Breakfasts with Samuel Rogers.

No. IV.

In the later summer of 1847 I accepted an invi-
ıtion to breakfast with Mr. Samuel Rogers, to
ıeet Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

Though familiar with their writings, I had not previously made the acquaintance of either. Their fame as novelists had at this time been partially eclipsed by the popularity of Mr. Dickens; but their reputation as statesmen and rising politicians was in full bloom. I was the youngest of the party, and my seniors, Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Bulwer, had scarcely one-half of the age of our venerable host.

Our conversation was, at first, more political than literary or general, and turned mainly upon the affairs of France, which, under the corrupt government of Louis Philippe—King of the Barricades, as he was called by some, and the Citizen King, or *Roi Épicier*, as he was irreverently called by others—were rapidly drifting towards the Revolution which he stolidly and obstinately provoked, and which broke out in full fury eight or nine months afterwards. But as these questions have long since lost their interest, and as my intention is not to revive obsolete politics, I pass over the discussions that arose upon them, animated though they were, and important as they seemed at the time.

Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer were both born in 1805, and were almost in the noon of their literary, and in the first morning of their political, fame. They had both, in their early manhood, aspired to be leaders of fashion,

and many gibes and jokes were directed against them by the wicked wits of the time on the airs of foppery and dandyism which they gave themselves.

In the well-known literary portraits of *Fraser's Magazine*, published monthly from 1830 to 1836, and drawn by Daniel Maclise, Disraeli is represented as a very Antinous of personal beauty, and Bulwer Lytton—then known as Lytton Bulwer—as an exquisite of the first order. But at this time (1847) their youthful graces had somewhat faded, and years, and marriage, and the cares and struggles of life, had had the effect of sobering them down into the staid and steady appearance of respectable middle-aged gentlemen. Sir Edward had early in life married a beautiful Irish girl for love, or what he thought love; but "thereof had come in the end despondency and madness," and separation by mutual consent, on account of their utter incompatibility of temper. Mr. Disraeli, at a riper age, had married a widow, rich, accomplished, and comparatively young, who had made him an excellent and affectionate wife. Her fortune had enabled him to climb with easier efforts the steep hill of political power, and her sympathy cheered, encouraged, and sustained him in his struggles and triumphs.

Both of these eminent men published novels before they reached the legal age of manhood, and ive but faint promise of the excellence to which

they afterwards attained. Sir Edward Bulwer, considered solely as a man of letters, was a born genius, and stood amongst the foremost in the second rank of the world's greatest men—almost worthy, in some respects, to be included among the select company of the first. Mr. Disraeli, looked upon in the same literary light, had no claim to genius which the world in his own day was willing to concede, and which it will not concede now; but he was undoubtedly a writer of great, if not of commanding talent.

Lytton Bulwer, the man of genius, was not a great statesman, though he aspired to be so; but Disraeli, the man of talent, was a statesman of the very highest order. At the time to which these reminiscences refer, neither the authorship nor the statesmanship of Mr. Disraeli was very highly thought of, except by a select few. The great Duke of Wellington, who at that time shared with Sir Robert Peel the leadership of the Conservative party, was accustomed to speak of Mr. Disraeli—whom he called "Dis*rawli*"—with ill-concealed depreciation, as an "adventurer," who sought to force his way into the ranks of a party which did not need his services, and which would have much preferred to dispense with his assistance.

Sir Edward Bulwer was scarcely looked upon as a politician at all, and, though an excellent orator, was not a favourite in Parliament. The matter of

the few speeches which he made in that very critical assembly was always good, and the manner pleasing; but they bore too evidently the marks of careful preparation to be altogether acceptable to a house which always preferred, and still prefers, extemporaneous speeches to studied orations; which listens attentively to the former, and retires to the dining- or smoking-rooms in large numbers whenever any attempt is made to extort its praises or its attention by people who would, if they could, play the part of Demosthenes or Cicero. What the British House of Parliament admires and listens to is a ready debater, not a great orator; and for the chances and exigencies of debate Sir Edward Bulwer was, in a great measure, disqualified by his growing infirmity of deafness.

Mr. Disraeli, as a debater, though not as an orator, was greatly superior to Sir Edward; and, hearing every interruption, every contradiction, and every remark made by friend or opponent in the course of his speeches, was enabled to reply at the moment, and often very effectively, by a repartee, or a rejoinder, that was of the utmost value to his reputation as a speaker. This advantage being unhappily denied to Sir Edward, he addressed the House very seldom, and, if listened to by any greater audience than that of the reporters, was listened to as a duty rather than as a pleasure.

There was once a famous comic actor in London, named Liston, a great favourite of the public, especially in the once celebrated part, Paul Pry. Only to see the face of this admirable performer, even before he uttered a word, was to be excited to laughter. He was beyond all comparison the first comedian of his time, and commanded a large—report said an extravagant—salary. Yet he was dissatisfied with the public that appreciated his talent so highly, and insisted that he was utterly misunderstood. He considered himself to be, above all things, a tragedian, and having, in a farce, to repeat the line in answer to one of the characters, who asked, "What will the public say?" he always replied, "The public! The public is a hass!" always saying "a hass," instead of "an ass," to give more emphasis to his assertion and to mark his sense of its want of judgment. This story is also told of Mr. John Reeve, commonly called "Jack Reeve," who was greatly popular at a somewhat later period. Comedy and Farce laughed in his eyes, frolicked upon his lips and danced upon his tongue, and yet he considered himself to be a tragedian! The case of Sir Edward Bulwer was precisely similar. Next to Sir Walter Scott, he was the greatest novelist and romance writer of his time; but he thought himself to be a great poet, when he was only a versifier. He took pleasure and comfort in the

thought that posterity would recognize his genius, as he himself understood it, however much his contemporaries might ignore or deny his claim, and, like Liston and John Reeve, considered the public "a hass" for preferring his first-rate novels to his second-rate poetry.

The surest passport to his favour—and sometimes to his friendship—was to admit his claim to be a poet of as high an order as Byron, or any other of the great masters of song. Contemporary critics were not of this opinion, and insisted that he never attained a higher grade than that of respectable mediocrity—which the Latin poet of two thousand years ago declared to be alike distasteful to gods and men. Douglas Jerrold declared of the poetasters of his age that there were three kinds of composition as distinguished from prose—namely, "Poetry," "Verse," and "Worse." He relegated Lytton Bulwer to the second of these classes, and the whole host of ladies and gentlemen who wrote with ease, and filled the "Poet's Corner" of newspapers and other periodicals, to the third.

Yet Sir Edward was a poet in his novels, as well as in his dramas, and the poetical colouring and rhythmical swing of his prose contributed greatly to the pleasure of his readers. He was one of the most successful dramatists of the fifth and sixth decades of the nineteenth century, and three of

his plays still keep possession of the stage—viz., *Money*, *Richelieu*, and *The Lady of Lyons*. They still excite the ambition of rising, or of already risen and celebrated, actors to appear in them. Another of his plays, at one time even more celebrated, called *Not so Bad as We Seem*, has disappeared from the stage, without much probability of revival. It was written for the express purpose of collecting funds for the maintenance of homes for necessitous authors in their old age, for which purpose Sir Edward had given the necessary land on a portion of his estate at Knebworth. A strolling company of amateurs, composed of well-known authors, all favourites of the public, went from town to town in aid of this project, and by their personal celebrity, no less than by the benevolent purpose which they had in view, attracted large audiences wherever they went. Among the members of this "strolling company"—for such it was while it lasted—were Charles Dickens (an excellent actor, who would have made his mark on the stage had his taste or his necessities led him to adopt it as a profession); Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*; George Cruikshank, the greatest caricaturist of the nineteenth century; W. H. Wills, the literary partner of Mr. Dickens, and a constant contributor to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*; Douglas Jerrold, the subtlest wit of the century; and a few others still living.

During the somewhat protracted period that this play was in course of performance in all the principal cities and towns of England, Mr. Dickens lost his aged father, and, not long afterwards, an infant child. These bereavements naturally caused a suspension for a time of his public appearances. Lady Lytton Bulwer—whose hatred of her husband extended, in the milder form of dislike to, or spite against, every person on whom he bestowed either his intimacy or his friendship—was particularly displeased with Mr. Dickens, and asserted in print, when he resumed his appearance in the dramatic company, in which his presence was a great attraction, that "he went about acting with his dead father in one pocket and his dead child in another." Lady Bulwer, no doubt, was of opinion that there was wit in this attack upon a gentleman who had given her no cause of offence; an opinion, however, in which we may be certain that there was not a single person in the world to agree with her.

She was a sore annoyance to her husband, and in the novels which she published, to the extent of one or two annually, took pleasure in drawing caricature portraits of him, under a thin disguise, which it needed no particular sharpness of intellect to penetrate, and of which the object was to hold him up to contempt and ridicule—an object, however, which, by the laws of eternal justice, invariably recoiled upon herself.

Sir Edward was prouder of being a man of letters, and one of the most distinguished authors of his time, than of being a man of high rank and an eminent statesman. I remember calling upon him soon after his appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies, under the administration of the Earl of Derby. In the course of our conversation, I expressed my sorrow to see him in the position of a Minister of the Crown. His countenance darkened. He asked immediately, in a tone of acerbity: "Why should you be sorry? Do you not think me worthy of being a Minister of the Crown?"

"Most worthy!" I replied. "But I am sorry to see you in a position that will so greatly occupy your time and energies as to prevent you from writing any more novels!"

"Oh! is that all?" he replied, smiling. "Make your mind easy on that score. Nothing shall prevent me from writing novels but death or madness! Even madness itself might not, perhaps, prevent me!"

Mr. Disraeli, though eminent in literature, did not put his whole heart into it, as Sir Edward had done. As a way to distinction, when no other seemed open to him, he was glad and proud to be an author; but his real love was to sway the listening senate; to be a leader of parties, and a ruler of men; the organizer of great schemes of

policy, and to achieve not alone an English, but a European and cosmopolitan reputation. The consequence was that his literary career—bright though it seemed in the morning of his life—was a comparative failure as he advanced in years, and that he never achieved any greater success than the very moderate one which the French, when they wish to be good-natured, designate euphemistically as a "*succès d'estime.*" As an author, he never ranked, and never will rank, among the "immortal few," but only as one of the crowd of mediocrities, not shining with any particular lustre during his own day, and destined to be extinguished in the blinding mists with which posterity covers the names and works of all who write for an age, or a portion of an age, and not "for all time."

Mr. Disraeli, during his literary and political career, made some awkward and unfortunate mistakes. It fell to his lot, as leader of the Conservative party, which was in office in 1852, when the great Duke of Wellington died, full of years and honour, to pronounce, as the spokesman of the House of Commons, the funeral oration of the illustrious warrior. He delivered a very eloquent speech, which was greatly admired by all who heard it, and almost as greatly admired by all who read it next morning, as fully reported in the columns of the daily newspapers. Unluckily, some person with a tenacious memory fancied that the great

speech was not unfamiliar to his mind—that he had read it somewhere or other, years before, not only in the substance, but in the very phraseology and elegant terms of expression which Mr. Disraeli had employed. After a little search among his books, he discovered it, *verbatim et literatim*, in the funeral oration, said to have been written by M. Thiers, but, whether written by him or not, pronounced over the grave of a second-rate French general—one of the First Napoleon's self-made soldiers—Marshal Mortier, who died in 1834 or 1835, eighteen years before the Duke of Wellington. Being a political opponent of Mr. Disraeli, the lynx-eyed discoverer hastened to make the fact known by means of the *Morning Chronicle*, at that time the leading Liberal journal. The *Chronicle*, glad to damage a political opponent, printed in parallel columns Disraeli's oration over Wellington and that of Thiers over Marshal Mortier. They were identical, with only the slight differences that might result in any fair translation.

Great was the exultation of the Liberals at the disgrace that had fallen on the Tory chief. Apparently as great was the humiliation of the opposite party. Most people thought that the crushing *exposé* would not only be fatal to Mr. Disraeli's literary reputation, but highly damaging to his position as a statesman and a party leader. Elderly people at the clubs shrugged their shoulders

as they commented on the unmerited fate that had befallen, in his grave, the greatest historical character of the age, in being eulogised at second-hand, by a literary charlatan, in the words originally applied to an enemy, whose very name was almost forgotten.

Nor did the humiliation of Mr. Disraeli end here. Two or three days after this painful exposure, and before the town had had time to forget it, there appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*—possibly from the same correspondent with the too-accurate and too-provoking memory—a sketch of the character of "Lord Cadurcis," extracted from Mr. Disraeli's novel of *Venetia*. "Lord Cadurcis" was intended for Lord Byron, the novelist, and not only described the poet graphically and accurately, but narrated, thinly veiled, the adventures ascribed to him during his residence in Venice. Side by side, in parallel columns, as in the previous case of the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Mortier, appeared an extract portraying the character of Lord Byron as drawn by Mr.—afterwards Lord—Macaulay, in a notice of the life and works of that great poet, in the *Edinburgh Review*, more than twelve years previously. The only difference between the two passages was that "Lord Cadurcis" in Mr. Disraeli's novel was Lord Byron in Mr. Macaulay's review. This was, in the eyes alike of the friends and foes of Mr. Disraeli, a

great deal too bad, and was thought by almost everybody to be fatal to his reputation as an author and as an honest man; for no man, it was said, aspiring to the latter character, would deliberately attempt to pass off upon the world, as his own, the writings of another person. An explanation was absolutely necessary in Mr. Disraeli's own interest; and at last it came. Not from himself, however, but from a friend in his confidence, who was authorised to state in his behalf that, from his earliest manhood, he had been accustomed to transcribe from books, reviews and newspapers, any passages that particularly struck him for their eloquence or beauty, and carefully preserve them among his private papers and memoranda. He had transcribed in this manner the two incriminated extracts from Thiers and Macaulay. He had utterly forgotten the existence of either, when he accidentally, and at different times, when examining his papers, came across them, and imagined them to be his own. As such he had used them. This was a very lame explanation, and for a mere author and literary man by profession would not have been accepted. But as it came from a statesman, the hope, the prop, the main reliance of a powerful party, and as it had no bearing whatever upon political affairs, it was received with as good a grace as it was possible to put upon the matter. The offence, if such it

were, was condoned, and none but sour-minded professional critics and habitual opponents of his policy thought any the worse of him.

The last time that I saw Mr. Disraeli he had become Lord Beaconsfield and Prime Minister of Great Britain. I was one of a deputation of authors who sought to aid in establishing an international copyright between Great Britain and the United States. Nothing came of the conference except the good wishes of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Charles Reade, a better novelist than Lord Beaconsfield, rose up to speak in support of the object of the meeting.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Reade," said his Lordship.

"I would rather stand, my Lord," replied Mr. Reade. "I can make a longer speech when standing than I can when sitting."

"I am very sorry to hear it," replied his Lordship, amid the laughter of the meeting.

At the close of the proceedings the two authors, who had never met before, shook hands.

Lord Beaconsfield's ambition was abundantly satisfied. He did not write his name very deeply or legibly on the scroll of England's literary worthies, though possibly he might have done so, had he tried with sufficient energy and perseverance; but he wrote it deeply and ineffaceably on the page of England's history. He died uni-

versally lamented, all his faults condoned or forgotten, amid the regrets alike of his political friends and political foes. The latter—if any remained at the time of his death—excused his errors in admiration of his indomitable courage, steady perseverance, and what, for want of a more elegant and expressive word, is called "pluck." And to be possessed of "pluck" goes a long way to secure the favour of Englishmen.

Breakfasts with Samuel Rogers.

No. V.

It was on a fine morning in June, in the heat of the parliamentary session of 1843, in the midst of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, that I found myself at breakfast in St. James's Place, at the table of Mr. Rogers, with Lord John Russell, Member at that time for the City of London, and Sir John Easthope, the principal proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Politics were seldom, or, perhaps, never, discussed at that hospitable board; and, if they had been, it is not likely that any acrimonious discussions or differences of opinion would have arisen,

as Mr. Rogers was too experienced and discreet an Amphitryon to bring people together whose ideas on politics or theology were likely to come into collision, if either of these topics had been permissible.

Lord John Russell did not enter upon the domain of politics when he remarked, during the breakfast, that parliamentary life in England was a heavy tax upon the health and energy of men who were no longer young, and that he had been in the House of Commons until 3 o'clock that morning, and had not been able to retire to rest until nearly 4, fagged and worn-out, and had risen again at 9, in order to keep his breakfast appointment in St. James's Place. Sir John Easthope, who was also in Parliament, as member for the borough of Leicester, was in the same predicament, though he was but a private soldier in the parliamentary army, and not a great leader like Lord John, and might have gone home to bed at an earlier hour, if it had so pleased him, or if he had been able to pair off for the night with some adherent of the other side, who, like him, had valued sleep more than strict discipline.

Lord John was of opinion that the business of the legislature ought to be transacted during the daytime, a proposition to which Sir John agreed in the abstract, but to the probable operation of which rule or practice, if once instituted, he took the

objection that it would prevent the attendance of the numerous men of business who had seats in the legislature, and who were too much occupied during the day, in the city or elsewhere, to find time to devote either the forenoon or the afternoon to the business of the country which, however important it might be, was, in their eyes, of less importance than their own. The argument was irrefutable; and Lord John Russell, acknowledging the full force of it, forbore to argue it any further, and closed the discussion by remarking that, if the Chartists, fifty or a hundred years hence, should carry the five points of the Charter—of which one was the payment of members—day sittings of Parliament might possibly be made the rule by members whose trade or profession it would thus become to serve their country for hire, and who might think it incumbent upon them to earn their money by daylight. Lord John Russell, as all the world knows, was a literary man as well as a statesman, though the laurels he had won in the arena of literature were not so green, or fresh, or so likely to endure as those which he had won in the more exciting arena of politics and statesmanship. He wrote a tragedy—of which the less said the better—which never achieved the triumph of an appearance on the stage, and which only remains in the form of a small volume, now very difficult to procure, and not likely to be reprinted. He also

edited a life of his particular friend, Thomas Moore, which did, in its day, as much damage to the reputation of the man whom it was the author's wish to glorify, as has been done in ours to the memory of Thomas Carlyle by the similarly well-meant biography of his friend and admirer, Mr. Froude.

Lord John Russell was all his life partial to the society of literary men, and numbered Lord Byron, Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Moore among his most intimate friends. His poetical pretensions, however, were not generally known, and were sometimes, when known, prejudicial to his influence as a statesman.

When he was a candidate for the parliamentary representation of the city of London, he was opposed in the Conservative interest by Lord John Manners, like himself the son of a duke. Lord John Manners in his early youth, when a member of what was called the "Young England" party, had written a poem, in which occurred the lines—

> Let art and science, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old nobility!

These lines as well as others in the poem had been very much ridiculed; and at a meeting of Lord John Russell's committee for securing his election, they were cited by a zealous friend of the Liberal cause, a leading merchant in the dry-goods

trade, as a reason why no Liberal should vote for Lord John Manners.

"We don't want any poets," he said, "for the city of London."

"But Lord John Russell is a poet also," said another, "and he wrote and published a tragedy."

"Did he?" inquired the dry-goods man. "If he did, I won't vote for him!"

And he kept his word, and took no further part in the election.

In 1847, after the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the establishment of Free Trade in England — the successful accomplishment of which he did his utmost to promote in Parliament— when neither Mr. Cobden nor Mr. Bright, its more vigorous champions, had seats in that assembly, Lord John Russell took his annual holiday in the Highlands. I was at that time the editor of the *Glasgow Argus*. As his Lordship was to pass through Glasgow, on his way back to London, the Liberals of that great and enterprising city resolved, under the leadership of the then Lord Provost, Mr. James Lumsden, to invite him to a public dinner. Mr. Lumsden was the most influential proprietor of the *Argus*, and a very dear and much respected friend of mine, and consulted me daily on all the arrangements; the toasts that were to be given, the most advisable persons to select for proposing them, and even condescended to such

details as the *menu* of the dinner. If truth must be told, the excellent gentleman was fussy in all that he undertook, and undertook nothing to which he was not prepared to give head and hand, heart and soul, and understood no such word as *fail*. He came to me on the morning of the day appointed for the dinner, and informed me, with great glee, that he had arranged that the band in the orchestra of the hall should, on his Lordship's entrance, strike up the air "See the Conquering Hero Comes." I could not help laughing; for Lord John Russell was a very little man, considerably under the medium height, and did not in the least, or in any particular, come up to the popular idea of a hero; and I frankly told Mr. Lumsden that he should reconsider the subject.

"I have thought it over till I am tired of thinking," replied the Provost. "Can you no' suggest onything yoursel'?" The Provost always relapsed into broad Scotch when he was in thorough earnest. "I ken that ye're musical, and I should like if ye could suggest onything well-known and appropriate."

A sudden thought took possession of me, which I communicated to the Provost more as a joke than with any idea that he would take it seriously.

"Nothing could be more appropriate," I said, "than the fine old Scottish air, 'Saw ye Johnnie comin'?'"

"The vera thing," said the Provost, with a hearty laugh, while giving me a grip of his hand. "Dinna fash your head ony mair; the thing is settled!" and he repeated the first four lines of the ancient song—

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she—
"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head
An' his doggie runnin'."

"Eh, mon! It 'll do fine!" And, so saying, the worthy functionary took his departure, leaving on my mind the impression that he would, after all, take the suggestion as a joke, and that, at the last moment, nothing would be further from his intention than to act upon it.

I saw no more of him until the dinner hour, when, to my astonishment and no small amusement, the band struck up the brisk and lively air, "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" as his Lordship, escorted by the Provost and other leading citizens of Glasgow, entered the hall. The air is familiar to most Scotsmen, and such a peal of laughter broke from the immense assemblage as I had never before and have not since heard. Lord John Russell looked surprised and bewildered. He evidently was unacquainted with the air and its name, and was at a loss to account for the hilarity of the meeting. Mr. Lumsden came to the rescue, bent down to his Lordship's ear, and

explained the mystery. The gloom on the handsome and delicate face of the eminent statesman gave place to a smile, which was immediately superseded by a laugh as hearty as that of any of the company.

Of Sir John Easthope, one of the other guests of Mr. Rogers, who met Lord John Russell in social intercourse for the first time on that occasion, there is not much to be said. He was, as I have already stated, the principal proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and a zealous, and it may be said "a thick and thin," supporter of every Liberal administration, whether under the premiership of Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, or Lord John Russell. He was particularly noted for his all but slavish worship of Lord Palmerston. His devotion to that chief was ultimately rewarded by a baronetcy, a title which he hoped would, in course of time, be inherited by his only son. The hope, however, was doomed to early extinction; for his son died unmarried many years before his father. Under the management of Sir John Easthope and his two partners, Mr. Simon Macgillivray, who had made a fortune in Mexico, and Mr. James Duncan, a noted publisher of Hebrew Bibles (both Scotsmen), the circulation of the *Morning Chronicle* was raised from the low ebb of eight hundred copies a day to upwards of nine thousand. At this time, when newspapers were burdened with many heavy taxes

and restrictions, as I have already recorded, their sale was very limited. A circulation of nine thousand copies *per diem* was considered enormous; and the penny press that now circulates by hundreds of thousands was undreamed of. Sir John was a very irascible, captious, and disagreeable man in all matters of business connected with the *Morning Chronicle*, and was, consequently, by no means popular with his employés, many of whom habitually spoke of him, with a grim attempt at jocosity, as "Sir John Blast-Hope." But in private and social life Sir John was the very soul of geniality and good-fellowship, and made his employés forget, in the kindly manner in which he received them at his table or elsewhere, all the rebuffs which he had made them undergo in the exercise of their vocation. I had for nine years left the *Morning Chronicle* for "fresh fields and pastures new," when I met Sir John for the last time. It was in 1853, when he had gone to Paris, to visit his old and once intimate friend, the Emperor of the French. He stayed at the Bains de Tivoli, a private hotel, where I also happened to be a guest. He invited me to his private room in the evening to take a hand at a rubber of whist. The occasion impressed itself upon my mind as affording a striking instance both of his irascibility and his geniality. My partner was Lady Wyatville, the widow of a once celebrated architect. She was then over

eighty years of age, sharp, active, and intelligent, and still showed the traces of a beauty that must in her youth have been remarkable. The lady revoked, and, being accused of it, vehemently denied the fact, and treated the proofs afforded of it with haughty disdain and not very polite contradiction. Sir John lost patience with her; and, abruptly rising in his chair, said: "Madame! you are a cheat!" The lady's eyes flashed with almost preternatural fire as she also rose in her chair, and took a step or two towards Sir John, as if she would have inflicted summary punishment upon his face with her nails. Sir John, still standing, said: "Yes, Madame, I repeat it! You cheat abominably. And in the course of a long life," he added, laying his hand upon his heart, "I have invariably noticed that the handsomer a woman is, the more she cheats at cards!" The lady sat down; a smile suffused her ancient, but still beautiful face; and the apparent tigress of a minute before became as gentle as a dove.

Breakfasts with Samuel Rogers.

No. VI.

Mr. Lumley was the lessee and manager of the Italian Opera, in the Haymarket; Miss Cushman was a successful tragic actress; and Barry Cornwall was the literary pseudonym of Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor, a conveyancer in lucrative practice. I was well pleased to meet these three people at Mr. Rogers's breakfast-table. The only one of the three with whom I was not previously acquainted was Mr. Proctor. He was the author of two or three poetical works, of no particular merit, but especially of a volume of English songs, which had been received with a chorus of jubilation by all the critics of the day, though it has long since passed into the limbo that is the ultimate destination of all mediocre books, especially of mediocrities in rhyme.

The conversation, at this social meal, mostly turned upon theatrical topics, in which these three persons were more or less interested, and in which the two first, especially, were wholly engrossed, the one as manager, the second as a performer.

I had known Mr. Lumley (whose real name was supposed to be Levi, the former having been assumed with the view of concealing his Jewish

nationality) from my earliest manhood, and from the time when he had just completed his preliminary studies to qualify him for admission to practise as a solicitor. We had read Italian poetry together at his chambers in Quality Court, Chancery Lane, for which study he had then sufficient leisure in the intervals of his not over-plentiful or too-engrossing law business. His principal client in those early days was M. Laporte, a Frenchman, who had got into pecuniary difficulties in his management of the Italian Opera. He used to give Mr. Lumley free admissions to the stalls of the theatre for self and friend, whenever he asked for them. My very first visit to the Opera was made in Mr. Lumley's company, with one of those free tickets, Mr. Lumley little thinking at the time that he was to be the successor of his friend and client, in the onerous and responsible position of Manager. Another of his clients, to whom he introduced me at his chambers, was Mr. Robert Pearce Gillies, who had edited the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, a valuable work, to which Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and the late Thomas Carlyle were constant contributors. Mr. Gillies was the younger brother of Lord Gillies, one of the judges of the Supreme Court in Edinburgh. He had fallen into serious pecuniary embarrassments, which he had brought upon himself by his chronic inability, shared with too many imaginative men

who live from hand to mouth, and who consider hopes to be accomplished facts, and do not remember that two and two make four only; and his persistency in riotous living, and the display of an almost princely hospitality, which led him to give extravagant dinners, suppers, and other entertainments to the fashionable and literary society of the then brilliant metropolis of the North. These embarrassments proved, on investigation by Mr. Lumley, to be of such extent and complexity as to render extrication hopeless, except by the effacing sponge of insolvency and bankruptcy. Poor Mr. Gillies, hopeful, but helpless, after a long and painful struggle, was reduced to such woful straits as to become literally dependent for the meat and the drink of the day, on the shillings and sixpences which he begged or borrowed from his acquaintances (very few in number) and from the friends (still fewer) who had known him in better days, and whose patience he had not utterly exhausted by his Sisyphus-like appeals to their sympathy.

The last I saw of him was many years after my first introduction, when I unexpectedly caught sight of him—an old and decrepit man—sitting alone and bareheaded upon a doorstep, on a cold, wintry morning, in Camden Town, with scarcely a shoe to his foot, and with his hat in his lap, to receive the alms of the passers-by.

I could not find it in my heart to make myself known to him, or even to speak to him, lest he should be pained to recognise me; but, entering into a stationer's shop on the opposite side of the street, where I was in the habit of dealing, I deposited my alms, which I wished at the time had been greater, in the hands of the proprietor, with a request that he would drop them into the hat of the poor suppliant, so that I myself might not be visible in the transaction. Most grievous and desperate is the lot of a distressed man of letters in the mighty city of London, if he have once lost character and self-respect. Better for him would be the workhouse; better still the grave!

Mr. Lumley succeeded Mr. Laporte in 1842, and was now in the full flush of his popularity and prosperity. Even at that early time, when the Italian Opera, or Her Majesty's Theatre, as it was more commonly called, had the monopoly in London of opera and ballet, and when no whisper of rivalry or opposition had been heard, Mr. Lumley had a misgiving that the enormously extravagant salaries that were demanded, and received, by such singers as Catalani, Sontag, Grisi, Jenny Lind, Piccolomini, Frezzolini, Persiani, Malibran, and others of similar celebrity, to say nothing of the almost equally fabulous sums exacted by such vocalists of the other

sex as Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Garcia, and Lablache, and such dancers as Ellsler, the two Ceritos, and Taglioni, would, unless the prices were very greatly reduced, lead to the ruin of the Italian Opera in England. Its popularity in London was forced and factitious, even in its best days ; and though, in Mr. Lumley's time, it had reached a height which it had never before attained, it is doubtful whether, even at that exceptional period, Italian Opera could have maintained itself at a remunerative point without the aid of the Ballet. Mr. Lumley, however, was both an enterprising and a generous paymaster, and managed, by the liberal support of the wealthy aristocracy, which he knew not only how to acquire and retain, and by the skilful management of the newspaper press, in which he excelled, to keep the Italian Opera from insolvency, with profit and honour to himself. His monopoly was finally invaded by the establishment of a rival Opera in Covent Garden, under the auspices of Mr. Delafield, a partner in the eminent brewing firm of Combe, Delafield, & Co., with a liberal patronage, and with command of a large capital. The struggle between the two houses was long and severe, and finally ended by the collapse of both. At the present time (1885) the Original Opera House in the Haymarket is, and has long been, vacant, and its rival at Covent Garden has been converted into a Hippodrome.

Mr. Lumley, on relinquishing his connection with the theatre, resumed the exercise of his old profession of the law.

The conversation at the breakfast-table on this particular morning, in which all the guests took a more or less animated part, turned almost entirely upon the Ballet as a necessary appendage and aid to the attractions of Italian music. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Proctor expressed themselves as no particular admirers of the Ballet, but did not view it with marked disapproval, and thought that theatrical managers were quite justified in humouring the public taste with regard to it as long as it paid. Mr. Lumley was enthusiastic in its support, maintained that it was far more popular and attractive than the Opera itself, and that Opera —such as the public expected it to be—could not be supported without the pecuniary aid so largely afforded by the admirers of the Ballet. Miss Cushman and I took the opposite side, while fully agreeing with the force of the *argumentum ad pecuniam* put forward by Mr. Lumley. Miss Cushman held that the Ballet, as exhibited on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, was meretricious and immodest, and that such pleasure as it afforded to anybody was animal, and not intellectual. She added that, unlike the drama, it served no moral purpose, and that on no grounds whatever was it worthy of toleration in a decorous

and decent community. While I agreed in the main with the contention of Miss Cushman, I took the additional objection to the Ballet, that it was by no means entitled to be called "the poetry of motion," an epithet which enthusiastic admirers of shapely legs had often bestowed upon the saltatory art. I admitted that ordinary and non-professional dancing was often graceful in the extreme ; that the country dance, the minuet, and especially the Scottish reel, fully deserve to be called "poetry in motion," but thought that the epithet did not justly apply to the pirouettes, whirlings, and gymnastic feats of the Coryphees and *prime donne* of the Ballet. Where, I asked, was the poetry in the motions or postures of a woman, beautiful as she might be, who supported herself on the toe of her right foot, in a painfully vertical position, and raised her left leg to an equally unnatural horizontal line, more suggestive of the acrobat than of the dancer ? My inquiry elicited no response from any of the company unless it were the curt, but sympathetic comment of Miss Cushman : "Where, indeed ?" Even Mr. Lumley, the zealous upholder of the Ballet, for the satisfactory reason supplied by his banking account, refused to do battle for his favourite entertainment for its acrobatic and too angular developments. The Ballet was at that time in the height of its popularity, when Taglioni, Ellsler or Cerito,

as the case might be, twirled upon her "pliant toe."

> And such a burst
> Of irrepressible, overpowering joy
> Filled all the air, it seemed as men were mad,
> And dancing were supremest bliss of earth,
> The fairest dancer, first of womankind.

When at the conclusion of the performance, the graceful Coryphee entered the carriage that waited at the door to convey her to the hotel, the impulsive multitude, as if suddenly imbued with the idea that horses were animals too ignoble to be entrusted with a burthen so precious

> Unyoked the prancing jennets from her car
> And drew her forth triumphant to her home.

But, even in these flourishing days of the Ballet, it was culminating to its fall; and for many years before the final retirement in 1858 of Mr. Lumley from the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, it gradually declined in public favour, supported principally by the antiquated dandies of the town. Mr. Lumley, in his *Reminiscences of the Opera*, published in 1864, records that the English people were "little accustomed to receive with regard the larger and superior kind of choregraphic exhibition, and awarded grudgingly the slightest meed of applause to male dancing." In these words he bore testimony, not the less real because it was not intended, to the truth of the allegation that it was not the

dancing which had charms for the aristocratic frequenters of his theatre, but only the display of female grace and beauty when scantily draped.

At this time Miss Cushman's recent appearance as Romeo was the talk of the town, and had, doubtless, by the celebrity which she had acquired by her excellent impersonation of the character, obtained for her the acquaintance of Mr. Rogers, and an invitation to his table. Her sister Susan, then unmarried, supported her in the part of Juliet. It was considered daring by some, and improper by others, for a lady to assume a male character; but the general public not only had no objection to the assumption, but, on the contrary, looked upon it with favour. All other Romeos hitherto known on the stage had, without exception, looked too old for so juvenile a part, and Miss Cushman, though by no means a handsome woman, possessed a good figure. She looked exceedingly well in male apparel, and rendered full justice to the difficult part, by her undoubted genius, besides affording an agreeable and striking contrast to such elderly Romeos as Macready and Charles Kemble. She looked the part infinitely better than either, and performed it with a power, a spirit, and a tenderness which they may, perhaps, have equalled, but which they certainly did not surpass. Her success was conspicuous, but was not destined to be of such long continuance as that which she

achieved as Meg Merrilies, in the dramatized version of Scott's noble romance of the *Antiquary*. To use the well-known phrase, her impersonation "fairly took the town by storm." Her "make-up," to which she devoted the utmost care and study, was in every respect admirable, and her masculine cast of features — for not even the politest, to say nothing of the warmest, admirers of her genius could assert that she was beautiful— added to the weird and almost unearthly reality of the portraiture. To this character, more than any other in her range, she was indebted for the great success which attended her in the metropolis, and in all the great cities of the Empire.

Miss Cushman was not only masculine in appearance, but was sometimes masculine in her language, and did not scruple to use the commonest and vulgarest words in the vernacular, when it pleased her to be unusually emphatic in the expression of her anger or animosity. But, notwithstanding such occasional outbursts, which were possibly more affected than real, Miss Cushman possessed a truly feminine heart, and was a great favourite with the most elegant and cultivated of her sex, and was the charm of every society into which she was admitted.

Of Barry Cornwall, or Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor, I have but slight remembrance. He was the son-in-law of the once well-known Basil Montague,

a prosperous conveyancer, husband of the Mrs. Basil Montague, a leader in the literary and fashionable circles of London in the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century. Mr. Proctor, as I have already said, aspired to be a poet, and was recognized as such by the literary coteries and some of the weekly (or weakly) critics of the time; but such reputation as he acquired has long since faded away, and he is scarcely known to the present generation, except as the father of the late Adelaide Anne Proctor. This young lady was a true poetess, who was removed prematurely from a world which her genius promised to adorn. Mr. Proctor, through the social influence of his father-in-law, was appointed to the lucrative office of a Commissioner of Lunacy, which he held during his lifetime. The last time I met him was at a dinner given by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton, in celebration of the appointment of Mr. John Forster, the well-known friend and adviser of Charles Dickens, to a similar commissionership. Mr. Forster was an eminent man of letters, but owed his appointment chiefly, if not entirely, to the services he had rendered to the Liberal Party when editor of *The Examiner* newspaper—as colleague of and successor to the brilliant Albany Fonblanque. Mr. Forster's last work was the *Life of Charles Dickens*, published not long after the death of the illustrious novelist,

which divulged, for the first time, the painful episodes of his early boyhood, which proved that novelists, as well as poets, are too often

> Cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Breakfasts with Samuel Rogers.

No. VII.

It was during the unsettled times that preceded the great French Revolution of 1848—I think it was in January of that year—that one of Mr. Rogers's breakfasts was attended by Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, afterwards Napoleon III., Dr. Whateley, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Lord William Pitt Lennox, the son of the Duke of Richmond (who distinguished himself at the Battle of Waterloo, and died many years afterwards as Governor-General of Canada), and myself. I was previously acquainted with all these gentlemen, and had met the Prince a few days previously at the house of Mr. John MacGregor, formerly Secretary of the Board of Trade, and Member of Parliament for Glasgow. The Prince, who was then forty years of age, had long been a resident in

London, as an exile, spoke English exceedingly well, had thoroughly studied the working of the British Constitution, and had learned to respect and possibly to love the English people. He was very taciturn and undemonstrative; his dull grey eyes seemed to have little speculation in them, and to have been given to him—if such an expression may be used—to look inwards upon himself rather than outwards upon the world. They brightened up at rare intervals, when anything was said that particularly interested him. On this occasion, the talk of the breakfast-table turned a good deal upon French politics, and the probability, more or less imminent, of a revolutionary outbreak in Paris consequent upon the unwise opposition of Louis Philippe and his too obsequious minister, M. Guizot, to the question of the extension of the franchise and the reform of the French Parliament. As I had within a fortnight or three weeks of this time returned from Paris, where I had associated with some leading Liberal politicians, among others with Beranger the poet, and the Abbè de Lamennais, my opinion upon the situation was asked, I think, by Mr. Rogers, and whether I thought the agitation would subside.

"Not," I said, "unless the King yields."

"He won't yield, I think," said the Prince. "He does not understand the seriousness of the case."

I told the Prince that Beranger, who knew the temper and sympathised with the opinions of the people, had predicted the establishment of a Republic, consequent upon the downfall of the monarchy, within less than a twelvemonth. Lamennais did not give the King so long a lease of power, but foresaw revolution within six months.

The Prince remarked, "that if there were barricades in the streets of Paris, such as those by which his way to the throne was won in 1830, the King would not give orders to disperse the mob by force of arms."

"Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"The King is a weak man—a merciful man. He does not like bloodshed. I often think he was a fool not to have had me shot after the affair of Strasburgh. Had our cases been reversed, I know that I would have had him shot without mercy."

I thought little of the remark at the time; but in after years, when the exiled Prince became the powerful Emperor, my mind often reverted to this conversation. I thought that if King Louis Philippe had done what the Prince considered he ought to have done—and as he would have been fully justified by law, civil and military, as well as by State policy, in doing — the whole course of European history would have been changed.

Personally the Prince was highly esteemed by

all who knew him. Stern as a politician, and in pursuit of the great object of his ambition, as in the famous *coup-d'état* of 1851, by which he raised himself at a bound from the humble chair of a President to the most conspicuous imperial throne in the world—he was in private life of a singularly amiable temper. He never forgot in his prosperity the friends or even the acquaintances of his adversity; never ceased to remember any benefit that had been conferred upon him, and not only to be grateful for it, but to show his gratitude by acts of kindness and generosity, if the kindness or generosity could be of benefit to the fortunes of the persons on whom it was bestowed. When he sought the hand in marriage of a Princess of the House of Austria, and the honour was declined, for the occult and unwhispered reason that he was a *parvenu* and an upstart, and that his throne was at the mercy of a revolution [and what throne is not ?], he married, from pure love and affection, a noble lady of inferior rank, and raised her to a throne which she filled for many years with more grace and splendour than any sovereign born in the purple of royalty had ever exhibited, Queen Victoria alone excepted.

The Prince thoroughly understood the character of the French people. Napoleon I. had called the English a nation of shopkeepers. Napoleon III. knew that the French were entitled in a far greater

degree than the English to that depreciatory epithet. He knew that in their hearts they did not care so much for liberty and fraternity as they did for "equality"; that what they wanted in the first place was peace, so that trade and industry might have a chance to prosper; and secondly, that France as a nation might be the predominant Power in Europe. For the first reason they required a master who would maintain order; for the second reason, they idolized the name of the first Napoleon. These two things were patent to the mind of Napoleon III., and formed the key-stone of his domestic and foreign policy.

When London, about three months after the breakfast at Mr. Rogers's, was threatened, on the 10th of April 1848, by an insurrectionary mob of Chartists, under the guidance of a crazy Irishman named Fergus O'Connor, who afterwards died in a lunatic asylum, the Prince volunteered to act as a special constable, for the preservation of the peace, in common with many thousands of respectable professional men, merchants and tradesmen. I met him in Trafalgar Square, armed with the truncheon of a policeman. On this occasion the Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief of the British army, had taken the precaution to station the military in sufficient numbers at all the chief strategical points of the metropolis, ready, though concealed from the notice of the

multitude, to act on an emergency. Happily their services were not required ; the Sovereign was popular, the upper and middle classes were unanimous, a large section of the labouring classes had no sympathy with Chartism, and the display of the civic force, with bludgeons and staves only, without fire-arms of any kind, was quite sufficient to overawe the rioters. I stopped for a minute to exchange greetings with the Prince, and said I did not think, from all that I had heard, that the Chartists would resort to violence, and that their march through the streets would be orderly. The Prince was of the same opinion, and passed upon his beat among other police and special constables in front of the National Gallery.

As Lord William Lennox was of the breakfast-party, I took the opportunity to ask him a question with regard to a disputed point. I had lately visited Brussels, the city in which I had passed my school-boy days, and which was consequently endeared to my mind by many youthful associations. The mother of Lord William, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, had given a great ball on the night preceding the battle of Waterloo in June 1815, at which Lord William, then in his sixteenth year, was present. Every lover of poetry will remember the splendid description of this ball, and of the subsequent battle, which occurs in the third Canto of Byron's *Childe Harold*. The passage is unsur-

passed in any language in any time for the vigour the picturesqueness, and the magnificence of it thought and diction; and to its relation to one o the most stupendous events in modern history:—

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

It has been generally asserted and believed that the ball was given by the Duchess in the grand hall of the stately Hotel de Ville, in the Grande Place; and when in Brussels I heard the assertion repeated by many people, though denied by others. One venerable citizen, who remembered the battle well, affirmed it to have been at the Hotel de Ville, which he saw brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and passed among the crowd of equipages that filled the Grande Place, when setting down and taking up the ladies who graced the assembly with their presence. Another equally old and trustworthy inhabitant declared that to his personal knowledge the ball was given in the *Palais d'Aes*, a large building that adjoins the Palace of the King of the Belgians, and is now used as a barrack;

while a third affirmed it to have been held in the handsome hotel formerly occupied by Sir Charles Bagot, the British Ambassador to Brussels and the Hague in 1830.

Thinking there could be no better authority than one who was present on the occasion, one, moreover, who was so nearly allied to the giver of the entertainment, I asked Lord William to decide the point. He replied at once that all three assertions were unfounded. His father the Duke took a large house in a small street, called the "Rue de la Blanchisserie" (Street of the Wash-house) abutting on the Boulevard opposite the present Botanic Gardens. The ball took place in the not extraordinarily spacious drawing-room of that mansion. He said, moreover, that the lines,

> Within the window'd niche of that high hall
> Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain,

conveyed an idea of magnitude, which the so-called "high hall" did not in reality possess.

Archbishop Whateley here said: "If we may be permitted, without breach of good manners, to speak of Waterloo in the presence of Prince Napoleon, I may remark that the correction of the very minor error just made by Lord William, though exceedingly interesting, is not of great importance. Though contradicted again and again, the report still circulates, and is still believed, that the D[illegible]

of Wellington was surprised on the eve of the battle of Waterloo by the rapid march of the Emperor, and was thus taken at a disadvantage."

"I never believed the report," said the Prince; "though I have my own views about the battle. I visited Waterloo in the winter of 1832, with what feelings you may imagine."

"The truth as regards the alleged surprise," said the Archbishop, "appears to be, as Lord Byron explained in a note to the passage in *Childe Harold*, that the Duke had received intelligence of Napoleon's march, and at first had the idea of requesting the Duchess of Richmond to countermand the ball, but, on reflection, considered it desirable that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance of the course of events. He therefore desired the Duchess to let the ball proceed; and gave commands to all the general officers, who had been invited, to appear at it, each taking care to quit the room at 10 o'clock, quietly, and without giving any notification, except to each of the under-officers to join their respective divisions *en route*. There is no doubt that many of the subalterns who were not in the secret were surprised at the suddenness of the order."

"I heard, when I visited the field of Waterloo less than a month ago," I said, "that many of the officers joined the march in their dancing-shoes, so little time was left for them to obey orders."

"It has been proved to the satisfaction of every competent inquirer into the facts," said Mr. Rogers, "that, as far as the Duke himself and his superior officers were concerned, there was no surprise in the matter. You know the story of the daring young lady, who, presuming on her beauty to be forgiven for her impertinence, asked the Duke point blank at an evening party whether he had not been surprised at Waterloo. 'Certainly not,' he replied; 'but I am now!'"

"A proper rebuke," said Lord William. "I hope the lady felt it."

Byron, in the beautiful stanzas to which allusion has been made, describes the wood of Soignes, improperly written Soignies, in the environs of Brussels, a portion of the great forest of Ardennes—

> And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves
> Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
> Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
> Over the unreturning brave.

In a note to this passage he speaks of Ardennes as famous in Boiardo's *Orlando* and immortal in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*. Whatever may have been the case with Boiardo, it is all but certain that Shakspeare's "Arden" was not the Ardennes near Brussels, but the forest of Arden in Warwickshire, near his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. He frequented this "Arden" in his youth, perhaps in chasing the wild deer of Sir Thomas Lucy;

perhaps in love-rambles with Anne Hathaway. Portions of the forest still remain, containing in a now enclosed part, the property of a private gentleman, some venerable oak-trees, one of which, as I roughly measured it with my walking-stick, is upwards of thirty feet in circumference within a yard of the ground. This tree, with several others still standing, must have been old in the days of Shakspeare; and in its shadow Shakspeare may himself have reclined in the happy days ere he went to London in search of fame and fortune. *Arden*, spelled Ardennes in French, is a purely Keltic word, meaning "the high forest," from *ard*, "high," and *airdean*, "heights." The English district is still called "Arden," and the small town of Henley, within its boundaries, is described as Henley-in-Arden to distinguish it from many other Henleys that exist in England.

Lord William Lennox married in early life the once celebrated cantatrice, Miss Paton, from whom he was divorced. He was a somewhat voluminous author of third-rate novels and a frequent contributor to the periodical press. He died in 1880, in his eighty-first year.

Dr. Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin, was the author of a very able treatise on Logic and Rhetoric, long the text-book of the schools; and also of a once famous *jeu d'esprit*, entitled *Historic Doubts Concerning Napoleon Buonaparte*, in which he

proved irrefragably by false logic, likely to convince idle and unthinking readers, that no such person as Napoleon Buonaparte ever did exist or could have existed. In this clever little work he ridiculed, under the guise of seeming impartiality and critical acumen, the many attempts that had been made, especially by French writers of the school of Voltaire, to prove that Jesus Christ was a purely imaginary character, as much a *myth* as the gods of Grecian and Roman mythology. Mr. Greville, in his *Memoirs of the Courts of George III., George IV., and William IV.*, records that he met "Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin," at a dinner party, and describes him "as a very ordinary man in appearance and conversation, with something pretentious in his talk, and as telling stories without point." Nevertheless, he admitted him to be "a very able man." My opinion of the Archbishop was far more favourable. The first thing that struck me with regard to him was the clear precision of his reasoning, as befitted a man who had written with such undoubted authority on Logic and Rhetoric, and the second his rare tolerance for all conscientious differences of opinion on religious matters. Two years previously, as I have already mentioned, I had sat next to him on the platform of the inaugural meeting held by the friends of the Athenæum at Manchester in support of that institution. Several Bishops had been invited, and had signified

their intention to be present; but all of them except Dr. Whateley had withdrawn as soon as it was publicly announced that Mr. George Dawson, a popular lecturer and Unitarian preacher of advanced opinions, was to address the audience. Mr. Dawson was at the time a very young man, spoke with great eloquence and power, and impressed the audience favourably, the Archbishop included.

"I think," said Dr. Whateley, turning to me at the conclusion of the speech, "that my reverend brethren would have taken no harm from being present to-night, and that more than one of them whom I could name would be all the better if they could preach with as much power and spirit as this boy has displayed in his speech."

On another occasion, when I was in Dublin in 1849, I heard that several ultra-orthodox Protestant clergymen in that city had been heard to express regret that Dr. Whateley was so lax in his religious belief. I asked in what manner, and was told in reply that he had publicly spoken of Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, then in his eighty-first year, as "a good man, a very good man"; adding the hope "that he himself might be found worthy to meet Murray in heaven."

This tolerant and large-minded prelate died in 1868 in his seventy-seventh year.