, in talk and manners, yet with the sterling qualities of a true man in him. David James’s Moses, in the “School for Scandal”—in which I saw him at Buckstone’s last benefit—was, to my mind, a perfect gem of thoroughly well-conceived and admirably-executed impersonation.

Many, many apparitions from the past are crowding on to the mirror of my memory, most of them dear friends who have long since been called off this world’s stage:—Tilbury, ill-fated Charles Young, Compton, Belmore, George Wild, Strickland, little Jemmy Rogers, Charles Verner, Widdicombe, Alfred Wigan, Henry Montague, Sam Emery, Saker, O. Smith, Frederick Yates, Maynard, little Wieland, Wilkinson, Munyard, Barrett, Saunders, Stuart, and ever so many more. Also some who happily are still full of life and hope:—Stanislaus Calbaem, Horace Wigan, Billington, Neville, Robert Soutar, Charles Collette, John S. Clarke, Philip Day, Hermann Vezin, and a host of others, of whom I would dearly love to speak at greater length but that the remaining space at my disposal here is growing alarmingly contracted.

Theatricals, as I have said before, are a cherished hobby of mine, but I feel I must not risk riding this hobby to death. Still, I may crave indulgence for a few brief general remarks in conclusion.

The English have nearly all over the world imputed to them, as a leading characteristic foible of theirs, excessive national conceit. They are held to believe that they are “first chop” in everything, and that no other people can pretend to come within measurable distance of their own superlative universal perfection. Now it seems to me this charge is barely deserved; nay, it may justly be averred, on the contrary, that the English are almost

over-much given to generously cede the palm in many matters to other nations, who may, indeed, be their equals in such matters, but certainly not their superiors.

I have, in the course of these reminiscences, repeatedly taken occasion to point out, for instance, how there are some things, at least in France, which they decidedly do *not* order better over there than here.

It is the fashion now-a-days with English people who have seen plays and actors on the Continent, and equally with many more who have simply witnessed on London boards the acting of foreign dramatic stars and the performances of French and German theatrical companies, to exalt to the skies the exquisite style and finish of the foreign drama, to the disparagement, of course, of the British stage.

The less uncompromising among these *laudatores alieni* generally restrict their praise and their strictures severally to the different *régie*, or management, respectively obtaining on continental and on English boards.

Now I, for my own part, am simply a playgoer, certainly not a dramatic critic. So my judgment either way can carry no weight. Still I have an opinion of my own upon this matter, which I must humbly crave permission to put on record here.

I have in the course of the last sixty years or so witnessed a great number and variety of dramatic performances in divers parts of Europe, and I have seen some few at least of the greatest actors of the century—German, French, Italian, and English. I think I may venture to say that I am pretty free from national bias and prejudice. Well, I must say that, in my humble opinion, English acting can fully hold its own in the world's dramatic competition, and certainly need not dread disparaging comparison with the continental branch of this noble art.

To give a few instances at random, by way of illustration. Macready, Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, Wallack, Phelps, Henry Irving, Charles Warner, and many more whom I could name, would have achieved high fame on any continental stage. Charles Kean, with all his shortcomings, and however inferior to his illustrious father, was still a great actor in the fullest sense of the term. Could any continental company have shown a Bottom, a Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, a Manfred, a King James superior to Phelps's glorious embodiment of these characters? It would have taken a very clever French or German artist to beat Robert Keeley in *Sarah Gamp*; Frank Matthews in *Pecksniff*; Compton in *Dominie Sampson*; Sothorn in *Dundreary*. Lady Theodore Martin's Pauline Deschapelles could not well have been surpassed in delicacy of conception and finish of execution on any con-

tinental stage. I have heard many leading French and German actresses laugh their level best, yet methinks I never heard any of them outdo the musical ripple of St. Nisbett. Can there be found anywhere a more delightful sprite, half Ariel, half Puck, and altogether "will-o'-the-wisp" than bewitching Ellen Farren?

I have seen Perlet, one of the best French comedians, in many of his best parts, among others in "*L'Art de Conspirer*," and I was always enchanted with the marvellous finish and polish of his acting. Yet when I afterwards saw William Farren, senior, in "*The Minister and the Mercer*"—the English adaptation of "*L'Art de Conspirer*"—I should have been helplessly puzzled to which of the two great artists to give the palm, had the task to choose between the two been put upon me. And Farren's Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, Old Rapid, and that grandest conception, Grandfather Whitehead—I take it that few of the best continental actors could have equalled the great English comedian in these parts, whilst surely none could have surpassed him.

Lemaître, Lafont, Arnot, were splendid French actors. Yet Charles Mathews performed their greatest and most reputed parts, transferred and adapted to the English stage, at least to equal perfection. Nay, he went over to Paris, to give the critical playgoers there convincing proof of his wondrous command over his art and over their own vernacular; and he gained enthusiastic applause night after night.

It may be conceded that the stage management of English playhouses is not always up to the general standard of French and German *régie*. There is occasionally a lack of harmonious blending in English performances, calculated to impair the dramatic effect. Still, even in this respect, the fault-finding is not always legitimate.

Disapproving critics should not base their strictures upon such very exceptionally high standards as the company of the Théâtre Français or the Duke of Meiningen. There are few theatres, indeed, to be found anywhere able to achieve such perfection of general and personal dramatic mechanism, if the expression may be permitted to pass, as these *corps d'élite* exhibit. And, after all, the English stage also can boast of some excellent stage managers. There were the brothers Wigan, for instance—Alfred and Horace,* and Mrs. Alfred Wigan; Mr. Frederick Yates and

* This excellent actor, whom I gladly number among my old friends, and whose wondrous impersonation of the detective in the "*Ticket of Leave Man*," at the Olympic, many years ago, ranks with my most

his talented wife; Edward Stirling, of Drury Lane; and there are the Bancrofts, Robert Soutar, and several more, who all of them would have been, or would be, equally great on the most exacting continental stage.

To my mind, nothing anywhere has ever yet excelled the harmonious *ensemble* of Haymarket performances, such as the "Lady of Lyons," for instance, "Money," "The Love Chase," and other high-class plays in the olden days when Macready, Charles Kean, Strickland, Webster, Wrench, Farren, David Rees, Buckstone, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Glover, Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Priscilla Horton, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Charles Kean, Mrs. Stirling, and many others, were still to the fore in the dramatic world.

Was there ever seen, before or since, such a perfect piece of concerted acting as "Little Nell" at the Adelphi, with Frederick Yates as Quilp, Mrs. Yates as Mrs. Quilp, dear clever Mrs. Keeley as the heroine, Wilkinson as Kit, Wright as Dick Swiveller, Wieland as the boy Scott, and all other parts filled as efficiently in every way? or "Ten Thousand a Year," at the same place? or the series of Robertsonian plays at the Prince of Wales's? or the never-to-be-forgotten Chuzzlewit-Pecksniffean performance on the boards of the Lyceum, with Frank Matthews' lively embodiment of the veritable Pecksniff as drawn by Dickens, Bob Keeley as Sarah Gamp, Mrs. Keeley as Young Bailey, Meadows as Tom Pinch, etc. etc.?

I inscribe these reminiscences to Mr. Octavian Blewitt, the noble secretary to the noble Royal Literary Fund. But for that glorious institution, and the liberal aid so generously extended to me in the last six years by its committee, on more than one occasion, in my direst need, this book, in all likelihood, would never have been written—as the hand which traces these words would long ere this have been cold and stiff in death.

I trust I need not fear that anyone who knows me will impute it to the pride that would ape humility, when I thus openly express my heartfelt deep gratitude to the noblemen and gentlemen of the several committees that have deemed my appeal worthy of favourable consideration, and to the large-hearted secretary who has always exerted himself so warmly and sympathetically on my behalf. Was not the brilliant author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" generously assisted in his need by the same noble Fund? And did he not proudly acknowledge his obligation? Why not I then?

pleasant theatrical reminiscences, is still up and doing, I am happy to find.

To the secretary personally, I owe a still deeper debt of gratitude. It is to Mr. Octavian Blewitt's spontaneous, unsolicited initiative, that I am indebted for the kind introduction of my name to Her Majesty's most gracious notice, which auspiciously led to my admission to the Charterhouse, upon nomination by the august lady, whom may the Almighty Dispenser of events long, long preserve in health and happiness!

The Charterhouse is indeed a noble institution, and I would dearly have loved to pass the short balance of my life in its quiet shades. It has been ordained otherwise. When a man has lived close upon fifteen lustres, the joints of life have grown stiff in him, figuratively speaking, and he finds it very, very difficult to abandon or change old cherished habits. Still I might have succeeded in time in getting used to run in the new groove, but that grievous, well-nigh lethal illness absolutely compelled me to relinquish my residential position in the Charterhouse, and to apply for an out-pension, which the Governors of that most beneficent institution have been indulgently pleased to grant me.

I have from childhood been most susceptible of derangement of the digestive function; ever since my fearful illness in Algiers, some forty-eight years ago, I have had to be careful in the choice, preparation, and taking of my food; and, as a rule, I have been my own cook wherever practicable, and have taken my time over my meals. My dear friend, James Lowe, bestowed upon me, years ago, the nickname of "Slowchaw," and the older I was growing, and the faster my grinders were going, leaving me naught in the end but a few reminiscential stumps, the more I came to practically deserve the appellation.

It may be easily conceived, then, that the half-hour for dinner given at the Charterhouse, was not half time enough for me. The natural consequences of my attempt to force my stomach against Nature made themselves sadly felt only too soon. Still, I persevered, acting upon a most foolish proverb, which tells us that where there is a will there is a way. In the Brother Brough's "Emendations of British Proverbs," this most untrue saying was changed to "wills are but seldom ways." I, for one, found that with the very best will on my part I failed most signally to force my stomach to see its way to the reception of qualitatively and quantitatively unaccustomed fare within an unusually limited period of time.

Why dwell upon this? In brief, my constitution obstinately persisted in declining to take anyhow to the sudden change in my habits; my health was giving way more and more, and the natural brightness and cheerfulness of my temper and disposi-

tion got clouded over with deep and broad shades of melancholy broodings.

It was in February, 1880, some six months after I had come into residence in the Charterhouse.

"I tell you what it is, old boy," said my friend O'Rourke* to me one day, "you look precious white about the gills. This sudden somewhat violent revolution in your mode of living does not seem to agree with you. You had better take a run down to the sea for change of air."

"What! in this blessed month of February? How absurd!" I cried. "Why, people would think me mad as a March hare."

"Never you mind how absurd, or what people may think," retorted O'Rourke stoutly. "You do as I tell you, and I'll warrant you will soon have reason to thank me for my advice, which is solely prompted by my warm interest in you. You must surely see that I cannot possibly have a selfish motive in this."

Now, I must say this of my friend O'Rourke, there breathes not a more unselfish man—except, indeed, in money matters, or where his personal feelings or interests are, however remotely, concerned. And what, indeed, could it matter to him whether I stayed in London or went to the seaside?

So, as I have reason to consider O'Rourke rather an authority on questions of health, and as the advice proffered by him seemed disinterested, I began to look upon the suggestion as not quite so outrageously absurd as it had struck me at the first blush.

"But where would you advise me to go to?" I asked thereupon, somewhat more deferentially.

"To Birchington, man, to Birchington!" exclaimed O'Rourke, enthusiastically.

"Birchington?" I queried, in some perplexity. "Where is that to be found on the map," for I am ashamed to confess I could not just then call to mind ever having seen or heard the name of the place before.

* For divers valid reasons I am compelled to resort to a pseudonym here, which I have selected in affectionate remembrance of my departed friend, Edmund Falconer, whose true patronymic it was. It had to come to the fore with him in his periodical applications to the "Court." Lawrence was once asked how Falconer was getting on—it was at a time of temporary depression—"Ah," said he sadly, shaking his head, "I am awfully afraid his 'Falconer' full moon is on the wane, and is fast going to change to its pristine 'O'Rourke' newness again."

"Not know Birchington!" cried O'Rourke. "You surprise me."

A village called Birchington, famed for its 'Rolls'
As the fishing-bank just in its front is for soles.

Why, you must have passed it over and over again on your way to Margate."

"Oh, is it the small shebeen village you mean, next on the line from Herne Bay?" I queried, somewhat contemptuously, as a faint recollection dawned upon me that I had seen some such name written up somewhere on the road to Margate.

"Shebeen village, indeed!" cried O'Rourke, indignantly. "Birchington-on-Sea, as it is properly called, is a town, sir—a town which, but for the lack of a harbour, might have been one of the Cinque Ports, just as much as any of the other five. And as a sanatorium, second to none, let me tell you, sir."

"But," I ventured to ask diffidently and dubiously, "will this sanatorium suit my constitution—at this inclement season of the year?"

"Will it suit your constitution—at this inclement season of the year?" mimicked O'Rourke. "Of course it will. It is the very place for you, man, with your gout and rheumatism, your asthma, your dyspeptic fits—to which you have so perversely taken since your transplantation to the *Domus Carthusiana*, as if, forsooth, you had not plenty of ailments in stock to satisfy the distempered craving of the veriest glutton of valetudinarianism—your inveterate hippishness, your eternal colds, and your everlasting bronchitis—and the inroads of old age."

Now, this was merely a nasty, ill-natured sneer of O'Rourke's; for, with all the inveterate hippishness imputed to me, I never yet laid claim to anything like half these complaints; and as for dyspeptic fits, why, I certainly had not taken to them—perversely or otherwise—they had been *forced* upon me, not by fast living, but by compulsory fast eating.

"Birchington," O'Rourke continued, magisterially, "with its chalk cliffs, and its dry soil, and its genial breezes, and the splendid facilities for bathing on its sandy shore, and its charming rural simplicity, and its enchanting primitive ways, and* its

* My friend O'Rourke uses a great many "ands" in this apostrophe to me, which an eminent journalistic authority of comparatively recent date would in his purism of literary composition have felt impelled to qualify as tautology. A distinguished writer on the paper under the supreme guidance and control of said high and mighty authority, once upon a time introduced into a political article of his a quotation from Macaulay, which happened to abound in "ands." The high authority in question sternly called the writer to account for the "vile tautology,"

calm repose, will make a new man of you in no time, and give you a fresh lease of life, starting you with a solid capital of health more than sufficient to last you for ten years to come; so you just shut up and go! And, look you here, old fellow, by a most extraordinary coincidence, I am going to send Mrs. O'Rourke and the chits to this identical town of Birchington, and as I have to go to Liverpool on business, you may as well run down along with them, looking a little after the luggage and things in general, you know. You will infinitely oblige Mrs. O'Rourke. What say you?"

What could I say? I felt that I was in for it, and could not well get out of it, there being a lady in the case; though I must say I saw peep out a little too much of the disinterested O'Rourke's actuating motive to make it quite pleasant.

So, two days after, down I went to Birchington with Mrs. O'Rourke and family of three charming cherubs, and a servant. I am a confirmed old bachelor in every way, and it had never been my fate before then to travel with a family. It is but a two hours and a half run by rail from Victoria to Birchington; but I had quite enough of it. There were twenty-two separate parcels of luggage to be seen to—to get labelled at Victoria, looked after at Faversham, and finally collected on the Birchington platform; for railway porters are apt to be careless if not largely tipped. In short, no slave of the ring or of the lamp in Aladdin's wondrous tale was ever made such a wretched serf as I was to that cursed luggage.

And when at last it was all done, apparently, and the twenty-two parcels had—*hibernicè*—been safely housed in our new rural residence, it turned out that there were only twenty-one of them, and that the most important—a large hamper containing the family's provender for a week to come, with no end of table-cloths, napkins, towels, etc.—was not among them.

So I was despatched there and then to the station, to bully the unlucky master, and peremptorily insist upon the immediate production of that hamper. As the poor man had not got it I made him telegraph at once in every direction.

From that time forward for four days after I was made wretched by that blessed hamper. I was truly hampered by it, or rather by its persistent non-appearance, in all my intended movements in search of health, and in all other ways. Every

and when the latter pleaded that it was a quotation from Macaulay, replied with superb disdain, "Mr. Macaulay may consider himself a very great writer, sir, but he shall not write for this paper, sir, so long as I am directing it, sir." This may read like a clumsy invention, but it happens to be true.

train that happened to stop at Birchington brought me to the little toy station, with the stereotyped inquiry: "Has the hamper come?"

And as day after day passed without news of the missing parcel, Mrs. O'Rourke grew more and more wroth, goading me, the very mildest-tempered man alive, into unseemly vituperation of the L. C. & D. Company and everybody connected with it, especially the unhappy station-master, who, in the end, dreaded the very sight of me, and had a run for it the instant he saw me turn up the Station Road. The three cherubs and the female slavey were also despatched some five or six times a day to make the life of that plagued official a torment unto him.

He was forced to telegraph to Victoria and to Faversham, and to Dover and to Calais, and to Paris and to Ostend, and to Brussels—nay, even to Cologne—all in vain. So he told us at last, in desperation, to make out our claim upon the Company for the value of the missing parcel. And I, upon the strength of some hazy recollection of having once seen a hamper somewhere, and upon the confident asseveration of one of the cherubs that she had seen the hamper taken out of the van at Faversham, was ready to make a solemn declaration that I had seen the missing hamper duly labelled at Victoria and turned out of the luggage-van at Faversham, and—Heaven forgive me!—to swear to the value of the contents which I had never even cast eyes on. But—*ce que femme veut*.

Well, we were just about sending in our claim for compensation, made out by Mrs. O'Rourke in a fashion testifying equally to a splendidly retentive—perhaps slightly inventive—memory, and to a truly surprising faculty of valuation, and duly supported by me in every item—when lo! on the fifth evening after our arrival at Birchington, the unlucky hamper came down upon us like an avalanche, sent on by O'Rourke, who had found it snugly reposing on the landing in his own house upon his return from Liverpool. I must say I felt a happy relief. A load was lifted off my mind. The dread of laying the guilt of little short of deliberate perjury on my soul had happily vanished now into the comfortable domain of things that simply might have been.

Of course I do not claim the gift of looking into other people's souls and consciences, but I have a shrewd suspicion that the unexpected arrival of the hamper did not please Mrs. O'Rourke quite so much as it rejoiced me. Poor lady! Her great mnemonic feat and her brilliant power of computing values by double-chalk entry went positively for nothing now. She might surely be pardoned, then, for looking upon herself as a woman most cruelly used. No wonder her disappointment was visited upon my

devoted head. I caught it hot and sharp and strong. "If a gentleman undertook to look after a lady's luggage, he surely ought to do it properly. There could be no excuse for laxity or negligence in such a case," I was told rather bluntly, and I found it no easy task to deprecate the lady's wrath.

And there was another *mauvais quart d'heure* to pass. For had not the opportunity come now for the martyred station-master to bear down heavily upon his unconscionable tormentor? So I went in fear and trembling to make the *amende honorable* to that most ill-used official. Luckily the man turned out to be a true Christian. He simply looked at me reprovingly, and pointing the outstretched index of his right hand at me, said slowly and impressively :

"And you were prepared to swear that you had seen this hamper labelled at Victoria, and taken out of the luggage-van at Faversham! What do you think of yourself now---hey?" and, without waiting to listen to my apologetic self-depreciation, he turned on his heels and slowly walked away, gravely shaking his head.

I was a free man, then, at last; free from that hampering incubus, and I was permitted by gracious Mrs. O'Rourke to go and look around and about me beyond the quarter of a mile distance separating our urbano-rural residence from the railway station, to which my explorative movements had up to this been mainly limited.

Now, when one goes to the sea, even in winter, it is but natural that one would like to see the sea. So on the sixth morning after our arrival at Birchington I set out for the "sands;" for I had been told that the coast at Birchington was arenaceous, just the same as at Margate. The said sands are about half a mile from the "town," as the Birchingtonians will, with true Kentish sturdiness, persist in dubbing their little village. Some of the more ardent local patriots even call it a seaport, which certainly it might be, only it is not, albeit in most other respects a most excellent place, as I found in due course of time; and as a marine health resort, indeed second to none.

On this, and on many succeeding days, I perambulated the Birchington shore from the bay sea-wall to Westgate, a stretch of above two miles of smooth sandy expanse, intersected here and there, close to the coast, by patches of chalk, stones, and pebbly shingle, yet altogether an "illigant sthrand for ladies to bathe in summer."

The Birchington sands present, indeed, splendid facilities for bathing. It must be conceded, also, that the ways of the little place are enchantingly primitive. There are certain decayed

ports on the Kentish coast where the number of bathing machines reaches actually up to three, and even four, which, however, are only rarely in simultaneous use at the very height of the season, when as many as an entire half-a-dozen families may happen to be down at a time.

Now Birchington, with an influx now and then of some forty or fifty families occasionally, many of them belonging to the world of fashion, with a pretty large sprinkling of carriage people among them, sports not a solitary bathing box. Nature has generously provided more comfortable and more economical tiring-rooms, in the shape of a number of caves in the cliffs lining the shore. Some of these caves are pretty deep, others are more shallow. By tacit agreement the latter are left to the gentlemen bathers, while the deeper ones are reserved for the exclusive use of the ladies. Sheets or blankets, or a number of newspapers artistically pinned together, secure the privacy of these improvised apartments, whose temporary tenants have no rent to pay.

Birchington most fully shares in that glorious eastern blast for which the Kentish coast would seem to have secured a special patent of its own. O'Rourke had boasted of "genial breezes" among the most charming attractions of Birchington. Well, my personal experience of the place soon proved this to be a most deplorable abuse of language. I have had occasion to mention somewhere in the course of these "Reminiscences" how my dear departed friend Jacobsen, known in Bohemia Londinensis as the witty Dane of Westminster, used to call the "genial climb" the ascent of one hundred and seventeen steps leading to our lofty roost when we were in Paris together in 1867. Upon something like the same principle, the fierce blowers on the Kentish coast might be qualified as "genial breezes." I can conscientiously aver that during my stay in the place I hardly ever knew two days in succession to pass without some gale or other—eastern or western, generally spiced with a stiff northern blast—blowing gaily through the greater part of the day; occasionally for a long spell of several days and nights running. But I must add, in homage to truth, that, whether owing to the dryness of the soil, or to whatever more occult sanitary influence, the very fiercest gale at Birchington never in any way injuriously affected me. At Brighton, I always suffer from distressing attacks of dyspnoea, and my bronchitis affectionately sticks to me in all weathers. At Birchington, I found I could breathe freely in the fiercest gale. In London, a wetting, or a walk through the mud, is always safe to land me in rheumatic rackings or in gouty fits. At Birchington, neither the very heaviest walk over

the wet sands, nor the most thorough soaking, ever seemed to have power to hurt me ; or, for the matter of that, any of the many invalids I met who had come in search of health to this truly glorious sanatorium.

When I went back to London I really felt as a new-born man. But, alas ! I had to face once more the same adverse conditions as before my trip to Birchington. And, most unhappily, this time a few weeks sufficed to lay me on a most painful sick-bed, with a fierce attack of gastrorrhœa, the most distressing malady I had ever yet experienced in the course of a long life.

When I was within the very gates of death, my dear friend Margetson saved me by advising my instant removal to my old Birchington quarters.

I had a hard and protracted struggle for it, indeed ; but the beneficent health-giving, tone-restoring *genius loci* of this blessed little place gave me another chance of recovery.

This seems to me the proper place to crave permission to express my most heartfelt gratitude to gracious Mrs. O'Rourke for the unvarying gentleness and untiring patience with which she nursed me through the very worst phases of my fearful malady, bearing with truly angelic sweetness the wildest and vilest outbreaks of temper into which my sufferings would but too often goad me. Not alone this, but in the indispensable prosaic matter-of-fact business relations between us, she showed how lamentably deficient she was in her calculating power, for which I had been disposed to give her such high credit in the affair of the missing hamper. She compute with double-chalk entries ! Why, her arithmetic was truly deplorable. She made out that a pound sterling added to another pound sterling came exactly to nine shillings, and, with woman's proverbial obstinacy, she would carry her point. The blessings of an old man rest on her head !

Placed thus in exceptionally favourable local conditions, under the truly intelligent medical treatment of a thoroughly rational physician of vastest and widest experience, such as my dear friend Parker Margetson, with the splendid nursing I enjoyed, liberally supplied with first-rate physic by my dear friend Bullock, and with pure wine and old Cognac by two excellent Germans, Louis Hermann and Herman Schlüter, right good fellows and true, whom I have known and loved for years, and whose generous friendship has contributed largely indeed to lengthen my days in the land, I managed somehow to pull through.*

* "I have received testimonials in many ways, and of many degrees of value, and they have always been, unfortunately, acceptable," says

Yet was it a long, hard struggle, and I was for months hovering in the valley of the shadow of death.

In those days I often would wend my way slowly and painfully to the quiet little churchyard surrounding the quaint old church of All Saints, to wander among the graves, on mournful thoughts intent. As I have already had occasion to state, I must plead guilty to a rooted irrational dislike of the notion of being buried, no matter where. But in my then fast wasting and waning state I could not but strive to take kindly to the miniature Necropolis of Birchington. I saw something congruous in the idea that I, born in distant lands on a mighty river, and restlessly thrown about all my days on the storm-tossed waves of a roving life, should find rest and peace at last in the "Peace Yard," as the Germans term it with such simple pathos, of a small village church on the English coast. It pleased the Powers on High to decree otherwise.

In 1858, my ever dear friend Robert Brough casually introduced me to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then a young man of about thirty,—Robert's own age. Brough was intimate with Rossetti, to whom he dedicated one of his own poetic productions. I cannot exactly call to mind which, but I believe it was "Songs of the Governing Classes," a series of acutely pointed, yet stingless social satires, burked somehow at the time.

I passed about an hour in the society of the painter-poet, who charmed me with the sweet witchery of his brilliant conversation. I met him once again in 1860; I believe it was a short time after the Savage Club performance at the Lyceum. A few brief

the father of Little Dorrit, and the Marshalsea. So have I in the course of a rather long and chequered career. With Mr. Dorrit said testimonials generally took the shape of money. With me they have mostly taken the shape of wine, or things *ejusdem generis*, and I have always been much pleased with them, just like Mr. Dorrit. But never but once before have I felt so deeply grateful to the kind testimonialists as I do feel to my friends MM. Hermann and Schlüter. The one exceptional instance here referred to, in which a vinous testimonial has ever given me equal pleasure, was the presentation of a dozen of choice Bordeaux by an Indian judge, Mr. Evans, a friend of my friend Edward Wilson, who sent it me in acknowledgment of the gratification he kindly professed to have derived from the perusal of a tale of mine in *Tinsleys' Magazine* ("A Psychological Problem").

The acquaintance of MM. Hermann and Schlüter I made years ago at the Vienna Beer Saloon, a most excellent restaurant in the Strand, carried on at the time by a dear old friend of mine, now departed, M. Adolf Berndes, and at present by another of my friends, M. Darmstätter. I have passed many of the happiest hours of my life in this place.

months more, and the connecting link between us was snapped asunder by Brough's death. I never could or would impose myself unasked upon any one. I never met Dante Rossetti again in the flesh, but I continued to admiringly cultivate a close intimacy with the productions of his pen and pencil.

And now he is no more; and he lies buried in this Birchington Churchyard, and I am told, with what foundation I know not, that it was the perusal of a paper of mine on Birchington, published last year in *Tinsleys' Magazine*, which induced him to go there in search of a possible recovery. There he sleeps, perchance to dream of those images of immortal beauty with which his mind was so richly stored.

I say I had a long and hard struggle for it.

My poor, proud stomach unforgivingly offended, seemingly, with my persistent efforts, under duress, to force an impossible task upon it, struck digestion work altogether, obstinately declining to retain food of whatever kind—flesh, fish, or fowl, bread or biscuit, cake or custard, beef tea and mutton broth alike—nay, there were days when even wine and cognac, with Apollinaris, were uncompromisingly refused admission. And all this time the dreadful flux of morbidly altered mucus continued almost without intermission. It threatened to be a case of *pantarrhei* with me, for all of me was fast dissolving and flowing away.

In August, 1879, when I entered the Charterhouse, I weighed very close upon 14 stone. In August, 1880, I was reduced to something like 11½ stone, and by December I had lost another 14 pounds.

Antæus of old was fabled to derive renewed vigour whenever he touched the earth, his mother. In some such fashion the Continent had been to me for long years a *Mater Terra*. Whenever I had felt weary and faint from wrestling with the Hercules of forced mental labour, I had taken a trip to Holland or Belgium, Germany or France—and I had always come back to my English home refreshed and strengthened.

Acting upon his knowledge of this fact, my friend Margetson prescribed a change of the venue—as they have it in law—to Paris.

Over to the French metropolis I went accordingly, with cheerful obedience. But whether it was due to the unwonted severity of the winter season in the blessed year of our Lord, 1881, or to whatever other cause or circumstance, for the first two months of my stay in my dearly-beloved Paris the change did not benefit me. Indeed, up to the middle of March I con-

tinued to go down hill, slowly but surely. Digestion and nutrition seemed altogether out of the question in my then sorely dilapidated state, while the dreadful drain upon my sadly reduced substance continued almost incessant and undiminished.

On March 14, 1881, I weighed 9 stone 9 lbs.! an almost unexampled reduction in weight—that is to say, when followed by ultimate recovery, and certainly the more wonderful at my advanced age. By a happy inspiration—as shown by the result—I suddenly took it into my noddle to drop soups and fish and fowl, on which I had desperately striven to subsist, but which *would not* stay on my stomach, and to take, of all dishes in the world, to galantine in vinegar brine (solution of salt in vinegar) alternately with devilled sardines. Vinegar brine I firmly believe to be the most perfect substitute for the natural gastric juice. It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless a great fact, that these two apparently so curiously unsuitable dishes were taken to so kindly by my hard-trying and much-suffering digester, that I may conscientiously affirm they literally dragged me back from out of the very jaws of death. They, and they alone, restored my stomach to its pristine tone; to this extent, at least, that it will now once more as of old digest in proper time any well-prepared article of food.

I venture to dwell upon this at unconscionable length, perhaps, simply that I believe in all sincerity my experience may serve in certain apparently desperate cases of dyspepsia.—*Experto credite* ye who may be thus afflicted!

Upon my return to England, in May, 1881, I weighed just upon 10 stone, and measured 35 inches round the waist. I have now reached again a little above 13 stone, and measure 45 inches round the waist!

There is one unlucky drawback to this, to a man of my limited exchequer means. I am outgrowing my clothes over-fast. Only fancy! a boy of my age outgrowing his suits! My tailor, who is an excellent artist in his line, is rather staggered by this strange phenomenon, and he is beginning to protest inconveniently against this inconvenient habit. Indeed, he has been darkly hinting of late the desirableness of a corresponding increase of my banking balance—a hard task to put upon a man who has no banker and no balance. Well, who knows but this other apparent impossibility may after all come to pass too!

Well, well! At all events the Old Bohemian's weather-worn bark has at last found comparatively safe moorings; and although my unconquerable roving disposition may not let me pass my now fast-declining days quietly in harbour (*reficit rates quassas nauta*

indocilis quietem pati), yet my future voyages will necessarily be confined to the merest coastings—unless an enterprising publisher should enable me to carry out my projected “trip on a tricycle, from Caen to Cannes, by a very old Bohemian, with photographic illustrations of scenery, and geographical, geological, physical, statistical and historic notes”—*Lectores benevoli valete!*

THE END.