

CHAPTER X.

A CASE OF ARBITRATION.

THE late eminent composer, Michael Balfe, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at Brighton a few years before his death, was the author of the *Bohemian Girl* and several other excellent English operas. The many pleasing melodies in the *Bohemian Girl* were more especially popular, and long enjoyed the favour of the musical few and the unmusical many. Mr. Balfe's publishers—as was natural—jealously guarded the copyright in these compositions, and showed no mercy to piratical members of the trade who brought out spurious and unauthorised editions. They discovered, or fancied they discovered, in a song by the very popular composer, Mr. Henry Russell, an invasion of their rights, and commenced an action against him, either to stop the sale of the offending publication or to recover penalties for the injuries which they alleged they

had suffered. The incriminated composer denied the charge of piracy, pleaded that he had never even heard Balfe's melody, and that the tune was entirely the production of his own genius. After a long series of futile correspondence and *pourparlers*, both parties ultimately agreed that the case should be submitted to arbitration. The arbitrator mutually agreed upon was an old Italian gentleman who occupied the post of musical librarian at Covent Garden Theatre. On the day appointed for his decision, the interested parties met in the librarian's room, and anxiously awaited his verdict. The old gentleman, when all the parties were ready, placed the library ladder against the shelves where all the musical books, in print or in manuscript, belonging to the theatre were duly ranged, and, after a search on the very highest shelf, took out an old volume. He slowly opened it in the middle, and flapping the two halves against each other to free it from the dust with which it was encumbered, and opening it at a page with which he seemed to be well acquainted, slowly drew his finger along several bars of a song, humming the air as he did so. The air bore a very striking resemblance to that of the two songs that were in dispute.

"Gentlemen," he said.
lish, "Mr. Russell's"
"Oh, certainly not"

steal from Mr. Russell. Oh, certainly not! The fact is they are both thieves, and stole from Cimarosa. Here is the air in Cimarosa's air-book published in his life-time. Judge for yourselves."

"Great wits jump!" said Mr. Balfe; "but I should like to know who Cimarosa stole from!"

And so the matter ended, to the mutual satisfaction of the rival composers, though not, perhaps, to that of the plaintiff publishers.

THE "DAILY NEWS."

THE *Daily News* was established in 1846, chiefly by the influence and exertions of Charles Dickens, its first editor, then in his thirty-fourth year. He was largely supported by many rich capitalists, who had great admiration for his genius, and great faith in the power and prestige of his name, sufficient, as they thought, to secure the prosperity of any periodical with which he might be connected. Unfortunately for themselves, they were oblivious of the hard fact that a daily London newspaper, to be successful, must secure the support of the great bulk of the plain unimaginative public, only to be gained by the importance and authenticity and earliness of its home and foreign news, by the soundness of its opinions on all political and commercial matters,

and by the steady reliance of its readers on the political integrity of its conductors. I was personally acquainted with but one of the non-literary founders of the new journal—the late Sir William Jackson, who had made a considerable fortune as a railway contractor. That gentleman, many years after Mr. Dickens had ceased his brief connection with the paper, informed me, with a rueful countenance and a groan, that he had thrown away seven thousand pounds on the speculation. "Yes," he said, "seven thousand pounds in real *golden* sovereigns!" a way of putting it that might have led me to suppose, by the very strong emphasis he placed on *golden*, and by his melancholy iteration of the word, that he had actually counted out the money sovereign by sovereign, and not by cheques on his bankers. It was said at the time that the capital invested or ready to be invested in the concern was £100,000; but probably nobody knew the truth of the matter except the investors and Mr. Dickens himself.

I was in Glasgow at the time, engaged in editing the *Argus*, but was kept informed by Mr. Alexander Mackay, my former colleague on the *Morning Chronicle*, and then acting as London Correspondent of the *Argus*, of all that was known or knowable on the subject of the great new paper. It was expected by the quidnuncs that it was to snuff out the light of the venerable *Chronicle* and eclipse all the

other London journals, even the *Times* itself, if money could do it. The conductors of the *Morning Chronicle* were particularly aggrieved, and even alarmed at the opposition, more especially as by the offers of higher salaries, in some cases fifty or a hundred per cent. in excess of what they were then receiving, some of the best men on the staff, whether as parliamentary reporters, or contributors of editorial or leading articles and reviews of books, were induced to abandon the old ship for the new.

Sir John Easthope, the chief proprietor of the *Chronicle*, affected not to fear the opposition, declaring that Mr. Dickens, anxious above all things to write political leaders for the *Chronicle*, had been found so woefully wanting in political knowledge and tact, as to have rendered it necessary to decline his further services in that capacity. Sir John affirmed to the end of his life that the brilliant author was so greatly offended with the *Morning Chronicle* for its want of judgment, that he set up the *Daily News* as a rival, and that if the conductors of the old journal had had a greater appreciation of the genius of the rising novelist the new journal would never have come into existence. Sir John, however, stood alone in this opinion.

Overtures were made to me to leave Glasgow and take part in the editorial management of the new journal, but I was bound by contract to stay where

I was for a certain period of which more than a twelvemonth had yet to run, and consequently declined the tempting offers. I agreed, however, to contribute twelve short lyrics on the political and social topics of the day, the first of which, entitled "The Wants of the People," appeared in the first number of the new paper, followed in due course by eleven others. One of these, "There's a Good Time coming, Boys," achieved an extraordinary, an unexpected, and, as its author has long thought and continues to think, an undeserved popularity as a literary composition. It was set to music by Mr. Henry Russell, the well-known vocalist, then in the meridian of his powers and the height of his celebrity, and sung by him, with much applause, in every city and great town of Great Britain and the United States, the audience invariably singing in the chorus, until its constant iteration, both as a song and a saying, became wearisome to the searchers after novelty. These lyrics were afterwards collected, and, along with many others of a like character and tendency, were published under the title of *Voices from the Crowd*, and went through four editions, from which the publisher derived a profit—though he denied it—and from which the author derived not a farthing, or a farthing's worth, unless in the shape of a few gratuitous copies for distribution among his friends. A fifth edition was agreed upon, from the sale of which

I was to derive a royalty of three-halfpence in the shilling for every copy disposed of ; but unfortunately the publisher became a bankrupt before the work was issued. The stock, however, was purchased by the late Charles Gilpin, then a bookseller in Bishopsgate Street, and afterwards M.P. for Northampton.

In connection with the name of this much-respected gentleman—with whom I remained on terms of friendly intimacy until his death—I may mention the following circumstance as a part of the political history of the time. I had called on Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., at his place of business in the city, and was engaged in conversation with him in his private room, when the card of Mr. Gilpin was handed in by an attendant. The attendant had informed Mr. Gilpin of my presence with Mr. Morley, and Mr. Gilpin had replied that he should be glad to see me also. Mr. Morley asked me if I knew him, and, on my answering in the affirmative, gave directions that Mr. Gilpin should be shown in. Mr. Gilpin expressed his pleasure to see two friends at once, as he had come to ask advice on a political matter of much importance to himself, and of some little interest, if not of importance, to the Liberal Party. Lord Palmerston, he proceeded to say, had asked him to join his administration and take office in connection with the Poor Law Board. Turning to me first as a writer for an influential Liberal

newspaper, he asked me if I thought he would act wisely in accepting the offer.

"Lord Palmerston," I replied, "has, in my opinion, paid you personally a very high compliment, and shown a very laudable desire to conciliate the extreme or Radical section of the Liberal Party to which you belong. My advice, which I give only because you ask it, is that you should decidedly accept the offer, and be grateful for it."

"I quite agree," said Mr. Morley, when the question was put to him. "Lord Palmerston pays a tribute to your ability, shows his own discernment of character, and a just appreciation of his own position and duties as a minister in making you the offer. Accept it by all means."

Mr. Gilpin replied: "I am glad to have such support from two friends whose judgment I respect; the more so, as I had an interview with John Bright immediately before coming here. I put the case before him, and he answered me very rudely, as I thought, 'Rather go and cut your throat than serve under Palmerston!' and then abruptly changed the subject."

Mr. Gilpin accepted the office, offended no member of the Party, that I ever heard of, except Mr. Bright, acquitted himself entirely to the satisfaction of the _____ t, the House of Commons, and the pul _____ foundation of still higher office _____ d remained in

power and his life had been spared. But this is a digression, which has but slight reference to the *Daily News* or any connection with it.

Charles Dickens had had more than enough of night-work when engaged in the parliamentary corps of the *Morning Chronicle*, and found the partial renewal of late hours of work in the editorial room of the *Daily News* a little too much for his health and a great deal too much for his comfort. Accordingly, after but short trial of its inconveniences, he transferred his burden to the competent shoulders of his friends, John Forster of the *Examiner* and William Henry Wills, who had graduated in the office of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*. These gentlemen were followed in the work by the Messrs. Charles Wentworth Dilke, father and son. The elder Mr. Dilke was the proprietor and editor of the *Athenæum*, which he had purchased from its founder Mr. Silk Buckingham, and he converted its comparative failure under that gentleman to a very considerable success, both pecuniarily and socially. The younger Mr. Dilke took an active part in aiding the efforts of the Prince Consort to organize the great International Exhibition of 1851, and on the death of the Prince, in accordance with a wish expressed in a memorandum found among his papers, was rewarded by a baronetcy in lieu of a knighthood offered to but refused by him. The Dilkes were followed in the editorship by Mr.

William Weir, who was the editor of the *Glasgow Argus* a few years prior to my assuming the management; by Mr. Knight Hunt, author of an interesting history of the newspaper press under the title of *The Fourth Estate*. This gentleman retained the position until his death, after which I lost sight of the *Daily News* and its conductors.

The *Daily News*, which commenced its career as a cheap paper prior to the total repeal of the newspaper stamp duty, was not successful in its competition at twopence with its higher-priced rivals. After a struggle, its conductors judged it necessary to raise the price to a level with that of its morning contemporaries, and was believed not to have suffered to any considerable extent by the change, though it probably diminished its circulation. It was not until many years after the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Standard* had achieved a brilliant, and, until then, unparalleled, success at a penny, that the *Daily News* was induced to follow where these two papers had led, not without many misgivings that the fatal judgment of being "too late" would be pronounced upon it, alike by its supporters and its opponents. Doubtless the important step was taken "late," but not "too late," as the event has proved.

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."
(1848).

AFTER leaving Glasgow and re-establishing myself in London, I formed a connection with the *Illustrated London News*, which commenced early in 1848, and continued till 1860. I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert Ingram, its spirited founder and principal proprietor, a few weeks before the outbreak of the French Revolution of February 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne. At that time Mr. Ingram had made his arrangements for starting a daily morning newspaper, to be called the *Telegraph*, of which the specialty was to be the publication of a *feuilleton*, after the fashion of those rendered familiar by the Parisian press, and containing a succession of novels and romances. The first was to be written by Mr. Albert Smith, then rising into celebrity, and who held the office of dramatic critic for the *Illustrated London News*. The editor of the *Telegraph* was Mr. Thomas Hodgskin, an able writer, who, though very much my senior, had acted for some time as my assistant in the *Morning Chronicle* office. I was engaged by Mr. Ingram to contribute articles on foreign politics, Mr. Hodgskin confining himself to economical subjects, on which he was a reputed expert, while exercising a general supervision of the edi-

torial columns. The new paper was not a success. Mr. Ingram, not contented with planting his acorn and trusting to Time and Nature to bring it to maturity, had expected it, like Jonah's gourd, to grow up in a night, or to develop itself into a lordly wide-spreading oak-tree in the "space of one revolving moon." The rapid growth of the *Illustrated London News* had accustomed him to success; and after sacrificing several thousands of pounds in the *Telegraph*, he lost heart and faith in the venture, and resolved to discontinue it.

Mr. Hodgskin reported that the disappointed proprietor, in his unreasonable and unreasoning wrath at the failure, accused him of being the cause of it, from his constant use of the word "bureaucracy," which, Mr. Ingram said, had occurred at least ten times in one week in the leading articles!

"Bureaucracy! bureaucracy!" he exclaimed in irate tones. "Such a word is enough to damn any newspaper, and it has damned the *Telegraph*!"

The *Telegraph* ceased to appear on the following morning. The name was afterwards adopted, on the repeal of the newspaper stamp duty, by Colonel Sleight, who established the *Daily Telegraph*, without sufficient means to carry it on, and allowed it perforce to fall into more competent hands, who have made it one of the greatest successes of modern journalism.

On the stoppage of the *Telegraph*, Mr. Ingram invited me to write editorial articles for the *Illustrated London News*, and offered me a permanent engagement. Seeing the opportunities it afforded as an editorial medium, beyond those of the daily and ordinary weekly press, I endeavoured, as soon as I obtained the confidence of its proprietors, to extend its usefulness as a literary political and social exponent of advanced public opinion, without detriment to its pictorial speciality. There were two other proprietors besides Mr. Ingram, who were his brothers-in-law as well as his partners, namely, Mr. Nathaniel Cooke, who had married his sister, and Mr. William Little, whose sister he himself had married. But Mr. Ingram's authority in the concern was paramount and unquestioned. He was not an educated man, though not wholly illiterate. He had a clear head and good natural abilities, which had only needed proper cultivation in his youth to have fitted him to take higher rank in society than he was ever able to attain. His father was a butcher in Boston, Lincolnshire; and at a very early age, according to his own account of himself, he started in life as a "printer's devil," afterwards becoming a compositor, and finally a news-vendor and news-agent in Nottingham. While engaged in the latter business, he remarked that when Mr. Clements, the then proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, published in that journal a wood-cut engraving of any publi

event that excited more than ordinary interest, the sale of the *Morning Chronicle* was very largely increased. Turning the fact over in his mind, he came to the conclusion that a weekly newspaper that always contained "pictures" of the events and prominent persons of the week would command a large sale. He brooded over this idea for ten or twelve years, until he had acquired the means of making an experiment upon it. The *Illustrated London News* was the result of his cogitations. He started it in the face of many difficulties in 1842, and it became a financial success from the very beginning.

It was, when I assumed its literary management, a mere picture paper, appealing almost exclusively to the eyes of children and the great bulk of uneducated and semi-educated people, who were content with such amusement as it afforded. My desire was to give it a voice on all the political, social, and literary questions of the time, which I thought could be done without interfering with the pictorial illustrations of which it had the monopoly. On explaining my views to Mr. Ingram, he gave me *carte blanche* to do as I pleased. The result was, at the end of a few months, that the subscribers to the *Illustrated London News* discovered that they had something to read as well as to look at; that its columns contained something more than the stale *crambe recoccta* of the news which they had already

seen in the daily journals; and that opinions were set forth, in an independent honest spirit, on all the current topics that appealed the public mind. In the course of months a perceptible increase, very gratifying to the proprietorial mind, took place in the circulation of the paper, which gradually rose in less than a twelvemonth from 40,000 to 60,000 copies.

Among the many more or less eminent men who contributed to the *Illustrated News* during the time when I controlled its departments, except the pictorial, which Ingram reserved to himself, were, in addition to John Timbs, the industrious sub-editor, and a whole library of useful books, due to his judgment, his cultivated taste, and his ever-ready scissors and gum-bottle, were the brothers Mather (Henry, Horace, and Augustus); George H. and Charles Louis Gruneison in the musical department; John Abraham Heraud, author of *The Deluge* and other epic poems, added to a non-epical age, who took the drama under his charge, in succession to Mr. Albert Smith; Thomas Miller the basket-maker and poet, friend and correspondent of Samuel Rogers; Angus Bethune Reach, versatile and accomplished, cut off in the prime of his promising days by overwork of brain and want of the necessary sleep which he denied himself; Professor D. T. Ansted the geologist;

Lemon, the editor of *Punch*; Stirling Coyne, the dramatist; W. H. Wills, the partner of Charles Dickens in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*; Douglas Jerrold, the greatest wit of the century (next to Thomas Hood and the Reverend Sidney Smith); his son Blanchard Jerrold; Lewis Filmore and George Clifford, of the *Times*; Miles Gerald Keon, the novelist (afterwards Secretary for Bermuda); Howard Staunton, the well-known chess-player, afterwards still better known as the editor of Routledge's excellent illustrated edition of Shakspeare; Henry Cockton, the author of *Valentine Vox* and other novels; Jonathan Duncan, a learned authority on currency questions and other kindred branches of political economy; two sporting writers, who concealed their real names under the pseudonyms of "The Druid" and "Harry Hieover"; Mr. Joseph A. Crowe, afterwards Consul - General of Great Britain in Germany; Alexander Somerville, who, under the signature of "One who Whistled at the Plough," had rendered good service to the Anti-Corn Law League; Richard Rowan Moore, one of the most eloquent of the orators who aided Messrs. Cobden and Bright in their agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws; Mr. Bayle Bernard, the author of several successful plays, who, if he could have written as well as he talked, would, according to the testimony of Charles Dickens, have been one of the most deservedly

popular authors of his time ; and, among ladies, Miss Julia Pardoe, the Countess of Blessington, and her beautiful niece, Miss Marguerite Power.

Among the artists—without whose powerful aid such a journal as the *Illustrated London News* would, a quarter of a century ago, have been impossible of production—were John, now Sir John, Gilbert, the versatile, the prolific, the graceful, the imaginative—one might almost say, without being justly accused of exaggeration, the unrivalled and incomparable ; John Leech, the most genial and gentlemanly of caricaturists, with a superabundance of wit, and without a particle of coarseness and vulgarity, whose contributions were, like angels' visits, “far between,” but always welcome when they came ; George Thomas, only second to Sir John Gilbert in his power of delineating modern life, but, in consequence of weak health, without his marvellous capacity for hard work ; Birkett Foster, excellent in landscape ; Samuel Read, equally excellent in architecture ; William Harvey, a relic of a previous generation of artists on wood ; Kenny Meadows, quaint and full of mannerisms, but full also of spirit and originality ; Edwin Weedon, who had no equal in taking the portraits of ships ; Benjamin Herring, renowned for his correct and unmistakable portraits of horses ; Harrison Weir, as skilful as Benjamin Herring for the correct, spirited, and always natural draw-

ing of all animals and birds, from a lion or a bull to a barn-door fowl or a sparrow ; Edward Duncan, whose landscapes and sea-scapes were both of the greatest merit ; and George Dodgson, weird, mysterious, gloomy, but always powerful and effective in the treatment of any subject on which he employed himself ; and, last but not least, Louis Huart, a very able artist, wielding a most facile and industrious pencil, whom I had discovered in Belgium. I invited him over from Brussels in order to relieve Sir John Gilbert of a portion of the toil of drawing on wood, which he wished to exchange for the more agreeable task of painting. Mr. Huart proved himself worthy to succeed so eminent a predecessor, and rendered the partial secession of Sir John Gilbert less felt and marked than it might otherwise have been.

In the summer of 1852, Mr. Ingram proposed to me to take a month's holiday with him in Switzerland and the Rhine country, offering to pay all the expenses. He did not think—although he had great faith in his own luck and "pluck," as he called it—that he could manage to enjoy a trip on the Continent all alone ; especially as he said he only knew three words in any foreign language : "*eau chaude*," which would procure him hot water when he wanted to shave ; "*mangez*," when he wanted to eat ; and "*dormez*," when he wanted to go to bed.

The worthy man would no doubt have managed to traverse Europe in comfort, from south to north, and from west to east, with or without these works, inasmuch as it is rare in any of the great Continental hotels to find a waiter who cannot speak a little English; but, having an eye to business, even when taking his pleasure, he required a more copious vocabulary in negotiating with any artist whom he might discover in the cities through which we passed, for the purchase of sketches of public buildings, scenery, or events, that might be useful to the journal with which his fortunes were bound up. He confessed as much; and, having no objection to help him, and liking the idea of the trip, for personal reasons, the necessary arrangements were speedily completed, and we started together for Antwerp, Brussels, and Cologne.

I have no intention to describe the journey, and only mention it that I may narrate an incident that occurred to us at Chamouni, which, remembered in the lurid light thrown upon it by a subsequent tragical catastrophe, has ever since exercised a powerful influence on my imagination. The large windows of our room at the hotel commanded a magnificent view of the Valley of Chamouni, the great glacier, and the sources of the infant Aveyron, with the giant bulk and snow-clad summits of Mont Blanc, truly the "Monarch of Mountains," of which we had caught the first faint

glimpses at Lyons, nearly a hundred miles distant, and again at Saint Martin, in fuller majesty, more imposing even than he seemed to be when seen from his very feet at Chamouni.

Suddenly, soon after 11 o'clock, as we were thinking about retiring to rest, a loud thunder-burst was heard, echoing and re-echoing on the sides of the mountain, almost immediately succeeded by a vivid flash of lightning, and the loud pattering of large rain-drops at our window-panes. Another peal and another flash after a short interval, the peal still louder and the flash still more vivid than the first. To me the scene appeared indescribably grand and sublime, and filled my mind with a rapture, not, perhaps, unmingled with terror; but, if terror there were, with a delight that overpowered, overmastered, and almost extinguished it.

In the fervour of the awful kind of joy which thunder-storms have, since my early childhood, always excited in my mind, I rushed to the window and threw it wide open, that I might have a less-impeded view of the elementary commotion, and watch the masses of snow, that were loosened, either by the concussion of the thunder or by the direct stroke of the fiery bolts of heaven, and rolled down the mountain-side in harmless avalanches. Without looking at my companion, I called to him, and exclaimed rather than said, "Come here,

Ingram ! This is too magnificent to be lost ! It has been sent on purpose for us ! ”

A faint voice replied, “ Don’t say so ! It is wicked ! ” and, looking round, I saw Mr. Ingram crouched on the floor in a corner, his face pale, and his hair on end with terror. In less than a minute he rolled flat on his back, unconscious, and apparently lifeless. I rang the bell for assistance. Before it came I endeavoured to administer to him a glass of neat brandy, with the idea that the stimulant would revive him ; but his teeth were clenched and his mouth impenetrable. At last assistance, both male and female, arrived, and the housekeeper or mistress—I don’t remember which it was—having some experience of similar cases among her own sex, applied such restoratives and means as she knew how to use with good effect, and in less than ten, or possibly five, minutes, we all had the satisfaction of witnessing the signs of revival.

On the complete return of consciousness, after the storm had totally subsided, Mr. Ingram told me that he always, ever since he could remember, was possessed by this unaccountable terror of a thunder-storm ; that he had often endeavoured to reason himself out of it as an absurd and unmanly weakness, but that all his efforts were in vain, and would probably continue to be so as long as he lived. The more he struggled to subdue his terror,

the more violently it affected his whole being, body and soul alike, and he declared that he had never previously witnessed so frightful a storm as this had been.

Eight years afterwards, the unfortunate gentleman, when on a visit to the United States, was on board of the steamship *Lady Elgin*, on Lake Michigan, with two or three hundred passengers, on their way to Chicago. There was a ball in the saloon that night, and the dancers, fatigued with their festivities, had most of them retired to rest, at one or two hours after midnight; but a portion of them were still keeping up the dance, when a sailing vessel, called the *Augusta*, bore suddenly down upon the steamer with a tremendous crash. The music and the merriment ceased immediately, and the passengers, who were asleep in their berths—among whom were Mr. Ingram and his eldest son, a lad of fifteen or sixteen—rushed up on deck, where at least three hundred people, many of them ladies in ball-dresses and in full feminine finery, were already congregated, panic-stricken, the men shouting, the women shrieking, and some preparing to jump overboard in desperation, or with faint hopes that rescue might possibly come to them in the waves, but none if they remained on board. In less than half-an-hour, during which a violent thunder-storm burst over the lake, the ill-fated *Lady Elgin* sank to the bottom, and crew and pas-

sengers, amounting in all to four hundred souls, were precipitated into the water.

The body of Mr. Ingram, clinging with his right arm to a broken spar of the vessel, was washed ashore five hours afterwards, still so warm that the people of a little village sixteen miles from Chicago, who had gathered on the beach at the early dawn, on the first news of the catastrophe, thought that life was not extinct, and endeavoured in vain to restore animation. When I afterwards learned the full particulars, and that the unfortunate man had been alive in the water, battling for his life, during five miserable hours, amid a furious storm of thunder and lightning, the remembrance of the scene at Chamouni was brought vividly to my mind, on which it has ever since been painfully impressed.

The long weary agony amid the pitiless waves, helpless as a floating straw, and apparently of as little account amid the whirl and rush of waters, would have been a concentration of bodily and mental agony almost equivalent to the accumulated miseries of a long life, to a mind constituted as Mr. Ingram's was, without the superadded horror of the elemental war in the heavens, dull, dark, and black, except when the lightning-flash threw a momentary gleam upon the waters, and the pallid, appealing face of the drowning man. Such was the death of poor Mr. Ingram, unexpectedly cut down in full health

and vigour, in the hopeful maturity of his prime, with fame, fortune, and honour all apparently within his grasp. "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!"

It may be interesting to superstitious people, and noteworthy to those who are not superstitious or inclined to believe in the marvellous, if I record the fact that, on the very morning when Mr. Ingram perished thus miserably in the waters of Lake Michigan, a large bird was observed to perch on the beautiful tower of St. Botolph, in Boston, of which town Mr. Ingram was a native, and of which he was at that time the representative in Parliament. The strange bird attracted the notice of the sexton or door-keeper by its unusual size, and, with the thoughtless cruelty of the average Englishman, both of high and low degree, he no sooner beheld it than he had a desire to kill it. He accordingly fetched a gun, and took steady and deadly aim at the luckless bird, which fell fluttering to his feet in the churchyard. The strange fowl was found to be a cormorant, or, in the Lincolnshire parlance of the townspeople, a "scart," which is declared in the Old Testament to be unclean, and ominous of grief and desolation.

The local journal, in its next issue, in recording the circumstance, laid particular stress on the character attributed to the bird on such high authority,

and represented that its appearance on the church-tower, where no cormorant had ever been seen before within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," was held by many of the people of Boston to presage some great impending misfortune, that would befall either the town or one of its principal citizens, or even the noble old church itself. When in due course the news of the death of Mr. Ingram arrived, occurring as it did on the very morning that the "scart" appeared on the high church-tower, all the old women of both sexes in Boston were confirmed in their superstitious belief, and convinced that the departed spirit of the late Member had sped four thousand miles, from Lake Michigan over the Atlantic, and entered the body of the "scart," and seen with physical eyes, for the last time, the town he loved so well, and with which his name and interests were so intimately connected.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

THE editor of a London newspaper, whom I shall designate only as G—, a very excellent man, but of imperfect education, of little talent, but of much vanity, self-esteem, and overweening

conceit, and author of several books of personal gossip about the parliamentary, literary, and other notabilities of his day—was most severely reviewed in the *Times*. A more truculent piece of criticism—though well-merited—had rarely been seen, and the whole town rang with it for two or three days. G—— affected to be pleased with it, and asserted that a spiteful critique always did an author good, and helped the sale of his book. When he met a friend or an acquaintance in the street, he stopped him and asked, “Have you seen the article in the *Times* pitching into me? It is very clever, and has done me a power of good. Though I paid for its insertion, and found it very expensive, I don’t regret it, as I am sure to be the gainer in the end!” And so he went on his way, apparently rejoicing; but relieving his wounded feelings, whenever he had to quote the *Times* in the columns of his own paper, by refraining from mentioning it by name, and only alluding to it as a “scurrilous contemporary”!
